

A Murderous Adventure

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A Murderous Adventure

by [littlelucifermotherfucker](#)

Summary

You've been feeding the crows by your apartment, they've began to bring you gifts: a few rocks, some change, a leaf here and there amongst other various random things. One day they bring a sword, a map, and a key.

An adapted prompt, from Writing prompts blog on tumblr.

Crows Carrying Gifts

The nearby crows had become a staple in your morning routine. You had started by feeding them small bits of meat and seeds. After a few years they would happily fly into your apartment through the window and eat from your fingers.

In return you have a collection of crow gifts. A shell. A rusty key. A hawk's feather. A wide assortment of things. The collection changes constantly. They take gifts away and replace them with others. A kind of barter system.

One morning you wake up, and you make breakfast. You leave the crows some raw bacon, and one flies in. You give it a piece of bacon, and a pet on the head. It leaves. The gift is a heavy metal key. It has an angular cut, and a geometric top. There is string looped through the top. You puzzle over it.

The rest of the day's gifts are very normal. Feathers, rocks, small change. Yet again, the next morning it happens again. This time two crows fly in; one has a gift. The other caws, nudging the heavy key, still on your counter. You give them some food yet again, and then you see a map.

It is on thick parchment and is stained yellow. On the other side, there are runes, and illustrations. A mountain, with a red dragon above it. The map and key have been placed together.

The next couple of days are the same. Yet the fourth day on from receiving the key, you wake to find seven crows lined up on your counter. In the middle there is a white crow. You have never seen it before. Then it speaks.

"You are a very kind human, and all of us crows are thankful. When times are hard, we can turn to you for food, water, comfort, and nesting materials." You also get left a lot of leaves and sticks by the crows. "It has proved your worth, and tomorrow you will receive the final gift. The gift that matches the key and the map."

As abruptly as the murder was there, they were gone. Only one remained and you gave it some food before it left. You were stunned. Baffled. It made you dazed through work and studying and you pondered it as you went to sleep.

The next day you wake, opening the window. Ten minutes later, several crows fly in, all of them helping to carry in a scabbard. It is long. They've brought you. A sword. You see the white crow land. "This is the last gift. A sword called Ronurriel. It is a powerful sword, and has a twin, Orcrist. It was made by the elves of Gondolin and was lost in the first age. It has now been passed to you and will aid you on the adventure that is soon to follow."

You stammer but then you pass out.

You wake in an unfamiliar place. The air is fresh and clean. The trees and grass are bright green and the whole area is pristine. You stand and see the sword around your waist. The key around your neck. You feel the map in your pocket.

Looking up you notice the clear sky, and the constellations appear strange. You walk out of the treeline, and then you see the shire. You realise. The map. The key. The sword. It is all straight from the hobbit, yet in your mundane life you had never noticed or expected greatness.

You walk over the bridge and walk up the path. Knowing that you have been given the map and the key you head towards bag end. Trembling you look at the door. It is overwhelming. Surreal. Then the silence is shattered. You hear the dwarves clamouring, and you realise.

Gandalf has lost the key. And the map. You have to go in and join the company.

As the noise gets louder you swallow. Then the shouting is cut short. By you, and your knocking.

A Crow to Pluck

Chapter Summary

Missing home, a tale of crows and first impressions is always complicated. Yet somehow you navigate it. To a degree. You already like Bilbo, and Gandalf, yet you are scared to meet the dwarves.

Maybe your worries are misplaced, as a pair of brothers take to you very quickly.

So does another.

Obviously, you were met with a flustered Bilbo.

“I really do not need more company in my house...” He begins but then looks at you and appears confused. “You’re not a dwarf.” He mutters.

“No, I’m not. Can you let me in?” You ask sheepishly not knowing what to say to convince him. He looks at you, brow crinkled, and mouth open as if he is about to speak. “Look I have no idea how I got here, but It’s no good explaining what happened on your doorstep.” This time your plea is heard, and you get let in.

You sigh rubbing your face in your hands. Bilbo wanders back over to the company as you gather your thoughts. He asks them about if they have a human girl going along with them. All of them vehemently say no, and you hear chairs move. At a guess it sounds like two or three. Possibly four.

You take a breath and try to remember the white crows’ words. Before you can you hear footsteps. Taking your head out of your hands and trying to look somewhat confident; you face Thorin, Balin and Gandalf.

They all glare, although Gandalf’s is more a glare of intrigue.

“Who are you, and what are you doing here?” Thorin growls. You go to answer, before Gandalf interrupts.

