

## Candle In The Dark

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# Candle In The Dark

by [MsAuthoress](#)

## Summary

The Battle of the Five Armies is over. Victory has been won. For you, however, the battle never ended. Nightmares continue to plague you, and your only peace is in the arms of Thorin. Sneaking into his bed in the middle of the night quickly becomes a habit, one that he does not mind.

## Notes

This was a request from my Tumblr blog (also with the name Msauthoress). This was my first fic involving Thorin and I am very excited to share it. Feedback is greatly appreciated!

It had started four months ago.

The Battle of the Five Armies was ended, and yet to you it was as if the battle never ended. There was a king under the mountains once more, peace finally restored to Erebor. But you felt no such thing. At first it started so small you thought nothing of it. They were merely dreams, visions of memories from the fierce battle that took place; the only thing you saw was Smaug swooping down and releasing a breath of fire before awakening. For a moment you would sit up in your bed and recollect yourself before falling back asleep, but it did not stop there. As the weeks passed, your dreams were no longer dreams but nightmares. When you woke up one night trembling and drenched in sweat, your wits shaken to the very core, there was only one thought that occurred to your mind and it was not sleep. Instead, you ended up wandering the great dwarven halls. It was dark and the stoned floors were cold underneath your feet as you walked, the only source of warmth being the lit lantern you carried as you wandered the halls.

One particular door your eyes; it was large and ornate in Dwarvish carving, and looked more elegant than the others. You knew by previous exploration the door led into the bedroom chambers to Thorin, the newly crowned king under the mountains. For a brief moment you thought to knock on his door but you quickly dismissed the thought and scolded yourself. You were a Dúnedan, a Ranger of the North; you fought in battle with the Dwarves and Elves, and you wanted to seek comfort from Thorin? You would not admit you had more than a fondness for the Dwarven King, and you have had fantasied more than you care to what it would feel like to lie in bed with him; to feel what it was like in his arms. To feel safe and protected, and chase away the Evil haunting you every night. You and Thorin had a close bond, a bond you treasured. In every bond, however, was boundaries. and entering his chambers while he was sleeping because you were startled from your dreams was pushing that boundary; but when you were reminded of said dream you shuddered, already falling back into a slight tremble of your limbs. Deciding to risk pushing those boundaries, you quietly opened the door and slipped inside.

Immediately, you made out the limp form of Thorin in his bed. As quietly as you could, you went to his bed and slipped under the covers, and huddled in his side. Already you were beginning to feel the last traces of tension leave, and it was only a moment later that you fell asleep. Unbeknownst to you, however, Thorin had awoken when he felt the bed dip but was not alarmed. He quickly recognized your movements; careful and slow. He waited until he knew for certain you had fallen asleep before allowing his arm to wrap around your waist, and held you tightly to his chest. No nightmare dared to return that night, and you were gone the next morning before he awakened, hoping to avoid any acknowledgement of coming to his bedroom chambers in the middle of the night. Maybe he didn't even know.

But as always, fate had other plans.

“Did you sleep well?”

You were in the middle of browsing through a stack of books piled on a table in the library when you heard him from behind. His question startled you more than his sudden

appearance. The book in your hand dropped to the floor at your feet as you whirled around, eyes wide. “W-What?”

Amusement twinkled in his eyes. “I said, did you sleep well?”

It was not uncommon for him to ask you that question. Small talk was frequent between the two of you. This time was different. His eyes told you precisely what you had been afraid of. “You know.”

“Well,” Thorin chuckled as he stepped closer. “It is not often I find a Woman in my bed.”

“Forgive me,” you began, panic evident in your tone. “I did not mean to intrude on your privacy. I had a terrible dream last night and I did not want to be alone, and—”

“And you came to me.” Light astonishment touched his features. There was no hint of displeasure in his eyes; only tenderness.

“You... You are not angry?”

Thorin merely smiled. He came closer and bent down, and picked up the book you had dropped, and placed it back on the table behind you. Resting his hand on your shoulder, he looked deeply in your eyes. For a Dúnedan, you were rather short and stood only a couple inches taller than Thorin himself. “No. I could never be angry with you,” he said. “You can come to my chambers whenever you wish. I will protect you.”

You were stunned to silence. A few times you tried opening your mouth to say something, but nothing ever came out. It was a long moment between finding your voice and getting lost in his emerald eyes before you could get out two words. “Thank you,” you whispered. There were no other words you could offer that would properly relay your appreciation. Yet no other words were needed. Thorin understood. He smiled once more and squeezed your shoulder, and seemed to be conflicted with himself for a moment before slowly his hand dropped and he turned away and left, leaving you in a haze as your heart beat rapidly against your chest.

