Don't make Assumptions
by Forianna

Summary

In the modern!AU Thorin decides to eavesdrop on his college going nephew, Fili, while he has a private lesson with his tutor, Bilbo, in the Durin family kitchen.

Notes

Woooo, rated teen. I'm goin' crazy with the smut you guys //sarcasm// Anyway, it's short, and I hope you enjoy it. Much love all~

See the end of the work for more notes.

“Professor Baggins, that seems like an awful lot.”

Thorin froze in place outside the kitchen door. Bilbo Baggins, writer extraordinaire, professor, and tutor to his eldest nephew Fili was in their home. And that lilting, slightly seductive voice belonged to his oldest nephew Fili.

The pair, innocent as they seemed, were spending increasing amounts of time together. His nephew seemed a little more than interested in his college professor. The head of the Durin family and fabrication company had caught the blonde’s holding hands and stealing glances that Thorin recognized all too well; the look of what could be.

The wide sliding door that separated the den from the kitchen remained closed as the metal worker edged closer to eavesdrop.
“Trust me, Fili”, Bilbo replied with a sigh, and Throin could hear the characteristic squeak of a drawer being pushed closed. “It’ll all fit.”

The contractor’s eyes widened a fraction and he could feel his heart jump into his throat. The tone, the deep, rolling chuckle that followed from his nephew, it all seemed a little familiar. Familiar in a way he and his lover, Dwalin, would be. Thorin went tense as he heard more rustling from behind the door, and a little gasp from the author.

“Careful now,” Fili’s deep voice, thick and sweet like honey dripping down cello chords, rumbled out. “Don’t hurt yourself.” His nephew was teasing the older man. The shifting sounds behind the door intensified, and there was another airy sigh from the professor.

“I forgot how much effort this took.” Bilbo’s voice cracked. There was a slow rhythm starting up, something distinctly...wet...slapping...

“Let me,” came the husky reply from Fili. There was a slightly scandalized gasp from the tutor and a grunt from his nephew. “This is supposed to be my lesson after all.” The rhythm increased. The sounds of their “efforts” were poorly muffled in Thorin’s opinion, little grunts and sighs and that oddly wet slapping. After busting this little quickie in his kitchen he’d have to have a long chat with his nephew about what he could do in Thorin’s home, not to mention where. From the sounds of it there was far too much lubricant involved, and that wasn’t to mention they ate off the counters.

It wasn’t long before the contractor could hear his nephew say, “At this rate we’ll both make a mess.” There was that teasing tone, thick with desire that had Thorin’s cheeks burning. “Don’t suppose it’d be bad manners if I licked everything clean?” The gasp that quickly turned into a breathy giggle that came from tutor had Thorin’s vivid imagination acting up. Suddenly he could perfectly envision the curly topped brass blonde being bent over his kitchen counter, cheeks flushed, eyes hazy...

With his own imagination running wild and a fine sheen of sweat breaking across his forehead, Thorin had had enough. Damn it all and whatever he was about to see, this had to stop, if only for his own sanity. Without another moment of hesitation he puffed up his chest, slipped his fingers into the handle, and pulled the door with one mighty yank.

“The hell do you think you’re doing in my kitchen?!” Thorin growled out, keeping his eyes shut a fraction of a second longer than he intended. When he opened them he was greeted with the shocked gaze of Fili and Bilbo, though to the contractor’s embarrassment their situation was less than compromising.

Fully clothed, dusted with flour, and with twin blushes, the would be secret lover's eyes met Thorin's. The most intimate part of it all was Fili standing behind the author with his arms circling the smaller man's waist, his hands over Bilbo’s, and in those smaller hands was a whisk. The kitchen tool was dipped into a particularly glossy mixture in a stainless steel bowl. it seemed as though some of the mixture had sloshed up over the side, and even onto his nephews hands.

“B-Baking a cake, uncle.” Came the reply from Fili. Bilbo seemed to be blushing to the tips of his ears and had his lips sealed shut. “Mr. Baggins was teaching me how. I was going to surprise Kili with one for his birthday.” Silence followed and swelled uncomfortably in the room. The contractor realized his flub and could feel his own face burning with sudden embarrassment.

As Thorin turned and stomped away, slamming the kitchen door shut behind him, he could hear his nephew’s sudden burst of laughter echoing after him.
End Notes

Not whatcha thought it was gonna be, huh? ;D

Kudos and comments are appreciated <3

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