My King

by Werecakes

Summary

When Thorin makes a decision to continue the Line of Durin without consulting Kili, Kili feels betrayed.

Faced with the shame of having his One bed someone else, no matter the reason, Kili makes the fateful decision to give up his rite as King's Consort and leave to the only place he knows he's welcome, The Shire.
Late Night Truths

“Melhekhul!” Kili’s voice barked like a hungry wolf. The name bestowed upon Thorin by his nephew cut through the silence of the long halls of Erebor as many slept. Thorin had already grown accustomed to being called “My King” by many but when Kili said that word it sounded like he was spitting out poison he had just sucked out of a wound.

“Where are you?!”

Thorin kept his head held high even though there was a clench of fear squeezing around his guts. He knew what this was about, it had been decided and he had no way out of it. What made things worse was this... thing, had been discussed and settled while the archer had been off with his platoon scouting the wilds north for orcs.

When Kili came storming into the room lit with only a few candles it only served to make him look even more vicious. His eyes smoldered like burning coals, his lip curled in a snarl. His hair, that he had been trying to keep in a single long braid had already fallen most the way out, showing off the attribute of his hair being silken in nature. In all, he looked beautiful, dirt smudged on his cheeks, looking haggled and short on breath. If it was any other time Thorin would have gotten aroused, currently he was silently hoping he didn’t have to defend his manhood from being ripped off.

“There you are you miserable excuse for a-”

“Kili.” Thorin kept his expression unreadable the best he could. “I would prefer if we discussed this in the morning. You have had a long travel back and it would do you good to bathe and rest.”

“We’re going to talk about it now!” He slammed the doors to the room shut, for good measure he locked it just in case Dwalin or some guard decided to listen in and try to stop him from murdering his beloved. He turned to Thorin, stalking forward, each step sounding hard as stone on the carpeted floor. “This is how this is going to go. You’re going to tell me you didn’t do it, that you told that fool bunch of leech eating councilman of yours that you already have your One and that you couldn’t possibly even think of their damn proposal. You’re going to tell me that you, Thorin Oakenshield, defended my claim to you.”

At this Kili slammed his fist down on the table, hunching over the seated dwarf that looked at him with the most schooled expression he could muster. Kili glared at him the silence stretching between them. The only noise coming from the fireplace across the room, crackling with the ending sputtering of its flickering life.

Kili pulled back and letting out a bitter laugh. “You... You’re right. I should go bathe and rest.”

He turned on his heel trying hard to resist the urge to throw a punch at Thorin’s cheek. The cheating, mother fucking, bastard.

“Kili,” Thorin pushed out of his chair grabbing his lover’s arm. “I-”

Kili shook him off, whirling around, taking several steps back. If Thorin thought he looked angry before he had been sorely wrong. “Don’t you touch me!” Kili’s words burned hotter than the fires of Mount Doom.

He paused for a moment before his own temper flared. How dare Kili bar him! Kili was his One! He had every right to touch him as he saw fit, just as Kili had the same rites to his own person, to his
own soul! “You will not talk to me in such a way! I had a choice to make. For the better of the
kingdome I had to!”

“For the better of the- you lying bastard!” Kili surged up and shoved Thorin’s chest causing him to
stumble back a step. “There was no reason for you to bed that-that wenche!! You already have an
heir! You have Fili!”

“We have to carry on the line of Durin as much as we can! I would not slight you if you took in a
woman to do such a thing!”

Took in? Kili’s anger halted. It gave away to complete shock and betrayal. His One... his soulmate...
took in a mistress...

Thorin felt his heart stop at Kili’s expression. He could see what the younger was thinking and it was
wrong. He only had to produce a child with this dwarven lass, not take her to replace Kili. It had not
brought him any joy to be with her, in fact they both had to take herbs to even get aroused enough to
anything. This had been strictly a political move. The Line of Durin had to endure and that meant as
many Durins as possible. The child, when born, would be with its mother for only a month before
settled in the care of the royal family.

He stepped up to Kili, his palm caressing a cold cheek. His voice was soft, plaintive, “No, Kili I
would never betray you, never replace you.”

Kili’s beautiful brown eyes looked him up from his toes to his face. He shook his head, taking a step
back. When Thorin tried to reach out the younger dwarf’s voice was broken in disbelief. The tone
something that made Thorin shatter inside, “Ma tûmbaz. (Don’t touch me)”

The king watched his consort back away looking all the small child Thorin felt like inside. Every
word stuck in his throat as his blue gaze kept on the dwarf he loved walk quietly to the door. The
sound of the lock sliding back was too loud, so was the shut of the door when Kili left him in a dark
silence. What could he do? It was not until now he realized his terrible of an impact this was.

Fili had been fast asleep when something shuffled into his room. He opened one eye more than the
other, blinking slowly trying to think past the thick fog of sleep. He was so tired, his day had been
full of physical and mental exertion. At the moment it would take Azog storming into his room to get
him to move more than a few inches and Azog was dead. So who ever this was, could fuck off.

The corner of his blankets were lifted, a familiar hand shoving at him slightly. With a groan he
wiggled his hips and shoulders giving room to his brother. His brain barely registered that Kili must
have only just gotten back and that he didn’t want to disturb Thorin’s slumber, as some times Thorin
was not happy to wake up from a much needed rest. But when his brother didn’t say anything his
mind pulled more towards the surface.

“You okay?”

“Yeah.” Kili sighed.

Fili frowned, propping himself up onto his elbow. “You sure?”

“Yeah, just... really tired.” Kili had his back to Fili, which was unusual in itself but when Kili’s arms
shifted, hugging himself Fili couldn’t help the worry that tugged at his heart.

“You want to talk about it?”
Kili shook his head.

The blond laid back onto his side, he pulled at Kili’s coat and pulled his brother tight against his chest. He rested his chin on the brunette’s shoulder ignoring the fact that Kili was fully dressed, even still had his boots on.

“It’ll be better in the morning.” He said comfortingly while rubbing Kili’s arm. “Get some sleep Gimlelul (my brightest star).”

As Fili drifted back to sleep he didn’t hear the small hitches of breath from his little brother. Nor feel the trembles in his body as he silently gritted his teeth and wept in the dark.
Hollowed out

Della wasn’t a bad dwarf. That’s what others said. Kili didn’t care. To him she was a homewrecker, someone who forced his One to become an adulterer. It sickened him to see her, to hear her, what was worse was that she had to share the bed that was his and Thorin’s with their King a few times before his seed took hold. During this time Kili stayed in Fili’s room for the most of it. He pressed his face against his brother’s pillows, muffling the pain that whimpered on his lips. His heart was being torn apart with every day.

He still had duties though, he still had a platoon to train and look after. Not many dwarves were archers and it was his job to train them, make them into soldiers. And when he pulled himself out of his brother’s sheets he would find his boots and the will to pull them on. After a months it became automatic. Getting dressed, going to the door, standing there for a small amount of time, hand on the handle. Then he would plaster a smile on his face hollow as he was inside. He would open the door, go down the halls, out the main doors of Erebor and to his waiting men. He would train them harder than ever before coming each day anew. All the while his eyes grew older, more tired. Then one day one of his soldiers came to him.

“Kili, sir?”

“Yes, Jalaal?”

The dwarf rubbed at the tightly braided, cornrows of his beard that kept the whiskers being caught in the bow string. “Well... Me and the lads we were hopin’ for some time off.”

“Time off.” Kili echoed.

Jalaal nodded, “Aye, gather up some kith and kin and spend some time under the stars.”

Kili thought about it. His mind screaming that he needed them to stay, that these men were the only reason why he wasn’t going insane. But what little shreds of his heart was left still beat with kindness and looking from Jalaal and to his men, he saw how tired they were. They did need a rest, especially after today.

“Ranks!” He barked out.

The men all ran to form neat lines standing erect with their bows held across their chests. Kili scrutinized them with dark, hard eyes. People could say he was a fool, they could say that he didn’t know the half of it, but surviving the Battle of Five Armies did teach him how to be a good leader. He knew how to put his own personal needs to the side now, he knew how to focus on the battle and what needed to be done. That was why he was so hard on his men. They would face battle time and time again and he would be damned if they were weak as himself.

“We do three more drills!”

The men let out a few moans.

“Shut it!”

Silence.

“Three more drills! Then you get a week off. But I’m going to make sure that you’re going to need that full week to recover!!” He turned on his heel, “Ready the pulleys!”
There was a particularly loud moan and mumbled, “When will we ever have to defend ourselves hanging upside down?”

Kili whirled, slipped into the ranks and pushed up against the dwarf that spoke. Grart, thank you for volunteering to be the first to go.”

It wasn’t until they were halfway through that Fili joined his brother outside. He wasn’t too sure what he was seeing but he was pretty impressed. A dwarf with a full face plate mask with small holes drilled into it hung by his legs against one of the walls of Erebor, only had his bow, blunt arrows were being fired at him by the rest of his comrades.

“So... the point of this exercise is tooo...” Fili drew out, not even bothering to greet his brother.

“To defend themselves when they’re caught by something and they’re strung up like meat.” Kili sighed, rubbing at the bridge of his nose. He shouted up, “Barunan!! Catch the damn arrows and fire them back!!”

“You’re worse than Dwalin. The guy can barely move. Come, let them off early for the day. It looks as if you need it as well.”

Kili ignored his brother. “Get Barunan down! I’ll show you little bastards how it’s done. Fili, get a bow, with an actual arrow tip.”

Fili watched his Brother grab the face plate from one of his men, step into the ropes and let them tie him up. He sat down on the dirt, held up his legs and let them hoist him up high into the air. They used their pulley system to hoist Kili high up onto the wall with only his bow. A bow was pressed into Fili’s hands as well as an arrow with a tip that looked as if it could take down a bear.

“You sure about this?” Fili called up.

“Just take the shot.” Kili called back down.

“Alright...” Fili took aim. He really hoped that Kili knew what he was doing. “Your funeral.” He added the joke in hopes to calm himself.

He let the arrow fly, in a blink of an eye Kili had moved, snatching the arrow out of the air, quickly loading it into his own bow and firing. He shot up not back at his attacker. The arrow cut the rope. Fili surged forward with the rest for the dwarves. Kili was too high to survive that sort of fall, especially head first!

The lithe archer twisted to his side, let out a sigh and hit the ground with a terrible cracking thump.

“Kili!!” Fili grabbed two dwarves and practically threw them at the doors of Erebor. “Get the healers!”

“I’m fine.” Kili’s voice cut through the panic.

Fili looked at his brother who was sitting up and untying his legs. He was completely stunned.

“This is why I tell you to relax your body when you fall.” Kili stood up as if nothing had happened at all. “A tense body will break, a relaxed one can take the impact with little injuries.” He looked at the shocked expressions of his men and brother and frowned. “What?”

“What? What?!” Fili grabbed Kili by the arm. “You nearly break open your skull in a fool exercise and you ask what?!”
Kili calmly brushed Fili’s hand off of him and smiled. “I’m fine. I know what I’m doing dear brother.” He looked at his men who still looked rattled and addressed them as their leader. “It would seem you have never seen something like this before... I’m sorry for that but take it into consideration. You may see much worse in your days...”

He patted the closest dwarf on the shoulder that was not his brother. “I will see you all in a week, all of you are dismissed.”

They grumbled, shuffling before Jalaal spoke up. “We will see you to the healers before we take our leave.”

Kili sighed. Why did he have to be saddled with the nice ones? “Very well.”

He let them practically carry him to the healer’s hall. They hovered around as Oin poked and prodded at Kili making him strip down to nothing but his smalls. He already had a terrible bruise developing over the side he landed on but much to many’s relief nothing was broken or ruptured. Once proven he would be well the archers slowly dissipated, some throwing invitations for the tavern to Kili and Fili.

Once they were all gone Fili grabbed his brother’s chin. “What the hell were you thinking? You could have died.”

“I was training my men. I knew what I was doing.” Kili bit out. “And I would appreciate it if you would not disrespect me in front of my men as you did earlier!”

“I was only saying what all of them were thinking!”

Kili was pulling on his tunic when the familiar voice of Thorin came into the hall. “What are you arguing about?”

Kili yanked his tunic down fully before Thorin could see the bruise. He knew Thorin would touch him if he saw it. What little strength he had would break under that touch.

“Kili nearly got himself killed!” Fili grabbed the edge of Kili’s tunic and yanked it up showing the bruise.

Thorin was too them instantly, his hands on Kili’s skin, it made him feel sick. Those beautiful blue eyes stabbed him over and over again with each lingering moment he was being examined by the dwarf that had not touched him since the betrayal.

“What happened?” Thorin’s voice was a breath.

“Training, it happens.” Kili pulled his tunic down. “What are you doing here?”

The king hesitated. It was Oin who spoke up, “He must be present when Della is to be examined to make sure she is with child.”

Fili tensed. He knew what was going on. He had been at the meeting, he had to be one that watched his uncle first bed the woman as royalty must. It didn’t make anything easier. He personally felt that Thorin should have fought for the sanctity of Kili’s honor, but he also understood that the Durin Line had to persevere. But being there when proclaimed pregnant... Couldn’t Oin just have told Thorin himself? Having Thorin there... it... it just looked like Kili was being undermined. That his title of Royal Consort had no meaning at all. That his love for Thorin meant nothing.

The smell was what hit them first. The retching sound was after. Kili held his stomach as he bent
over and threw up onto the floor. Thorin reached for Kili’s hair to hold it back but Fili was already running his fingers through it, gathering it together. Kili continued to throw up bitter bile while Fili rubbed his back with one hand as the other held his hair. A pathetic whimpering came from Kili as he shook.

“Sshh, shh, Gimleluh, just let it out.” Fili made sure to turn his back to Thorin, blocking the King access to Kili. A simple way of saying, “move on” without having to word it.

Kili shook for a while after. Fili stroked his hair as he drank water, someone mopped up the vomit after Oin took a look at it to make sure there was no blood mixed in. When he found no traces of red he deemed it to be stress induced and vehemently insisted that Kili be removed from anything stressful for a while. To the golden Durin that meant away from Thorin, away from duties, possibly even away from Erebor. So while Kili drank with his men at the tavern he went to the one that his brother shared with Thorin and started to pack his things.

Thorin walked into this.

“What are you doing?”

Fili did not even pause, just continued to collect necessities. “Kili’s going to stay with me for a while.”

“He already has. He needs to come back.”

Fili threw some jerkin into a leather bag. “No he doesn’t. He needs you to reassure him that you’re not replacing him.”

“I would never replace him!” Thorin stepped up to Fili.

The younger squared off his shoulders, their blue gazes locked in a battle. “Then you need to tell him, reassure him. Because when you tell him that this is for the good of the Durin name to bed her that is one thing, it is another to be by her side when she goes to the healers. What is next? Inviting her into the royal halls to live? Let her eat at our table?”

“I was only there to make sure-”

“Would she move her position in chairs at our table? Sit by your side as Kili should?! When holding court would you have her dressed in the jewels that Kili once wore?!”

Thorin grabbed Fili’s shoulders, squeezed painfully tight and shook him. “I am not replacing him!! I could never...” His voice trailed off showing the pain he felt at the accusation. “Fili, you must believe me. No one could replace him.”

“Then why are you doing this?”

The king couldn’t answer.

Fili felt old. This situation was only getting worse.

“Think on it uncle. Choose your words carefully because he will not come back to you until you run after him and tell him exactly why you are doing as you are. Then I suggest abandoning your pride.” Fili picked up the pack he had stuffed. “Until then, give him space or I won’t know what I will do to you in defending him.”
Kili was drunk. Terribly drunk. The fun thing about Kili being drunk is that he’s a unique one. He launches into telling stories, captivating the whole bar with his words. His words were smart, well placed for everyone to be tantalizing. He told of romance and adventure. He indulged in bloodied battles and great wars. He also was touchy. I liked touching backs and sides, nuzzling into necks and he demanded a hug from more than one dwarf that night.

One dwarf was taking a particular liberty of this and squeezed Kili’s lovely backside only to earn him a punch from another patron who had taken it upon himself to watch after the younger.

Kili stumbled, struggling to stay standing, he looked at the unconscious dwarf on the floor. “Well that was rude.” Which part was rude he couldn’t figure out, the ass grabbing or the fact the guy got punched.

“Come on laddy, you’ve had enough to kill a pony.” Dwalin grumbled.

“Hey! I do not drink to hurt animals!” Kili protested not even sure what he was saying. Then his mind started to go over how he missed his own pony. How he missed traveling the mountains and the beautiful wilds. How tall the trees were. He missed the smell of fresh air, bathing in streams.

It was when Dwalin managed to pull Kili out of the tavern that the young dwarf clung onto Dwalin, going limp with dead weight. He grabbed fistfuls of the furrs on dwalin’s jerkin. Suddenly the mighty warrior had arms full of a grown dwarf that was sobbing uncontrollably. All he could make out was something about Bilbo.

Dwalin had one hell of a time pulling Kili into a style of clumsy carrying. He staggered a ways down the winding halls before he decided to go to the closest home he knew of. Bofur’s.

Bofur didn’t know what to do when Dwalin practically chucked a drunk Kili at him but he took it in stride. “Make sure he eats something he’s had nothing but mead,” Dwalin told him.

“Aye, I can make sure of that. You may want to tell Thorin or Fili where to find him though.” Bofur suggested.

Dwalin nodded, adjusted his belt and left.

Bofur smiled his usual charming smile as Kili wrapped his arms around his neck, tear soaked stubble rubbed against his cheek as Kili seemed to calm down. “It has been a while hasn’t it?”

“Yes.” Kili seemed to have calmed significantly.

“Why don’t I make you up some cheese, bread and sausage? Sound good?”

The archer gave a long sigh like a content child, not willing to let go of the dwarf. “Yes.”
Thorin paced. He tried running his hands through his hair only to feel his crown. He took it and threw it across the large room, the sturdy metal clanging against the stone wall, clattering to the floor. His heart surged with rage and sickness. For over a month he could not touch Kili, he barely saw him, rarely heard his voice. It was his own fault. He knew it. He hated it! But the councilman had been right. The Line of Durin had to persevere.

There was a knock on the door. The door slowly opened and for a moment Thorin’s breath bated in hope that it might be Kili but it was Balin. Of course it was Balin... Kili... Kili hated him in all but the spoken word.

Balin made sure to close the doors before he addressed Thorin formally. “Thorin, are you alright?”

“Balin...” He looked to his old friend, his stubborn ways finally giving a little. “Kili... how is he?”

“I’m afraid I don’t know.” Balin looked at him. “I was under the impression that you two still spoke.”

Thorin shook his head, looking like a beaten dog. “No. Not for a long time now.”

“How long?” Seeing his mighty king torn to his foundations hurt. Thorin was always so strong and sure of himself. He always tried his best and showed the bravest of faces. But this Thorin, the one right in front of him looked like a burnt doll stepped on in passing.

“Since he found out about Della...”

Balin’s brow knitted in worry. This was not good. A dwarf’s body may be impervious to illness but their heart and mind were not. Sadness, grief, greed, anger, spite, and so much more could infect a dwarf as easily as the flue to a hobbit or human and its ravages just as deadly.

“Thorin... have you told him you have little choice in this?”

“I’ve tried. He will not listen.” He ran a hand over his face. He blinked looking up at the vaulted ceiling taking several breaths. “I fear I may have chased him from me.”

“No, no, Kili loves you, we all know this. You must sit with him, make him see.”

Their conversation was cut by a harsh banging.

Balin sighed, “The council are here to see you. Gather yourself while I organize them.”

When the meeting went underway it was long and arduous as always. Finally at the end the subject at hand was the one that was turning Thorin’s life into a misery.

“The healer Oin saw Della today I was told.” One dwarf said, leaning against the table and looking to Thorin expectantly. “You took our advice and attended the appointment.”

“Yes. She is with child now.” Thorin confirmed.

There were many smiles and sighs of relief. “This is good” as well as “May Durin’s blood stay strong” murmured throughout the room.

“Now to be discussed is her treatments,” another said matter of factly. This one, Thorin didn’t like, he was the cousin of Della, the one that first purposed Thorin bed someone and then volunteered his cousin. It was only by chance that she was the one chosen by Oin to be the most healthy for bearing
children. “She will need to be moved into the Royal Halls to-”

“No.”

The room fell silent.

“My King?” He looked at Thorin as if he, the king, dared to interrupt him.

“She will be moved to a home close to the Healer’s Hall for easy access and treatment. We have already agreed on a stipend to gift her for this deed. This is what will happen.”

“I’m sorry my King but... if I may speak, I do believe this is not a good image for our people of the woman to birth the heir to the throne is sat in squalor.”

“Squalor? You believe any part of this kingdom is low and infested like those of the mankind?” Thorin bristled. He knew what this dwarf was doing and he would have none of it. “Furthermore the child will not be my heir. It will be my child, the very one I raise with Kili.”

“I must agree with my fellow councilmen on this.” A white haired dwarf spoke up. “It does not look well upon us if the woman who birthed the King’s child is removed in favor for a simple Consort.”

Thorin and Balin were on their feet within seconds. Balin barely had enough mind to hold onto their king who’s face was was red with rage.

“You insult my One?! I have already sacrificed more than any of you for this kingdom, allowed you these positions only to have you insult the one Mahal crafted for me?!!”

“That was not-”

“Remove yourself before I remove your head.” This time it was Balin who bit at the councilman. “Each of you!”

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Kili drank the cool water finally sobered enough to only feel a buzz in his fingertips. His mind was back to itself more or less.

“I miss you guys.” Kili admitted to Bofur. “Having all of you around like back when we came here and when we first claimed Erebor from Smaug...”

“We did drift apart due to our jobs...” Bofur sighed looking sad. He missed everyone as well. Sometimes he would see Bombur and Bifur even Dwalin and Nori but as much as he wanted. “Kili...” He sighed again. He didn’t want to ask but he had to, he cared too much not to ask. “Why were you drinking so much? Usually you don’t drink enough to get falling over drunk.”

The archer’s heart sank. He placed an elbow on the tabletop and leaned his face against it. Such a simple question by such a good friend made him feel exposed and torn. He let every bloodied word slip from his lips falling down like infected clots. “Thorin doesn’t want me any more.”

“What?” Bofur knocked over his cup, standing up so quickly that his chair clattered to the floor. “No! No, no, no. He- you, you’re each other’s One. He couldn’t-”

Then Kili was sobbing. His voice tore out of his throat in a pain worse than death. He lowered his head, bringing up his arms he tried baring his face from the outside world as he finally gave away to the dam of sorrow that had been festering inside of him for so long.
Bofur quickly rounded the table. He fell to his knees collecting Kili into his arms and holding him tight making the wails only louder and feel even more sorrowful. He took a moment to take off his jerkin and tunic and wrap the material around Kili. He took off his hat and placed it on Kili’s head essentially shielding the archer with his clothing against the pains of the world. It was trick he learned to do when Bifur first got the axe in his head. When he got violent or grieved for his lost family. And as with his cousin the technique served him well and helped calm Kili after a bit of time. He kept a good hold on Kili, pressing him up to his bare chest. Rocking him slowly.

Tomorrow he would talk to Thorin, find out what was really going on. It just didn’t make any sense as to why Kili would think Thorin was tired of him. The two loved each other. Didn’t they?
When Fili came to collect his brother the next morning they spent breakfast with Bofur catching up and remembering old times. He noticed that Kili smiled easier and the smile would slowly turn into something he could identify as to his little brother once more after Bofur stuck his hat back onto the archer’s head.

Kili had excused himself to use the facilities during the meal. Soon as he was out of the room Fili found an opening to start up a much needed council with what he struggled with in his mind.

“He looks better.”

Bofur twisted a little in his seat to look at Fili properly who sat at one end of his little table. “I’m gonna be honest with yah, he’s sick. A good cry can only clean a wound so much and for a bit it’ll be better but it will only get worse if unattended.” He lowered his voice even more in case Kili came back while he was distracted with his conversation. “What happened? He says Thorin doesn’t want him any more.”

Fili sighed heavily, his shoulders sagging with the weight of the situation. “I cannot speak for Thorin, but I can say what I know. I know the council has forced him to bed someone else in hopes to produce more children for the Line of Durin.”

“But, but he has Kili, he couldn’t. And, begging your pardon on this but, why him and not you? You’re as much Durin as he is.”

“Yes, but he’s King, it shows more strength in the kingdom if he produces children. As for me...” Fili looked down the small hallway that lead to where he saw Kili go. “I fear both Kili and I will have to follow in his steps in this as well. When, I do not know, and I pray it will be only for many years far away. With his current pain... he would not be able to survive bedding anyone but our king. And I will not stand for him to suffer any more.”

“Then I think it’s about time to relive some of our past, don’t you?” Bofur winked at Fili bringing a mug to his lips.

When Kili came back Fili and Bofur shared a look both thinking the same thing.

“I was thinking,” Fili pushed some eggs around his plate over to some buttered bread trying to get it stacked properly. “Oin is right, we need to take some time away from all the crazy happening around you Kili. We’ll take some things and go on a little trip.”

Kili pushed the hat on his head back so he could look under its edge. Bofur had a larger head than Kili making the hat fit him awkwardly. “I have a week to spend before my duties resume with the Archers. What did you have in mind?”

“Well... this would take a bit longer than a week.” Fili admitted.

“Then I can’t do it.”

“Yes, you can because your men need to learn close quarter combat, Dwalin can take over while we travel.”

“Where would we be going?”
Bofur waved a hand in the air, “Does it matter? It's an adventure, lad, you dance with the lady not stomp on her foot when she beckons.”

“Well...” Kili had that glint in his eyes. A small spark of his old self. “when you put it that way we could take the week to prepare and I can arrange things with Dwalin and my men.”