“She is not from Middle-Earth.” The dwarves, and now hobbit all look up at the wizard. You are only short, having shrunk to 5ft but you still feel marginally tall. “Something pulled her here.” He grumbles and they all look at you.

“It was a crow. A white crow.” Their brows furrow and you sigh. “I feed the local crows. I have done for a couple of years and now they will eat from my hands.” You begin to explain. “It started a week ago. I get gifts from them. Twigs, leaves, coins. But one of them flew in and dropped this.” You say pulling the key from around your neck.

Their eyes widen and Gandalf hums. You pass the key over to Thorin. Before any questions can be asked, you continue. “Then the next day, a different crow dropped a map.” Again, you pass it over to Thorin. “I have no idea how the crows got them or how, but I ended up with them. Two days later several crows are on my kitchen side, along with a bigger pure white one. Now typically crows don’t talk. This one did.”

None of them speak, they listen. Seemingly allowing you to fully explain the situation without questions or judgement. Yet. “The crow told me I was kind and thanked me for the food and said that I would get the last gift the next morning. I did. It was the sword. The white crow was there again, and it said.” You pause and quote directly.

“” This is the last gift. A sword called Ronurriel. It is a powerful sword, and has a twin, Orcrist. It was made by the elves of Gondolin and was lost in the first age. It has now been passed to you and will aid you on the adventure that is soon to follow.””

They look puzzled and Gandalf speaks. “That blade has been missing for centuries. Did it tell you of where it came from?” You shake your head.

“I have no idea. Whatever is happening, it is not something I was expecting. It’s not something I wanted. But I’m stuck now. I can’t go home. I need to see this through. I don’t expect your trust; I just want you to know I have sincerely told you the truth.” Gandalf glances over you again and is now quiet.

“Where did you appear?” Balin asks, as Thorin stays quiet.

“At the bridge, down the road. It was the morning when I left, so time doesn’t work the same. And I never even got to have breakfast.” You tell them, the last part being more of a mental note to yourself.

The two dwarves turn to each other and walk away to the others. Bilbo looks between you and Gandalf.

“I will go get you some food Miss...” He trails off realising he doesn’t know your name.

“Ruby. Thank you.” He wanders off and Gandalf speaks. It’s lower, only you hear.

“Whatever brought you here is powerful, more powerful than I. I can also tell you know more than you’re telling. However, you got here, and whatever your purpose, clearly fate has a path for you. I will aid you as best I can, but I cannot guarantee your safe return home.”

You nod swallowing. You ignore the weight of the words until after he has gone. You are left in the hall, alone. You could die here. Your family. You may never see them again. Your friends. They would miss you. It hits hard. You tremble and lean against the door trying not to cry.

As strong as you’d like to be, facing a world without family and friends will be hard. You love them. You care for them. How are you going to cope without them to vent to, to cry to, to talk to, to make fun of? All of it. Gone.

Bilbo walks over, and he doesn't quite know what to do when you are sniffing and crying. He goes over and passes you some bread and meat. "I'm sorry I don't have more, but well the dwarves have looted my pantry." He says gently.

You look at him, nodding a quiet thanks. You take the food and expect him to leave. He doesn't. "I think you need to go sit by the fire and have some time alone." He is kind, and gentle and that small kindness helps you feel more at home. More wanted.

You stand and he shows you to the lounge. You sit down quietly and hear the dwarves voices echo around the hobbit hole. They seem to be excited and have had their vigour renewed by the map and the key. Then they start to complain. You can't make out their words. But you know them.

Why a human? Why a woman? We don't need her. Leave her here. Send her back.

It's hard enough knowing that's how they feel. Yet you feel it far from home and alone. Slowly picking at the food Bilbo gave you isn't helping. Eventually the arguing quiets and there is a thump.

Bilbo ends up sat with you, Gandalf stood close by. He fainted. He is still pale and shaky, his wobbly cup of tea giving him away.

"You should drink your tea Bilbo. It will help you feel better." You tell him finishing your food. He sighs and listens to you. He points you to the kitchen when he asks, and you go in.

You put your plate in the sink and sigh, looking out of the small round window into the night. A voice behind you startles you. "You seem out of your depth." The voice is rumbling, and deep. Turning you see Thorin, leaning in the doorway. The key is in his hand. "Strange. Your story, and yet I believe you." He hums.

Suddenly he pushes away from the door and over to you. "I do not trust you. But that does not mean you will be left here. I can see that whatever brought you here has a large part to play in this." He stops close to you. You only have an inch of height over him.

