

Let Me Show You I Love You

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Let Me Show You I Love You

by [Bubbles759](#)

Summary

Bilbo was all ready to surprise Thorin, but...

Thorin got in first.

Notes

So, I kind of fell off the face of the Earth for a while, with assessments right up until days before my end of semester exams but here I am.

And I am a horrible internet friend because I completely forgot the dates and the wonderful Mistakenmagic had surgery back in May and I completely missed it, and my follow up 'How are you feeling' questions. And I was asked to do some Bilbo/Thorin interactions so here it is. I hope you enjoy honey, glad to know you are feeling better :D

This happens the same time Fili is moving into the apartment across from Kili.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Bilbo Baggins stomped through the front door of his house, satchel swinging precariously at his side, almost taking out the ‘wedding’ photo of he and his husband sitting on the small table in the entryway. He slammed the door shut and shook his head, auburn curls spraying rain water as he roughly took off the satchel and his light coat. He did take the time to hang them on the hook, his mother’s voice in his head at always having a tidy house, before he stormed further into the house in search of his wayward partner.

Bilbo had finished early at the restaurant, a surprise for Thorin, and caught the tube to Westminster station. He used his smaller size to his advantage, navigating through the masses of people in the station, and then up onto the street. He took a second to enjoy the feel of the sun on his face before he hurried on his way, down the street and over Westminster Bridge. The early August day was beautiful; a summer blue sky, a few white, fluffy clouds, and only the gentlest of breezes. However, it also meant school holidays, and a veritable throng of people on the riverside; mothers with prams and screaming toddlers, teenagers stretched out in groups across the walkway not watching where they were going, and hordes of tourists, all trying to get those typical photos of London’s famous landmarks.

It could be worse, Bilbo thought to himself as he side stepped a tourist who stopped unexpectedly right in front of him then around a crowd who had gathered to listen to a young guy with a guitar and a pretty decent voice. *It could be Oxford St.* Thorin’s office had previously been in a beautiful old building just off Regent St, meaning the closest tube station was Oxford Circus, and no sane Londoner liked to go anywhere near Oxford Circus on a good day, let alone summer school holidays. It was much better that Thorin had had the office moved to a newer building near the Southbank, even with the crowds. He passed the incredibly long line of people waiting to ride the Eye, cutting through the Jubilee Gardens to the street behind. It was less crowded here and Bilbo made excellent time to the building that housed Thorin’s office.

Smiling at the woman sat behind the large reception desk, Bilbo made his way to the elevator and pressed the button labelled **Erebor Inc.** Humming softly to himself as the elevator rose to the top floor, Bilbo went over his plans in his mind again. He was almost bouncing with excitement when the doors silently slid open and he stepped into the hallway, practically bouncing down to Erebor’s offices.

The bounce faded rather rapidly when Thorin’s secretary looked at him with wide, somewhat horrified eyes.

“Sarah,” Bilbo tried to remain upbeat as he smiled tightly at the young red haired woman who looked like a deer in the headlights. “How are you? Thorin’s not busy is he? I’ll just pop into his office quickly.”

He turned on his heel but was stopped by the squeak Sarah let out behind him.

“I... I’m sorry Mr Baggins,” she managed to get out, “but Mr Oakenshield is not in there.”

Bilbo bit his tongue rather harshly and spun back around to face the poor woman who looked as if she wanted to be anywhere but there. “And where might he be?”

She swallowed harshly. “I... I don’t exactly know. He came in this morning, worked for a few hours, then left, telling me that he was not to be disturbed for the rest of the day. He... he just left, didn’t say where he was going.”

Bilbo took a deep, not quite calming breath. “Did he take any work with him?”

Sarah shook her head quickly, red curls escaping her neat braid as she did. Bilbo took pity on the girl, who was looking much more flustered than her usual put togetherness. Taking another deep breath and letting it out in a rush Bilbo stepped back to the desk and Sarah slowly sank down into her chair.

“I’m sorry Sarah, it’s not your fault my partner is an idiot.” He felt better when she smiled a little at that. “Why don’t you go and reapply that lipstick you’ve chewed off, make sure it’s not on your teeth, and fix your hair. I’ll wait here and mind the desk.”

“Thank you Mr Baggins,” she sighed and was off in a flash, a small bag in her hands that she was fished out of a drawer in her desk.

With a huff of his own Bilbo pulled out his phone, glaring at the sleek screen of this new *iPhone* thing Thorin had bought him for a birthday present, telling him ‘*it’s the phone of the future Bilbo. Soon everyone will have one*’. Bilbo had no idea how to use it past touching the screen to make calls. He didn’t need to take photos (he had an actual camera for that, even if he wasn’t very good and didn’t use it often), or listen to music (he preferred books), so really, the money Thorin had spent on it had been a waste. He scrolled through his contacts until he found the number for the restaurant, telling the young front of house staff member what he needed and thanking them profusely. Then he called Fíli.