“That’s the spirit!” Bofur growled out with a grin.

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True to his words Bofur did go to talk to Thorin. It took him a long time to get an audience, it seemed that it did not matter that he was one of the dwarrow that had reclaimed Erebor. He was of low social standing, that was until Ori passed by. The ginger scribe was dressed in lush robes very evident in showing off his status as the Royal Scribe.

“Who do you think you are? You fool! This is Bofur! The Bofur! He’s not some peasant from the village of man, treat him with respect!” Ori snapped in a way that would make Dori proud.

Bofur grinned as he joined Ori’s side as the dwarf started to walk off in long strides, a quick walker from their journey as well as keeping up his duties. “I am so sorry about that. I will have to better educate them all as to who all the Company of Thorin Oakenshield are and how to respect each and every one of you.”

“Don’t worry yourself too much over it. It served me a wonderful treat of seeing you out of your shell.”

Ori laughed. “I haven’t had much of shell these past few months.” He suddenly growled, “The council has been making sure of that.”

“Fili had told me a bit about gaining some children to the Line of Durin.”

“Oh it’s worse than that.” Ori bristled. “Last meeting they basically all out said that Kili was not worth anything and Thorin needed to take that sow in as his queen.”

Bofur stopped in his tracks, gob smacked. “They... You heard them?”

“Unfortunately no, I wasn’t present for this meeting, it was rushed and late at night. I’m certain they wanted it that way so it would not be on public record and Thorin could execute them for trying to usurp his consort.” Ori folded his arms over his chest, his fingers playing with one of the braids in his beard. He grew into politics much too well and he had Nori to thank for that. His brother’s way of thinking gave him a great insight as to how double handed and backstabbing these politicians were. “Bofur... how is your current job going?”

“Well.”

“Any room in your schedule to lend me a hand?”

Bofur smirked. “Well... if you’re implying that I may quit my job to become your apprentice and sit in the meetings you cannot attend, all I require is a new place to live so I don’t have to run a town’s length to get to work.”

Ori smiled. “Things may be looking up for us. Now, you have come to see Thorin correct?”

“Aye.”
“He’s in his study, knock three times, then twice, then four, then once. He won’t unlock his study unless you do. The council have been nothing but starved wargs as of late.”

Bofur took off his hat and looked around the massive halls. “Could ya point me the way to his study?”

Thorin heard the knocking that he knew to be made by friend and not foe. He pushed his scroll to the side before going to the door, expecting Balin or Ori on the other side.

“Bofur.” He stepped to the side, “Come in. What brings you here?”

“Ah... well...” He fussed with his hat coming into the room. He looked around the lavish furnishings that were sparse, some even looking empty as if Kili should be sharing the room with their king but his things removed. He looked to the two chairs in front of the fireplace, his eyes saddened when he noticed one was pushed farther back, more into the shadows than the other. The other chair turned more towards the fire as if Thorin spent many nights thinking while leaning over the fire, unable to bare looking at the chair that Kili should be sitting.

“You miss ‘em.” Bofur said, motioning his hat towards the chairs.

Thorin kept an unreadable face but inside he flinched. Of course he missed Kili, he missed him so much. If his emotions were the bones in his body they would be slowly breaking one by one. But he had to keep himself from showing it even though inside he was screaming.

“Kili was over at my house last night.”

“Is he well?” Thorin took two long strides up to Bofur, the miner looked up at his king with large eyes, surprised from the action.

“Aye, but crying only is a temporary fix. Fili is gonna be takin’ him in a week to go adventurin’, get him out of the house so to speak. It’ll do ‘em some good.”

“He was crying?”

Bofur took hold of Thorin’s arm giving a reassuring squeeze. “He seems to be under the impression that you don’t want him. And from what I’ve been hearin’ from Fili and Ori and seein’ you right now, it’s not true. You’re goin’ through tough times. And I’m here to help.”
“I will not do this!” Kili’s voice filled the room as he stood up.

“You’re king has already done so! Your brother is expected to do so, you will do so!” One of the councilmen stood up from his seat. He rounded the table, his massive size wide and menacing as he swung his shoulders in an angry hunch.

Kili stood his ground. He had already been suspicious when a meeting was called for him to be part of, it only became more so worrying when Thorin nor Ori were present. This meant it was a political shot at him, to take him and throw him off a cliff so they could take their daughters, sisters, and cousins to throw at Thorin so they, themselves, could become more powerful. It was uncommon for dwarrow to do such a thing as going against their king, but since Erebor was so fragile at the moment it meant most rules were thrown out the window.

“Our king, your king, has already agreed to this. You must bed a dwarrowdam and produce an heir!” The man belted in Kili’s face.

“You’re mouth spills lies.” Kili hissed.

“Does it? When was the last time our king seen you? In the infirmary after you failed suicide? Or was it not even that? I hear that when you were there he wasn’t even there to see you but Della. It would seem to me that your standing as consort has fallen out from under you. The only good you are now is to make sure the blood of Durin continues, as useless as you are.”

Kili’s fist cracked into the man’s nose forcing him back from him. “I am the lead guard captain of the archer division! I am your king’s consort! I am also your goddamn prince and you will respect me as such!”

The councilman’s temper got the better of him. He surged forth grabbing Kili in a grapple. He lifted him up and slammed his back down, hard on the table knocking the wind out of him. He gritted his teeth when a fist hit him in his bruised side. Kili reeled back his leg, kicking hard, catching the dwarf in the side.

Then something happened that stopped his heart.

The dwarf grabbed his wrists and yanked him close. He worked so fast having his hips between Kili’s legs, his groin pressed up against Kili’s butt. He grabbed at the front of Kili’s trousers and rubbed up against him while leaning over Kili so the others could not see exactly what he was doing, at least the ones that cared to look.

“You’re a consort, a whore. One that just warms a bed.” He spat in Kili’s face. “I do not respect whining bitches who’s only wish is to be fucked by a powerful prick.”

Kili lifted a knee as the councilman palmed him. His free hand grabbed the handle of the knife he always kept in his boot. With quick movement he was stabbing the metal tooth into the dwarf that was on top of him. He howled as it dug into his arm then shoulder. He backed away enough for Kili to kick him in the chest and onto the floor.

The archer was on top of him within an instant continuing his vicious attack. He had a raw, savage scream that sent a few of the councilmen rushing out into the long halls for safety.
Fili had been walking with Ori, making a proper list as to what would be needed for his journey with Kili when he heard the scream. They took off running to the sound.

They passed nobles scrambling out of a meeting room nearly running into Thorin as he arrived at the same time. The king didn’t pause to see who had joined his side as he stormed into the room, hand firmly gripping the hilt of orcrist.

He watched with abject horror as Kili stood above the body of the very dwarf that was Della’s cousin. His archer was coated with blood, it soaked his clothing matting it to his skin as well as locks of hair. In his hand was his boot knife, he held it with a white knuckled grip halfway down the blade, blood and flesh dripped from the metal tooth. From the state of the body, Kili had stabbed so many times that the blood had slicked his grip, his hand slipped down as he had assaulted the long past dead councilman.

Kili’s voice died as he stomped one foot, his broken mind trying to grip with the reality that this dwarf had tried to rape him. The very dwarf that was making Thorin do bad things, in essence he raped his One. He forced Thorin into unwanted sex. This bastard. This very bastard raped them both but only Kili felt his terrible hands and hips.

“Kili.” Fili stepped around Thorin, his hands up. He stepped a little closer, Thorin grabbed Fili’s shoulder when Kili stomped again, a hand coming to his head and rubbing blood into brown hair.

“Gimleluh.” Fili tried again.

Kili looked at them, his face contorted in so much pain and agony. He flicked the tip of the blade of his knife towards them. He tried to say something but all words failed him.

Thorin tried, pulling Fili back a bit more. “Kili... Kili drop the knife, ukraduh (my heart).”

The archer’s expression only got more pained as his bottom lip and chin shook. Then comforting hands were on him, they were familiar, safe, gentle. A friend. He looked from Thorin and Fili to Ori. While distracted by his lover and brother he had not seeing the scribe come up to him from the other side.

Ori swallowed and did the only thing he could think of. He brought up the edge of his sleeve just like Dori would with his handkerchief to his own face. “Come here, you’ve got a smudge.”

Kili’s fingers relaxed, the weight of the knife falling from him as Ori wiped at his cheek smearing blood off of stubble and onto silken robes. It was random, it was loving, it was exactly what he needed to break him from the terrible hold of dark emotions had on him. Then Fili and Thorin were close, all three ushering him from the room. His grip flitted from one to the other, not sure which to cling onto for comfort, his foggy mind still unsure of everything except the fact that he was finally safe.

They took him to the room that he shared with Thorin.

“I’ll see that the mess in the meeting room gets cleaned up.” Ori said softly. “I’ll... come by in the morning, I’ll have all the meetings for tomorrow cancelled.”

“Thank you.” Thorin replied. “Send for Oin as well.”

“Of course.”

“I’ll get Oin. And send for water.” Fili spoke up. He shared a look with Thorin silently telling him, “He needs you right now.”
Thorin nodded letting the two see themselves out as he took his lover to their bathroom. He slowly worked on getting Kili’s boots off. Reverently, he worked on Kili’s jerkin watching him for any discomfort but it only seemed as if he had... shutdown. A sleeping mind in a waking body.

Kili then started to move taking off his trousers and small clothes, standing naked, stained in pinks and red. He swallowed, the sound loud to them both.

The king grabbed pitcher of water from the basin that was for morning facial washing. He slowly poured it in small dribbles, rubbing his other hand over Kili’s face and hair to rid as much blood from him as possible. He worked his way down neck and shoulders running out of water after chest and stomach.

“He pushed between my legs...”

Thorin stilled, froze as if he was made out of stone.

“They... they were trying to make me agree to bed someone else. I-I cannot! I cannot!”

“Sshh, sshh,” Thorin ran his fingers through Kili’s hair, carefully taking out his clasp. “Ukraduh, we do not have to speak of this now.”

Kili looked up at Thorin with pleading eyes. His cut hand sliding up Thorin’s neck, palm stinging from the sharp whiskers that dug into the sensitive wound as he caressed his One’s jaw. His voice was a whisper. “I- am sorry. What they did to you-”

Thorin didn’t know what to say. His words stuck. He didn’t want Kili to look at him like this. As if they were both glass webbs tangled together and about to shatter. He took a deep breath and put his hands on Kili’s naked hips. Resting their foreheads together he resisted the urge to kiss his archer when the familiar loud pound of servants came. Thorin shrugged off his own tunic pulling it over Kili to cover him.

As usual they let themselves in carting in large buckets of heated water that they poured into the bath. While they worked Oin came. He looked over Kili’s hand. Noting the bath he left salves and bandages showing how to properly bandage his hand so that it would heal well and not hinder his archery.

After the servants left, Oin dismissed and the bath passed in silence Thorin and Kili sat in front of the fireplace. Their chairs pushed together and facing the warmth of the orange flames. Kili’s hand was white with bandages, he would flex his fingers every once in awhile as if making sure it still worked.

Eventually Kili abandoned his chair in favor of slipping into Thorin’s lap. Thorin hugged him close feeling Kili’s body treble. He stroked damp hair wishing he wasn’t so powerless.

He kissed Kili’s temple, whispering into his ear, “I love you.”

Kili hugged him tighter. A very tiny sound escaped him, one that Thorin barely heard. “I love you too.”
Thorin kept close to Kili the next day. Fili came over in the morning, he fawned over his brother who seemed unresponsive. Some time between breakfast and lunch he only got worse. He no longer sat in his chair staring at the empty fireplace, he laid on the bed, limp as death, eyes unseeing. Thorin couldn’t get him to eat, he couldn’t get him to drink. Oin was summoned only to shake his head and inform their king that the royal consort was falling to a sickness of the heart. Not much could be done for it and what could be done Thorin was already doing.

What they didn’t know was what had happened in the meeting. Still no one has come forward to say what had happened. All Thorin knew was that the councilman tried to touch his One, for that death was the only acceptable punishment. He didn’t know that Kili still felt the dwarf’s hand pawing at his genitals. He could still smell that breath that made his stomach clench and feel that disgusting man rutting up against him.

It wasn’t this that made Kili lost in his mind, it was something else. To him, that very dwarf had raped his beloved. Had taken away what should have been only something Thorin and Kili should be able to give. If they wanted to father children it should have been mutually agreed upon, a surrogate chosen, everything gradual. But, to Kili, they forced herbs down Thorin’s throat. They forced him into a bed with someone he cared nothing for. They raped him, all of them. And all Kili could do was feel betrayed. Betrayed that his One had bedded another. He should have been protecting Thorin, not running and crying. He should have fought for his lover. He should have defended him to the death. Instead... he was the one that betrayed him. He was the one that cute out his heart and left it to rot.

Kili, viewed himself, entirely at fault. And that hooked in. It tore and ate with a distended belly like a ghoul feasting upon a corpse. The depression took him the say way the dragon sickness took Thorin, the effects only different.

It was in the afternoon that Thorin found himself kneeling on the floor, one of Kili’s hands gathered into his. His fingers worried over his lover’s as he tried getting him to talk. “Kili. You’re in there somewhere... speak to me.”

He took a hand, running it through silken hair. “Please. Please let me hear your voice.”

When nothing came he bowed his head, brow pressed against knuckles. “Kili... I love you, please... just one word, just one.”

Kili moved, his arms wrapping around Thorin’s neck. His voice was broken and hollow, “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry.” Thorin’s chest heaved with a mixture of pain and relief. He hugged Kili close moving up onto the bed. “Tell me what haunts you.”

The archer only squeezed him before pulling back. His fingers traced over Thorin’s lips. Lips that had been forced upon another body. He pressed his lips against Thorin’s, in a strange way he was trying to win back those lost kisses. But when Thorin’s mouth opened and their tongues touched, he wished more than anything to wash himself and Thorin of the touches of those terrible dwarves. He needed to remember his King, and his King needed to remember him.

His hands went to Thorin’s hair bunching in the terresses as he whimpered into the kiss. Long missed hands slipped under his tunic, caressing skin. Thumbs brushed over his nipples making his
body squirm. He broke the kiss letting out a long shuddering breath. The foggy mist of depression was starting to push to the side in favor for the familiar touches and feelings.

Clothing was shed, mouths licking and sucking on exposed skin. Their touches became frantic, clawing at each other in a desperation to reaffirm the other is still there. All too soon Thorin is slicked with oil and pressed inside Kili.

Kili moans focusing on Thorin’s touches, knowing it’s him touching him, that he’s the one who got to wrap his legs around the king’s waist. It was his skin that pricked under Thorin’s beard, shivered as that hot tongue trailed over him. It was him that Thorin made those sounds for, the lovely grunts and groans. It was his hand that the king clasped as he moved faster, sweat beading on his skin as he made sure to hit that spot that made Kili cry out with ecstasy. It was his ear that Thorin whispered, “I love you” into as he filled his body with his seed, taking care to pump Kili into coming as well.

Thorin held Kili close as they came down from their high. The archer snuggled close, flexing his bandaged hand, his sweaty palm making the cuts sting. It wasn’t until a few hours after that they decided to move from each other.

“Thorin?”

He instantly had the king’s attention, he was halfway dressed, trousers still open. “Yes?”

“I don’t want to be your consort any longer...”

“What?” It felt like he was just punched in the gut with a bag of stone. “Kili, you can’t possibly-”

“I mean it... I don’t want to be your consort any longer.” Kili hugged himself, feeling unsure about what he was saying. He knew Thorin loved him but... would he take this risk? It would open Kili to a whole new suite of dangers.

The king took a seat next to Kili, happy his lover didn’t recoil from him. “Don’t ask this of me... I-I can’t let you go.”

Chocolate gaze locked with ice blue. “I’m not asking to leave you. I... I need you to be safe.”

Thorin frowned. “I am safe.”

Kili shook his head. “Please I just... I can’t be your consort any longer.”

“Kili, please don’t ask this of me. At least not yet.” He touched Kili’s face with his knuckles the younger dwarf leaned into the touch. “Let yourself calm before you ask again. Will you give me this?”

The archer nodded the rest of what he wanted to say stuck in his throat. He leaned up and shared a small kiss. Thorin deepened it, his hand sliding down to caress Kili’s neck.

“In less than four days time Fili will take you on a journey. Find yourself again while you are out there.” Thorin ran his fingers through chocolate brown hair. “I wish you to return to me the bright dwarf I fell in love with.”

“And what am I now?”

“A lost star. Still bright in the darkness but needs to come home.”

Kili was suddenly buried in Thorin’s arms once more. He stayed there, forcing the king back into
bed and stroking his hair well after Kili fell asleep.
the breaking point

Chapter Notes

Next chapter has Bilbo!

Big thank you to everyone who has commented and left kudos! You're all so lovely!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Bofur heard a lot of it now. The trip to take Kili out of this mess had been delayed, already a week passed when Fili was supposed to take his brother. Yet was only two days after Kili had killed that councilman that the voices started up. Della, of course, cried bloodied murder, even threatened to stab her own stomach blaming Thorin for the actions of his consort. She had been restrained and is under close supervision by Balin and a handful of trustworthy dwarves to make sure she doesn’t try to threaten the babe barely starting to develop. He heard people start to whisper how Kili was a murderer, a prettied up whore that abused power. What was worse, was that he saw how Kili heard it all. He put on a brave face for the rest of the world, but he was losing it.

Ori told him that, according to Thorin and Fili, Kili will only eat one meal a day, even that he picks at. He doesn’t sleep any more. He sits in front of the fire, wonders the halls at night with his brother following. He went back to training his men, hard as ever, but even they were noticing something was happening. Jalaal came up to him, Kili’s second in command, asking what was wrong. Bofur only told them to listen to the dwarves around them and he’ll hear it.

Half the archer division was arrested not soon after for getting out of hand. It was Bofur’s first official record. They had heard some nobles talking as they passed by their training. Kili was barking some orders to some greenhorn when some of his men over heard the nobles make the same comments; whore, devil, murderer. They attacked. Nearly killed one, it was only because of Kili that the nobles survived, scaring him while he took a punch from one of his own men for these bastards.

Thorin let the men off with a slap on the wrist, the nobles were left to the devices of Dwalin. That record was taken by Ori and he personally looked forward to reading it.

Then it happened. The scare everyone knew was coming, the horrifying feeling of being so helpless.

It was on the battlements. Fili was walking with Kili, Bofur following and taking notes. Kili had been increasingly unresponsive to everyone, even Thorin for three days by then. They were hoping the fresh air would help. Bofur and Fili were talking, reminiscing over the fun times they had as being part of the Company of Thorin Oakenshield. They would nudge Kili with a, “remember that?” and “what about the time-”. Kili didn’t move just leaned over the battlement, closing his eyes. The wind was gentle against his skin.

“...should save him the shame.” Kili suddenly mumbled as if he had been in deep conversation with someone.

“Sorry, lad, what did-”

Everything seemed slow to Bofur as Kili pulled himself up onto the edge of the battlement wall. He stuck a foot out as if to take a step where there was none. He was leaning forward, slipping from
solid ground. He shot forward but Fili was already there. His hands grabbing duster jacket and tunic. Bofur grabbed Fili’s belt as the older prince started to slip over the side as well. He yanked and pulled they were at an awkward angle and Kili was nothing but a dead weight.

“Kili!” Fili’s grip was starting to loosen. “Kili, you have to take hold of me. Kili damn it!! KILI WE’RE BOTH GOING TO FALL!!”

“Help!” Bofur looked around. “Mahal’s Hammer! Someone-”

“I gotta yah.” Someone came running out of the shadows from the doorway down the battlements.

Bofur could have sobbed at the relief of seeing Nori of all dwarrow coming up to them. Nori was quick. He hopped up onto the battlements’ wall, grabbed hold of Fili’s shoulders and started to heave. It took all three of them to get Kili back over the wall, all collapsing in a heap.

Out of frustration Fili kicked his brother followed by a solid punch. “What were you thinking?!”

This time he slapped Kili when he didn’t respond, his breathing labored as he started to cry. “Fucking... Kili...” He grabbed his brother’s shoulders and shook him. “Kili, please.”

“No laddy, I know you’re angry, but he’s not there right now.” Bofur sighed getting up to his knees. He took off his thick coat and hat. It was like Bifur all over again, except the axe was in the heart, not the head. He wrapped his coat around Kili, putting his hat on his head to cover his eyes. He folded down the ear flaps and pushed the prince into Fili’s chest. “Nori, stay with them. I have to get Thorin.”

Bofur got up to his feet, pausing before taking off his scarf and wrapping it around Kili’s neck. The cuff of his sleeve was gripped. He smiled, squatting down. “Don’t worry laddy, I’ll be right back.”

Then the former miner was off like a shot.

Fili wrapped himself around his brother, resting his chin on top of his head, rocking slowly. “Been a while Nori... thank you for helping.”

“Don’t need to thank me.” Nori rested his elbows on his knees. “Was running a missive when I heard Bofur, I like to think you would come running to my aid if I called out.”

“I would, all of us would.”

Nori leaned forward, “Then why aren’t you calling out?”

“What do you mean?”

Nori sighed, moving to sit cross legged. He put a hand to Kili’s back and looked Fili in the eye. “You’re terrible at asking questions.”

Fili just hugged Kili tighter. “Don’t really have the proper mindset for questions. But I am curious as to why you’re not asking how we got into the predicament.”

“I run missives for Ori, he tells me about everything, even what has been happening with Kili. In turn I’ve told Dori who is no doubt slowly telling the rest of the company. We’re only waiting for you to ask for help.” He saw Fili’s bottom lip start to quiver. Did he forget how strong the bond of the company was? “Fili... what do you need us to do?”

The golden prince took in a sharp breath, hefting his brother closer. His voice breaking, “Don’t let
them take him from us.” He buried his face into Bofur’s hat, a choked sound coming from his throat as he rocked more. Kili moved a bit, his arms wrapping around his brother and hugging ever so slightly. Fili brushed back Bofur’s hat looking down at just a mess of brown hair. “He’s all I’ve got and they’re dogging his sleep. He hears them everywhere, and we can’t do anything because they have yet to threaten him where it could become record.”

“Fili.” Nori moved, putting a hand on the prince’s shoulder. He didn’t continue speaking until blue eyes met his own. “I’m at your service.”

Fili gave a garbled sound of relief, pressing his cheek to Kili’s head. Before he could say anything frantic foot falls came rushing up to them.

“Is he alright?” Thorin fell down to his knees beside Fili. He spared his older nephew a look, “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine.” Fili managed to say as he hesitated to let Kili go. Soon as he relaxed his grip Thorin had Kili gathered to him, looking him over for injuries. Besides a bruised cheek he seemed, physically, alright.

“Why would you do this?” He asked pleadingly searching for any expression on Kili’s face. “Ukraduh (my heart)... never do this again. Never...”

He bit back his words crushing Kili to his chest.

Ori was there, as well as Balin, both upset as they exchanged words between Bofur and Nori. Ori quickly ran off, grabbing at Bofur’s arm as he went by. The two running back into the Lonely Mountain.

“Sire,” Balin stepped up next to Thorin. “In light of recent events I don’t think it is safe for Kili to remain in Erebor. He has to leave.”

Thorin shifted, tightening his hold on his lover. “Where he goes, I shall too.”

“Thorin, he needs to leave.” Balin put a hand on his shoulder. “He’s beyond the mending we can provide. But I do believe that a certain burglar may be able to help. There are a few things you must attend to, but I believe Fili and Kili may meet up with you in Dale. Ori and Bofur have gone to ready some ponies for them.”

The king slowly nodded. He pulled back from Kili, caressing his face. He looked to Fili. He grabbed his nephew’s sleeve. “You take him far from here, as far as you can. Trust no one on the road, farther than Dale. Stop only for supplies and I shall meet you in the shire.”

Fili nodded, getting up. Kili needed help, as quickly as possible. They needed to get to the last bit of hope they had. Bilbo Baggins.
Mercy

It was pretty that morning. The cold of the mountains setting in with thick fog. Fili struggled keeping a small fire going with wet logs while Kili looked around them. It had been a long time since they had been on the curved lands of the mountains. Erebor was Thorin’s home. What he remembered and loved. Fili and Kili... they belonged to the outside world. They knew trees, large rocks, battered landscape and harsh weather. And from Kili’s expression, Fili felt comfortable enough to say that he was not the only one missing the familiar wilds.

“Don’t wander too far.” The older dwarf called after his brother as he hunched over the small flame and giving it a long blow trying to encourage it to light more of the wood.

Kili brushed his fingers against a moss covered rock feeling the wet of the dew seep out over his fingers like a squeezed sponge. He felt a tug in his chest, a sharp yank that was quickly crushed. He swallowed hard as he continued to venture farther from camp. Oh how he had missed his home. Missed this air, fresh and wondrous.

He wasn’t sure if this was okay. He was away from Thorin... he wasn’t causing him any more shame, creating more rumors, insults and whispers.

Then he heard it. A little sound deep into the thick mist.

The archer let his feet slowly pace toward the sound that became more insistent. A thick bleating, frantic and scared. Before he knew it he was running. He pushed past pine and fir branches, his feet crunching on fallen leaves and thumped on soft nettles. He crashed through the wilderness to a side of rocks, gray and dark with wet.

From the signs a rockslide had happened recently.

He skirted around the mess of rocks, looking up the face of the mountain. Following the bleating echo to start hearing scrambling of hoof on stone. Soon he came across a kid, jumping from stone to stone, slipping with its clumsy cloven hooves as it tried to avoid the dying flails of the mountain goat trapped under the crushing weight of the rocks. Only part of the head was visible and one leg. His throat constricted watching the kid nudge at its parent bleating loudly trying to get it to try harder to get back on its feet.