"I am sorry. It's not like I was prepared to happen. The closest I have ever gotten to a quest is when I lost a shoe in the woods as a kid. I'd gone all the way back home with my siblings wearing one shoe. She made use go back out to find it. It took hours." You mumble. Thinking of home making you want to be back. "I have only been here for half an hour and already I miss my home. I may never see my family again, and now I have been put into a quest to fight a dragon." You don't realise you're rambling. Your eyes are avoiding his, and you are hiding your face by looking at the floor.

"I don't know how to use a sword. It's not a common thing where I'm from. Neither is horse riding. We don't have dragons, or elves, or dwarves. It's just humans. There's no magic. Just us. We aren't doing a good job of things either." You sigh. You turn leaning against the sink. "All I wanted to do was to do the thing I love and help nature where I could. That's why I fed the crows. But I can't even do that without something bad happening."

Thorin says very little during your ramble. He can hear the fear, and panic in your voice. When you speak it's obvious how terrified you are. He sighs. "I would much rather you were home. For your own sake, as much as mine. Yet you are here. There is no way out. So we must work together. Fate has a path for you, and it lies with my company." Thorin looks at the key in his hands. "You were given this key and the map. It is mine by right, yet you were given it. Have the key. Keep it safe, and in return I will do everything I can to keep you safe as your journey with us.

You look at him. He is sincere, and clearly trying to make the best of it himself. You see the key in his outstretched palm. Your eyes meet his for the first time, and Thorin sees it. The reason you're here. You are his One.

You take the key and all too soon you are gone. Thorin is left standing in the kitchen wondering how you are his One.

You put the key around your neck, and as you round the corner you bump into another dwarf. You grunt on impact and start to stammer an apology.

"I'm sorry I wasn't looking where I was going." You are met with a smile, and a warm face.

"Well I suppose I can forgive you." He tells you, a mischievous grin on his face. He has brown hair and only slight stubble on his face. "I'm Kili, and apparently you are joining us on our quest." You nod. "I wasn't sure what to expect when we were all told. But you seem ... capable." His pause gives away his true intentions, as does the smirk. You smile at him. It's the first one you've had since arriving.

"Well Kili, I am Ruby. I have no idea how to fight, or ride a horse, I can probably only run around 200 yards, and I'm very clumsy. But I am pretty good at climbing." His smile remains, and you see the glint in his eyes. You feel an innuendo coming.

He stifles a laugh as he goes to speak, and you see a similar looking dwarf appear behind him. "I'm sure you are far more capable at riding than you let on." You feign indignation. His smile fades thinking he'd offended you and as he begins to apologise you stop him.

"Kili I'm gonna give you some advice." He stops stammering. "If you keep making those jokes, you might end up not being able to ride yourself." He looks surprised, and you hear Fili chuckle as you walk away.

Fili pats his brothers back and smiles. "I like her. She certainly knows how to take a joke." Kili is smiling too. "And she had no problem bullying you." He teases. Kili hits him and the brothers laugh.

You still miss home. You still know you're out of place. Yet somehow you feel as though you will be ok, and the heavy key hanging from your neck is certainly calming. Even if you don't know why.

Taking Flight

Chapter Summary

Trekking is hard. Dwarves are curious. Rain absolutely sucks.

You want to be home. Warm and safe, with friends and family. You don't realise that isn't going to happen. Not until you have finished what you have been brought here to do.

The next morning started far too early. You woke at the crack of dawn, the rowdy dwarves making breakfast. With what you were unsure. Bilbo had an empty pantry. Yet after getting out of bed and walking to the kitchen; the smell of food calmed your anger.

One of the dwarves handed you a plate with scrambled eggs, some toast and a fried tomato. You thanked them and sat in a chair eating it very contentedly. Of course you knew their names. Balin, Dwalin, Bifur, Bofur, Bombur, Oin, Gloin, Dori, Nori, Ori, Fili, Kili and Thorin. Yet they didn't know that. They didn't know you. So you stayed mostly quiet.

After breakfast the dwarves were swift to clean the plates and before you knew it, you were all leaving Hobbiton. You ended up walking between Fili and Kili.

"So Ruby, Where are you from?" Kili asks, as you walk. You hadn't yet reached the ponies. That you were dreading. You look at him, brow furrowed. "Gandalf said you aren't from our world, so where are you from?" He has a curious look on his face.

"Im from.. well Im from Earth. Its extremely different. We don't really ride horses or ponies, and they are a pet for the rich, or farmers. We don't carry swords or weapons, and we have a queen, but she doesn't rub the country. Its all done by the government." They continue to ask questions, even after you've set off on the ponies.

