

Feminine Wiles

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Feminine Wiles

by [Cassidy_And_The_Company](#), [orphan_account](#)

Summary

"When Bilbo walked down the corridor of the royal wing, she could already hear the shouting coming from Thorin's room..." - Thorin is still recovering from his battle wounds and Dain is visiting for trade negotiations.

Bilbo tries everything to help and support Thorin, her future husband. Everything... ON HIATUS.

Notes

Another collaboration with [Cassidy_And_The_Company](#)!
I hope you like it...

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

Disturbance

When Bilbo walked down the corridor of the royal wing, carrying a dinner tray with some tea, soup, bread, goat cheese and honey (courtesy of Beorn), she could already hear the shouting coming from Thorin's room.

So Dáin was still there, upsetting her fiancée.

She walked faster now, a scowl on her face. The battle had been only four weeks ago and Thorin was still not fully healed, still recovering from the almost deadly wound to his chest from his final combat with Azog, piercing his lung.

The combat which had made her almost lose her soon-to-be husband.

Husband.

She could still not believe that Thorin Oakenshield, the former prince in exile, now king under the mountain, had asked her, Willow Belladonna Baggins (Bilbo for close friends and family), the old spinster of Bag End as Lobelia (and some other mean tongues) liked to call her, to marry her.

And she could even believe less that she had said yes, not because she didn't love Thorin, but because marrying him would make her queen - which was quite a career: from old spinster to master burglar to queen.

The concept was still so alien to her that she refused to think what that title and position entailed except for sharing Thorin's bed... Well, she surely knew what *that* entailed because she was no blushing virgin anymore.

When you are in the wilds and on an adventure with dangers lurking everywhere and the possibility of death, you take comfort and happiness wherever you can and cling to it, throwing caution to the wind and flouting propriety; that was how sharing a bedroll for warmth had led to her losing her maidenhead...

"I think you should stop drinking so much milk of the poppy, Thorin, it's bedimmed your common sense!" Dáin shouted when Bilbo finally arrived at Thorin's door.

She didn't bother to knock, just pushing the heavy door (made from holly oak and iron) open, slipping quietly into the room.

"It's not bedimming my common sense, cousin! I asked Óin for the lowest dose so that I can still do my kingly duties!" Thorin shot back.

Bilbo could see that, could see that her husband-to-be was exhausting himself.

A fine sheen of sweat was covering his forehead and naked (hairy) chest, a deep scowl was frowning his brow, his breathing laboured, showing Bilbo that he must be in pain, not to

mention that a slight stain of blood was visible on his otherwise snow white bandage which was exchanged and inspected daily by her and Óin, covering the almost fatal wound Azog had given him.

"And I think you have done enough of your kingly duties today, Thorin, it's time for supper," Bilbo said firmly, making her presence known.

Both dwarves looked at her, obviously slightly surprised.

But while Thorin's face lit up immediately, Dáin's darkened.

"Bilbo!", her fiancée exclaimed happily.

"What's your bedwarmer doing here, cousin? Doesn't she have any manners? A concubine shouldn't have the right to enter the king's quarters as she pleases, especially not when he is in the middle of trade negotiations", Dáin spat.

Bilbo deliberately ignored the insults the lord of the Iron Hills had thrown at her, striding over to Thorin's bedside table, placing the tray there.

Yet Thorin took offense. Dwarves were very possessive by nature and since Bilbo was his (although she didn't like being viewed as some kind of possession), her fiancée felt insulted by Dáin's remarks.

"Bilbo will be my wife and thus a queen. You should know better than to insult a dwarven king's queen!" he growled.

Immediately, Bilbo placed a calming and comforting hand on Thorin's shoulder.

"Thorin, please, you shouldn't get so upset, it's not good for your convalescence. Remember? Two weeks ago you were still fighting for your life, three weeks ago you were more dead than alive and..."

She paused, swallowing hard before continuing, "And four weeks ago I... we almost lost you! If it weren't for Gandalf and Tauriel..."

Bilbo couldn't help the sob escaping her, the tears forming in her eyes.

"Hush, *ghivashel*," Thorin whispered, taking her small, soft hand into his big, calloused one, pressing it against his chapped lips.

Dáin snorted at the affectionate gesture.

"I think the negotiations are done for today, Dáin. Thorin needs to rest and to recover his strength. I think you should leave now!", Bilbo explained, trying to sound as authoritative as she could.

For a moment he glared at her and if looks could kill...