Kili took his bow, taking an arrow he notched it. With precise aim he let his arrow fly into the eye of the dying creature it gave a sharp sound when it was hit, then it was limp. He took up another arrow and aimed at the kid. The chances of it surviving was less than slim. He would be doing a service to end it quickly so it wasn’t torn to bits by a warg or wolf.

But the kid’s little voice, its bleating...

Kili dropped his bow and arrow. He shrugged off his quiver and coat. With coat in hand he re-equipped his quiver and bow. Quietly he gave little nicking sounds with his tongue letting the wild animal know he was there. It was a jumpy fellow, legs instinctively kicking out when the dwarf got too close.

“Come here.” He dover for the animal. It dodged out of the way. He got back up to a crouch, coat in front of him like a net. “I’m not going to hurt you. I promise.”

Patient as a hunter he waited. The creature scrambled around for a bit. It seemed to get used to Kili’s presence rather quickly. Taking advantage of this he threw his coat into the air managing to get it
around the kid’s head. It bucked and stomped only managing to get itself tangled in the material. It slipped falling onto its side, sliding down some of the rocks as Kili lunged forward snatching it up in a bundle before it could go too far.

He made sure the legs were wrapped fully, as not to kick him, and the head uncovered. He pulled the goat up to his chest as he stood up and smiled at the strange slitted eyes. “Shh, shh,” he cooed to the frantic creature. “It’s okay. I’ve got you.”

It flailed its head, the tiny horns catching Kili in the chin causing him to bleed. He just held it tighter to his chest. “Shhh, shhh.”

Eventually it tired giving a huff. It kept shifting its head, highly uncomfortable and quite frightened. “See? It’s not all that bad.”

Another large huff.

Kili smiled. “It’s funny... how your kind has frog eyes... well you and sheep.” He moved a hand to scratch as the white muzzle. The action causing the creature to settle rather greatly. “You like that?”

“-li!”

Kili turned his head at the sudden voice. He slowly started to make his way down off the unstable rocks, slipping backwards a few times before coming to solid, stable, ground.

“Kili!! Where are you?!”

“Over here!” He called back. He looked around, now that he thought about it... he had no clue where he was nor what direction camp was.

Fili came jogging towards him out of the mist, breathless. “W-what did I tell you?!”

“I told you not to wander off!!” Fili came up to him grabbing him by the shoulders and giving him a hard shake. “Don’t you do that again!!”

“I... I’m sorry.”

It was the squirming that caused the older prince to back away looking down at the bundle that Kili clutched. “What the-”

“Its mom or dad or whatever got crushed in a landslide... he’s mine now.” Kili adjusted the baby goat.

“Are you sure?” Thorin asked Balin.

“Of course. It’s been a few days now and you have officially appointed me to take over in your absence. This all that needed to be done on your end.” Balin gripped Thorin’s shoulder. “Now, laddy, is the time you must forget who you are and remember who Kili is. Too many things have made you do things in the name of Durin in the name of our home and you are losing yet another loved one due to it. Thorin, you must believe me when I say a happy kingdom comes from a happy king and right now you are suffering.”
The king gave a small smile. Balin always knew what to say.

When Thorin readied himself for his travels he pulled all of his hair back and tied it up. Bofur lent him his hat, the beaten look and the floppy ears hiding his hair and most of his kingly look. He found some clothing of Kili’s that was too large for him, usually he laid around in them when he was having a bad day. He slipped them on looking very much not like Thorin King Under the Mountain, but more like a traveling dwarf messenger.

It was dangerous for a king to be on his own traveling so it was best that no one could recognize him.

He shouldered his pack and had to keep himself from running to the stables. He had to be seen by many as he walked with Ori, Ori rattling off places for him to “stop” at to give missives. This was the Royal Scribe’s idea which made the nobles look the other way. Keep their plans to themselves in hopes they didn’t have a plan in the works for assassination but nothing was certain, especially after Kili killed that one councillor. Things were getting dangerous for the current line of durin, since one was being grown in the belly of Della, there were dark rumors that Nori was picking up. Very dark rumors.

“The final missive must be delivered to Dis of the Blue Mountains.” This one Ori handed to Thorin with a look. “This one must make it to its destination no matter what Mister Ironsword.”

“Of course Master Ori.” Thorin gave a bow of his head tucking the rolled up piece of paper into his tunic.

“Master Greyfall Ironsword.” Ori stopped Thorin by the ponies as his pack was taken from him and tied to a speckled red and tan pony.

“Yes?”

“This is important too.” He pushed another letter into Thorin’s hands. “This one is about your payment. I suggest you read it as soon as you get a chance to rest.”

The seriousness in Ori’s eyes made the king hesitate. There was something wrong... or something big. He gave a nod, mounted his pony and rushed out the gate as he would be in a dire errand.

It wasn’t until he reached a spot a bit farther than Dale that he slowed his pony to a slow walk. He pulled out the letter than Ori had made for him. Breaking open the seal, he unfolded the paper. His eyes went over the carefully written words over and over again. His heart hammering as fear’s cold grip took a solid hold on him.

He clutched the paper, stuffing it back into his tunic he grabbed the reigns of the pony. With a sharp jab to the creature’s sides he set off in a dead run once more.

The fine ink only had written one sentence;

A hunting party has been sent after Fili and Kili.
Kili was getting better. He spoke a lot more often almost sounding like his old self. Most the time when he was talking it was to the baby goat but Fili was not complaining. This was his brother, the most precious thing he had in the world. He wasn’t going to give him up without a fight and if winning the fight required a baby goat that Kili has named Feldûnost, for Feldie for short, then so be it. That’s going to be the most spoiled damn goat in the world if he had anything to say about it.

“Feldie needs a break.”

“Very well.” Fili stopped his pony, getting down and going to his brother’s where he was handed the white and brown spotted goat. He put it down on the ground where it tramped in place as if excited to feel grass under its hooves for the first time.

“Keep a hold of his rope.”

“I have a hold of his rope, Kili.”

“Don’t let him wander off too far.”

“He’s not wandering off I have a hold of his rope.... and I think Feldie’s a girl.”

“He’s a boy.”

“I’m pretty sure that’s a girl part she’s peeing out of.”

“Then don’t look at her you perv!”

“It’s a goat!! Why would I- no, no don’t answer that.” Fili rubbed his forehead. If he continued he was certain he would trigger Kili’s ability to tease him into the ground and he wasn’t sure he could handle it right then.

“Walk Feldie around a bit.”

“Get off your damn pony and walk her if you’re going to complain.”

“Fine.” Kili got down from his pony taking the rope from Fili. He smiled when the kid came up and pressed her face against his leg. She had quickly gotten attached to the archer. He bent down scratching behind her ear. “If she’s a girl then what breed is she? I thought only Billies had horns.”

“Well there are a few but the ones around Erebor are rare. I think she’s a Silverite, those guys can get pretty big.”

“My little Silverite huh? You going to get all big and strong and we’ll have you better trained than Thranduil’s moose, Sam, or whatever it’s named.”

“I’m pretty sure Thorin and most of erebor would want to see that. Having the elf king have a
hemorrhage at a goat more majestic than his elk.” Fili folded his arms across his chest.

Suddenly his body jerked, a heavy pain lancing through his shoulder that dulled nearly instantly. A strange sound came out of him as he touched the metal arrow head sticking out of his shoulder. “Orc?”

“Orcs? What are you talking about?” Kili stood up fully turning to his brother. His face paled seeing the arrow sticking out of his brother. “Fili!!”

He rushed over as another arrow came out of the woods. Kili heard the rush of the projectile. He grabbed Fili, moving himself in front of the arrow. He let out a shout of pain as it hit deep into his ribs. He whirled around, grabbing out the arrow that was in him. He took his own bow and with lightning speed shot the arrow straight back where it had come from. There was a solid impact of flesh and a scream.

Not an orc scream.

Then there were more. He pushed Fili to the ground, scrambling to get Feldie under him as well. He felt the impact of the arrows, they split flesh and bone. Kili tightened his hold on Fili and Feldie until his grip grew slack. The sounds of being attacked died into black and Feldie’s bleating silenced.

------------------------------------------------

Thorin took the trail he was certain that Fili and Kili had taken. From the tracks he was half a day’s travel from them. If it wasn’t for the fact that there was no place to get another pony he would have already run his dead. He could already see the evidence of the hunting party. Four, or five dwarves... no... two dwarves and a few humans. Cut throats for hire. They were experienced, light footed.

If it wasn’t for the fact that he knew how to track he would have been completely oblivious to their presence. That meant all the more trouble for his nephews. They were skilled in fighting, in ruling, not hunting.

He prayed and prayed that he would catch up with them on time.

--------------------------------------------------

Elrond had been walking with his sons. The twins Elladan and Elrohir were quietly keeping pace with their father. Elladan’s fingers kept themselves busy by plucking long stalks of grass or little bits of leaves to tear apart with his finger tips. The seasons were changing quickly in Imladris. The leaves were becoming brittle, dying with color while the tall grass bleached of theirs. Soon snow will cover their little valley and they would have to dress in heavier clothing That he did not really find to be comfortable. Given the elven abilities to withstand most weather it made it hard for most elves that were not raised in the Hidden Valley to handle their winters. The running water of the river and waterfall accompanied by winter’s breath, it could succum any living creature without the proper care. Even so, Elladan still couldn’t get use to the stiff collars and heavy material. Elrohir loved it though, it was like he actually looked forward to moving around their home in so many layers that one could not tell there was an actual elf under all of that.

“Gandalf came by again.” Elrohir said with a soft smile. “He does not stay long no matter where he goes it would seem.”

“No, he never does.” Elrond stepped over a large stone. “Though, I do suspect that he will come our way soon once more before the first snowfall.”

“That is highly unusual of him if that come to be true.”
“Very. I do believe it will be within our interest to speak to him of what makes his feet wander to and fro so quickly.”

Elladan sighed quietly. His brother and father were pushing to find a conversation. Wizards did their own things and never seemed to feel answerable to anyone even in their own order. Gandalf would not tell them what was going on in his head unless he needed to, asking him questions was not going to pull any answers from him.

A small sound caught his attention like a twig breaking. He stopped walking, his family continuing ahead as he looked to his left. Off the path, within all the growth, something pulled at him.

He cocked his head to the side, waiting for the sound again. When it didn’t come he simply turned and headed in that direction. He heard his father’s voice fade behind him, calling out to him. Really, there was no need to be concerned over his safety. They were still in the Hidden Valley, besides, he was a well trained warrior, his sword strapped to his hip at all times when he was not bathing, sleeping, or changing his clothes. Even then it was never truly out of reach.

He closed his eyes listening to the sounds of the forest, the small animals moving more in one direction than the others. He did this a few times, following the signs of the animals until he was hit with the pungent smell of blood. He palmed the hilt of his sword now hearing the thud of hooves and… the bleating of a goat?

He moved closer to the sound, keeping hidden in his forest. It was the muffled talking he heard first before he gained sight of the intruder in the woods.

“-nd we’ll have to rebuild his pantry but, it would be worth it.” A blond dwarf stumbled a few steps, his back peppered with thick arrows. His once tan clothing and coat was darkened with the red stains of blood, Merciful Manwë, he even had an arrow completely through his leg. It wasn’t until the dwarf moved, his arms hooked under a set of legs that Elladan had been looking at two dwarves not one. The blond was carrying another on his back, the arrows sticking at of the other dwarf. Traveling next to them was a Sylvian Goat, stamping her hooves every once in a while, bleating for attention. Her white and brown coat also stained with red but the creature acted very healthily.

“Hey, do you think your baby will be a boy or a girl?” the blond bent over spitting a wad of blood out that dribbled down his chin. He took a few ragged breaths before taking a few more steps, his foot coming down on a branch. He tripped and scrambled as he fell. He fell on his back the other dwarf slamming onto his side on the ground, limp and unresponsive.

“I’m sorry, Kili, I’m sorry.” The blond tried getting up, falling back down. He shook his head trying to clear his swimming vision. “You okay?”

Nothing.

“W-we’re almost there. Don’t you worry, Big Brother’s got you.” He rolled onto his hands and knees spitting up more blood. He panted. He moved over to Kili, grabbing a wrist and pulling the limp body over his back. He tried standing again, collapsing once more. On his stomach he bared his teeth, getting up onto his hands and knees keeping Kili on his back and he began to crawl. “L-lord Elrond c-can patch us back up. You’ll see.”

The baby goat brushed up against the blond’s side staying right next to him as he continued in journey. Elladan swallowed, his eyes stinging at the sight. He had only heard tales of such comradery. It touched him, as a warrior and as a brother.

He stepped out of hiding coming up the crawling dwarf. “Master dwarf?”
Blue eyes, bright as stars and blue as ice, mark of the Durin family, looked up at him. Elladan knelt down, his hands slow to show he meant no harm. “Let me help you.” He said softly.

Then a hard head hit his side. He almost fell to the side. Both he and the blond looked over to the baby goat that backed up a step and hit into Elladan’s side again, head butting him to leave the dwarves alone.

“Feldie,” the Durin looked like he was trying not to laugh as he collapsed fully to the forest floor once more. He weakly held out a hand stopping the goat from doing it again. “e-enough…” his eyes slid shut, his body finally giving out to exhaustion. “…enough…”
I seriously need to give Fili a break at some point in time.

He was still, laying on his stomach to relieve pressure on the wounds of his back. Elrond had told him that Kili was in the balance, that the chances of him to pull through was something he could not predict even from his many years as an experienced healer. Dwarves were naturally resilient, it was hard to take a life from one. But there was the factor of a taint within the archer. For an elf it was as easy to see, to touch and feel out, like a physical object. Kili was plagued by something and it had weakened him considerably. If he died, Elrond would have to say that his death was not of the arrows but his own will being weathered down from the storm from within.

The stitches pulled painfully as Fili pulled down the sheets that covered his brother. He ignored the burning pain that lanced through his bones as he took his time to carefully crawl into the bed. He rested his back against the headboard and pulled Kili over his lap as he lay in his prone form. He stroked freshly washed hair, his heart fluttering between hard beats and soothing pulses.

He didn’t know what to do.

He had fought in wars, he had battled orcs, goblins, men, and so much more in his time. He knew how to speak three different languages, how to properly meet kings and queens. He knew how to set broken bones, sew up lacerations and plug up spear wounds when he had the proper equipment. He didn’t know how to let go.

Kili knew how to. It was his little brother that had helped him get through the death of their father. It was Kili that held Fili when he screamed and cried in the middle of the night. Soothed him with comforting words and encouraged him to leave the house and the safety of memories. Kili always pushed and pulled in waves, giving him space when he needed it, forcing him to do things no matter how much he protested.

He blinked rapidly, tears welling up. He didn’t know what to do and it ate at him. It should have been him covering Kili’s body. It should have been him that was laying with barely a breath in his lungs, not Kili.

Fili took in a sharp breath through his nose. “You-” his voice cracked. He took in several more breaths before he cleared his throat, trying to keep himself together. “You remember, when we first met Thorin?”

He threaded his fingers through chocolate terrresses. “It wasn’t until we were twenty. Dad had just died and mum couldn’t hold herself together. You… you burned yourself several times learning how to cook at a moment’s notice.” Fili’s fingers picked at Kili’s hair, pulling out different locks that he started to braid. “You had just burned your hand so badly that the skin came off. We nearly hit him with the door as you and I ran out. He took one look and snatched you from me. He ran so fast, it was hard for me to keep up. He took you to the healers. I was so frightened that you would never be able to use your hand again, that it would heal with a great knotted scar. You remember how he just stroked your hair, told you that you were a brave lad and encouraged you to talk.” He started up another braid, Kili huffing in his sleep encouraging him to continue. “He didn’t even know who we
were. He was lost, trying to find mother. He just leapt to our aid, paid for the care without a second thought. Thorin... he was so kind. Took us to the market afterwards, never once asking us our names, only trying to encourage us to smile and talk. I think, he fell in love with you then. You were you usual, foolish, selfless self telling him all about how you cared for us, how you wished you could do more. He offered to get us some things and you nearly fainted. Your face was so red, and we were both complaining about money how we had no means of paying him back. He just laughed at us. I think that was one of the only times I’ve ever heard him laugh.”

Soft footsteps came into the room followed by little hooves. Fili instinctively curled himself around his brother as he watched the elf raise his lantern higher to banish the shadows of the night. Feldie jumped up onto the bed, trampling over Kili’s legs as she tried to find a spot to lay.

“Feldie, get off of him, get off.” Fili tried swatting at the animal.

She jumped down only to come back up and find an empty spot next to Kili’s arm where she rested her head.

“A sylvan is terribly loyal.” Elrond put down his lantern. “She has been bleating at me for what seems to be hours in order for me to come and check upon the two of you. She became visibly upset when you were not in your room resting.”

Fili fell silent. He only brushed his fingers across the braids he had plaited. He allowed Elrond to check over their wounds, changing the bandages where they needed and adding more salves. Kili would be riddled with scars some in places that may make certain movements hard, but as long as he lived Fili didn’t care.

“Has a messenger been sent to Erebor?” Fili finally asked as Elrond tied off the last of the bandages.

“Yes. With your instructions to only speak with Balin son of Fundin.”

“Thank you.”

“Try to rest.” He picked up his lantern and added, “When you can.”

Fili waited for a good long while before he picked up from where he left off. He gathered some more hair to braid. “Thorin was surprised to find out we were his nephews. He probably thought that mother would raise us with more coin but she was always a miser, hiding her money away. It makes sense after Thorin told us of Erebor, it would seem she took a little after great grandfather.

“Remember how he said he wished he had been here for us? To have seen us grow from little ones up to adolescence. It didn’t seem to bother him too much afterwards, he focused on taking me under his wing to train me how to be a proper prince and not just a miner’s son. He had to get you out of fussing over how much money we were spending on gear, eventually he took you on many hunting trips because you wouldn’t purchase meat in the markets. That was when he found out you liked to use the bow. He was always proud of you for that.”

Feldie got up, she started to bleat loudly.

“Then, um…” Fili looked to his fingers that were trembling. Something was wrong. He put his hand over Kili’s mouth and felt no breath. “Kili?”

He pulled his brother up, holding him tight. He pressed his head against Kili’s as he rocked with fear. “P-please don’t leave me alone, brother. Please.”

A small breath ghosted into his ear as he cradled his greatest treasure to his chest. “Don’t scare me
like that. Y-you need to keep breathing and, and soon you’ll wake up and we’ll go to Bag End. We’ll see Bilbo again, and-and Feldie needs you. Th-Tho,” his voice broke as tears slipped down his cheeks. He pressed Kili closer to him. He let out a choked sound. “You’re all I have. Don’t leave me alone. Don’t leave me alone.”
Little bit of back story.
Being without a kingdom I don’t think that Fili and Kili grew up with a lot of
knowledge of how to be royalty straight off. Also I think Thorin would not be there as
they grew up, mostly because he was so damn busy establishing a new home in the
Blue Mountains for the dwarves.

- 20 years ago-
The snow was deep, up to their waists as they pushed their way through the rolling hills of white. Fili
had an arm wound with his mother’s. Both were piled with many sacks, bags, and satchels. Dis
stumbled, the snow pushing her skirts under her boots making it difficult to walk.

“Careful, mother.” Fili tightened his muscles so she could use his arm as a grip to steady herself.

Dis did not utter a word only concentrated on moving forward. None of this was what she wanted,
but there was little choice in the matter. Word had someone gotten out that they were royalty, many
times they had been accosted in the streets for coin that they did not have. Prices at the shops had
suddenly raised when they came to market. Many have come to their home begging for things they
could not provide. Fili had already been stabbed in the side twice by someone that thought that they
were rich and holding out on everyone, mugged only to have an empty purse stolen. Kili had been
held for ransom, arm broke, cheek fractured, and a small toe cut off to show these cruel men and
women were serious. Dis had scraped together all she had, only half of what they had asked for,
Thorin accompanying her. But it gave her an opening, her dagger sunk into a belly, pulled to the side
for stomach and entrails to fall to the floor. Thorin’s sword was quick to slice throats, cut off limbs
and much more in a dance of blossoming red and flashing metal. Dis had quickly cut the bounds that
kept her youngest bound and defenseless. They ran from there, packed what they could of their
home that had held so many memories of a once happy family. Once done something had snapped
inside Kili. He limped back into the hut, picked up an oil lantern they could not take with them. He
lit it carefully before throwing it as hard as he could against a wall. He screamed in frustration as he
threw a chair with his good arm. He cursed in khuzdul, spat on the floor and wished the worse upon
the families of the dwarves and men that had hurt him and his family.

He had started to cry at some point, screaming as the home filled with smoke, the flames licking up
the walls, crawling down to the floor. He yelled about how it was unfair, he cursed his father for
dieing, he accused the gods of turning their backs on their family. He continued even after Thorin
had wrapped an arm around Kili’s waist and pulled him out of the house. He took off his heavy furrs
and carefully put them on the youth. Kili’s broken arm the hardest to slip through the slot of the
cloth’s side.

The brunette quieted to painful sobs that wet his face with tears and snot. His lungs stung from the
crisp air. Thorin tried his best to wipe the terrible mess from Kili’s face as best as he could.

“Tomorrow will be better.” He whispered, pulling Kili close to him. They stayed close as they began
to walk through the heavy snow drift. Fili and Dis behind them.
They would stop to make sure their group stayed together, no one saying much besides Fili calling out for them to rest under a grove of fir trees. They slipped under the drooping branches huddling together for warmth. Thorin and Dis fished out a few blankets that they draped over their tight circle, covering them in one large mass where their mixed breath helped to warm the inside of their small shelter.

“It’ll be better tomorrow.” Fili leaned against Kili.

They remained silent before Kili finally fell asleep. They kept him wrapped in a blanket along with Thorin’s furs. With some rope they tied him to Thorin’s back and they continued to travel. They walked for a long time. The snow finally giving way to a clear blue sky, though the cold wind continued. Never once did Thorin falter in carrying Kili with the utmost care. When Kili woke they were camping under a large outcrop of rock, a few blankets kept the wind from buffeting against them, their sacks and bags holding the blankets from flying off.

Thorin was asleep, leaned up against the rock wall beside him. The glow of a small fire kept them somewhat warm as Fili sat at the mouth of their makeshift cave, pipe to his lips as he watched the world outside. The bright moonlight reflecting off of the snow.

“Fi?”

Fili took a long puff off of his pipe. Kili managed to untangle himself and come over to his brother, sitting down rather awkwardly with a hiss. His foot hurting as well as his arm and face. It seemed if he moved at all something was willing to protest.

The older brother passed his pipe over, letting Kili use up as much of the old toby as he wanted, it helped with the pain, he knew from experience.

“I’m sorry.”

Kili blew out a small smoke ring, “For what?”

Fili put a hand to the back of Kili’s neck and gave an affectionate squeeze. He felt his throat try to choke on his words as he thought about everything that just wanted to spill out. “For letting them kidnap you. For your toe, for not being there to rescue you, for-” He took a deep breath, his voice did crack. “For everything.”

“You were across the town when they got me.” Kili tapped out the burning tobacco from the bowl of the pipe. “Thorin and ma had you packing up the house while they got me.”

“For fuck’s sake,” Fili rubbed his face, cracking under the deep pressure he felt on himself. “You’re not making this easy. I’m the oldest, I should have been there for you, I should-”

“Shh, you’ll wake them.”

Fili let out a bitter laugh. “Missing a toe, face half swollen shut and an arm splinted and you shoosh me because they need rest? Mahal, what is wrong with you?”

Kili tried to smile, feeling pain lance through his head made is short lived though. He went to press his hand against the throb of his cheek only to have Fili stop him, preventing him from adding more pain. Fili moved their hands, their fingers lacing, preventing his brother from trying it again.

They stayed quiet, just looking at the moon lit world that seemed to have no troubled spirits. If circumstances were different it would have been peaceful, given both of them good memories. As it was they were on the run. In two day’s time they were to meet up with someone named Dwalin who
would take them the rest of the way to the northern part of the Blue Mountains where they would live with Thorin. A man they both barely knew beyond his kindness. He didn’t talk much about himself, only once did he talk about their family being from Erebor and how the song Dis had taught them when they were small was a true story. He talked about their great grandfather a little but remained tight lipped about everything after that.

Kili had enjoyed spending time with Thorin. He was a skilled huntsman, great a tracking, he was intelligent and rather fetching for the eye. Some times he was worried he started to develop feelings for him, but he was unsure.

“Thorin carried you.” Fili broke the silence. “I offered to carry you a few times, but he would not stop. I think he liked having you close, knowing you were safe.”

Kili’s cheeks blushed as he shoved Fili’s pipe back into his hands. “Don’t play with me. I’m not physically able to lash out at you as required when you tease.”

Fili smiled. “You still have one good arm, brother, use it well.” He wiggled his eyebrows.

Kili went to punch Fili only to stop knowing it’ll only jar him and make him hurt for longer than what the punch would be worth.

“I’m making a tally. Each time you deserve to be hit, I’m saving that punch. And when I am mended I shall dispense all of what is built up at once.”


“That’s two.”

“I’m glad you can count.”

“Three.”
Love and Loss

Chapter Notes

I'm such a bitch to Kili. I need to stop.