Eventually you get space to think and breathe. Then all the dwarves start placing bets around you. On Bilbo. You stay quiet trailing a little. You are the first to hear Bilbo and you stop. You see Bilbos small form rushing to catch up, with the contract in hand.

You watch the exchange happen and you follow next to him at the back of the trail. "You came." You say after he talks to Gandalf. He nods.

"I want to see the world." He tells you. You smile back at him. "The mountains, elves. Vast forests. Yet it seems as though I'm not wanted." You hum. You look at him, feeling the same.

"Well at least the Shire is within Middle Earth. Im not even from here." He looks at you. You look back and continue. "Although, it does have hills and mountains. Theres deer, foxes badgers. But its on the edge of the city. Theres lots of people where im from. Theres areas

with lots of big houses and large gardens. There's smaller houses, then in the city there's lots of flats. Buildings with lots of floors and homes in them." Bilbo seems fascinated and you smile at him.

Eventually when you stop to make camp, you are glad to stop. You ache, you're tired and hungry. You struggle to unsaddle your pony. But when Gloun struggles with the damp wood you manage to get it going. It earns you a pat on the back from the ginger dwarf. You had helped wherever you could. Bombur was surprised that you suggested more seasoning, yet was glad in the end.

Everyone had settled down for the night, and most of the dwarves were sleeping soundly. Despite the chill in the air, the snoring, and the breeze. The princes are on watch and you struggle to settle.

You sit up rubbing your eyes. Bilbo is over by Myrtle, feeding her. You smile softly and yawn. You know the brothers and Thorin are watching. You stretch a little and then the screeches.

Bilbo hops over fear in his voice. You're stiff. The brothers chuckle at their joke and soon enough, Thorin is brooding.

You move closer to Fili and Kili. Looking at you they sigh. "Sorry. We didn't mean to scare you." Kili says quietly. You smile weakly. "Are you alright?"

You pause. Not knowing how to respond. You're tired and cold and scared. You take a while to respond, and the dwarves are all soon awake. After a while they all get back to sleep, and Thorin takes over the watch. You can't sleep. Camping is very different to this. You cuddle your knees up against your chest, trying to understand why you are here.

"Rest y/n." Thorin tells you. You shake your head. He moves closer, you know it's not to disturb the others. "You need to sleep. You will be exhausted tomorrow."

"I can't. I'm too far from home. In a different world I don't understand. I can't ride a pony, or fight. I have little stamina. I have barely ever camped. This is terrifying, then there's Orcs, and wolves and bears." You begin to panic a little. "We only have foxes and badgers and deer." He can hear your panic, your fear.

"Y/n, please relax. There are ways to teach you how to fight. We will keep you safe. You are here for a reason, fate has decided that. It is foolish to fight fate." You shake your head.

"Y/n.." Thorin gently tells you. You cut him off.

"I'm terrified, and cold and I want to go home." Whinging. It's not what you mean to do but you don't know what else to do. "I can't do this."

"You must." Thorin moves closer and looks at you. "You must try. To rest, to fight, to survive. We can only protect and help you to a degree." You meet his gaze and his next words seem lost. As if he is distracted. You furrow your brow, a comforting feeling in your chest. He seems to collect himself. "Your fate has brought you here. That is inescapable. So you must rest. If you do not, you may lose your life."

You sigh and turn away, not able to tell him just how terrified you are. He can't understand. Yet somehow, he does. He can see it, and instead of pushing you further, stays by you. When you finally sleep, your head is resting on his shoulder, and Thorin feels whole.

Breakfast is welcome the next morning. You have definitely not had enough sleep. The next day is much the same as the first. Aside from the torrential downpour. Thorin ends up giving you a spare cloak, yet it does little to stop the cold or the rain. You stay quiet, still exhausted. Yet that doesn't stop a certain pair of dwarves from asking you questions occasionally.

Bilbo finally asks about other wizards, and it seems as though all the dwarves are intrigued. You smile to yourself. They would think that you were a wizard if they saw your world. Then you get asked a question by Ori.

"Y/n, do you have any wizards in your world?" He asks.

"No." You hum. "We don't have any magic at all. I mean, aside from the crow that dragged me here."