"Fine, we are done for today. I'll be back tomorrow. I won't let a mad king squander dwarvish gold on worthless and greedy men!" he said acidly before finally leaving.

Bilbo relaxed when the door had closed behind him, letting out a breath she wasn't even aware of holding, sinking down on the soft mattress, and cozy furs on Thorin's bed.

"You shouldn't get so worked up on my behalf, *ghivashel*," Thorin scolded her softly, placing one of his warm hands on her bare shoulder. Yes, *bare* because dwarven fashion differed a lot from hobbit fashion: Although her dress had puffy sleeves and straps, there were cutouts, leaving her shoulders exposed.

Drawing her eyebrows together, Bilbo turned to her husband-to-be.

"But he was harming you, Thorin! You are still too..." (weak) "...injured to work so much, not to mention to engage in a shouting match. Your wound is bleeding again! Óin had only removed the stitches two days ago... Let me have a look at it! No, wait, I'll get Óin, maybe you have teared open the internal wound as well!" she exclaimed, jumping up from the bed, panicking.

But Thorin caught hold of her arm, pulling her down again.

"You know that's not possible, the wound was cauterized," he tried to reason with her.

"But you are bleeding!" she repeated stubbornly.

Thorin smiled fondly at her before pulling her further down, until she was resting against his broad chest, inhaling his typical scent of leather and tobacco and musk... and medicine, due to the ointment they used on his injury.

"Let's make a deal, okay? I'll let you have a look at the wound and if it's too bad, you can fetch Óin. Otherwise I would rather have you take care of it and then I'll eat supper," he suggested, searching her eyes.

Bilbo couldn't resist his steelblue gaze for long.

"Fine," she relented finally, sighing deeply.

Thorin quickly stole a kiss before releasing her, trying to sit up so that she could unwrap the bindings and check the injury.

Annoyance

Chapter by [orphan_account](#)

Chapter Summary

Bilbo overhears a conversation between Dáin, Dwalin and Balin and is not pleased about how the lord of the Iron Hills is talking about her.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for reading and leaving kudos!

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

"I wish to part from you in friendship..." her tall, dark lover whispered, struggling for breath.

"Oh no, no, no, no, no, Thorin!", she exclaimed, sitting down beside her mortally wounded lover, not caring one bit about the snow and dirt and blood.

"If more of us valued food and cheer and song above hoarded gold, it would be a merrier world," Thorin continued.

Bilbo was already trying to find the wound from which all the blood was coming but the tears streaming down her cheeks rather hindered her.

And then, Thorin Oakenshield, the king under the mountain, took his last breath.

Bilbo awoke with a start.

It was always the same, almost every night. One of the most horrible moments of her life repeated itself over and over again in her nightmares, yet with a much darker outcome: In her nightmares, her beloved Thorin died.

And she was well aware of the fact that he definitely would have perished if Gandalf had not found them on time, trying and being successful with grounding Thorin's spirit in his body as he had already done on the Carrock, after Thorin's first confrontation with Azog on their travels together.

Carefully, Bilbo entangled herself from Thorin and lightsome she got up from his bed.

Although she had her own bedroom - the queen's room - she preferred to sleep beside her former lover and now fiancée, always claiming that it was for practical reasons, that she could have an eye on him, and Óin seemed to be pleased because otherwise his 'patient' would have been placed in the infirmary, with all the other injured dwarves.

"You are a good lass, like our Dís, she never left her oldest brother's side after we returned from Azalanulbizar, despite already being heavily pregnant with our Fíli," he revealed with a melancholy smile.

Bilbo couldn't help but being jealous of Dís, Thorin's sister, remembering how fondly he had always spoken of her, declaring that he loved her and her sons more than anything else in the world... Of course, this had been before she and Thorin had become lovers.

Yet the bond between siblings seemed to be very important for dwarves, considering how close Balin and Dwalin were despite all their differences, or Fíli and Kíli, who had been put into the same sick bed after the battle, both of them more dead than alive, yet unconsciously turning and clinging to each other during their convalescence - despite the fact that Kíli obviously had tried to court the redheaded elf-maid, Tauriel, by giving her a gift though she hadn't returned the gesture yet, whereas Fíli had already succeeded in trying to court Bard's oldest daughter, Sigrid, since they had exchanged gifts: Fíli had given her a silver bead from his own hair during their stay at Laketown and she had returned the favour by presenting him with one of her scarves, a light blue one... Bilbo was sure that the poor girl didn't even know what that meant in dwarven culture.