---18 years ago---

Kili slowly chewed on his bread as his eyes refused to focus. His mind had been playing on a single thought for some time. Fili knew exactly what was on his brother’s mind and gave him the space that he needed. It wasn’t something a brother could properly advise, especially when that brother had enough troubles of his own in the same department. Fili was beautiful, his fluffy golden hair, voice as smooth as silk, and a body built for war with a mind of a scholar. He was the damn catch of the century and everyone was trying the best to climb into his lap. Kili, though, was in a slightly different boat. All the women that showed interest in him would sudden never talk to him again. It was rather upsetting when one lass was very much to his liking. She had black hair with a colored hue like raven feathers, and eyes as charming as her laugh. She was laughs and brilliance, and never pressured him with anything. He found himself desiring her after a good three months of being friends with Gilret. They had grown so close that Gilret had given many gifts, in fact his bracers were from her. The woven leather, fitting perfectly as she fussed over it as she just started her formal apprenticeship in leather working.

The complicated part was when she would come near him, he was comfortable, attracted, and his mind blew up any process he had previously until she got him back on track. Then there was Thorin. Fucking, Thorin. Even with Gilret if Thorin walked passed then all he could do was space out and stare. He had no idea why. Something about his uncle made his heart hammer, his toes curl, and face heat up. His voice always kept him calm. Just looking at Thorin made him feel safe, but it was when Thorin would smile that he knew, just knew, that everything would be fine. It eased him whenever he was in chaos. Thorin didn’t coddle, he didn’t give Kili any less treatment than Fili, far as Kili understood they were equal in Thorin’s eyes and that was precious to him. He was always the small one, the one that was the spare. If Fili couldn’t make it in the world then Kili had to. Kili was there to pick up the slack when someone was unwell with heartbreak or anger. Hell, even his own coming of age had been delayed by five years because their father died. It had been completely forgotten until Thorin found out. It was quickly rectified and now Kili has been a full fledged man for a good amount of time. But there were some things he didn’t like, and all he could do was blame his upbringing for it. He didn’t like the fact he hardly knew Thorin, even now. He hated how Thorin was so busy raising funds and paying for more land for dwarves to come and live on. He didn’t like how there was always fresh food every day, supplied to them just because they were royalty. He didn’t like how dwarves bowed to him and Fili, it made him feel uncomfortable though now he didn’t panic and just graciously took it.

“The summer heat is hot enough without you glaring a gaze of fire into the fields.” Gilret’s voice traveled to him. She was walking up the slight hill he had been sitting on, under a tree. Kili frowned as he watched her for a few steps. She was walking funny.

He got up, coming to her side, taking her arm and helping her up the rest of the hill. She was out of breath, sweat on her brow.
“What’s wrong?” Kili asked softly, his hand going through her hair.

“Just, hard to breath is all,” She puffed, face red.

“You look ill. I’ll take you to the healer-”

“I’ll be fine.” She sat down, leaning back against the tree trunk. “What had you in such deep thought?”

“I… um..” Kili sighed, taking a seat next to her, the rest of his bread rested on a cloth to his side. “I suppose I’m lost.”

“How so?” She was messing with her bag she always had on her, fishing around for something.

“For one, I have no idea why you’re still here.”

Gilret snorted, “That’s nice of you to say.”

“Not what I meant. I mean, you are the only girl that hasn’t just dropped me like some sort of ugly rock that was beat against an ugly tree that was next to the ugly stream.”

“If you’re saying you think you’re ugly I’m going to actually hit you with a rock.”

“Ugh, come on, you know I’m bad at talking at times.”

“That’s true. I’m not much better at it myself.”

Kili grinned, “Swatch-your-crotch.”

“I did not mean to say that!”

“Yeah you did. You want to swatch that crotch so much.”

Gilret shoved some arm bracers into his hands. “Why am I friends with you again?”

Kili smushed his lips together as if he was puckering up his lips for a kiss and with a whiny voice tried to sound as mockingly cute as possible, “Because everybody wants me and you have to defend my honor.”

“Speaking of honor I think I know the reason why women have a hard time with you.” She smiled.

“Oh?” Kili rotated the new arm bracers in his hands. They were nice, very nice. One of her ‘failed’ projects as she was giving them to him. It was beautiful, it would fetch good coin if she tried to sell it.

“Aye.” She nudged him with her elbow and pointed down the field where they saw Thorin riding a pony, coming back after purchasing more land.

“Just because I can ride a goat better than a pony-”

“Not the pony!” She nodded her head over in that direction again.

“I don’t own any land officially?”

“…Thorin. Our king.”

Kili squinted as if trying to connect the dots and fell short. “That he is.”
Gilret sighed, she reached up and stroked Kili’s hair. “I love you, but your brain is slow at times.” She pulled Kili down, his head cradled to her soft breasts where he nuzzled in. He wrapped an arm around her waist and squeezed her tight.

“I love you too…” he was used to this kind of interaction with her, it was natural. She wasn’t a mother figure to him, nor a sister, she was… something though. Important. “Gilret?”

“Hm?”

“May I court you?”

She didn’t say anything, only continued to stroke his hair, though the arm around him squeezed tightly and she gave a strange sniffle.

“Gilret?” He pulled back to look at her pretty round face.

“I would love that.” Her eyes misted up and she moved forward giving him a quick kiss to the corner of his lips.

He smiled and settled his back to the tree, he moved her onto his lap and held her close. He hugged her tight, excited that soon he would be able to tell his family he found someone. He didn’t tell anyone straight away. He was happy, and bright. He gave the bracers that Gilret gifted to him to Fili.

For well over a month all he would meet Gilret, he would kiss her cheek, she would kiss the corner of his mouth. They would hold hands and no matter what seemed to happen their friendship stood at the forefront of their relationship, even when Thorin gave them a small glare when they would hold hands in front of him. But he would still smile to Kili every time the archer grinned, so full of happiness.

Then it started to happen. The slight limp, progressed. It was harder for her to move around as another month passed. She would get easily winded, have to stop and she clutched at her breast as sweat would bead on her brow. Kili wasn’t a fool. He knew what it was, he had only hoped that someone he chose to love would not have gotten it.

Eventually he would sit with her in the fields, their favorite hill abandoned. He would clutch her hand tightly, feeling the weight of the world pressing down on his shoulders. He wasn’t willing to give her up, but he thought, deep in his heart a dark thought.

One night he went to Thorin’s home. He drank a good deal of ale. He found himself on his knees, his arms folded over Thorin’s lap, his head pillowed in them, feeling small and old to the world.

“She’s getting worse.” He said softly in the silent room. Thorin’s hand came to his back, rubbing soothing circles.

“It’ll be better tomorrow.”

“Why do you and Fili keep saying that?” Kili scrubbed at his dry eyes. “I’m being punished by the gods! Nothing is ever going to get better!”

“Why would they be punishing you?”

“Because I love two and the gods only want me to love one!”

“Two?”
Kili shook his head as he grabbed fistfuls of Thorin’s tunic, pulling him down off of the chair he had been sitting on and onto his knees. Kili’s eyes were pleading, bright with tears as his lip quivered. “I promise I will honor you and her. I will not dishonor either of you by being selfish and asking to be with both.” He pressed his forehead against Thorin’s, the hard thump making his forehead sting a little. The smell of the ale on his breath as he choked. “The gods can punish me. Take my limbs, make me blind, deaf and dumb, but please, please leave her alone.”

Thorin didn’t say anything. He only hugged Kili close, his own heart broke. For a while he had pined for his nephew, keeping it at bay only barely. He had chased off the women who would use him, carefully watched Gilret and Kili flourish and blossom into a fine couple. It hurt him every day when they held hands, when they kissed it felt like a knife wound. But Kili’s smile made everything worth it. Now he suffered, so badly. If it was not for Kili’s pain Thorin would have been delighted at the profession of love, as for now, he silently prayed that the gods would leave Kili be. Let him have a good life, he had already paid so much. He deserved some peace.

Thorin had left a few days after that. He had earned enough to buy more land. He made sure to stop by Gilret’s home finding the woman still trying to work. It was not as complicated as the ones she had made Kili but it was still of good quality.

“You like bracers.” He said simply, pulling up a stool next to her.

“For we dwarves our arms are our greatest tools besides our minds. I like to provide protection for them.” She gave one more pound to her mallet before looking over her work. “Besides, I may have a weakened heart, but it does not mean I can’t put the last of it into my creations.” She went quiet, her tongue darting out to wet her lips. “What brings you here?”

“I have a request to make of you.”

“I hold no promises.”

“I understand. I only ask… I ask that you try hard to live a long life. Share it with Kili.”

“…I cannot bear children because of my heart.”

“There are many dwarven children that need parents.”

She looked to him and smiled. It was a sad one, as if she knew something he didn’t. “I will try, but if I cannot make it, I have a request for you as well.”

“Name it.”

“Let him break.”

“What?”

“Let him break apart. Let him shatter and grieve. He never had the luxury of grieving over his father, nor the abuse his family suffered. He’s strong, he will be alright in time, if not stronger.”

Thorin nodded. Something in him telling him that he would never hear her once again. It was the last request of a dying woman.

“For what it’s worth,” she tapped the tip of her boot against his. “I know you will take good care of him. He’s dense at times though.” She gave a laugh and wiped at a few unexpected tears that fell down her cheeks. “I’m going to miss that the most I think. How he can’t seem to understand certain things.”
“Such as why dwarves don’t like elves.” Thorin reached across and took one of her hands into his.

“Or how why we can’t have trained armored goats in our armies.”

“That would have to be one of my favorite ones.”

They stayed like that for a while, both talking about what they liked the most about Kili. Kindred spirits that wanted nothing more than his happiness.

One day Gilret and Kili spent most of it in the fields, cuddled against each other hoping for one more day. He pulled her onto his lap, had let her braid his hair. They laughed and joked until both were tired. Gilret fell asleep and Kili’s head bobbed as he dosed. Her hand falling, slapping against his thigh jarred him awake. He brushed a hand through his messy brown hair, as he blinked looking around. It was starting to get close to dusk, the sky showing the first colors of change. Clouds dusted brilliant golds and pinks as birds flew through the air to find a roost.

“Gilret?” He tried moving her. “I think my legs are asleep.”

She didn’t move.

“Gilret?” He touched her face, the heat from a beating heart rapidly fading away. “Gilret?! GILRET!!!”

He grabbed her shoulders, shook her. He slapped her cheeks in hopes to wake her. He screamed her name until he was hoarse. His heart hammered in his ears as it broke with each and every beat. Tears fell in crystalline pearls they fell onto her placid face, slipping down cheeks to pool in her ears. His fingers tried to brush the tears from her face, his mind muddled with shock. He couldn’t tell who was crying, him or her.

“No. No.” His voice was broken, face twisted in grief. “Don’t cry. Please don’t cry. I-it’ll be better tomorrow, you’ll see. Just-” He shook her again, a curtain of raven black hair waving against the grass. “Wake up!!”

She didn’t.

He stayed with her, well into the night. He picked her up, so careful. He took her home. He endured the screams and shouts of her parents. He stayed close to her clay like body in silence until his shoulders were taken hold of. He was guided out of the hut and quietly to another. He stumbled up the stairs, Thorin and Fili helping him all the way. He was diligently taken care of for two days before his eyes unfocused and he saw the bracers Gilret had made, snugly fitted on Fili’s arms.

He took hold of one, his knuckles turning white as he shattered. And the sounds he made after that was something that Fili and Thorin wished to never hear again in the whole of their lives.
Kili finally learned how to smile again. Thorin had been true to his word and helped him grieve, stayed beside him to hear him ramble on about Gilret. How her jokes were horrible, she was a decent baker but what he missed the most was her stews. He would stare hours into a full cup of ale or tea, just holding it while reminiscing. Sometimes he would silently cry, spitting out curses towards the cruelty of the gods. Fili had moved him into Thorin’s home at some point, Kili’s grief too much for Dis to take and Fili had a hard time helping his brother. In exchange Thorin gave Fili his work to do, only there to guide if Balin could not.

Gilret had been right, Kili had shattered. And he needed every bloodied wound to be opened up, carefully cleaned, and diligently stitched up. It took up so much of Thorin’s patience to do this, but he was in love. It was difficult to not do everything for someone you loved so deeply. It was hard to stand by and watch Kili court Gilret, it was harder to take the news of the courtship, but it was an impossible pain that lanced him as Kili grieved. But he stayed beside his archer. He nurtured him with small questions about what the woman. He placed a soothing balm over Kili’s heart with remembering happy times and how much she meant to him.

Thorin made a point to touch Kili as much as he could. He would wipe away the tears. Hold him close when he couldn’t sleep. Thorin would slip his hand onto Kili’s knee, giving a gentle rub of his thumb while they sat at the table. Then, one day, Kili was up before him. The kitchen warm and full of the smell of something that made his mouth water.

“Good morning.” Kili smiled. He actually smiled.

“Good… morning.” Thorin paused, not sure if he should smile back or cry with relief to see Kili finally in good spirits.

Kili dished up two bowls of stew, placing them down on the table. “I… uh… I wanted to make something for you, but… I don’t know much about leatherworking, or carving, so I…”

“You cooked.”

“Yes.” He scratched the side of his head, his fingers moving down to scratch at his jaw as the looked at the table. “Missing something… bread? Bread.”

Thorin came up behind the archer while the thought out loud. He slowly wrapped his arms around Kili’s waist, hugging him close. Kili squirmed a little before he got enough room to turn in his uncle’s embrace. They shared a look, something distant, something meaningful. Kili’s eyes traced Thorin’s features while Thorin only watched those pretty brown eyes.

Then Kili was hugging him, arms wrapped around his neck and side. They clung onto each other, like friends that have not seen each other in a very long time. They didn’t know how long they held
onto each other, but their stew had been cold when they parted to eat. And to Thorin, it was the best thing he had ever eaten.

It was when Kili was nearly to the markets when he spotted Fili. He smiled and waved. When Fili saw Kili smile again he nearly climbed up his brother’s shoulders in his grappling embrace. He held tight and leaned as far back as he could lifting Kili off of the ground as he growled with approval.

“Look at you! Back home again from wherever you had wandered off to.” Fili ruffled Kili’s hair.

“I didn’t go away, Fili.” Kili huffed trying to blew a stray lock of hair out of his face. He gave up and smiled. “But I think Gilret finally kicked me in the arse to move on.”

“Oh?” Fili nudged his brother with his elbow as they started to slowly walk into the markets.

Kili nodded. “Had a dream… well, more of a memory. The day I asked to court her, she pointed something out that took me a long time to… to see.”

“What’s that?”

“Thorin.” Kili bowed his head a little. His eyes grew distant, a sad smile on his lips. “She knew before me, that I loved him… that he chased off women that he didn’t think was good enough for me.”

Fili sighed. “Our uncle? You… sure?”

“Yes. As much as I love Gilret, I love him… I think that’s why the gods took her from me.”

The golden prince reached over and wrapped an arm around Kili’s shoulders. “And?”

“And I think she wants me to be happy, with him. Or at least try to.”

“What are you going to do? How are you going to tell him?”

“I… already told him, when Gilret was still around. I told him I would dishonor either of them, and that is what I will do. I will serve him as a prince and spare heir. Who knows, maybe I can become a general or something.”

“You’re not going to try to- you know- be consort?”

Kili stopped at a booth in the markets, looking at the leather on offer. He moved on, looking at the leather still stirred an emptiness inside. “If I do, he would have to be the first to move. Like I said, I will not be the one to dishonor them. If this is what he wants then I will honor that.”

“Kili, you can’t be with someone just to honor them. You have to love them.”

Kili didn’t say anything for the rest of the day.

It was a good month or so when Dis came over, she was excited to have her son move back in with her and Fili. Though Kili was hesitant. He moved his hands behind his back, gripping them into tight fists as he smiled at his mother as he leaned over for her to pet at his face and hair.

“Oh, it’ll be wonderful. We’ve missed you terribly.” She cooed.

“Will you be there to receive me?” He asked, his voice practiced now, very courtly from lessons
from Thorin in hopes he would be good enough in anything to remain at the king’s side.

“Of course! Why wouldn’t we be?”

“You have been terribly busy for a while now, I had my concerns.”

“Busy? I only have my silversmithing, but that is all, I’m not terribly busy. Why would you ask that?”

Kili’s eyes narrowed. A hurt in him ripped up to the surface as he stood up fully so she would stop touching him. “It is only that it has been six years since my intended had passed, and not once had you come to visit me, mother.”

“Well I-”

“Kili!” Fili snapped out from where he sat at the table.

“Don’t!” Kili snarled. Then he reigned his temper in. “I would like you both to leave.”

“Kili, please, I haven’t seen you in so long and I-”

“Now.”

Fili got up. He touched his mother’s elbow ushering her outside. He stopped and turned around, “Kili, she lost a lot too. You can’t be cruel to your own mother.”

“I’m not blind, Fili. But she is.” Then he closed the door with a sharp snap of his wrist.

When Thorin came home he was tired. His feet felt like they were plated with steel, his shoulders ached, and he wanted nothing more than to throw his cloak onto the floor and sleep on it if he couldn’t make it to his bed. The meetings were getting ridiculous with the raise of the goblin population. He had to arrange for more caravans to come to the Blue Mountains, amass more warriors to the fronts, pressing more towards Angmar and the Ettenmoors. They had to be prepared for trolls, orcs, and wargs. Then there were the wolves, the environmental hazards of the land, poisonous snakes, and much more to prepare for.

Kili came up to him as he unclasped his cloak. “How was the meetings?”

“Not very eventful this time. Mostly posturing.” Thorin handed Kili his cloak, giving him a gentle smile. “Next time I think I shall bring you with me.”

“Why me? Wouldn’t Fili be best to join you?”

“He has, several times, but today he did not in favor of ‘family matters’.” He pulled up a chair, easing himself down into it. Kili came over and started to pull off his boots, something he had started to enjoy doing. Welcoming Thorin home, getting him comfortable and seeing him relax after all the work he had done. “What had happened?”

“...Mother wants me to move back in with her and Fili.” Kili took the boots and put them next to the door, hanging the cloak on a hook next to his own coat.

Thorin stiffened. It had been so long that Kili had been with him. He had known that one day they would want the archer back, but, a part of him had hoped… had wished that he would have been able to stay. “I see.”

“Is it cruel of me not to want to?” Kili’s voice held an edge to it, something much akin to the time
before he smiled again.

“Come, sit with me.” Thorin held out a hand and beckoned him with a wave of his fingers.

Kili sighed through his nose, coming up to him. He sat down in a little wooden chair. Thorin leaned forward.

“Tell me why you do not wish to live with your mother and brother.”

“It’s- I love Fili. He’s been kind to me and all I had known for a time. I have no quarrel with him. He has come to help me through this hard time every chance he got, but mother…. mother…”

“She did not.”

“Not once!” Kili shouted. “Not once did she come to see if I was okay. She did not approach me after Gilret returned to the stone and passed to the Halls of Waiting! Not once did she write me a letter, nor did she give a message to Fili to take to me!!” He got up and started to pace. “Even when growing up she favored Fili and father. And when father passed, who was there to care for her?! It was I, not Fili! I cleaned her face, mopped up the ale laden vomit when she drank away her sorrows. I cleaned her body when she would piss herself while her mind was away! Yet she had no desire to even~” Kili grabbed his hair, collecting it back and twisting it. He was so angry, his whole body felt hot. He looked around for something, anything to put his hair up with.

Thorin reached back into his own hair. He pulled out a flat metal clip that he had worn since the death of his brother. It had been Frerin’s, a memento that he always kept with him. He got up from his seat, despite the protest of his tired body.

Kili’s eyes caught sight of the clip. He had been told the story behind it, the tender meaning it held for Thorin. He took a step back but Thorin ignored his movement, only took hold of his hair, gently gathered it in his hands. His fingers taking care to smooth the wavy strands out enough for him to place the clip in.

“What are you doing?” Kili asked softly.

“I am aiding you. I know you like to tie your hair back when you get upset.”

“Yes you can.”

“No, not this. It’s something only your intended should be able to touch.”

Thorin looked Kili in the eye. “Then be my intended.”

“... but my love is pois-!!” Kili nearly fell back if it wasn’t for Thorin taking hold of him. Their lips met, the king’s tongue prying Kili’s lips apart, coaxing him into a full kiss. He took his time exploring Kili’s mouth. His tongue sliding over teeth and tongue, petting and teasing. He was delighted with how much Kili pushed back, participating in their battle for dominance. When he pulled back, he was nearly breathless. Kili, was a good kisser.

“Never say that again.”

Then he was kissing Kili again, his hands going down to round buttox that he hoisted up. Catching on quickly Kili wrapped his legs around Thorin’s waist, he held on tight as he was carried into Thorin’s bedroom and nearly dropped onto the bed. The king crawled over the archer, pressing
down on him as closely as he possibly could.

“Will you be my intended?” Thorin asked between kisses, his blood rushing with a need he had surpressed for so long.

“I-” Kili moaned when Thorín’s hand found its way under his tunic and to a nipple. “I want to be.”

Thorin pushed Kili’s tunic up and off fully. “I must know, yes or no.”

“Yes.”

The king quickly undressed them both, his hands palmed Kili’s body with gentle caresses. He admired every dip and curve. He allowed himself the indulgence of pulling moans and pleas with his mouth, his fingers taking their time to learn every bit of the body under him, making sure to take extra long to touch the hardening cock of his intended.

Kili’s mouth kissed and sucked at Thorin’s neck and shoulders, his hands sliding down the powerful back as he whimpered. His mind was muddled when hands spread his legs. He didn’t know when Thorin had gotten the oil but the touch of it was welcomed as it had been warmed in Thorin’s palms. The king had grabbed his manhood, stroking it as they continued to play with one another with kisses, biting and sucking.

“Be still, and relax.” Thorin whispered in a husky voice that only made Kili’s cock twitch.

Then fingers were being pushed into him, one, then another. He had to adjust, breathing deeply, blinking up into the darkness of the room as Thorin took his time to coat his fingers again before delving two fingers back in, gently rocking.

“How does it feel?”

“S-strange.” Kili’s hands fell to the bed sheets, twisting in them as he got used to the feeling of a foreign body inside of him.

“If it hurts you must tell me.”

Kili nodded. “I will.”

Then Thorin was adding another finger. Soon as Kili started to clamp down he stilled allowing the archer to breath and relax his body before moving once more. He moved his fingers around making sure to fan them out here and there to stretch him as much as possible. He glanced over a spot that made Kili gasp, his back arching and his hips thumping down upon instinct.

“W-what the hell was that?” Kili clutched the sheets.

“A very pleasing spot I have been told of.” Thorin smiled before lightly rubbing a finger over that spot once more. “Do you wish me to continue like this?”

Kili practically mewled as he started moving his hips, fucking himself onto Thorin’s fingers. “Yes.”

“Oh? You would not want my manhood?”

“Yes, no- fuck!” Kili ran a hand down his face as he tried to think about what Thorin was doing. Was he actually teasing him?

Taking a little pity on Kili, Thorin pulled his fingers out and leaned over him. His hair spilled down framing Kili’s face in a warm curtain of black. “What would you like me to do?”
Kili reached up, his fingers brushing locks back so he could look at Thorin’s face better. He pulled him down for a long kiss. Then he was growling in Thorin’s ear, delighted how he made the king shiver. “We’re going to bond and you are going to rid me of every sense in my mind where all I know is your name and all you know is mine. Because as you claim me, I claim you.”

It would seem, that Kili was going to be a very possessive lover.

“As you wish.” Thorin bit Kili’s bottom lip before slicking himself.

He grabbed Kili’s hips and pushed in. He bit his lips as Kili clawed at his chest while making the most exquisite sounds he had ever heard in his life. He pulled all the way out, giving himself a little more oil before slipping back in and once again Kili made that mewling, needy, sound. If Thorin had the restraint he would pull out again and again and repeat the motions just for that lovely, cock twitching, sound.

“Th-Thorin, please.” Kili begged in a high voice, his legs wrapping around Thorin’s waist.

Before he knew it he was kissing Kili again, moving his hips while holding onto Kili’s trying to keep himself from slipping out due to how much oil he had used. Kili’s arms wrapped around his shoulders and neck, grappling as Thorin lifted him up. They moved back, Kili resting on Thorin’s lap as he continued to fuck his archer harder with every noise he made.

The only thing that told him that Kili was close was how much he shivered, then their stomachs and chests were painted with seed. Thorin continued to buck into him several times before he found his own release.

They slept well that night, tangled together. In the morning Kili was awoken by the soft kisses of Thorin’s lips. They stayed in bed, tenderly touching and caressing, no hurry to leave.

When Fili came over two days after that he noticed the clip in Kili’s hair that he wore with only part of his hair pulled back. All subject of Kili moving back in with Fili and their mother was dropped immediately.

“He makes you happy?”

“Yes.”

“And if he does something to make you cry?”

Kili looked up from his pipe that he was scraping out. “I don’t cry easily.”

“So, what would he have to do to make you cry?”

“What kind of question is that?”

“I need to know when I have to move in as your big brother and cut off his balls.”

Kili smiled. “I love you too.”
Fili picked up Feldie. Kili had been breathing normally for a day now, after he had scared Fili out of his mind, Elrond had been on constant watch. It left Fili with little to do besides take care of the kid they had adopted. Feldie was such a small thing, it was hard to believe she would get as big as a pony when she grew to full maturity. Then again he had seen a warg cub before, it was a tiny thing as well. He placed Feldie down on the ground, he was just outside of Rivendale on the main pathway that lead into the elven city. Looking around, he carefully chose a spot that he could easily get up and down from, the stitches in his body already protesting that he had moved this much.

“Feldie, don’t go to far. You’re papa would kill me if you got out of my sight.”

The little goat bleated loudly in protest, purposely taking her time to cross the road and sample some of the sweet grasses that sprung up in clumps. Fili carefully sat himself on a large rock, his eyes closing as he huffed out a long breath trying to ease the pain that lanced through his leg and sides.

