

A Very Close Company

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A Very Close Company

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Summary

One-shot about you, a half-elf and a beloved member of Thorin's company, and the build to a great expression of affection between Thorin, the dwarves, and yourself.

[Stop reading after the second line-break to avoid company involvement.]

The half-elf Y/N, settling down to sleep after her 12th day on her quest with the company of dwarves, took thought of her situation. In the human world she grew up in, one woman among so many men would most likely be in great danger. In the equally patriarchal Middle Earth it was the same, she was sure, and yet she had struck gold (to use a very dwarvish phrase indeed) with this group, who were aside from having basic decency (a sad rarity!) were also inordinately kind to her. In fact -- though they had only met for the first time at the hobbit Bilbo Baggins' house, a few weeks prior -- she could tell they had grown extremely fond of her; why in fact they seemed to vie for her affection!

Just as she recalled this, Thorin approached and spoke (having observed her still awake, she unwittingly frowning in thought):

'Y/N, are you comfortable enough, lady? It is a long road tomorrow, you must sleep well, and your bedding does not seem the softest.'

Having remarked so -- and before Y/N could reply -- the dwarf was there offering blankets taken from his own bed. Y/N suppressed her laughter, for the usually stern Thorin was providing further evidence for her belief that the dwarves really did dote upon her. Thus flattered, she accepted his care for her, and he seemed the happier by it, returning to his own (albeit now more sparse) bed.

Two Weeks Later

By now, and not entirely unimagined by her, the dwarves had all confessed to each other that they shared a love and attraction towards Y/N. Equally, however, they had agreed that not one of them should pursue this until Thorin -- absented from these discussions -- did so first, and intimated that the others may express themselves. Indeed he, being the leader, ought to be considered in this regard in dwarvish thought anyway, but additionally it seemed his affection for Y/N had an especially profound effect on his own person; anyone who knew him would decree he changed when he was with her, became a lighter presence. Truly, he felt lighter himself, her curiously compelling nature distracting him from the weight of responsibility he felt ever atop his shoulders.

So it was that this night which shall be described was a decided turning-point in relations between Y/N and the company she was happily a part of.

It was approaching the tenth hour past noon, when usually most would be already asleep in preparation for arising at dawn. Two quiet voices at this time, though, sounded together in

intimate conversation by the fire: Y/N's and Thorin's. The pair had been talking together for hours, with eyes only for the other even when the rest of the company were audibly awake (as opposed to inaudibly so, like now). For the past week there had been a noticeable shift in their manner of interaction: Thorin was less formal in his eagerness to please her, and Y/N was much more physically expressive of her affection towards him, the other dwarves, and indeed Bilbo and Gandalf (though these last two were away on this night, to return on the next).

Their conversation oscillated between the relatively mundane and the philosophical, bordering on heartfelt and imbued with intensity.

'What I have come to realise, by the fall of my fatherland and fathers with it, and indeed even in a quest to restore it, is that overmuch ambition for material wealth brings an end to all -- the material and the metaphysical both', Thorin said.

'Yet you continue on the journey. Do you so with aforementioned aim of restoration? Or has your motive changed, if not your route?', was Y/N's reply.

'Some ancestral ambition still drives me to an end, but other more immediate emotion at once motivates me each day, and makes me doubt whether I want an end to my journey after all.'

At this point, the two shared a blanket under which the dwarf-prince gently clasped the half-elf's hand. She squeezed it in return, and gazed at him. There was a pause as they stared into each other's eyes, which was broken by the question that had lain unasked and unanswered for a long time now.

'What emotion might that be?'

Thorin looked a little longer at Y/N, thinking on an answer dignified and sincere enough so as to emphasise his emotion toward her in particular, but remain the constant friend he believed she saw him as. Desperate, now, was his ardour, but even stronger was his desire to maintain the blissful and platonic companionship they had achieved. But just as he was about to answer with all this in mind and heart, Thorin was distracted by gentle fingers tracing his neck and face, and a continuation of speech.

'For I must admit, this last week -- in my view at least -- has held some times I am sure I shall remember for years to come, in spite of the fortunate lack of much event in't. I feel closer to the company than ever, which has been a daily pleasure. And yet: our destination and goal have been far from mind, I admit, and so the source of this increased intimacy is obscure. It

is with you most especially, Thorin, that I feel I have grown close. No doubt you have noticed a recent forwardness in my expression in this regard, one quite common from whence I come, but I hope not inappropriate here. It is not to any particular or expected end that I do so, but rather I have naturally dismissed any former distance felt, and span it in actions as well as words.'

Thorin responded warmly in kind, saying: 'Y/N, it is an honour and delight to me that you and I are now share such trust and affection. Certainly, I too have sensed my eyes have been drawn from their former 'sole' goal, and it would be an untruth to claim that you are not the majority of this redirection of my attraction.'

The lady grinned, and bit her lip before continuing her caress. The dwarf stroked her cheek slowly and the pair drew closer to each other. She kissed his cheek, leaned back to confirm his smile, kissed beside his mouth, his nose, and forehead -- everywhere beside his lips, to ensure she was not assuming too much. Thorin, wholly softened, and then emboldened, became his decisive self once more: with one arm around her back, and the other behind her head, he pressed his lips to hers. Many seconds passed before they drew apart. The question of before was answered; the emotion: love.

Lust, then, was the transformation of this. Thorin and Y/N were quick in removing their many layers, but slow when they reached bare flesh. Tenderly the prince touched her, her skin immeasurably soft in his coarse hands, while his muscles were like rock between her slim legs.

Before heading south, though, Thorin whispered in Y/N's ear: 'I trust you know that we may well have an audience?'

His partner laughingly responded: 'Indeed I do. Do you think we ought to invite them to participate when we approach the main act?'

In happy answer Thorin descended upon that between the legs so long which held him, both pleasuring and pleased by't, while he and Y/N took private thought of which dwarf would be first to be aroused enough to approach. After a mere minute, Fili and Kili -- close as they were -- came to kneel and kiss the beloved lady's hands to ask consent to join. They each took a breast. Next was Bofur, along with Bifur and Bombur (who all gave attention to the rear, in some way or other), then Nori, Dori, Ori (who were midriff-focused), followed by Balin, Dwalin, Oin and Gloin (all of whom took held a limb). All rotated in place, any not at that moment a part of the action either helping themselves, or another of a different group.

Y/N was almost overwhelmed with the bliss of it all, as was everyone involved. When they came to the main act of the play, Thorin began, very slowly. After a while, though, when she had been brought to much ecstatic moaning, he asked Y/N whether she would like to be done so by each. Her reply was pleasing to all.

As much joy as may be imagined, then, was had that night. The next morning, therefore, everyone's lack of sleep did not help them on the long walk the day required. It was thus bewildering quite for Bilbo and Gandalf to see the company arrive late at the camp they had made, and fall asleep immediately upon reaching it! It must be said, though, that both hobbit and wizard were soon informed by the woman they too admired about the developments, and indeed were soon actors themselves in further happy distraction from the toils of their task.

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