Yet it was considered a scandal in Erebor, at least amongst Dáin's followers. All sons of the direct line of Durin being involved with non-dwarvish females...

But maybe that would be the way how the dwarves could survive. Bilbo had learned that there were twice as many dwarros than dwarrowdams.

Well, with other races, it was almost the opposite, so maybe finding brides outside their own race would secure the dwarves' survival.

And if the line of Durin could be an example...

Quietly, she left her fiancée's bedroom, slipped into her dressing gown (simply made from blue wool, not her beautiful and colourful patchwork dressing gown back home) and went to her own room to fetch her pipe and a sack of tobacco and took them outside to walk along the battlements, hoping that smoking would calm her down and that the cool, fresh winter air would clear her head.

Of course, she wasn't alone there: She could make out three bulky forms standing close together in the moonlight - Dáin, Balin, Dwalin.

"Thorin is not in his right mind! Giving our gold to those fishermen who took residence in what was once the city of Dale? How dare he! If I remember correctly, their leader had teamed up with the accursed woodland sprite, laid siege on Erebor and attacked my warriors and me," Dáin spat, literally, because he spat on the floor after uttering those words.

How unhygienic, she thought, still hiding in the shadows, wishing she had taken her magic ring with her to be invisible.

"Thorin knows what he is doing. When we stayed at Laketown he had promised their people some of the gold as repayment for their hospitality and support. That was the reason for their siege. Of course, after we entered Erebor, the goldsickness befell Thorin so that he refused to give them what had been promised. Bilbo tried to talk sense into him, but he wouldn't listen," another voice, Balin's interjected.

"Pah, *Bilbo*! This odd, little creature has too much influence on him, he almost literally eats from the palm of her hand. Well, I have to admit that she has a pair of very enticing tits and an alluring ass and I can imagine she is rather pliant in the bedroom considering that slinky gait of hers, yet she should know her place and Thorin should know it as well. A king should not listen to his bedwarmer when politics are concerned," he remarked, laughing crudely.

Bilbo was scandalized.

How dare he talk about her... breasts and backside? That was very rude! And she was no bedwarmer, thank you very much!

"Don't talk about her like that. She is more than Thorin's bedwarmer. They love each other and will soon be married!" Dwalin growled and Bilbo felt a rush of affection for the gentle giant, although she was sure he only defended her honour because Dáin's words were basically also an insult to Thorin.

Dáin clapped him on the back. "Ach, come on, don't tell me that the lot of you didn't seek out her company during all those long nights on the road? I bet she has a very hot and snug forge, considering how petite she is!"

Bilbo was at first taken aback, then angry.

How dare he insinuating that she had relations with the whole company!

Apparently, Dwalin felt the same, grabbing the much smaller Dáin by his collar.

"You stop talking about her like that! She was engaged as our burglar, not as our whore! And now she will be Thorin's wife, so stop talking about her... breasts and bum and forge!" he shouted.

"Dwalin, Dáin, please behave you two!", Balin said calmly, putting a hand on his younger brother's strong biceps.

For a moment Bilbo considered making her presence known, then she decided against it. She had heard enough for one night.

So without ever lighting her pipe she went back inside, to Thorin's room and slipped back into bed to her beloved.

Chapter End Notes

I know, I took some liberties with the original timeline.

Comments are very much appreciated!

Breakfast

Chapter by [orphan_account](#)

Chapter Summary

When Bilbo returned to the royal wing, carrying a tray with her and Thorin's breakfast, she could again hear Dáin's voice from her fiancée's bedroom...

Chapter Notes

I hope you enjoy the new chapter!

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

When Bilbo returned to the royal wing, carrying a tray with her and Thorin's breakfast (six fried eggs for Thorin, four scrambled eggs for her in addition to some sausages, bacon and baked beans and strong tea), she could again hear Dáin's voice from her fiancée's bedroom.

How was that possible? She had not been away for more than half an hour, so when had this idiot found the time to pester the king under the mountain again?

Maybe he had hidden in the shadows, waiting for her to leave and fetch some food...

Still pissed at Thorin's cousin for his remarks about her the night before, she stormed into the room, placing the tray with their breakfast on the almost empty surface of a sideboard.

"Good morning, Dáin, I would like for you to not bother my fiancée before breakfast... By the way, we would like to break our fast together now, so if you don't mind, please leave!"

Dáin merely squinted at her before turning towards Thorin again.

"We'll talk later, cousin, about your stupidity and your involvement with the *shire-rat*," he snarled before stomping out of the room.