The messenger should be reaching Erebor soon. That was a great mess he didn’t want to deal with. But he would have to. Someone in their kingdom had tried to kill them, he would not let this go unpunished and if Kili died…

He ran his fingers through his beard as he thought. He would just simply kill the whole of the councilmen. He didn’t mind. If they took away his brother, he would take away their lives, deserving or not. To him they all took part, the ones that plotted and the ones that stood by. In fact, it was tempting to just end them now, but he had to take into the factor that their families would want revenge, unfortunately. It could spark a civil war. He licked his lips as a darker part of his mind simply said, “it would be worth it.”

The thunder of hooves pulled him from his mind.

“Feldie, come here!”

The goat quickly came running over to Fili’s side. He leaned over, grabbing the back of her neck just incase she decided to go in front of the incoming horse. Hooves slowed, dirt skidding and sliding under the weight of the animal. Dust flew up causing Fili to cough as the rider dismounted with a heavy sound.

“Fili!”

Relief flooded the prince. Thorin stepping out of the dust cloud. He struggled up to his feet, limped quickly forward as his uncle rushed to him. They two grappled in a desperate hug, Thorin’s hand coming to the back of Fili’s head, cradling him as if he was a mere boy.

“What happened?” Thorin pulled back, looking at Fili for injuries. “I tracked you, the blood… Where’s Kili?”

“I’ll take you to him.” Fili patted at his good thigh, wincing at the movement it caused to his bad shoulder. “Feldie, come.”

The kid backed up and moved as if to butt Thorin with her head when Fili quickly snapped out. “Don’t even think it. Get over here.”

She bucked her hind legs before stiffly going to Fili’s side as Thorin took the reigns of his pony. The blond sighed as he started to head back in. “I apologize for her, she’s lashing out.”
“A sylvan?”

“Aye. We were traveling, Kili only getting better slowly until he wandered off from me when I had been setting up a fire. He found this little one, the parent crushed in a rock slide. We were not too far from here when we were ambushed…” The flash of arrows filled his mind. The orc arrow tip sticking out of his shoulder, being shoved to the ground and feeling Kili’s body jitter above his as arrows rained upon them. “…Kili saved us, at great cost.”

“He-”

“Is alive. I managed to carry Kili most the way here, Elrond’s son found us. I would ask why you are dressed as a messenger but I’m pretty sure I know why. We must do something with those councilmen.”

“This cannot be overlooked, no matter our laws.” Thorin agreed with a grim expression.

With every step Thorin’s heart hammered harder in his chest. When he first saw the blood on the grass, covered in flies he held onto the only hope that was given as to bloodied trail that he had followed in a mad dash. Every thought of coming across the lifeless bodies of his family pushed him forward until he saw Fili sitting at the side of the road. He didn’t know if it was panic or relief that nearly threw him off of the pony and to his nephew but he knew now that same surging feeling was twisting his stomach so badly he was going to be ill.

---------------------------------------------

Balin looked up from his papers, his jeweler’s spectacle resting in his hand as he had been reading the fine print of a contract for a guild that was blowing hot air around. Dwalin had opened the large doors gaining his attention. A handsome elf came striding in giving a small incline of his head. As much respect that an elf would ever give to a dwarf and Balin in turn respectfully got up out of his seat and gave a little bow himself.

“What brings you here, Master Elf?”

“A message that I am to bring only to Balin son of Fundin.”

“That would be I.” Balin came up as the elf pulled out an elegant glass container from his satchel. He opened the end and pulled out a roll of parchment that he handed over to Balin.

When Balin took a look at it he glanced to his brother and waved three fingers into the air. Dwalin nodded, knowing the meaning behind it and left. “Master Elf, I would like you to remain here for a moment longer. Please, join us for dinner.”

The elf hesitated before bowing a little lower this time. “I would be honored.”

Balin slowly walked out of the study, stuffing the message into his tunic. “How is your Lord Elrond fairing?”

“Well, though he fears the winter months will be colder this year than usual.”

“If you need any coal or supplies then our doors are open to you.”

The elf smiled, “I will tell him your words.”

“Do you have a place to stay for the night?”
“I was to return immediately upon delivery.”

Balin nodded. “Aye, the way of a messenger is hard. We will make sure you have plenty of supplies before you leave.” Balin stopped in front of another room, “Here we are. Come.”

He opened the doors, members of the former Company of Thorin Oakenshield all gathering. Nori and Bofur were already there, Bombur came in behind Balin and the elf pushing a large cart of food. He started to set down large dishes and plates with many different kinds of food, grilled and poached. Raw fruits, sauteed vegetables, lovely cut meats and bowls of soups.


Balin held up his hand. “We wait until everyone is here.”

It only took a few more minutes before everyone had arrived. Dwalin closing the doors. They had done this since Fili and Kili had left, making it look as if they were starting up a new tradition of all sharing a meal together. Thankfully with Nori’s ability to spread rumors the nobility believed that was all they were up to. The sudden break down of the king’s consort making the rest of the company to grow close again for nostalgia reasons.

“The lads.” Bofur started up.

“It seems Thorin was not quick enough to aid them.” Balin sighed.

“Then-” Ori visibly shook, his fists balling up with white knuckles.

“No, they live.” Balin motioned to the elf in the room. “Our friend here brought a letter from Fili. They managed to get to Lord Elrond’s home in time. Though Kili is in the balance. His injuries are extensive and their attackers had left them for dead.”

“What do we do?” Dori asked.

“We tell the council they died. Fili mentions they used orc tips on their arrows, we tell them that they got attacked by orcs and a party of elves had come across them. It will give them what they want, but it will give us more to work with.” Balin turned to the elf. “We must ask you to take a missive back with you.”

“I can do this.”

“But if the council thinks they are dead then it will leave Thorin open.” Gloin rubbed his beard. “I don’t like this.”

“There’s not much to like in this situation.” Nori cut in. Tapping his favorite knife’s tip against the table top. “But Balin is right, we can catch them off guard. They’ll below for Thorin to return, for funerals to be conducted, but also, whoever is behind all of this, they’ll make a move and we can see it. So far, Thorin is the prize. If the Line of Durin is wiped out then Dain takes control and there is no movement from his front, so whoever is doing this is within these walls.”

“But what if Thorin is not the prize?” Ori spoke up.

“What do you mean?”

“The line of Durin holds power, we all know this, but what if they are after children.”

“Why would…” then it struck home. Nori’s fingers relaxed causing him to drop his knife. “Shit, if
that’s true then all they would need is Thorin.”

Oin adjusted his ear trumpet. “Why would they want children?”

“To mold a mind into something they can control, out with the old, in with the new, as they say. Thorin sires many children and then he’s found dead. Rule goes to the oldest child, but if young enough the then child’s rite will be held by a stewart until the child is old enough to take the position. This could land a whole new family into the royal seat, one not associated with the line of Durin as Dain would be.” Ori ran a hand through his hair. “This means it could be anyone plotting this, perhaps even a joint effort. It would explain the harsh lashing of a hunting party to Kili Fili and Kili after both refused to sire a child.”

“Fili was asked to as well?” Bofur asked.

“Yes. He did. He refused to do so out of wedlock though. Did not go over too well, it made them focus on Thorin very quickly.”

“Then it’s settled. Bofur and Bifur will travel with our friend here back to the Last Homely House. You will gather the ‘evidence’ of the princes’ passing. Nori will feed the rumors of orcs, Dwalin, I need you to aid him by increasing guard patrols to put on a show. And who here is familiar with Kili’s platoon?”

“My son, Gimli, is.” Gloin said. “He has interacted with them on many occasions upon his training. Good eye that boy. Always knows who to trust.”

“Anyone else besides Gloin’s son?”

Bombur patted his stomach, “I don’t believe so.”

“Then Gloin, you and Gimli will be in charge of keep them calm. Mahal knows that they would go out eradicating everything in a fit of grief after we announce of their captain's death.”

Nori’s eyes slid halfway shut as his brain started to work quickly. “You know. They do love that boy more than their own mothers.”

“It’s hard not to when he takes an arrow to the chest for you or nearly gets his head cut off while trying to pull you to safety.” Dwalin folded his arms over his chest and sighed. “He’s got a heart more pure than the Arkenstone with a matching brother.”

“Then why not use them?”

“What do you mean?”

“Use them as our eyes and ears. They’ll hear things, see things that we’ll be suspected for. While people will be tight lipped about us, they won’t be around them.”

Dwalin smirked. “I like how you think.”

“You like that so much you should what I have planned out for whoever is doing this.” Nori tossed up his knife and caught the hilt without looking. A devilish smirk on his lips.
Elrond’s long fingers spread the foul smelling blam over the span of Kili’s naked back. He was careful to rub it gently into the gaping wounds before rubbing harder at skin and thick muscles. He didn’t cease in his ministrations when the door nearly slammed open, Lindir striding in quickly as he was passed by a very upset dwarf.

“Thorin Oakenshield, my lord.” He quickly tried to introduce before Thorin was within Elrond’s line of sight.

“Kili!” Thorin was already mostly climbed upon the bed, opposite of where Elrond was working. He visibly shook looking at the condition his lover was in. He took the hat off of his head, crushing it in his hands as if afraid to reach out and touch the archer. Kili laid there naked, skin inflamed and red, monstrous holes peppered his back, through two he saw the white bone of a rib. He covered his mouth trying not to retch as the elf simply smeared a green substance inside the wound.

“He is still weak. But he is strong. I do believe he will wake soon.” Elrond turned, gathering more of the balm into his hands from a large pot next to him.

He lathered it over Kili’s buttox, bringing it down the sides of his hips and down to the thighs. He was making sure to gently lift his patient up enough to wrap his arms around the waist in order to rub the substance on belly as well as genitalia. Elrond had dealt with upset lovers before while tending to injured. You had to give them something useful to do, something to occupy them as their mind shut down with the reality of the situation. As he already had everything taken care of just talked, describing what he was doing. How the balm was to remove anything that may cause infections. He found the best results were to wash the whole body it, leaving it on for a few hours then washing it off. It helped speed up the healing process. It had already shown results as when Kili first came he had been much worse.

Once he was finished with Kili’s feet he gathered up more that he spread into the long, messy hair of the dwarf, taking care to massage it into the scalp, get behind the ears and over the face.

“When it is time to wash him, will you assist me?” Elrond asked as he pulled a sheet over Kili’s figure.

“Yes. Yes, I will.” Thorin nodded, silent as he sank back into a seat next to the bed.

“I will have clothing brought to you. You must bathe before you touch him.” Elrond picked up the medicine pot. “Come. I will show you to the baths.”

When Thorin took his bath he was joined by Fili. Neither spoke as Thorin helped his nephew into the hot water. Usually it was an elf helping Fili in the afternoon, before all were soon expected to go to bed. Though it was before his usual bathing time, he jumped at the chance to feel the solid reassurance of his uncle. To do something that was familiar helped relax his stiff muscles more than the hot water. It felt nice to feel Thorin undo his braids and wet his hair. It brought a nostalgia to him of when he trained himself sore and raw, unable to do more than groan. It showed him how gentle his uncle was, how kind of a person he could be behind his scowls and glares. Really, it was times like this that had convinced him to even let Thorin be with his brother.
Every once in a while he would spare a glance to the side to make sure Feldie was not up to any trouble as she clopped along the tiled floor of the baths. At one point she had picked up a towel and dragged it around before discovering that when she stomped down it echoed slightly, then she abandoned the towel in favor for making as much noise as possible.

“She’s intelligent.” Thorin folded his arms over the rim of the bath. His clean hair sticking to his shoulders. The tone of his voice showed he was trying to keep himself together. “She’ll make a good match for Kili.”

“Good match?” Fili grinned. “Planning on marrying him to a goat now?”

“You were never taught when to tell a good joke, were you?”

Fili adjusted himself. “I apologize. It was callous of me.”

“No. I’m sorry, Fili. I deserved it.” Thorin sighed. “When this… situation began, all I could think of was to have Kili happy. Let him be a father… I didn’t think of continuing the Line of Durin, I was thinking of him holding a babe, watching it grow and teaching it to be as bright of a star as he is…”

The golden prince moved forward, wrapping an arm around Thorin’s shoulder and giving him a hug as best as he could without aggravating his wounds. He leaned his head against the king’s. Then a sound came from the strong dwarf.

It was tiny.

It was broken.

“I am sorry.”

Fili felt his heart yank down to his stomach. His uncle, who had faced a dragon, rebuilt the lives of their people, who did not hesitate to fight orcs, goblins, and other vicious creatures, was crying. It was a soft cry, a tightly held in one that managed to seep out of the cracks of his fine mask.

“He will get better, Thorin. He’s more stubborn than either of us.” He hesitated but then he moved, kissing Thorin’s temple.

They stayed close together, Fili holding onto Thorin while he let the man break, just for those few minutes. Soon, Thorin was helping him out of the water and drying him. It wasn’t until Thorin had a towel over his head that they heard the doors open and a very familiar voice fluttered in.

“Oh thank you very much, it was a long journey to take on foot. But after traveling with dwarves you get accustomed to certain things.”

Fili’s head snapped up as he had one pant leg on. Thorin peeked through his hair and under the edge of the towel as if unsure he really heard the voice he had heard.

Bilbo.

“Oh! Oh, someone is already in here. I apologize I-” Bilbo squinted then threw open his arms. “Fili!”

For the second time that day the blond was throwing himself into someone’s arms. The halfling gave a squeak and laughed as he hugged the dwarf.

“Bilbo, what on earth are you doing here?” Fili pulled away, wincing as his wounds reminded him that they were still in his body.
“I got a letter from Balin, he said Kili was not doing well and asked if I could come to Erebor to see if I could help. I only now got the time to come… and, my dear lad, what on earth happened to you?” Bilbo’s hands started to poke and pry at Fili, not at all bothered with the nakedness. When he first met the dwarves he would have been, but they were a good lot and had single handedly desensitized him to many things. “You seem to be healing nicely but, oh dear gods, Thorin, Kili? Bofur? Nori? Who was traveling with you? Are they alright as well?”

“I am well.” Thorin spoke up, he had managed to dress himself while Fili had occupied their once burglar. “Kili…” He tried to gather the right words but all that fell from his lips was a small hope. “Is resting. Bathe, my friend, we will catch up shortly.”

“Oh, yes, yes, of course.” Bilbo paused before hugging Thorin tight. Thorin paused before he embraced the hobbit. Then Bilbo was hit by something. He yelped and clung onto Thorin’s tunic, nearly tearing it as he tried not to fall to the ground. The king quickly grabbed onto Bilbo and picked him up letting the hobbit scurry nearly up to his shoulders. “What on earth?!”

“Feldie!” Fili shouted.

Chapter End Notes

The idea of Balin sending Bilbo a letter is that when Kili first started to get depressed Balin was writing to Bilbo. Keeping him up to date on the latest dramas in Erebor, so to speak.
When Bilbo saw what state Kili was in he had fainted. At first they didn’t think he had blacked out, just that his knees had buckled a little but then he had thudded heavily onto the hard ground. When he came too it was hours later, night had crept in and a panic strummed his heart to the beat akin to a rabbit’s. He threw his covers to the side, demanded that he be taken to Kili’s quarters from the first elf he saw. When he got to Kili’s room he slipped in silently, Thorin had fallen asleep, a book on his lap as he sat next to Kili’s bed. The archer slept in fresh sheets and blankets, his hair drying from having his medicine washed off. Curled up, on top of the blankets, next to him was his brother. Fili’s mouth was open as he snored lightly, locks of brown hair getting into his mouth. Padding around at the head of the bed was Feldie, her lips wiggling over Kili’s ear as she made tiny bleating noises and started to eat his hair.

“No. No, no,” Bilbo hurried over, bumping Thorin awake as he passed by to get Feldie off of Kili. “Little one, no. Hair isn’t for eating.”

Feldie jumped, her hoof smacking Kili in the head. Which in turn earned a quick, jerk of Kili’s arm to hit his brother behind him. Fili only groaned and rolled over. Bilbo tried not to laugh and get the goat off of the bed.

“How did he come to this?” Thorin stiffened, moving back. “Feldie, come.”

The goat quickly got up, jumping down to the ground and hugged up to Thorin’s leg as the dwarf made his way to the side doors that lead outside. He rubbed the back of his neck and down to one shoulder, rotating his arm as he tried to rid himself of the ache that pinched his muscles. He watched Feldie quickly run out into the grass, making sure she didn’t stray too far as she found a spot to use the restroom.

“You didn’t answer me.” Bilbo came up beside Thorin. His voice soft.

“Nor do I wish to.” Thorin felt his throat constrict. He wasn’t one to talk about his feelings, never had been. What slipped out to Fili had plagued his mind, making him second guess himself. He felt bad for burdening his nephew in such a way. He should have been able to hold it in and deal with it himself not simper like a child.

“Why did you faint?” Thorin asked, changing the subject.

“I…” Bilbo glanced behind them to the slumbering figures on the bed. His hands fidgeted as he tried to put the horrible pictures that flashed behind his eyelids to words. Kili and Fili, bloodied and broken, laying without movement upon bodies. The arrows and blades of war scattered around them. The blatant fear of their passing, slammed into him once again as if he was back on the battlefield of...
the Five Armies.

The hobbit jerked when a hand rested on his shoulder. He looked up to Thorin who only nodded. “I understand.”

“I… don’t want to see them like that… ever again.” Bilbo confessed.

“I will make sure you will never have to.”

Bilbo then took hold of Thorin’s wrist. That determined hobbit that had learned so much of courage and perseverance shown through to the king. “Let me help.”

The dwarf gave in a little, showing the hurt and fear in his eyes. “Fix what I had broken.”

“What?”

Thorin shook his head, back to being heavily guarded. He looked back out to where Feldie was running, crashing into anything she could shove over with her body.

“Thorin, what do you mean?”

“Feldie, come inside.”

The kid stopped her moonlit rampage to quickly run over to Thorin, bleating around his feet until he picked her up. He pulled her up to his mouth where he kissed her little head, mumbling. “You will soon be too big for me to do this, little one.”

“The, uh, goat, where did you get her?” Bilbo tried to break the uncomfortable silence between himself and Thorin.

“Kili had found her while… coming here.” Thorin carried Feldie into the room, stopping to wait for Bilbo who closed the doors behind them. “She’s protective of Kili and Fili, but quick to understand who is friend.”

“She’s cute. For a pygmi she’s rather large.”

Thorin looked at Bilbo as if he had just cussed at Thorin’s dead mother. “She’s a Silverite. She’ll be as large as a pony and worthy of riding into battle!”

“Silverite? I have never heard of that.”

“Sylvan is the common tongue for them. After her first shedding her fur will have a metallic sheen, hence the name. They are very intelligent, can be trained better than the horses of Rohan, or a hunter’s dog.”

“You seem to know a lot about them.” Bilbo reached up to pat Feldie’s back before Thorin took his seat next to Kili’s bed once more, the animal nestled on his lap.

“I used to own one before Smaug came. Many lived around Erebor…” He trailed off, memories of peaceful days coming to the forefront of his mind.

“Thorin.”

The king took a moment before looking up. There, sitting before him, was not the dwarf that had been the strong man who had come to his door late at night. It was not the dwarf who threw himself from a blaze of fire. It was the king that opened the gates of Erebor to rush out to aid those who
wanted his gold. It was the dwarf that allowed elves and men who bore arms against him into the halls of Erebor to protect them from orcs and goblins. This was Thorin son of Thrain, the one that beat the gold sickness and held Bilbo’s hand when he had thought he was upon death’s door. The very king that was humbled and happy to know that gold was not the true meaning of life. This was his friend, the one he could call king. This was Thorin Oakenshield and Bilbo was glad to see him despite his quiet ways.

Bilbo smiled. “I’ll make us some tea, my friend.”
It was a beautiful day, even if it was raining. The soft drops fell more like a heavy mist allowing the sun to filter through casting the world in gold. Plants turned their leaves up towards the sky, the day warm mixed with a cool autumn breeze. It was reverently quiet as the world shared in a calm peace.

Brown eyes flickered open, greeted with a mass of messy onyx hair. Fingers came up, the pull of wounds shook him with pain, but he pushed on brushing hair out of Thorin’s face. His lover nestled next to him in the beautiful light. In the distance a bird chirped, the only sound besides the growing pattering of raindrops that grew heavier into a drizzle. Kili let his fingers brush over the scruffy bristles of Thorin’s beard that was in need of trimming. The dark lines under the king’s eyes showed he had only recently fallen asleep, the puffing of his breath continuous as Kili continued to trace Thorin’s features, trying hard not to move as much as possible. He was hurting, but he was more glad to see his lover to let the pain hinder him. He stayed like that, lovingly touching Thorin, letting his mind be blank for once. It was such a quiet moment. The world still for once. Nothing threatening his life, no work to do, nothing to take Thorin from his side. And he greedily took it, dedicating every second to memory.

Then blue eyes were opening, looking back at him with a mixture of emotion that would drown a normal man. Kili pressed his palm against Thorin’s cheek, giving a smile that melted into a hitched breath, lips pulling back as his eyes stung. Reality came quickly back, rushing at him with more pain than his body could ever provide. His violated lover before him, memories of how helpless he was to aid Thorin holding the same torture of Gilret slowly dying in front of him. The rush of panic of Fili on the battlefield of the Five Armies, arrows sticking out of him, red staining his golden mane and alabaster skin. An orc arrow sticking out of Fili’s shoulder, Kili shoving him to the ground to shelter him. Past and present memories mixed together, crowding his mind creating many voices that screamed and clawed for attention.

He squeezed his eyes shut as his palm was kissed.

“F-Fili?” His voice sounded so distant even to himself.

“Alive and well.” Thorin stroked Kili’s hair. “You saved him.”

Kili’s sniff was loud in the silence of the room. He blamed himself, he had told Thorin he didn’t want to be his consort any more. He should have pushed harder for it, freed them from the dangers of the council. He was at fault. And he felt even worse when he couldn’t say it. He was so selfish, needing Thorin by his side, to share his bed.

“I’m sorry.” Kili managed to push out.

A thumb came to his cheek, brushing away tears that started to fall. “There is nothing for you to be sorry for.”

Kili moved, trying to curl up into himself. Thorin didn’t understand. How could he?
“Kili, please.” Thorin’s voice cracked. He moved forward pulling Kili into his arms as best as he could without aggravating wounds. He placed kisses on messy brown hair, his mind racing to say anything that may help ease the pain in his lover’s heart. He fell short, nothing coming to him that would pierce the veil of sorrow that sickened his archer. So he held him close and did the one thing that he knew that calmed him; he hummed. It was an old tune, something he couldn’t remember the lyrics to. It was soft and light as the day that had greeted them. The melody was something his mother used to sign to him when he was a tiny dwarf, seated on her lap as he held onto a baby Frerin next to the fire place.

He didn’t know how long he had to hum the same song, over and over again. He would hum it until his throat was raw and his body ached from being awake as long as Kili could gather some sort of solace in its wake. Eventually the tears subsided, the archer barely awake with his ear pressed up against Thorin’s chest. They fell into a silence, the king holding onto Kili, his thumb brushing over the back of Kili’s hand while he buried his nose into dark hair, placing the occasional kiss.

They had to fix this broken world of theirs. Carefully mend it back together, it would never be the same, but it would still be theirs to live in, to enjoy. They just needed to be shown how.

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Fili pulled the breath of smoke from the pipe in his hands, letting the herb deep into his lungs before he blew it out in a long puff. The day was beautiful, it was quiet. It was as if the gods had made this day just for them to take solace and refuge. It was a day for healing and a promise of things to come.

“Do you think he will wake today?” The elf that sat next to Fili tuned his harp, plucking at the strings to make sure each note was correct.

“Perhaps. It is a good day to wake to.”

“That it is.” He strummed his harp before going back to trying to find that one string that seemed to be out of tune.

“Let me.” Fili clamped his teeth around the mouthpiece of his pipe. He took the harp from the very elf that had found him and Kili in the woods, one of Elrond’s children. A kind one that understood what it meant to be a warrior as well as a brother. He was someone that Fili could relate to and the only words of encouragement that took hold when he thought his brother to be in a deathless slumber, to never wake like their forefather Durin the Deathless.

He took out his boot knife, using the tip to loosen the strings before he carved notches in the bridge where he tied the strings into. Elladan made a choking sound when he watched Fili mutilate his praised harp, cutting it with such crude workings it looked as if the dwarf was hacking at meat. But then Fili was strumming the strings and the notes were perfect. The dwarf handed it back easily enough, putting his boot knife away.

“There you are. Better than ever.”

Elladan smirked. “It does sound better but it does look terrible.”

“That, my friend, is called having character. No one wants an instrument without character.”

“Character is within the perfection.”

Fili frowned, pulling his pipe from his mouth. He regarded the elf as if he had spoken in a strange language. “You… are a strange one.”
“Why do you say that?” Elladan started to strum out a melody, something that suited the tranquility of the golden day.

Fili looked out over the garden that they sat close to. “Because nothing is perfect. You’ll never find beauty in anything if you keep looking for perfection. You need to look at the flaws. Like a gemstone, the most valuable are the ones that are flawless, to sell in the markets, but the most precious are the ones with the cracks. Nothing quite like them, each one different, while all the flawless ones are cut the same, polished the same, all… the same.”

“And what cracks do your gems have?” Elladan smiled at the nostalgic look on Fili’s features.

“One is missing a toe, another likes to hide behind a mask of meager stone, the other is fragile and cannot handle seeing the cracks in either.”

“You’re family is quite the treasure.”

“I’m that easy to read, huh?”

“Only to ones that can understand.”

The golden prince pointed the mouthpiece of his pipe at the elf while he grinned for the first time in a long time. “Careful there or I may have to start flirting back.”

Elladan laughed.