What started as silently seeking comfort turned into a habit. The nightmares came almost every night, and each time they only grew worse than before. Whenever you would awaken in the middle of the night, trembling and scared, you would climb out of bed and find Thorin’s bedroom chambers and climb into his bed, settling yourself against his side and tucking your head under his chin. It would awaken him each time but he never said anything, he would simply wrap his arms around you and stroke your hair until you fell asleep. Truthfully, he did not mind. He was very fond of you and each time you sought him in the middle of the night, a warm tug pulled at his heart as an unexplained joy washed over him. He knew why. You were his One, though he had not come to admit it himself. After all, you were only here to help them rebuild Erebor. Would you stay, he wondered. The thought only brought tension as his mind drifted to his feared answer. When he felt you shift against him, however, another warmth washed over him and he could not help but smile. Perhaps, he thought, there is still hope she would stay with me.

One particular cold night you decided to retire to bed early. That was a mistake, for as soon as you fell asleep the nightmare returned, fiercer than the others. You awoke in tears as you violently trembled. A quiet sob escaped your lips and you tried so desperately to push away the visions of your dream. The blank eyes of Thorin stared back at you and no matter how tight you closed your eyes, it did not go away. You threw the blankets off your body, not caring if they landed on the floor, and bolted out the door. It took little time to find the familiar wooden, ornate door. Much to your surprise, you found Thorin still awake in bed, a book in his palms. Briefly your eyes lifted to the window on the other side of the window and wondered how long you had been asleep.

The smile gracing Thorin's lips as he looked up quickly fell when he saw you, replaced by alarm. He did not need to ask what happened; your red eyes and wet cheeks, and trembling lip was more than enough words for him to understand. He lifted his arm in silent invitation, and you did not hesitate to cross the room and join him. As soon as you laid your head on his chest and felt his arms wrap tightly around your body, a sense of warmth washed over your heavy heart. It was a sharp yet welcoming contrast to what you had felt in your dream. The remembrance only grieved you more, and you could not stop the tears that fell. "Shh," Thorin murmured as he stroked the back of your head. "It is okay, Y/N. I am right here."

It was several moments before you spoke. "You must think me foolish."

"Why would I?"

"I have fought many battles and have seen terrible things worse than my dreams show me, and yet I cannot withstand them."

"There is nothing foolish about being fearful of your dreams," Thorin said gently. "They are very real and can often strike the strongest person in the world. That is the unfortunate price we pay for fighting in such a war as we have fought, but it does not mean you are foolish."

You lifted your head and stared at him. "Why? Why are you doing this? Why do you allow me to come to you in the middle of the night and...and do what you have done?"

Thorin said nothing. He merely returned your gaze, firm but gentle. A smile pulled at his lips. "What do you know about Dwarves and their One?"

You were confused by his question. "I don't know very much. Why?"

"Every Dwarf has what is called their One. Your kin would consider it as a strong connection through their souls. A Dwarf and their One are strongly connected through that same manner but it also means that they will love only them, even beyond death." Thorin lifted his hand and laid it against your cheek, his thumb stroking your jaw. "That is why I do what I do, Y/N. It is why I let you come in here each night and sleep next to me. You are my One."

You were rendered speechless. A series of emotions rushed through you. Shock, disbelief, awe. It could not be true...could it? You were no Dwarf but a Race of Man. For a moment you wondered if it was true, if maybe perhaps Thorin was mistaken. The doubt quickly went away when you looked into your eyes. He looked at you with such tenderness...with such love... Perhaps it was true. Perhaps you were connected to him through more than just a

mere bond of friendship. The ability to speak escaped you. Often you would think of a time like this when he would come forth and confess his feelings for you, something you always thought was impossible. You never thought it would come true. "You do not have to say anything, but know this: I will always protect you, and I will never stop." Thorin took a deep breath and mustered the courage to say the words he has longed to utter for so long. "I love you, Y/N. No nightmare can change that nor can it separate me from you."

"Thorin," you breathed. "I...I..."

Your words failed you, but your eyes did not. That was all Thorin needed. He bent his head and pressed a soft kiss to your lips. It was short but long enough to take your breath away. "We will talk more in the morning," he promised with a smile. "But tonight, you will sleep. There is no strength your dreams can muster that I cannot protect you against."

And so when you laid your head down, tucked underneath his chin, any fear or shadow that loomed over you faded. No nightmare returned that night; the peace of Thorin's arms wrapped around you shielded you from them, the sting of his lips against yours bringing a smile to your face as you fell asleep.

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