Thorin sighed when the door closed behind the other dwarf.

"I'm sorry, *ghivashel*," he murmured.

"*Shire-rat*? Did he learn this *endearment* from you?" she snapped, remembering full well when, where and why Thorin had called her that... Before the battle, before Thorin nearly threw her off the battlements, before he cast her out... And all because of the accursed Arkenstone, because of his gold sickness, because she had tried to save her friends and her lover...

"I'm sorry, *ghivashel*," Thorin mumbled, his, for a dwarf uncharacteristically high cheekbones, turning pink.

Maybe one of his ancestors married an elf, she thought, yet dismissing the idea immediately. No, dwarves were not fond of elves, so this theory was ridiculous... Or not, if Kíli's infatuation with a certain redheaded elf-maiden was anything to go by. Furthermore, Thorin and Kíli were exceptionally tall for dwarves and there was the lack of an impressive beard to consider...

Bilbo shook her head to get rid of those thoughts, remembering that in the Shire there was the rumour that one of her Tookish ancestors had married a fairy - which was also nothing more than that: a rumour.

Bilbo sighed. "Why would you share this insult you used for me when you had not been in your right mind with him when he already can't stand me?" she wanted to know, busying herself with pouring some tea in the two cups she had brought on her tray, piling some baked beans, two sausages and three slices of bacon onto Thorin's plate with the fried eggs.

"I did it because he... has some resentments towards you. I wanted to make him understand why I value your opinion highly and why I have to repent the way I behaved towards you by marrying you!" he answered and somehow this response did not sit well with Bilbo.

"So... If you weren't feeling guilty, you would neither listen to my advice nor want to marry me," she concluded and could not avoid her voice sounding bitter. Where would that leave her? In that case, she would not be more than a concubine, a bedwarmer, so maybe Dáin was right. Maybe Thorin had shared more with his cousin about his intentions towards her and his motives than with the rest of the company, who were all quite fond of her.

"No, *ghivashel*, that's not true! I've always planned on asking you to become my queen, ever since we have started this... relationship back on the road. And I've always wanted to do so as soon as we had reclaimed the mountain... then... well, my condition got in the way," he tried to defend himself.

Bilbo nodded, contemplating everything her fiancée had said while handing him his plate.

Immediately, Thorin tried to sit up with a lot of difficulty, so that he could take the plate from her.

She knew his wound was still bothering him. She knew he was still recovering, which was the reason why she always helped him taking his meals, meaning she was more or less feeding him.

He trusted her a lot if he was willing to present himself so vulnerable in front of her. Immediately, her thoughts went back to another time when the great Thorin Oakenshield had been rather vulnerable, when she had saved his life, right after the goblin caves, when Azog had been about to kill him and she had more or less put her own small body and tiny sword between the pale orc and the exiled dwarf-prince...

And then, later, their embrace on the Carrock, when Thorin had presented her with a warm hug and an even warmer smile, that kind of smile otherwise only reserved for his nephews...

It had happened that night, after they had climbed down the Carrock and had to settle down...

"Miss Baggins, I would like to return the favour of saving my life by... saving you from freezing to death - and save the company from a sleepless night because the clattering of your teeth is keeping them awake again!" Thorin Oakenshield announced after dinner for everyone to hear and Bilbo was a little bit irritated. Her clattering of teeth kept the company members awake at night? What about their ear splitting snoring?

However, she was glad that she seemed to be in Thorin's good book at the moment, so she only said, "Oh, erm, I appreciate that, but how..."

She was never able to finish the sentence because Thorin blurted out, "By sharing my bedroll, of course!"

Bilbo was flabbergasted. That proposition was highly inappropriate with regard to hobbit standards, yet during her journey she had learned that her dwarves (that's how she liked to think of them) did things differently from her own people.

And in a way she was getting used to it and kind of liked it. After all these years, trying to fit in with her fellow hobbits and being a respectable hobbit herself, she could let go - at least a little bit.

"Yes, Thorin, thank you, I really appreciate your kind offer," she answered smiling down into her cup of bitter herbal tea Óin insisted on them drinking because it was healthy, blushing furiously...

Well, if Bilbo had known what Thorin would whisper into her ear that night, making her body feel hot and tingly so that at first his kisses than his touches had been *very* welcome... touches, that had led to more than just some cuddling and making out, words and touches that had made her spread her legs for him without a shadow of a doubt.

Chapter End Notes

Please let me know what you think!

End Notes

Please share your thoughts, suggestions, questions...

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