“Fili! Fili!” Bilbo’s voice cut through the reverence of the day. The excited tone in his voice made Fili get up quickly, hissing as he did. Elladan’s hand shot out, catching Fili by the elbow to stabilize him as the hobbit came at a run towards them.

“What is it? What happened?” Fili demanded.

“Kili’s awake!”

The news hit into the prince. The relief of it causing him to lean heavily against Elladan. A laugh tore through his chest as he rubbed his face. His cheeks wet from tears he did not know he was crying. Kili was awake. He would be fine. His stupid, wonderful, little brother would be fine.

Chapter End Notes

should they become more than just friends?
sibling fights

“Look at you,” Fili’s voice shook as he leaned over the edge of the bed. His hands went over one of Kili’s making sure the fingers could flex on their own accord before peppering his brother’s face with kiss. He gave a shaky laugh. “You are ugly as rotten testicals from a butchered bull.”

Kili smiled a bit. “You’re such a charmer, it is a wonder why you are single.”

“Did Elrond say when you can move?”

“When I have enough strength to. I have been trying to get on my side with little achievement.”

Fili’s fingers smoothed out dark tresses of hair. “Keep trying, you have not moved in a long while and the wounds are still fresh.”

“Closed up well, so I have been told.”

The golden prince made a strained expression as he looked at his sibling’s mutilated back.

“Please tell me they have not been lying.”

“No, not really. You are not showing any bone but the wounds still look angry.”

“That would explain the pain when I try to move. Help me sit up.”

“You cannot get on your side but you want to sit up?”

“If it is the last thing I do I want to sit and not lay. Help me or no, I am going to try again before Thorin comes back.”

Fili frowned as he watched Kili’s muscles start to tighten as he tried to push himself up. He knew that Kili was doing this for Thorin’s benefit, to show that he was strong despite all that had happened. He gave a sigh, taking hold of Kili’s shoulders and hefting him up and around so he was no longer on his stomach but sitting up. He climbed fully onto the bed, leaning Kili’s limp chest against his shoulder as he gathered up pillows behind his brother. Carefully he leaned him back against the soft slope.

“If—” Kili panted as pain from being on his back made his vision swim. “If I had insisted, made Thorin announce I was no longer his consort. Ungh!” He closed his eyes tightly, trying to keep his mind sharp and overcome the torture he had not anticipated in feeling from moving.

“You’re not ready to be on your back.”

“No, I need to be.”

“Kili! Enough!” Fili shouted. His resolve finally broken away from the fracture that had been growing since this whole situation had started. “You are going to place yourself into the ground if you keep this up! Do you think Thorin wishes for his consort to be dead?!”

“It would be better if I was!!!”

The room fell silent Fili’s eyes wide, Kili holding fists full of blankets his head bowed.

“You should have left me to die.” The archer shook, barely able to hold back tears.
“If you wished to be alone then say so and don’t spit lies at me.” Fili snapped.

He got off of the bed, leaving the room in quick strides. His arm was grabbed soon as he was out the door. He looked away from whomever had stopped him so they could not see the hurt on his face. The person moved, pulling him close, arms going around his neck as the smell of soft baked goods and cheeses filled his nose. A hand stroked over his hair as Bilbo shooshed him which only forced the dwarf into a silent cry.

“All is well.” Bilbo cooed. “All is well.”

“He didn’t mean it.” Fili’s voice was as small as a mouse.

“I know. He is not himself, you know the true Kili.” Bilbo pulled back, offering a smile. “Soon as he’s well enough to travel you and he shall be my most honored guests in Bag End. He will become his true self and all will be well.”

“I… I am at a loss, Bilbo.” He scrubbed at his face, his skin tingling from being so tired from his worries and over running emotions. “No matter what I try he does not come back to me, and he will only start to show himself from his shell with that goat.”

The hobbit patted Fili’s arm. “Let me handle his care. You need rest, having arguments between the two of you is disturbing not only for us but yourself.”

“But if he will not reveal why his heart is sick we cannot heal it.”

Bilbo’s smile turned brighter. “As my mother would say ‘don’t you worry your pretty little head over it’. Hobbits have ways to wiggle information out of people through the fine art of gossip and ranting. Now, I have it on good authority that you should go to the kitchens and get something in your belly before you go to your room and sleep for however long you can muster. If anything should happen I will fetch you myself.”

Fili grabbed Bilbo’s hand and gave it a squeeze. He smiled a little, happy that the hobbit was there. Bilbo had a way about him to calm even the most raging of beasts. He watched Bilbo slip into the room before he found his will to move once more. The halfling was right, he needed to eat something then sleep.

Finding the kitchens was harder than he imagined, he retraced his steps seven times before he finally caught the scent of something cooking. Even then it took him a while to follow his nose to the kitchens. Surprisingly it was empty save for two elves bickering amongst themselves. Elladan and his twin, Elrohir. Both were down to form fitting black trousers with light green leaf patterns embroidered down the sides. Elrohir wore a simple plum tunic, Elladan a golden one, their sleeves rolled up and spotless white aprons.

“I only say that it is fascinating,” Elrohir said as he measured out flour into a bowl. “I do not mean to sound cruel or unfeeling towards their plight, but how does a race develop such physical prowess only to fall victim to illnesses of the mind and heart?”

“Your logical drive will end you.” Elladan smiled as he cracked some eggs into the bowl. “Perhaps you may ask Thorin if you may study in his healer’s halls for observation, use it to your advantage to improve your healing arts.”

“Perfect, I believe you to mean.”

Elladan’s expression turned soft as he poured in milk while his brother stirred. “There is no beauty in perfection.”
'And there is in vices?'

‘Vices, perhaps not, but flaws, yes.’ He looked up, seeing Fili there. Their gazes locking. ‘Like the spots on tarnished gold, or a crumbling statue that is being pieced back together, even if all the pieces cannot be found. Would you not say so, my dear friend?’

‘Fr-’ Elrohir glanced around spotting the prince. ‘Ah, Fili, come, you may help us clean up and then finish the cake when it is done cooking.’

Fili came up to the counter, willing his cheeks from heating up. ‘What kind are you making?’

‘Yellow cake, not many others we are skilled in making. Wish we could make a different one though, something new.’ Elrohir sighed as he took a spoonful of batter to taste.

‘May I?’ Fili motioned towards the pantry while Elladan prepared a pan.

Elrohir flicked his wrist in a wave. ‘Please do, but mind the wine, father and Lindir were upset over how much wine your company drank the last time we had you as guests.’

Fili slipped into the back, looking through the jars and pots for what he wanted. ‘I do apologize for that, we are a… festive breed.’

‘I must remember the description,’ Elladan laughed.

Fili came back with what he wanted, grinding the ingredients with a pestle and mortar. He came back and dumped the powder into the batter making Elrohir turn his head and sneeze. ‘Th-that is an interesting mix.’

‘It’s something my mother used to make. It tastes better than it smells.’

Elladan slid the baking pan across the counter top. ‘Mix it in well, and let us bake.’

‘Where are the other… um…’ Fili looked uncomfortable.

‘The kitchen servants?’ Elladan eased his friend. ‘We let them have the rest of the night off. We like to take some time and make some treats sometimes.’

‘Helps with bonding,’ Elrohir scraped the batter into the pan before taking it to the oven. ‘We tend to get into arguments and this helps us be more controlled with each other.’

‘Controlled is a good word for it, once he tried to knock me unconscious with a bread roll.’

‘Shall we speak about the time when father had to pull you off of me because you were trying to suffocate me with mushrooms?’

Elladan growled a little. ‘What about the time you threw out my shoulder with that pork roast?’

As this continued and actually escalated Fili found some nuts and fruit that he stole a handful of and left. He didn’t want to deal with more drama than he already had to. He went down the halls barely picking at the nuts. It was well into the night when he realized he had been walking the whole time with no real destination in mind and even then he had barely touched what he had in his hands. He found a bench to sit down on, his legs and back complaining, reminding him that he was still injured. He laid on his side, placing the fruit and nuts on the floor. He fell asleep, curled up, not caring where he was.

Hours later he was found by Thorin and Elrond who had been discussing Kili’s recovery on a walk.
Thorin calmly gathered Fili into his arms and with Elrond as his guide carried his nephew to his room where he tucked him into bed.
passing time

Chapter Notes

this is just to show what the others are doing and that time is passing
not everything is happening within just a week's time, it's spanning months, I just make
it sound like it's been freaking two days.
sorry about that

The archer division somehow managed to stuff themselves all into the one room, varying from fully
clothed in armor to being only in slightly representable coats. Without Kili to keep them in line they
had the run of things, though Jalaal tried to keep them together for a few hours for basic archery drills
the rest of their time was left to their own devices, which by the state of some of them was to drink
until unconscious. One particular, still drunk, dwarf slumped in his chair, head lulling. He barked
out, “Where’s our prince?!” while Gloin and Gimli shut the doors.

“Sober up and ye might be told.” Gimli snapped, not caring he was much younger.

“What must we be told that needs to be behind closed doors?” Grart asked, leaning over his bow that
sported quite proudly Kili’s symbol on it, showing he was part of the prince’s regiment.

“You must be contained, we are familiar with your platoon.” Gloin said as he straightened out his
back, puffing out his chest and stomach. “And we’ll be wantin’ no incidents.”

Grart’s eyes narrowed. “Then what you best be telling us is good news about our commander and
prince.”

“Give him respect!” Gimli snarled. “He is one of the Sacred 14 that reclaimed Erebor.”

Gloin’s lips twitched with pride, his boy really was a fighter even at such a tender age. “It’s alright,
son.” He folded his arms over his chest giving off an air of authority. “As of today, which will be
announced to the public at a later time, our princes Fili and Kili have returned to the stone.”

The room burst into an excitement of roaring outrage. A dwarf punched the wall, another grabbed a
chair and threw it across the room with a scream. A group of brothers grabbed onto each other
roughly, closing into a tight circle already devising ways to find out how it had happened and how
they would exact revenge.

It was only calmed by a small measure of Jalaal’s voice cutting through, the dwarf pushed passed
everyone else to get to the table that was between Gloin and himself. His finger thumped hard
against the polished wood as his nostrils flared. “By our rites as his men, we demand to know who
did this!”

“I would like to but I cannot.”

“Bullshit!” Grart barked.

“Why are you protecting the murder of our princes?!” Barunan called out from the back.

“Because we don’t know who tried to kill them.”
“Tried.” Jalaal, made a quick gesture of his hand held in the air and his fingers snapping shut into a fist. Something Kili had done to silently demand silence amongst his troops. They all immediately obeyed the command. “You said tried, yet you had only a breath ago told us they were slain.”

“I said that they would be pronounced dead, not slain. They had been attacked on the road, left for dead, but managed to survive.” Gloin moved enough to stroke at his beard. “We fear that assassins sent from our own mountain were sent to end the lads. We need to root out this insurrection and the council seems to have an eye out for most of us. We need eyes and ears.”

“Why not kill them all? They already made a grand mess of our kingdom with what they did.” Grart snorted. “It takes no magician to know they caused the turmoils of Master Kili.”

“Aye, if it were that simple we would have done it.” This time it was Gimli who spoke up. “But what would you rather have; catch them in the act and punish them to the fullest or create more trouble with families creating a civil war?”

Grart barked out a laugh. “Your cousin Balin has been teaching you well since the last we met, small star.”

Jalaal sighed. “The reality is, we’re archers not spymasters, what can we offer?”

Gloin grinned. “Exactly who you are. Your refusal to believe Fili and Kili have perished, no one will suspect you to be brutal in digging up dirt. We just need you to bring it to us once you know and to play along. With your help, we’ll be able to cut to the heart of things.”

“Well do this on one condition.”

“Which will be?”

“We get first claim to their meat.”

“-----------------------------------------------

“How long will it be?” Bofur asked Oin in the confines of the small room in the back of the Healer’s Hall. “We have already kept the elf here for days, the announcement of the lads’ deaths already announced. Things have been set into motion.”

“Aye. But a babe cares not for time. Della will be givin’ birth soon and the babe cannot stay in Erebor. Not where it can be grabbed so easily.” Oin took a few things from his small drawers, putting them into a satchel. “I’m preparing her to travel with you, she does not know how far along she is and I’ve already spoken with our elven guest. He is trained in healing arts and can deliver the child should it be on the road. Once the babe is born you will have to care for it until returned to its rightful parents.”

“Oin, are you out of your mind? It will be in the middle of winter by the time we reach Rivendell! A newborn cannot survive that!”

“We have little choice, either the babe is taken and used as a puppet, kidnapped and slain, or out in the elements with you. It has a higher chance of living a good life if with you.”

Bofur’s fingers twitched, he was not comfortable with this. “Don’t be leavin’ this on me.”

“You won’t be alone. Della will be there as well as Bifur and… I don’t believe I know the elf’s name.”
“Elrohir? Lindir? Haldir?” Bofur puffed out a breath, “I don’t remember either, they have such silly names to be honest, hard to keep track of ‘em.”

“I’m mostly deaf and I hear that loud and clear.”

“So, we’re waiting for Della then?”

“Aye, she’ll be ready by the marrow.”
Soon as Kili was well enough to travel Thorin, Fili, and Bilbo packed up and headed off towards the shire. Bilbo tried his best to pretend that everything was okay, that nothing had changed but he could not help but see it. The fissure between Thorin and his nephews. Instead of walking ahead of the group he lagged behind, Fili and Kili several paces in front with Bilbo himself almost like a wall between them. He would engage in talking with both parties, trying to get filled in what had happened in Erebor the few years he had been away. They only touched the things that Balin’s letters had already covered, careful to step around any personal problems. He watched as Kili pampered Feldie, only sparing his once wistful smile to the goat who was rapidly growing as each day counted up the months.

It was the first snowfall that found Bilbo shivering in front of their camp fire. How he wished he had the access to Thorin’s fur coat at the moment. He understood why Thorin had been disguised as a messenger, it was a good story to hear on how he wanted nothing more than to be with his lover, but couldn’t he have packed his coat away?

A warm blanket was wrapped around his shoulders. He looked up at Thorin who sat down next to him, seemingly undisturbed by the snow that fell in large flakes, plotting down with a heavy sound despite the quiet of winter.

“Should you not be giving this to Kili?” Bilbo asked.

Thorin shook his head. He pointed to where Kili was being tightly held by Fili, both under a thick elven blanket that Elladan had given Fili. Feldi was curled up against Kili’s back, looking around. She was already the size of a large dog.

“He will be fine, you need it.”

“Well, then I thank you.” Bilbo smiled, pulling his feet under the edge of the blanket. “I certainly did not expect to see you at Rivendell. But I am glad that I did. Saves me a trip through the Misty Mountains. I’m not really one for goblins.”

“Really? But you fared so well against them last time. With how you slipped past them I was certain they were your friends and would be disappointed with you visiting.”

Bilbo laughed. He moved, bumping his shoulder against Thorin’s making the dwarf smile a little. They continued to talk in a muted tone, trying not to disturb the others. But Kili watched from his little spot, seeing how Thorin smiled, how the halfling managing to pull a chuckle from the king from something he said. It was hard for him to tear his gaze away, seeing how perfect they fit together when they were relaxed and not on a quest or fighting for their lives. He rolled away from Fili, pressing his face into the coarse fur of Feldie’s flank. He didn’t know what to think any more. Thorin had been so relieved that Kili was alive, yet he gave him too much space. They no longer hugged, the king treating him as if he was made of glass that even the slightest kiss would shatter him. Now he smiled the same smile he kept for Kili to Bilbo. It made his chest felt cold as if he had walked into a cold lake, the water creeping up higher and higher.

“I have missed you Master Baggins.” Thorin’s voice made Kili flinch. He squeezed his eyes tightly closed, trying to suffocate himself against Feldie.

That night he didn’t sleep, only listened and suffered, his heart bleeding out as no one noticed.
In the morning when they started to travel once more, Bilbo walked beside Thorin in the front, Fili and Kili trailing behind with Feldie who kept brushing her head up against Kili’s limp hand. He looked back over his shoulder to Kili, his head covered with his hood to the point he could not see the dwarf’s features. They all had their hoods on, the cold biting into their ears if not, but Kili was displaying a want to hide, to disappear.

“Thorin?”

“Yes, Master Baggins?”

“This is a very personal question and I understand if you do not want to answer it. It is more of a question for you to ask yourself than to give me an answer for. But… when was the last time you told Kili that you loved him? And by that I mean the actual words, ‘I love you’, with heart and feeling. Now while you think of that I think it is time that I walk with another companion.”

True to his word he left Thorin’s side to fall back and squeeze himself between Fili and Kili.

“My, it’s lovely and brisk today.”


“I didn’t want to say anything but I couldn’t help but notice that the blanket you had last night was of elven make, good and thick.”

“Elladan was kind enough to gift it to us.”

“Us? Or you?”

Fili snorted. “Bilbo. Don’t play matchmaker, it will be your end if you do.”

“Only trying to make conversation.” They continued on in silence before he took a breath to talk again.

“Could you spare us from your insistent prattling and leave us be?” Kili cut him off with a growling voice.

“Kili.” Fili’s voice was on edge of a warning, giving a message that what he said had been rude.

“No, no. I am afraid I cannot. As you see, I’m a hobbit and I must moan about food this time, as I am now traveling with dwarves and my meals cut short while we are on the road. I do miss having soft cheese with a small glass of a good whine to go with it. Freshly baked scones with jam and freshly churned butter, fruit with sweet cream, boiled potatoes and honey cured ham to go with it.”

Kili simply groaned to himself, rolling his eyes. He was not in the mood of talking or having anyone talk at him. But as Bilbo continued to list foods even going into detail of what time of day certain things were acceptable and what was not. By the time they decided to stop for the night Bilbo’s voice was hoarse but he had managed to small victory in relaxing Kili’s posture and getting him to push back his hood enough to see his face.

While Fili and Bilbo were trying to start up the fire Thorin called Kili’s name in his usual commanding tone. He didn’t wait for the other to respond, only turned on his heel and walked away from their camp that was settled under a small outcropping of rock. It wasn’t until they were a decent distance away that he stopped.

“What did you need?” Kili asked, keeping several feet between each other.
“It’s about Bilbo.”

Kili’s muscles went ridged.

“I was talking to him last night and this morning. He-”

“No!” Kili moved forward in long strides, he pushed Thorin’s chest causing the other to stumble a few steps back. His hurt twisted into the venomous snake of anger. “After everything! You cannot do this to me!”

“I’m sorry.”

“Do not play innocent!” He tried to shove Thorin again only to have his wrists caught and held tight. “You missed being near him. You missed having him by your side as he had been in our quest to Erebor. You give him freely what you hold from me, what is rightfully mine!!”

“What are you talking about, boy?!”

“Your smiles, your laughs, your love!” Kili managed to get a hand free, grabbing the front of Thorin’s coat. His voice broken with boiling emotions. “You promised to help me, to fix me, but you look at another!!”

Thorin pulled on Kili, crashing their lips together. When Kili pulled back Thorin grabbed at him again, this time gripping the back of the archer’s neck. His lips brushed against Kili’s as he spoke.

“I love you.”

A choked sound came from his consort.

“I love you, Kili.” He said again, this time sealing their lips together, his tongue swiping over Kili’s.

He let Kili push him up against a rock, his lover clung onto him, tendrils of hair wet and messy from the snow melting on the exposed hair. He looked at Thorin with the most pleading expression, hurt and desperate.

“Why did you give him those? They are mine. Those are my smiles. ...mine.”

“I’m sorry.” Thorin held Kili close, kissing his head and face, hands bunching into his hair. Between each kiss he said something more. “You’re my One.”, “Mahal made you for me.”, “I love you.”

He held Kili close, coaxing the other into a few kisses that the consort relaxed into. Something warm sparking in their bellies, something that felt almost like the faint beginnings of healing.
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

oh my fucking gods! I updated!

Fili still horded his brother at night, the ever over protective sibling. They would share whispered conversations far from Bilbo and Thorin’s ears. Fili would hug Kili close after the other nodded off, the ever present prayer of his brother’s return to sound mind and heart would be what he fell asleep to. During the day he walked with Bilbo who would talk about the Shire and how appalling it was that when he returned from the quest that hobbits had been auctioning off his belongings. He was still trying to get back his mother’s glory box as well as some prised books of his father’s, maps he had adored, and a set of silver spoons he was certain a hobbit woman named Lobelia sequestred away.

It was within the next month that they made it to the Shire. Bilbo visibly upset as they came up to his front door and Feldie tried to enter his home.

“Ooooh, no, no.” The hobbit pushed at the animal’s head. She had nearly doubled her size from a large dog and would simply not fit into his home properly. “Feldie, out!”

“She can’t stay out in the snow!” Kili protested wrapping an arm around the goat’s thick neck.

Bilbo sighed, “I understand that, but she cannot stay here! I could barely fit thirteen dwarves and a wizard in, how am I supposed to house a beast that can barely fit through my door?”

Kili looked at Feldie, scratching her little beard. “She’s not that big.”

“Bilbo, is there a stable near by?” Fili asked. “Perhaps we can situate her there until we can find a better solution.”

“Well, yes there is.”

“No, she belongs with her family, with us.” Kili nearly shouted.

“It will only be for a few nights.” Fili tried to calm his brother who was visibly upset.

“Best she be in the warmth of a stable with food in her belly than out in the cold where wolves could prey upon her.” Thorin spoke up. He shrugged off his pack. “Come, Bilbo. Let us find Feldie the proper accommodations. Fili, Kili, start a fire in the hearth.”

He stopped by Kili, his fingers brush over his consort’s jaw. “I will see she is properly cared for.”

Kili frowned. He hugged Feldie, kissing her head as she flicked her ears. “Be a good girl…”

She bleated, nudging him, rubbing her head against him before allowing Thorin to guide her away. Kili stayed on the front steps watching them leave, only moving when Fili took hold of his arm and pulled him into the hobbit hole. Fili sat him in one of Bilbo’s over stuffed chairs and set about lighting candles and lighting a fire in the hearth as well as in the kitchen’s fireplace. When he sat down he opened his arms and waved his hands a little. “Come here.”
Kili easily left his seat and climbed into his brother’s lap, holding onto him like a child in desperate need for comfort. Fili stroked dark hair and rubbed circles in a much too skinny back, but he was grateful that despite all his depression Kili still ate, though it was less than a healthy amount that a dwarf needed.

“I love you…” Fili sighed, pressing his cheek to the top of Kili’s head. “You know that, right?”

Kili nodded. “I love you too.”

“Feldie loves you too, she’s probably pouting right now that she’s not next to you.”

“She’s the only goat that knows how to pout.”

“She learned it from you.” Fili smiled softly as he felt Kili’s tension ease.

“Will you come with me to see her tomorrow?”

“Of course. There were a few hobbits I wanted to visit anyway.”

“I didn’t know you knew many hobbits.”

“Oh I don’t, but I do know of some. It would be rude of me not to come and say hello as we are here.”

They fell silent, enjoying the feeling of the home filling with warmth. Eventually Fili’s legs started to tingle from the pressure of Kili’s weight on them. He tried to move his brother but the younger only grunted and refused to move.

“Kili, my legs are falling asleep.” Fili tried to plead with his brother.

“You should have thought about that before letting me up here.”

Fili stilled, the quick remark sounding so much like the little brother he grew up with. Instead of pushing him off of his lap and onto the floor as he usually would have done, he leaned back and let Kili stay. It was too soon to feel hope that Kili was getting better, but he would allow himself this moment, this tiny glimpse into what he hoped would be a marker for better things to come.

------------------------

Feldie drew many eyes to her size as she clopped alongside Thorin, pressing up against his side as they made their way to the stables. When they got to the stables he made sure to pay extra for Feldie’s good care.

Thorin scratched at her neck. “Do not worry,” he cooed to the animal. “You will not be abandoned. It is only a place for you to sleep for the night.”

She snorted a few times, shaking her head, obviously not happy with this change.

“Kili will be here in the morning.” He said softly pressing his face against her furry cheek. “Your papa loves you very much. So be a good girl.”

She nudged Thorin a little, as he stroked her neck and head before he pulled back. He patted her shoulder and started to walk away. She bleated after him from the stall she was placed in. He paused for a moment before stiffening up his back and leaving trying to ignore her pleading sounds for him to come back.
“Are you alright?” Bilbo asked as the brisk winter air hit their faces.

“I am fine.” Thorin said stiffly.

“Liar.” The hobbit stuffed his hands into his coat pockets. “You have a soft spot for the goat, more than you tell me.”

Thorin allowed his kingly visage to slip. He looked over his shoulder back to the stable. “...She is hope for Kili…” He sighed and continued on his way. “It is amazing what a simple animal can give you as well as take away; hope, love, despair, grief... She had given Kili much to focus on, I worry that he may fall back from his progress.”

“Then redirect that focus, place it onto yourself and reassure him that everything will be alright.” Bilbo said. “He’ll progress further. He seems to want to recover, but something stunts his growth.”

The king looked to his friend, “How is it that you still surprise me?”

“Because I am an amazing specimen of the hobbit variety.”

“Aye, that you are.” Thorin smiled.

“Now, I have a great deal of shopping to do to fill my pantry before the shops close for the night. I plan on putting your mighty dwarven strength to good work.”

“I am to be your mule then?”

“Goodness, no!”

Thorin raised an eyebrow.

“Possibly, but only for several hours while I knit-pick over what I purchase.”

“How reassuring.”
By the time Thorin and Bilbo got back to Bag End Fili’s legs were useless and Kili had fallen asleep on his chest. He heard Bilbo’s voice floating into the room along with the sounds of Thorin grunting and stumbling around the hobbit.

“Now isn’t this lovely? A nice warm home to come into.”

“It would be nicer if you would get out of the way, Master Baggins.”