“Fíli lad, do you know where your uncle is?” he asked without waiting for his nephew to even say ‘hello’. He could hear him panting slightly and berated himself. Fíli was moving into his new apartment today and didn’t that bring back some horrible memories. But, this time he was moving out on his own wishes and with the help and knowledge of his friends and family.

“*Bilbo?*” Fíli’s voice was full of question. “*It’s a Friday. I assume he’s at work. And aren’t you supposed to be at work too?*”

“I was planning on surprising him today, but he’s not here.”

Fíli laughed in his ear. “*Did you terrify his secretary?*”

He sighed and rubbed a hand over his face. “Terrify isn’t the word I would use, but-”

“*Oh, poor Sarah.*”

“It wasn’t that bad.” Bilbo rolled his eyes at Fíli’s disbelieving snort, and the sound of a car door thumping closed. “She’s in the bathroom fixing her hair and lipstick. And I called the

restaurant and they're going to deliver something sweet for her."

"Good," Fili was panting more noticeably this time. *"I haven't seen or heard from Thorin, but I've got to go. I need both my hands to haul the last of this stuff up the stairs. If I hear from Thorin I'll tell him to call you."*

"Good boy. I'll bring some food over to you later in the week."

"Apple crumble?" Fili's voice was full of hope.

"Of course. I'll let you go."

"If I hear from him I'll tell him you're looking. Bye Bilbo."

"Bye Fili," Bilbo said before he swiped his finger across the smooth glass, ending the call. He let out another sigh as Sarah came back from the bathroom, looking better than she had when she left and Bilbo turned to her.

"I am sorry, for the way I acted before," he started to apologise, but the woman waved it away.

"It's fine Bilbo, don't worry about it. You have nothing on that glower Thorin has."

They both laughed as she sat down and Bilbo nodded his head. "Be that as it may, I still have to apologise. And there's something coming for you later too."

Sarah's eyes lit up even as she admonished him. Sweets were a weakness of hers and Bilbo knew it.

"Ok. I'll be off. If you hear from Thorin--"

"I'll let him know you're looking for him."

"Thank you. Have a nice weekend Sarah." Bilbo waved over his shoulder as he walked out of the offices and back to the elevator, tapping his foot impatiently as he waited for it to rise to his level. *Where on Earth would Thorin be on a Friday morning?*

"Thorin Oakenshield!" Bilbo yelled as he stood at the bottom of the stairs. Thorin's car was in the drive so he had to be in the house. Somewhere. He wasn't in the kitchen, or anywhere downstairs, he had looked, so he had to be upstairs.

When no answer was forthcoming, Bilbo let out a huff of breath and climbed the stairs, grumbling under his breath. He stopped when he opened the door to their bedroom. Thorin was standing in the middle of the room, a few pairs of Bilbo's boxer briefs in his hand, 2 open suitcases, clothes haphazardly tossed in, on the bed. He looked like a deer in the headlights, eyes wide and mouth open in shock. He threw the underwear into one of the cases and stepped towards Bilbo.

“Bi... wha... what are you doing home? Aren’t you supposed to be at the restaurant?”

The younger man crossed his arms over his chest looking from Thorin to the suitcases and back. “Aren’t you supposed to be in the office?”

Thorin chewed on his bottom lip and ran a hand through his newly short hair, eyes on the carpet beneath his feet.

“I... I wanted to surprise you.”

Bilbo loosened his stance and dropped his arms. “Surprise me?”

“For... for our anniversary.” Suddenly Thorin stepped back and smiled. “Actually, I still can. Pack some clothes. You’ll need clothes for hot weather.”

“Thorin, what?”

His partner smiled at him, wide and happy. Then he gently kissed him. “Pack some clothes. Enough for 5 nights.” He checked his watch. “Car will be here in an hour.”

Realising he wouldn’t be getting any answers; Bilbo shook his head and started packing, folding both his and Thorin’s clothes and neatly packing them in the suitcases. He packed a few more things for both of them as Thorin came out of the ensuite with their toiletry bags packed. Once Bilbo was certain he had packed what he thought they would need, he let Thorin take the bags, and followed him downstairs after a quick sweep around the room to double check everything..

Thorin was sending a message to someone, their passports on the table in front of him, and looked up with another gorgeous smile on his face. Bilbo promptly sat in his lap, and wrapped his arms around him before he kissed him, softly, gently, running a hand through the short strands of hair. “So, where are we going?”

Thorin chuckled, his warm breath ghosting across Bilbo’s slick lips. “Surprise.”

Bilbo rested his head on Thorin’s shoulder. “I was going to surprise you too. I had the afternoon all planned out. And dinner. And-”

He was cut off by another kiss. This one less gentle. “I love you,” Thorin breathed.