“Oh, it’s not that much. This will only fill half the pantry, I did want to get more but you insisted that we return early.” Bilbo chastised as he walked past the hallway, Thorin barely able to follow with the heavy load that he carried, sacks and bags and bundles hanging off of his arms, slung onto his back and cradled in his straining arms. “Well, I do understand the need for rest after a long journey but we also need a good meal before we go to sleep for the night!”

“You have enough to feed the company!” Thorin shouted as he put down his burdens.

At the shout Kili jerked awake, taking in a sharp breath and brushing his long locks out of his face as he sleepily looked towards the noise that had woken him. “I didn’t say anything about orcs.” He mumbled.

Fili chuckled as the kitchen went quiet and Kili tried to wake up a bit more.

“It would seem that our uncle has never truly accepted the fact the company has disbanded.” He said thankful when Kili got off of his lap. He ran his hands over his thighs trying to get feeling back into them. “And by your statement upon waking up I would say nor have you.”

He stretched his legs a few times before standing up and putting a hand to his brother’s back. The brunet still tired, mind sluggish and wishing to fall back asleep. He ushered him along to the kitchen where Thorin was drinking some water while Bilbo unpacked his things into his pantry.

“Bilbo, where might we stay? Kili needs rest.”

“Oh, oh yes, of course.” The hobbit looked down the hall one way before looking the next, options milling through his mind. “Come with me, Thorin, you too.”

The king put down his cup and followed the group down the hall to a round door at the end. Bilbo opened it up to a nice looking bedroom. “Thorin and Kili will be staying in the guest room.” He stated.

Fili opened his mouth to protest, but snapped it shut when Bilbo gave him a pointed glare. Instead he moved forward into the room, ushering a sleepy brother in. He sat him down on the bed and stroked chocolate brown hair before leaving Thorin alone with Kili. He then followed Bilbo to another room.

“And I hope you do not mind staying in a room with me until I can clear out a spare room for you.” Bilbo smiled.

“As long as you are not a groper in your sleep, I think we will get along just fine.” Fili teased.

Bilbo’s cheeks flushed bright red. “I-I- Fili! Do not say such things! You are to be a king some day, you much watch your language!”
“And until that day comes I am free to make merry with my friends.” The blond sat down on one side of the bed. He started to work off his boots.

“I am not serving you ale while you steal half of my bed.” Bilbo smirked.

“What kind of host are you, master hobbit?” Fili grinned as he laid down.

“The kind that will you sleep and wake you for supper then let you sleep again afterwards.”

Fili shoved his face against the pillow, reveling in the softness. “Then you are the kindest and most generous host to be had.”

The next day Kili was out the door before Fili was even properly dressed. Thorin had to run after his consort and had grabbed his arm, pulling him back inside Bag End to properly get him dressed as he had forgotten his coat and possibly even one boot in his eagerness to see Feldie. Fili took his time as he saw how Thorin stroked Kili’s hair affectionately when the other finally complied to get properly dressed. Bilbo baked some fresh scones and placed some in their pockets for them to take on their way.

“You want to take the first road that turns right, travel three houses down then go east, it will be the first barn you see.” Thorin said calmly. He handed Kili a small bag. “I will help Master Baggins with preparing a room for Fili.” He hesitated for a moment. “Are you certain you do not want me to join you?”

Kili bit his lip. “I… would like you to come, but Bilbo does need help.”

Thorin caressed Kili’s cheek, smiling when the other leaned into his touch. “Then I shall meet you in the markets soon as the heavy lifting is done.”

Kili didn’t reply, only nodded, before turning on his heel and leaving once more. Fili followed behind giving them a pleasant wave of farewell. He squinted into the overly bright sun reflecting off of the freshly fallen snow. He scuffed his boot, opting not to take the steep stairs but just walk down the little hill until he got to the gate where Kili already was, overly excited to see his goat. They travelled the directions Thorin had given them, the whole time the brunet a few yards ahead, babbling about his worries.

“She’s probably terrified!”

“She’s brave.” Fili replied.

“There all alone!”

“She’s a strong girl.”

“What if she’s starving?!”

“The stables were paid well to pamper her.”

“What if she’s cold?”

“She’s a mountain goat, cold means nothing to her.”

“What if her stable isn’t clean?”

“Then you must have words with the proprietor.”
“Fili! There it is!”

The blond held back a laugh as Kili went into a dead run to the stables. He picked up his feet, racing after him to make sure he did not get himself into any trouble. Kili nearly beat down the doors to the stable until one of the tending hobbits answered. He pushed past.

“Where is my goat?” Kili said stiffly looking down the rows of stalls until he saw the familiar twist of horns.

“S-sir?”

“Feldie!” Kili shouted, rushing over and grabbing onto her large head and rubbing his cheek against her snout as she let out a rumbling burp. He pulled back and looked her over. “How is my little girl? Are you well fed? Are you cold? How is your stall? Is it clean? Are you too cramped in here?”

She only bleated and nuzzled him back, tramping a hoof down. Her nose sniffed at his pockets before she tried to dig her lips in, trying to grab at the bag Thorin had given Kili.

“Master Dwarf, I am sorry but I do not believe you were the one that brought the goat here.” The hobbit said stiffly. “I must ask you to step away from the animal.”

Kili’s eyes turned dark as he went stiff, pointedly ignoring the hobbit that was requesting he stop touching the animal that was now family.

“Master Dwarf.” The hobbit tried again.

“Do you hear the yipping of a little dog, Feldie?” Kili said coldly.

“Why I never! I must ask you to-” The hobbit yelped with a start as a hand clapped down on his shoulder. He looked up to a golden dwarf. “O-oh my.”

“I apologize for his behavior, he is overly sensitive about his pet.” Fili said with a soothing voice. “The goat had been delivered to you by his partner and Master Baggins last night, correct?”

“Yes. Yes! Oh I am sorry I did not see it before. Only Cra- uh, Master Baggins would have such… distinguished guests. I apologize.”

“We will be taking the goat for the day and return her at night fall. And we do appreciate your service. I can see you do a fine job.”

The hobbit puffed out his chest. “Well, I am glad someone takes notice that of the care I give to these poor animals.”

“We thank you for your understanding.” Fili went up to Kili who was frowning and digging out a treat from the bag Thorin had given him for Feldie to eat.

“Relax brother.” Fili smiled. “We’re in the shire. All is well.”

“It would be better if we were not in here.”

“Then let us spend the day out in the open markets, though I will have to leave your side for a short while to visit my hobbit companions.”

Kili huffed. “Very well.”

They got Feldie out of the stalls, soon as she was out of the barn she ran into the field racing around
several laps, stretching out her powerful limbs. She found a post that she backed up and head butted a few times before running once more making a game out of tagging the post and running in the field, kicking up several inches of snow.

“She doesn’t like it in there.” Kili said.

“Of course she doesn’t. She wants to be with her family.” Fili stuffed his pipe as he leaned against the barn. “We’ll figure out how to make it so she can be closer.”

“I hope so… I couldn’t sleep last night having her too far away.”

“Kili… you do know that when we go back to Erebor she will not be allowed in the royal halls.”

“I… don’t like thinking about it.” Kili admitted, grabbing his arm and squeezing it while watching Feldie.

“She’s a beautiful beast. I’m telling you,” Fili lit his pipe, puffing the smoke and the tobacco lit. “The prized royal stallions are going to be confused. They’ll want to go after her more than mares.”

Kili smiled a little. “You say the strangest things at times.”

“We’ve been brother’s for how long and you’re just now seeing this?”

The brunet laughed. Actually laughed. It made that heavy feeling in Fili’s stomach lighten. Their conversation didn’t continue, only dropped into comfortable silence until Feldie was done with her game and came back, pressing up against Kili’s side. They went to the markets, taking their time to stop and attempt at small talk with curious hobbits, though Kili’s silver tongue needed work and Fili’s golden one seemed to gain him a few hobbit lasses to trail behind him for a while until they realized that he was busy or were pulled back by friends.

It was at a particular stall that Kili stopped, looking at what was to offer. Fili peered over his shoulder. “What are you inspecting?”

Kili’s fingers brushed over some fur. “Thorin’s clothing… they don’t fit him. He looks more like Bofur than my… he…” Why were words failing him?

“Having Bofur’s hat doesn’t help much with his visage.” Fili agreed. “Perhaps you should get him something appropriate to wear.”

“But-” Kili bit his lip.

“It is only a gift, Kili. You have given him many throughout the years.”

“I know but… I don’t deserve to give him anything…”

“Why do you say that? You love him, he loves you. A gift only seems natural.”

“Because I wasn’t there to protect him!” Kili shouted startling the hobbits, but more so his brother. His voice dropped as he finally confessed what has been haunting him, saying it only loud enough for Fili to hear. His teeth clenched as he hissed with the hurt. “I was supposed to be there to protect him. To make the council see our love and realize that a child was our decision to have, not theirs. I was not there to stop the first coupling, nor the second nor third! I failed him and allowed them to rape him with that whore while I wallowed in self pity! I have brought so much shame to him that I cannot even share a bed with him. I sat by the window all night last night! I have refused his touch and kisses because I am not worthy of them but yet I cannot stand to see him smile to another!
Whatever I gift him would be as poisonous as my venomous heart!”

Fili’s hand snapped over Kili’s cheek. His sharp blue eyes glaring at the brunet. Stunning the market into silence. Many eyes went to the brothers. Kili touched his aching cheek, wide eyes turning to the blond.

“Wha-”

“I will put up with your sadness.” Fili cut Kili’s timid voice off. “I will cater to your needs to latch onto a goat as if it was your own daughter. I will sit and hold you tight while you cry. I will defend you to my last breath, and with that I am defending you now against yourself. I have watched you try to kill yourself, try to waste away, and drown in sorrow all because you think you are at fault?!”

His lips pulled back into a snarl stepping up to Kili’s face, their chests bumping and he crowded his brother. “By Mahal’s hammer, you are not at fault! It was his decision to bed the woman because he wanted a family with you! Not her! She will not know the joys of bouncing that babe on her knee, nor hearing the first words or seeing the first steps, those are yours, Kili! And I will be damned to an eternity of wandering, never to hear Mahal calling my name, if I let you believe that you’re heart is too black to have that happiness. You had enough pain in your life and it is time for you to stop smiling through it and smiling for real! So suck it up, buy Thorin a gift and you will sleep in the same bed as him because you love him and you’re going to allow yourself some happiness!!”

When there was nothing else to say, Fili pulled Kili close, grappling him into a tight hug. “You stupid boy.” He whispered, pressing his face into the crook of his brother’s neck.

Kili hesitated before he hugged him back, just as hard, just as loving.
Fili did not part with Kili until Thorin had come. They had spent a few hours pouring over the different types of clothing and bolts of cloth until they found things that were a bit more dwarvish and a little less hobbity, though it had been a difficult thing to do. When Thorin came, Feldie had seen him first, wandering off to his side and returning, bumping up against him until he was nearly falling over. He greeted them with a small smile that grew when Kili looked down with a bashful blush. Fili nudged him in the back with his elbow and whispered to him.

“Let yourself be happy. I mean it.”

He then excused himself from the group only to find Feldie following him. He tried to shoo her back to Kili but when he realized that there was little to no hope in winning a battle against a stubborn goat he was resigned to having her trail behind him as he made his way through Hobbiton. He asked politely where certain hobbits lived and was kindly directed to one home after another. Most of the time he found it certainly easy to get done what he had sought to do, but the last one was a little bit of a problem.

He knocked on the door, waited for an answer before smiling charmingly.

“Good day.” He bowed respectfully. “I have heard under good authority that you have something in your care that once belonged to Bilbo Baggins.”

“I most certainly do not!” Lobelia barked in Fili’s face. She tried to slam the door in his face. He shot his arm out stopping her from doing so, which caused her to give a squeak of indignant surprise.

“Now, I know you are not telling me the truth and I do not appreciate such a thing.”

“Why-hah!” Her chest hefted as she tried to cover her denial with a laugh. “I am a Sacksville, master dwarf. I do not lie.”

“Then we certainly have a problem.” He pushed at the door opening it more. “Because I see Bilbo’s mother’s Glory Box in your hallway.”

She tried to say something but he continued using his golden tongue that had easily wormed the hobbit’s belongings away from the others.

“Now, I do understand your discretion. I, for one, would be humbled to be appointed the caretaker of such a precious memory to a good friend as I see you are. Especially for a friend who was friends with dwarven royalty.” He narrowed his eyes at her, daring her to squirm out a lie.

“W-well.” She stepped back, smoothing out her skirts. “It was the least I could do for him, he is family after all.”

“Bilbo is very much appreciative of your care of his things but has returned and he simply feels that his home is empty and cold, not fit enough for when his royal companions come to visit. He simply must have it back.”

“They- The dwarven Royal family is coming here?” Lobelia asked stunned.

“They are closer than you think, and he is in such a hustle to preparing their accommodations that he could not come here in person. Thus why I have the pleasure of coming for his things.”
“Of course!” She moved to the side and waved him in. “Please do come and take it and you simply must tell Bilbo to remember my husband’s tea shop! We have the best teas in these lands and will certainly satisfy his refined guests!!”

“Thank you.”

Fili took the glory box and hefted it up and onto one shoulder. He slipped onto the road where Feldie had waited for him. He patted her strong neck.

“You want to see Bilbo?”

She nodded a few times, stamping her hooves. Fili smiled as he watched her while he walked back to Bag End. He laughed softly. “Mahal help the world when you have children sweeter than you, Feldie.”

When Fili got to Bag End he found himself not sure how to present to Bilbo his items. He could call in and ask the hobbit to close his eyes. Perhaps try to sneak in through the back or a window to surprise him with them. He was certainly terrible at surprises. They never really went well with him. Kili tried to surprise him once with a pipe his brother had made himself. Kili had sworn that he just glared and scrutinized the item when Fili had only fallen silent and had tried to commit every part of the wonderful gift to memory. Then there was the time he tried to surprise his mother with hard earned money only to have her collapse on the floor crying and saying she should have been providing for him and not the other way around. Thorin had punched him once, and Kili had nearly put an arrow in his shoulder…. so, surprises were not really things that went over well with him.

With this in mind he opened the door and walked in shouting, “Bilbo, I got your things!”

There was a crashing sound coming from a room before Bilbo came out, looking back over his shoulder mumbling about how he needed to fix whatever he had broken. “What-what things did you get?”

The hard thump of the glory box being put down on the floor brought his attention forward. Fili reached into his coat and started to pull out map after map and book after book as if they were his knives. Once they were all down and out Fili started to take off his boots to set by the door.

“When you had told me that your things had been sold, I could hardly believe it. It’s uncommon in dwarven communities for something like this to happen so easily. So, I had thought, to thank you for taking us in once more that I could help you gain back your possessions if nothing else.”

Bilbo made an odd sound. The sound surprised Fili. He looked up from where he was placing his boots, seeing Bilbo twitching his nose as he sniffled. The hobbit’s eyes were bright and tears falling down his cheeks.

“Bilbo, what’s wrong?”

“I… had tried… truly I had.” He said, shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

Fili held out a hand, his friend coming to him. He wrapped a comforting arm around his shoulders and gave a squeeze. “You had tried what, dear hobbit?”

“To live my life alone once again. To be a hobbit once more and not a companion of dwarves.” Bilbo scrubbed at his face. He took a deep breath but sobbed out his next words. “I had missed you, all of you.”

“We have missed you as well.” Fili said softly, trying to calm Bilbo. He rested his head against
Bilbo’s, rubbing his shoulder comfortingly. “You never did have to leave Erebor. All had been forgiven.”

“But my home, my things-”

“Shh,” the blond carded fingers through light brown curls. Having had to handle Kili’s crying for so long it had started to develop as second nature to try and comfort as best as he could. “You are not alone. The company may have disbanded but we are all friends. And we will always be here for you, Bilbo.”

Bilbo took in a shuddering breath. The weight of being alone after he had grown used to the smiling faces of dwarves and hearing their ringing laughter, it had been crushing. He did believe he was fine, but the letters Balin had sent worried him. Then he had seen Kili’s condition in Rivendell and that worry turned into squirming snakes in his stomach as he feared for the youth. He had kept himself smiles and good will their whole travel back, but something about Fili’s words, how easily they slipped from the prince’s lips. It had cut him open and he could not contain his tears. He had been so alone. His hobbit hole was too big, and the other hobbits shunned him now, called him names and kept his belongings and he could not help but think, If one of my friends were here, this would have never happened. And now that his friends had returned, he had been proven right. They helped him, protected him, just as much as he wished to help and protect them.
Bilbo was quiet for the rest of the day. He had gone out and visited with Feldie, petting the goat and laying kisses on the animal that nudged him and tried to get the hobbit to forget the sadness that clutched at his heart. He had not known how lonely he had truly gotten until after Balin’s letters. It had driven him to the point he was willing to leave his home unguarded once again to drive himself half across Middle Earth to get to the dwarves that he had grown to know as family. He had fussed and worried the whole time, then seeing Kili in such a terrible state, Thorin in a sorts that he had never seen the stoic king in before and Fili nearly out of his mind with worry… it pushed at him. Pushed and pulled and nagged and screamed that he was not where he was supposed to be, he was supposed to be with the dwarves. They were his friends, his family, not the hobbits that now called him “cracked Baggins”, who shunned him but would politely bear his presence since he came from an old family.

“When we go back to Erebor, I’m taking you with us.” Fili said from the bench outside of Bilbo’s house. He had dusted the snow off and was smoking his pipe.

“Oh I certainly think no.” Bilbo replied as he continued to stroke Feldie.

“I’ll hire throat cutters to kidnap you if I must.” Fili waved the mouthpiece of his pipe at his friend. “I will not sit idly by and watch you waste away, Bilbo.”

Bilbo found himself smiling a little as the winter sun started to set. “Well, I dare say, that would be an impressive feat for you as there are no throat cutters in Hobbiton.”

Fili grinned. “Aye, but I do believe I could appeal to the hobbits’ good nature on trade and commerce, showing how much Erebor would love to support your kind’s way of living and politely insist to have a hobbit diplomat to be appointed to live in our great halls.” He leaned back as Bilbo’s eyes widened, his smile turning toothy as the hobbit realized what he was implying. “After all, who would be better for the task than Master Baggins, who is diverse in laws and already is accustomed to the Dwarven culture?”

“You- no, nnnoo.” Bilbo wagged his finger at the prince. “You will do no such thing. I will not be politely forced out of the community because of your golden lies.”

“Lies?” Fili put a hand to his chest. “You wound me! I would do exactly as I would promise. Hobbits have little crime but the winters can be harsh and a hobbit is the size of a wolf’s belly. A company of dwarves could keep everyone safe through the winter, and if either community falls short of food or supplies the other will aid quickly.”

“You have thought of everything.”

Blue eyes slide down as Fili looked up to the darkening sky, a low purr on his lips. It was his job to think of things, but sometimes he panicked and he fell short. If he had thought harder, saw more then he was certain that Kili would not be in such a state. He would have stopped all of this terrible business with the council before it could have even started. But all he could do now was learn from the past and make sure it did not happen again.

“Feldie.” Kili’s voice called faintly from down the road, walking along side Thorin.

The goat looked up, bumping Bilbo while she turned around. She ran down the road as fast as she could. Kili shot his hands up, dropping bolts of cloth to the ground as he shouted for her to stop.
Thorin grabbed Kili before he could be plowed into, lifting him up and jumping to the side and into the snow bank as Feldie’s hooves slipped on ice and snow. Her hooves slipped out from under her sending her in a slide on her belly to a smooth stop.

Thorin held onto Kili, hot breath on his cold ear, as they both tried to move to look over their shoulders to see what happened to Feldie. She was easily getting up, shaking her body and bleating in a happy way showing she had fun. Kili let out a sigh of relief, his hand relaxed as he realized that he had instinctively clutched onto Thorin’s arms.

“She is going to be the death of me.” Kili huffed.

Thorin held his tongue, wanted to make a quip about if Kili was being this bad with a goat then he was going to be horrible with their child. But saying such a thing would be too soon. It could open up the healing wounds and make him regress back into depression. So instead he kissed the back of Kili’s ear, bringing up a hand and wiping snow off of chocolate brown hair.

“Are you hurt?” He asked softly.

Kili sat up, looking down at Thorin and shaking his head. “No. You?”

“This old body can take more than a fall into a soft snow bank.”

Kili laughed. Actually laughed, head thrown back, shoulders shaking. “Old? By Durin’s Beard, Thorin you barely have silver in your hair! There is nothing old about you.”

“You say I groan when I slip under the covers.”

The prince’s cheeks reddened as he bit his lower lip. That was not the kind of groaning he was talking about when he said that. Whenever Kili was in bed before Thorin he had found that the king loved to watch him, relaxed and waiting for his bed partner. He would give a little sound of aroused approval as he pulled back the covers to climb on top of the younger dwarf. He would kiss Kili’s lips, hands caressing and pulling moans from the archer.

He was pulled back from his memories of heated nights with the brushing of cold knuckles against his cheek. He closed his eyes and leaned into the touch of his lover. He wanted to take hold of Thorin’s palm, to kiss it. But in his mind he had a voice telling him that he didn’t deserve this affection. It hissed and spewed poison into his heart which forced him to pull away from Thorin. He stood up and gathered his purchases from the ground as Feldie trotted up for attention. He kept his back to Thorin, not willing to see the disappointed look he knew the other bore.

Fili watched the exchange, he got to his feet, coming down to the gate. Bilbo looked to him with worried eyes. He shook his head in response. He walked down to Thorin who was dusting snow off of his raggy travel clothes.

“We should take Feldie back to the stables before it gets too dark.” He said simply.

“Aye.” Thorin agreed, he kept his head down and ushered Feldie away from Kili, taking her silently down the road.

Fili turned to his brother. He glared at him, “Get inside.”

“Fili.”

“Don’t give me any lip.” He hissed. “You need to understand he loves you and only you. You will not poison him if he touches you. And I will not hear of you sleeping outside of his bed, do you hear
Kili bowed his head, tightening his hold on his bolts of cloth. “Yes, brother.”

Fili sighed. “I am sorry… I… should not be upset with you… tomorrow will be-...” He stopped himself. They had always said that in times of strive. Tomorrow will be better, it will be all right… it was never true. Even he doubted it when it was said.

Silence pulled between them, his mind mulling over his words carefully. He needed to say the right thing. Then it came to him. He stepped up to Kili, taking hold of his brother’s face and making him look to him. He gave a soft smile.

“All allow yourself to be happy and all will be well.” He ran his hand over hair that was a little wet from snow.

Kili swallowed, his heart thumping hard. He had never heard that before… It… sounded nice. He nodded, his lips kept shut. He wanted to say something in reply but words failed him. He didn’t know what to reply. Then Fili was pulling away from him, his golden visage walking away to join with Thorin’s dark shadow that waited for him.

All will be well… He turned around, the quiet of winter hanging in the air. Bilbo smiled at him and held out a welcoming arm.

“Let’s go inside, show me what you got in the markets.” The hobbit said.

Allow yourself to be happy….

“Bilbo?” Kili asked as they stepped into the warm smial.

“Yes?”

“Will you help me make something?”
It took some time, even if Kili was good with his hands the skill of sewing was difficult to him as he figured out how to make stitches that were nearly impossible to cut away when he made a mistake. He had a hard time placing one piece to another to make out a sleeve, or shirt side. It always came out strange and mixed matched even under Bilbo’s tutelage. It was a week of being held up in Bilbo’s sewing room, only coming out for a meal, to visit Feldie, or to go to bed, and the hobbit finally had enough. This was certainly not working and he needed something that would give that damn boy something better to work on.

“You!” He shouted as he stormed over to Thorin who was reading a book by the fire while Fili whittled at some wood. The two looked at the hobbit with big eyes, unsure of the outburst of their usually calm companion.

“You will stand up this instant!!”

“Master Bagg-”

“Now!” Bilbo stomped his foot down.

The king closed his book and stood up as commanded.

“Lift up your arms. Good. Hmm…” The hobbit looked around Thorin many times before he held out his hand. “Your undershirt, give it to me.”

Thorin frowned. “No.”

“This is not a request Thorin Oakenshield, doff off your undershirt. I need it.”

“I certainly will not.”

“If I must I will have Fili rip it from your body now give it here!”

The king huffed, he pulled off his outer tunic, then his jerkin, another tunic then pulled off his undershirt. Before he could hand it over Bilbo snatched from his hand, storming back to his sewing room.

“What a strange creature.” Fili mumbled before going back to his whittling.

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Bilbo shut the door behind him, startling Kili who was trying once again to undo his stitching. He came over to Kili and slapped the shirt down onto the table.

“This is what we are going to do, and if this will not work then I will insist that you only direct me while I make the clothing myself. I want you to sew all ends but the neck closed.”

“Why?” Kili’s brown eyes were large from being startled and also curiosity. He picked up the undershirt, still warm from Thorin’s body heat. “Is this Thorin’s? Did you rip it off of his body?”

“Nearly had to get your brother involved. Now, we are going to make a dress form. Now do as I say.”

Kili did what Bilbo had told him and the followed the instructions as best as he could, once the shirt
had been sewn shut they stuffed it with batting and sewed the top closed, they fixed it onto a pole that they adjusted to about Thorin’s height. And from there Bilbo showed Kili how to pin the different pieces of cloth over the dress form to make what he needed. Then everything seemed to fall into place. This new method was exactly what Kili needed as he now could see exactly how things needed to go and how to achieve it, much to Bilbo’s relief.

That night Kili slipped into bed without hesitation. He laid closer to Thorin than he had before and was the first to fall asleep. It overjoyed the king that his consort was now within reaching distance. He didn’t have his back to him for once. And as he slept Thorin felt emboldened to tentatively reach over and ghost his fingers through hair. He stroked gently, moving forward so that they were only a few inches apart. He ran the pad of his thumb over Kili’s cheek, grazing over some stubble. He ran his hand down his lover’s jaw, appreciating the feel of it, trying to memorize it incase Kili would never allow him to touch him again. The thought made his heart ache, but he was not about to force Kili not after he nearly lost him.

He took a deep breath, it rushed over Kili’s face as he tried to keep himself from crying. The action waking the sleeping dwarf. Thorin did not notice as his eyes trailed the path of his fingers that continued to give the lightest of touches to Kili’s round ear.

“I miss you.” He said softly, voice longing. “I miss your smile, your carefree laugh.” He pushed his thumb over a lock of hair rubbing it to feel the silken texture.

“I miss… the sunlight on your cheeks as you boasted over how you cowed those council fools to follow your orders… They never gave you the respect that you deserve and I never told you how proud of you I am when you stood up to them, making them challenge you because you knew they would bend like faulty iron work to your will.” He slid his hand down, rubbing over Kili’s shoulder blade. “You are so much stronger than I… I miss feeling you beside him, knowing you would keep me standing no matter war I had to wage.”

Thorin swallowed. He leaned forward, pressing his face into the crook of Kili’s neck, his hand pressing the archer to him as he took in a shuddering breath. It felt almost sinful to have such a simple hug, to have the other limp against him, unknowing. But he was a greedy dwarf and he had to keep hold or his heart was sure to fail him.

“I will see you happy again.” He whispered. He moved back enough to rest his cheek against Kili’s, his heart hurting with every beat as he said, “Even if it will be without me.”

It took him a while to chase the screams in his head away. The screams that said that he didn’t deserve this, that he would only hurt Thorin more, the king’s love was too good for him. He pushed them away, reciting Fili’s words to him, “Allow yourself to be happy and all will be well.” He said it over and over again in his head until the screams stopped and there was nothing but blessed silence.

He felt Thorin pulling away from him, whispering for him to have good dreams. His king rolled over, presenting his back to Kili, moving away so that there was space between them. The archer opened his eyes, seeing how Thorin’s shoulders hunched as he tried to hold himself while willing himself to sleep. He reached up, touching Thorin’s bare back. He never did like sleeping with a shirt on, unlike Kili who had once delighted in stealing one of Thorin’s shirts to slumber in.

He felt Thorin’s muscles tighten.

Allow yourself to be happy…

“... I miss you too.” Kili said quietly as if scared that his voice would push Thorin farther away from him.
When Thorin didn’t say anything he moved forward, sliding an arm over the king’s ribs, legs tucking up behind his. He hugged him tight.

Thorin’s breath came shuddered and his voice was wracked with grief. “I love you, Kili.” He grabbed at Kili’s hand with one hand, the other covering his shamefully crying eyes. “I love you.”

The words stuck in Kili’s throat as he just hugged Thorin tighter.
Let it not be said that Bilbo Baggins was not accommodating. He was a gracious host that allowed much to happen in his time in Bag End but even he had his limits as to how much he could bear. Currently it was the third day of the sounds of sawing that filled his home followed by the confounded pounding of hammers. Screams of dwarves as they clanked with pipes and lord knows what else their idle hands found to tinker with.

“Try it again!” Fili shouted.

Thorin pulled on the pump, pulling water up out of the well and into the pipes only to have the cold water spray all over the blond who shouted for him to stop. The two crouched on his kitchen floor trying to fix in a dwarven faucet and plumbing so that the hobbit could have free running water in his kitchen and not have to run to the well to fetch it. So far it was resulting in a lot of dug up dirt under his home to connect the pipes into the well, water everywhere and two dwarves that were shivering to their bones but too stubborn to stop.

And if it wasn’t the kitchen they were working on it was the stable they were making for Feldie out in the garden that was half finished as they waited for more lumber to be delivered.

“Let me give it a try.” Thorin rolled onto his back, in the muddied water moving his nephew to the side.

“It keeps leaking, I think we need to fix the pipe.” Fili pointed to what he thought the problem was. “Watch this spot, I’ll give it a pump.”

He got up and grabbed the handle of the pump, clothing so soaked his trousers were trying to pull down from his waist and Bilbo was certain that if it wasn’t for his belt Fili would be walking around bare butted and still trying to get the plumbing right. He heaved a sigh and went to his sewing room, he had left Kili in peace once they had made the dress form. He might as well check up on his progress just so he would not be tempted to pull his hair out in frustration over Fili and Thorin, who seemed to not be able to handle the very idea of rest and relaxation.

He started to open the door only to have Kili rush forward and slam the door shut.

“No! No one comes in!”

“Kili! What on earth?!”

“I’m sorry Bilbo, but no one is allowed in until I’m finished!”

“But- I- That is my sewing room!”

“I appreciate your understanding.” He heard something heavy being moved in front of the door blocking it.

Bilbo growled and retreated to the front room where he grabbed a book. He scowled and flopped down in his chair. He gritted his teeth and pulled out a hard lump that dug into his bottom finding it to be one of Fili’s carvings. By the gods, if he didn’t love the dwarves so much he would hate them.

“It’s flooding, It’s flooding!!” Fili yelled suddenly.

Bilbo rubbed at his brow. Today he was certain he just hated them.
Kili scrubbed at Fili’s back late at night when Fili and Thorin finished their project in the kitchen, the soap doing little to cut through the dirt. He added more soap to the cloth he was using and tried again to get the grime off of his brother.

“The pipe was broken.” Fili was in the middle of explaining why he was so dirty. “So I had to take it down to the forge to get it fixed, while I was there I decided to do a few other repairs to some of the things the smithy could not get to. I also make some replacement pipes just in case something else broke. And the coal that the hobbits use is different from what we use, it got soot everywhere. We’ll need to order some from the Blue Mountains because that is just unacceptable. No wonder their iron works don’t last here.”

“I’m only glad that Bilbo’s okay. I thought for certain he was going to have a heart attack seeing the finished product.” Kili mumbled as he moved the cloth to his brother’s shoulders.

“I think he was certain that we had ruined his home completely.” Fili mused. “Who knew that Thorin could clean that well.”

Kili smiled. “I certainly didn’t think he could. He never cleaned up like that in the Blue Mountains.”

“It’s probably because Bilbo was about to cry.”

Kili laughed. “We have been giving him a hard time. There, all clean. Even your disgusting hair.”

Fili snorted. “You’re so loving.”

“I am. Now get rinsed and leave, I still need to scrub down Thorin, who somehow ended up more dirty than you and he wasn’t even at the forge.”

“Throwing me out into the cold, baby brother? Has mother taught you nothing of kindness?” Fili teased before dunking himself into the tub of soapy water and rinsing himself off.

“She taught me plenty, now get the hell out.” Kili threw a towel at Fili and smiled. A glimmer of his old self showing.

Fili grabbed the towel and wrapped it around himself, smiling as he left the bathroom. He went to his room finding package on his bed. He frowned as he picked it up. That was not there earlier… He carefully unwrapped it, finding some clothing inside, made out of different materials that he had seen Kili squirrelling into the sewing room one day. It was an interesting outfit, a mixture between hobbit and dwarven styles, the shirt short enough to tuck into the simple trousers that were not baggy as he was used to but like hobbit trousers with longer legs. The jerkin was more like Bilbo’s waist coat but longer so it could hug at his hips, the colors matching his browns and tans, and another one that was of rich reds and golds that showed his status as Erebor royalty. with his insignia embroidered over the breast and pockets. He ran his fingers over the hem, looking at them. It was amazing how professional it looked. Kili had really outdone himself.

He eagerly dried his hair, he couldn’t wait to try them on.

“I can wash myself.” Thorin said lightly, slipping his dirty clothing off while Kili filled the tub with clean water.

His consort’s movements stiffened but he continued on with what he was doing.
“Kili. I don’t want you to feel forced to do anything you do not want. It is enough for me to have hold you at night.” And it was true, the past few nights of being able to just hold Kili close was a blessing to him.

“I want this.” Kili finished filling the tub halfway. He stood up and turned around. “I want you to undress me.”

Thorin hesitated.

“I want to bathe with you.” Kili finally said softly. He took a step towards his lover, his hands coming up, fingertips running over the cold feel of Thorin’s chest chair from having wet clothing on in the winter. He brushed a finger over Thorin’s nipple, biting his lip as he watched the king shudder from his touch. “Only… only touching.”

Thorin reached up, slowly pulling off Kili’s tunic. He didn’t want to damage Kili after everything. He wanted to make sure to take things slow so there was no way Kili could regress back into depression.

He slowly undressed Kili, letting his fingers slip over skin and toned muscles. He swallowed down his desire to lean forward and kiss at neck and lips, to run his tongue over collarbone and shoulder. His started to untie his consort’s trousers when Kili took hold of his wrist. He expected him to pull his hand away but instead Kili pressed his palm onto the archer’s growing hardness.

“Kili-” His hair was grabbed and he was yanked forward. Mouth being claimed by lips he had not felt in a while. He couldn’t help the moan that escaped his throat when that tongue flicked into his mouth in a teasing swipe.

Kili pulled back, panting softly. “Only touching.”

Thorin nodded, his hand slipping into Kili’s trousers. “Only touching.” He repeated.

He pushed down the archer’s trousers, letting the other step out of them before he ran his hands over hips. His fingers wrapped around cock in the same motion one would hold and arrow, knuckles brushing against the other’s stomach as he pulled his fingers up to the tip, his thumb pressing down on the slit. Warm arms wrapped around his shoulders. His head was pressed down into the crook of Kili’s neck as he whimpered out Thorin’s name. He tried to keep his lips to himself, to only touch but soon he was kissing. Tongue lapping over a racing pulse as he continued to tease his lover’s cock.

Kili’s nails dug into the skin of his back as he bucked into Thorin’s hand. He had forgotten how good it felt. How much just Thorin’s scent made his heart flutter, how his lips made his skin alite with such a pleasant burning sensation. Oh gods, it felt so good.

“Is this okay?” Thorin asked between kisses, breath hot as he tunneled his fingers around Kili’s cock, his other hand grabbing a pert ass cheek.

He nodded greedily, “U-uh huh.”

It was so much like their first time together. Unsure what the other wanted, what the other would allow. Unsurety fueling the headlong plunge of rampaging passion.

A finger brushed over his entrance and he had enough. He shoved at Thorin, bringing him to the wall. His mouth hungerly kissing his lover’s. He bit at Thorin’s lip, as he growled in challenge only to have the other growl right back. He grabbed Kili’s legs and lifted the dwarf up, his thick cock brushing along the crease of Kili’s backend as the archer’s own girth rubbed against his belly.
Their tongues fought for dominance as Thorin laid Kili down onto the cold tiled floor. Both lost in the throes of passion as they rutted against each other. Hands going to nipples, pulling and teasing, mouths questing over skin to find the forgotten spots that pulled gasps and groans from lips.

Kili bit at Thorin’s ear lobe, “I want you in me. I need you in me.”

Thorin shot his head up looking around the room looking for oil. His cock hung heavy and was leaking pre-come. It hurt so badly with the need for release and he wanted nothing more than to plunge into his nephew’s body and feel that completion once more.

A hand slapped on his shoulder gaining his attention. Kili pointed to a shelf in the corner that had many things on it. Thorin got up and went over, looking at the different things before finding a pot of massage oil that he hurriedly brought back with him. He looked down at Kili’s sprawled form, legs spread wide, hands roaming over his chest and down to his cock. He groaned, slipping to his knees which made his lover smile that beautiful smile of his.

“Haven’t heard that in a while.” Kili said rather reverently. He reached out a hand, slipping it behind Thorin’s head as his lover settled between his legs. “I’ve missed it.”

“I have missed that smile of yours.” Thorin leaned in, rubbing their noses together in a slow motion.

“I love you.”

Thorin paused. He didn’t know if he should choke or shout for joy. Instead he whispered it back. “I love you too.”

Kili pressed a kiss to Thorin’s lips, soft and chaste. It slowly grew, tongues coming out to play. As they kissed Thorin opened the pot of oil, slipping his fingers inside. He took a good portion of the oil, dribbling it on the floor and over Kili’s stomach. He reached between their bodies, fingers slicking over the puckered entrance of his lover. Kili pulled on him, humming into their kiss with encouragement. He slipped one finger in, taking his time to feel the warm cavern before slowly introducing a second. Kili pulled his mouth away from Thorin, gasping as he tried to relax. It had been much too long and he was not used to accommodating such things in his intimate area. But as usual, his king was a patient lover. Even if it took an hour he would make sure that Kili was comfortable and ready. He got a third finger into Kili, pumping slowly making the younger dwarf keen and beg for more. His chest raising with panting breaths, face and chest red with desire.

“Thorin, please. I-I ca-can’t-aah~”

The pulled his fingers free, wipe them on some discarded clothing. Kili grabbed the pot of oil, he dumped a bunch on his hand. He reached between him, grabbing Thorin’s cock, palming him with familiarity. He ran his thumb over the thick vein over the underside. The king groaned, bucking into Kili’s grip.

“K-Kili.”

Kili pushed himself onto his elbow, tugging at Thorin’s cock. He leaned up, his lips brushing against his lover’s. “I love you.”

He kissed Thorin’s lips, holding Thorin’s cock in alignment. Slowly the king pushed into him, the thick head popped in, slowly pushing farther in as he was filled inch by inch. He shuddered, a breath of relief releasing as that feeling of being complete caressed his heart. He had forgotten his feeling, he had shamefully cast it from his memory, but now it was back and he never wanted it to leave. Thorin kissed him, hands lovingly touching.
The king pulled out slowly, delving back in, his body knowing exactly where to angle his thrusts to brush against Kili’s prostate. He moved slowly, gradually gaining in speed until he gets to the point that he could not go any faster nor any harder. Sweat beaded down his brow, running down his back as Kili shouted in pleasure, kicking a leg out in pleasure. Words failing him as he clawed at Thorin’s back with one hand the other grabbed his neglected cock and jerked it in time. Soon he was coming hard, his seed splashing against their chests in milky ropes. Thorin kept bucking around the tightness, grabbing Kili’s hips and leaning back. He pulled Kili down onto each thrust prolonging his lover’s orgasm until finally he tipped over the edge himself, shouting out his much needed climax.

He collapsed onto Kili, trying to catch his breath. Kili kissed his face softly, brushing hair away from his brow and cheek.

They laid on the floor, entwined together until their bodies stopped shaking and their breathing returned to normal. They drew another bath since the water was now cold, all the while they smiled to each other, touching and caressing, knowing now that no matter what, they could endure anything as long as they were together.
The End

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the somewhat rushed ending but I could not think of much more to do with this story.

Thank you to everyone who has read this!!

Fili had learned quickly when to grab Bilbo and head outside for a walk when Kili and Thorin needed time by themselves. After the first night in the bathroom it was easy enough to hear the the small moan of Kili’s as the smial was not as insulated as the halls back in Erebor. He would simply take Bilbo out and they would enjoy a nice walk, talking about whatever they fancied. He found out that Kili had made some clothing for Bilbo as well as to the many outfits he had created for Thorin. Bilbo’s in bright, simple, hobbit colors, some red, some green, while Thorin’s were of rich royal colors, blues, purples, and reds with golds and silvers. When Thorin first got his, he had almost tackled Kili. Scooping up his consort and carrying him into their bedroom which left Fili and Bilbo to make a hasty retreat.

He finished Feldie’s barn along with Thorin while Bilbo and Kili spent the days in the markets or walking Feldie around. Soon they were all comfortable as a heavy winter set in, the days growing shorter as they settled.

Kili was quickly becoming his old self, smiling more, laughing freely, giving jokes and playfully harassing any that would pull on his teasing as well. He was still changed, mellowed a bit in personality. He listened intently, took his time to think things over before he took action. He did not want to let his temper take over, blind him to the situation. After all that had happened, he found himself even stronger and it made Fili so proud to call him brother.

It was late one night, the winter solstice having come and gone, that found them in the living room by the fire. Fili was wearing his red and gold outfit that Kili had made him, pipe in hand as Kili sat on the floor. He flipped through a book as Thorin braided his hair with a complicated braid that was that only royal consorts were allowed to bear. It had been removed by Kili when everything started to go downhill, now it was only right that he had it back in. Bilbo was closest to the fire, reading out loud. There was the ring of the hobbits front door. They all shared a look of bewilderment, wondering who could be visiting at such an hour. Bilbo placed a mark in his book, he placed it down on his chair, mumbling question of who it could possibly be. The dwarves got up and followed, curious but cautious; one could never know what a late night visitor would do.

When Bilbo opened the door he nearly slammed the door in denial of what he saw. It was a tall elf, wrapped in a cloak. He dipped down in a bow at the waist.

“Master Baggins.” He said softly in a silken voice. “I had been informed by Master Bofur and Master Oin that I would find you here with some very important guests.”

“I.. uh… come in.” Bilbo stepped to the side letting the elf stride in. His shoulders and head were hunched over as he came inside. He gave a respectful bow to Thorin, Fili and Kili.

“What brings an elf here?” Thorin asked, eyeing the stranger.
“You mentioned that Bofur and Oin sent you, why did they not come themselves?” Bilbo asked.

“A complicated situation had occurred.” He said respectfully. “I will explain but first, I must deliver a most important package.”

He knelt down in front of the dwarves, pulling back his cloak he revealed a little bundle he had clutched to his chest. It didn’t move or make a sound. Thorin grabbed a hold of Kili’s shoulder, his lover reaching up and placing a hand over his.

“I am sorry that I did not come sooner.” The elf said as he slowly unwrapped the bundle Thorin knew to be his child, but denied it as it was as silent as stone’s breath. A tuft of blond hair came into view, bright and golden like Fili’s. The moved the baby which made it finally make a sound, Thorin let out a choked sound. He gasped in several breaths, blinking rapidly as relief washed over him, the baby had only been asleep.

“I do believe the child would have been delighted to see you in the day.” The elf said placing the baby into Thorin’s arms. “He had fallen asleep only an hour ago.”

The little prince didn’t seem to mind the movement, only rolling into Thorin’s arms and pressing his face into a warm chest. The king took a step back, eyes on his child, cheeks rosy, hair sparsely patched on his head. Kili and Fili stepped up to him, eyes on the new addition to their family. Fili touched cheek with a finger, the baby making a little sound and rubbing a fist over his face before stuffing the fist into his mouth.

“Golden hair… how?”

“You’re uncle Frerin had golden hair.” Thorin said softly. “And my great grandmother had golden hair.”

“I didn’t know that.” Fili smiled softly, he had thought he gotten his hair color from his father, not from his mother’s side of the family.

“Come, Kili. I wish for you to hold our son.” Thorin walked into the front room, his nephews following. He nodded to the most comfortable chair, the one Bilbo had been in. Fili removed the book and had Kili sit down. The brunet was stiff from shock, a little afraid of this new creature.

Thorin gently moved the baby into Kili’s arms, he shifted the archer’s arms so that he cradled the baby just right. He knelt down beside his beloved, taking in the sight of his family. This was his family, what he had always wanted, what he had almost sacrificed. But seeing Kili sitting there, holding their baby, it was something he never wanted to forget. He stroked a hand over the baby’s head, his large palm easily cupping the tiny cranium.

“I want you to name him.”

Kili whipped his attention from the baby to Thorin. “What? No. I- He came from your seed, you should have that honor.”

“And you are my most loved.” Thorin kissed Kili’s mouth. “I want you to name him.”

“But… I’m terrible at naming…”

“Then take your time, dearest.” He kissed Kili once more as he got up. “I must thank the elf from bringing him.”

“Y-yes.” Kili said softly, turning his attention to the baby. As he moved the baby gently, looking at
his fingers and toes, counting each one. He ran his thumb over the pad of the baby’s foot causing the
other foot to kick. Big eyes opened sleepily, slowly blinking and looking around. They were dark
brown, like his own… He smiled and leaned forward, chocolate brown hair slipping over his
shoulders. “Hello little one.” He said in a whisper. “I… I’m your Da.”

The baby made a little grunting sound, stuffing a fist into his mouth once more. Little fingers reached
up and grabbed hold of some of Kili’s hair. He smiled a little brighter, placing a kiss to the crown of
his son’s head.

Thorin found that Bilbo had moved the elf to the kitchen table where he sat looking much like a giant
even as poised as he was. The hobbit was filling the table with plates of biscuits and scones, pots of
jams and honey while tea steeped. The elf was buttering a scone, looking a bit tired from his travels
and in much need of food and sleep.

“What you did is very much appreciated,” Bilbo said as he put down some cooked chicken and a jar
of pickled vegetables.

The elf only nodded his head in reply.

“I mean it. You did not have to bring the baby all the way here, you could have sent just a
message… I… What I am saying is that these dwarves are my family and I want to thank you for
your kindness. Goodness, look at me, thanking the stars for your kindness but I haven’t even asked
your name.”

“Haldir.”

“Well, thank you, Haldir.”

“I thank you as well.” Thorin came into the kitchen fully. He pulled up a seat across from the elf as
Bilbo went about setting out cups for the tea. “I am in your debt.”

“I do believe that you are not the one in my debt.” The elf’s voice was light as he put down his scone
and a smile ghosted over his stoic face. “I would have done it without prompting but your scholar,
Bofur, made a very intriguing deal with me before I could say anything.”

“Bofur did?” Bilbo swatted at Thorin’s shoulder. “When did he become a scholar?”

“He’s a royal scribe apprentice, studying under Ori and I’ll explain that to you later.” Thorin brushed
the hobbit’s prodding question to the side. “What did Bofur promise you?”

“To have vest of mythril for made for one I wish to court.”

“That is… a lot to promise, but you shall have it.” Thorin nodded. “Now, tell me, why have only
you come? Where is Bofur and Oin?”

“They had to return to Erebor. Your lady consort-”

“Della. She is not a consort nor a concubine.” Thorin said sternly.

Haldir nodded in recognition. “Della, a month after she had birthed your son in Rivendell she had
found out from one of the servants that both princes had lived the attack that had been laid upon
them. She was furious and had been caught trying to smother the babe. My Lord Elrond had her
detained. We had found out many things from her that connected the council to devious acts upon
the dwarven people, of pocketing tax money that was meant to help the poor as well was making
deals with unsavory merchants for contraband as well as the attack on Prince Fili and Royal Consort
Thorin pressed a hand to his mouth. He had almost lost his son before he had even gotten to meet him?

Bilbo’s comforting hand rubbed across his shoulders. “Well… thank the gods that she was caught. Attacking a baby, one that you birthed no less! What a ghastly beast of a creature.”

Haldir smiled fully this time. “A good choice of words to describe such a being, Master Baggins.”

The years passed, the council had been publicly executed along with Della. They had been replaced with former members of the Company of Thorin Oakenshield who made sure that the kingdom was ran the proper way. Trade with the elves had opened with Haldir appointed the main diplomat that would travel to Erebor, usually accompanied by Elladan. When they would arrive a feast would be laid out, with much merriment to follow.

Kili became more of a mother than a father, worrying constantly over his son that he had named Thror. The boy was relentless in his adventuring, only two things could stop him from running amuk and Fili was usually busy especially after he met a pretty lady that he liked to kiss a lot. Thror would make a disgusted face when the two kissed in front of him, and the other thing that kept him in check was Feldie. The goat growing to the size of a large pony, shaggy and beautiful. She would keep an eye on Thror, who get himself into trouble.

Eventually he got a cousin that was named Frerin, eyes a bright green and hair chocolate brown. Thror instantly loved him, and would lean over the crib to play with the baby’s face. He had been caught several times picking up his little cousin and running around the room making Dwalin bark in laughter saying he looked a lot like a cat. It had turned Bilbo’s hair a little gray around the temples as he was the one who usually baby sat.

Frerin had just started to learn how to walk when Bilbo had received word that he was now the legal guardian to one of his cousins. Fili, his wife, Kili, Thorin, and their children accompanied Bilbo back to the shire, in need of a peaceful summer vacation. Dwalin and Bifur had come as well, making sure the royal family was well protected as they had two children and one pregnant dwarf. Thror rode on Feldie’s back because she was the only one she could not force to bolt, she also did not put up with any of his antics, knocking him on the head with her horns if he did something mean or stupid. She was a better baby sitter than Bilbo and the hobbit was not ashamed to admit it.

When they came to the shire they went to Bag End that was now used as a summer home to any of the old company who needed some time away from Erebor.

“This is beautiful.” Fili’s wife said looking at the rolling green hills. She handed Frerin to her husband who then passed the toddler to Bifur.

“Beautiful and absurdly dull, dearest.” Fili helped the dark haired woman down. He ran a hand over her swollen stomach feeling the familiar bubble of a kick.

“Then it would be a perfect place to retire to then.” She groaned as she put her hands onto her back. “Though with that sort of travel distance you would want to do it a few years before you’re too old to travel.”
Fili pressed a kiss to her lips, smiling when he heard Thror’s familiar gagging sound. He turned to the boy. “Your Da and Father kiss all the time, you do not make that sound with them.”

“That’s because they’re not gross.” Thror said in defence.

“Then turn away, because I am about to continue to be gross.” Fili teased before grabbing his wife and kissing her again causing her to laugh.

“Will you two stop?” Kili rolled his eyes as he untied some of their things from a pony. “We have a lot of unpacking to do while Bilbo picks up Frodo.”

“You’re only jealous, brother.” Fili let his wife go, her hand grabbing Thror’s as they went inside of Bag End to open up all the windows to help air it out.

“Jealous over what?” Kili smirked. “I have Thorin, I have Thror and you, all of our friends are well. I’m the richest dwarf upon this earth. It is I that you should be jealous of.”

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