“I love you too.”

“Which is why I am surprising you. I may have spoken to Bombur about this, and cancelled any plans you had made.”

Bilbo let out an indignant squeak, just as the doorbell rang. “That will be our car.” Thorin gently pushed Bilbo to standing and took his hand, leading him to the entry. He let go of his hand to grab the two small suitcases, as Bilbo opened the door to see a large black car waiting for them. He rolled his eyes at Thorin and greeted the driver who took their suitcases from Thorin and gestured for them to get in the car.

Snuggled up to the love of his life in the backseat of the car, Bilbo let his mind wander as Thorin played with his hair. And every time he asked where they were going, Thorin just laughed softly and kissed him sweetly.

And when they arrived at Gatwick Airport, and made their way to the counter, leaving their luggage with the man behind the counter (*But Thorin, it's carry on luggage! Why are we leaving it here?*) Thorin still wouldn't tell him. Thorin took his boarding pass, not letting him see, and herded him towards the boarding gates. They bypassed the eateries, and Bilbo looked longingly at a restaurant as they passed. He hadn't had lunch and he was hungry. Thorin chuckled lowly.

"Don't worry. You'll get food soon." Bilbo just scowled up at him and followed him through the concourse and down the hallway, past numerous boarding gates until they came to one that was empty, save for the attendant standing at the desk.

"Mr. Oakenshield?" he asked as they walked up to him. Thorin nodded. "Excellent. I just need to see your passports and boarding passes and you can be on your way."

As Thorin handed them over, Bilbo tugged on his hand. "Thorin what is going on? There's no one else here. And the gate has no destination written on it, and what the hell is going on?"

Thorin took his hand in his larger one, squeezing softly as he took the passports and boarding passes back and they followed the man down the bridge. Bilbo took a quick look out the window as they passed and gasped as he saw a small, private plane sat the gate. They followed the man down a flight of stairs and he wished them a safe and enjoyable trip as a woman made her way down the plane's step to greet them, and he turned to go back inside.

Bilbo had no words as Thorin led him across the tarmac and up the steps onto the plane, settling him into a beautiful leather seat and settling into his own next to him.

As the plane started up, and the pilot made his announcements, Bilbo threaded his fingers in Thorin's. He looked around with wide eyes. He had never been on a private plane before.

"I haven't lost my mind, I promise." He looked up at Thorin's rich voice to find the man looking at him fondly. "It's not mine, I didn't buy it, but I did borrow it. It's been nearly 19 years since you came into my life and changed it in so many inconceivable ways, and it's been 16 years since we exchanged rings, declaring our love for each other pledging to spend our lives together, even if it's not legally binding. I love you Bilbo Baggins. I cannot tell you how much I love you, how deep these feelings for you are, or just how much you mean to me, but I can do this. Borrow a private plane, sweep you off your feet for a few romantic days away, just us, and try and show you how much I love you."


Bilbo bit his lip and blinked, a tear rolling down his cheek. Then he leaned forward and kissed Thorin, hard, deeply, and full of love. When the hostess let them know they could unfasten their seatbelts Bilbo wasted no time in climbing in Thorin's lap and trying to use his kisses to show him how much he loved him.

When they landed in Naples, they were taken to a helipad, where a private helicopter waited for them. They flew for 20 minutes to Capri, and Bilbo was absolutely breathless. He had been to Europe, many times before he met Thorin and countless times since, but this was incredible. The blue of the ocean, the white sands of the beaches, the mountains and cliffs, everything was stunning. There was a chauffeur waiting for them when they landed, and he took their suitcases, ushering them into the car. Bilbo couldn't help but stare out the window as they drove through the streets, eyes wide, taking in as much as he could. The sun was warm, and the air was fresh, and Bilbo didn't know where to start.

Soon enough they were at their accommodation, *Excelsior Parco*, and Thorin led him in to check in. Once that was done, they were shown to their room. Well, suite. Bilbo had no words to describe it. He gave a cursory check of the room before heading out to the terrace, and staring at the view. He started when he felt Thorin come up behind him and wrap his arms around his waist.

"Good surprise?" he rumbled, and Bilbo felt the vibrations roll through him. He turned in his arms and kissed him hungrily.

"Amazing." He stepped out of the embrace, pushing Thorin gently back as he did. Then he grabbed his hand and led him back into the bedroom. "And I know just how to thank you."

This is the view from the suite I chose for Bilbo and Thorin's room. It's called the Delux 1906 suite and it looks absolutely stunning. Image result for excelsior parco

End Notes

I would not be upset if a man happened to sweep me off my feet and take me to this place. It looks so beautiful.

I have also updated the timeline with the chronological order of these fics.

As always, let me know what you think. :D

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!