The trek continues. Eventually you dismount the ponies and stop to make camp. You stretch and sigh. Before you can offer to help fetch firewood Kili walks over proudly. "I hope you're not too sore. You need to learn how to defend yourself." You look at him and nod. He frowns. "You might be a little bruised but it's important." You slowly unbuckle your ponies saddle and take off its reins. Kili moves closer to you. "None of us want you hurt y/n. Please trust me."

"I have known you all for three days. There isn't any trust or friendship yet." You sigh sadly. "I'm not worried about getting hurt Kili. I'm worried about being too sore tomorrow. I don't really do exercise. I go climbing, but that is so far removed from this." Kili isn't sure how to feel. He likes you, and you have told him you don't trust him. "I'm terrified. Of it all. I can't trust any of you because I'm so scared that something will go wrong."

He softens. "If you practise training, you will be less afraid." You look at him. He is being gentle and kind, in fact all of them have been. Even Dwalin. You smile gently giving him a soft nod.

Roosting in the Cold

Chapter Summary

Trekking, sparring, mire trekking. Its exhausting, and the optimism you had is leaving.

You're at you're breaking point, will it lead to words you will regret?

The worst part of all of the trekking was the sparring. You were bruised, and aching. You hadn't even swung a real sword yet, too inexperienced to be given something with a sharp edge. Kili, Fili and Dwalin had been helping you train, and it had exhausted you.

You'd been woken again at the crack of dawn, having barely slept. The food was doing little to fill you, and you kept trailing further and further behind. You'd been talking with most of the dwarves, but the person you'd spoken with most was bilbo.

"Have you ever grown vegetables y/n?" He asks as you ride on the ponies together.

"We did as children. In my mothers garden. I cant now, I don't have a garden at my apartment."

Bilbo frowns. "I cant imagine being without a garden." You smile and sighs.

"Most people are where I'm from. But I have many houseplants." Your smile fades. "Theyre probably dying by now. Poor things." Bilbo is perplexed by you. Most of the company is, including Gandalf. They still didn't understand why you had been brought here. Yet you had the map, and still carry the key.

Finally you stop and you groan in relief. After Gandalf storms off you get dragged along by Dwalin for more sparring. He's the worst to spar with, he is relentless and unyielding. The others watch a little, and most of the time you get knocked to the ground. "Had enough yet?" Dwalin asks as you lay panting on the ground. You hurt, and ache. Your muscles are cramping. You nod weakly, Dwalin helping you up and you sit by the fire.

You feel weak, and useless. More a hinderance to the dwarves than anything else. Before you can even rest, Fili and Kili rush back telling everyone about the ponies, and the trolls. You get left behind by the fire. With the dwarves gone, you start to cry. You don't understand any of this. It seems like an insult that you carry the key to their homeland. Ypu pull it from around your neck and hold it tight.

After a long while, with no return of the dwarves, you grab your sword and follow the path bilbo took. Of course you stay in the tree line out of sight. You know you cant fight, or help much. But maybe you can buy them some time. Before you can even do that, bilbo hops up, and gets the trolls debating over how to eat the dwarves. You slump back against the tree staring down at the key. You're giving it to Thorin. You can't keep it safe, or keep up. Its his after all.

By the break of dawn, and early morning, the dwarves are all safe, and dressed again. You get up slowly, every muscle stiff. Wincing you wander after Thorin, and find him at the edge of the cave. “Ah, y/n, you are alright.” He is smiling kindly, it falling when he sees the key in your hands. “Is something wrong?”

“Take it. Its yours. I cant come with you, I cant do this Thorin. I hurt just standing here. Im exhausted, and hungry. Im sure all of the company is but this is not something I can cope with.” Thorin interrupts.

“Y/n I refuse.” You go to protest but Thorin smiles. “I promised I would keep you safe. I would protect you. That is something that I will do without hesitation, the crow brought you to me, to my company. There must be a reason.” He takes the key, placing it around your neck once again. “Keep it safe, and I will keep you safe.”

Before you can argue more, Radagast rushes in. As he and Gandalf talk, Fili and Kili sit with you. “Are you alright?” Kili asks. You nod, staying quiet. “If you were I think you’d be talking to us.” He continues.

“Y/n you don’t need to be ashamed. We’ve all taken a beating during sparing.” Fili adds.

“You will find that its..”

“Easier than I thought?” You snap, tiredness and frustration finally getting to you. “I don’t want to spar. I don’t want to fight. I want to go home.”

“Until you go home you need to. You need to be able to fight,” Kili urges. The brothers share a worried look. You laugh bitterly. “Maybe you think that, but what I need is to be home. Away from all of this. I don’t want to be here! I don’t want to sleep on the ground, or to be wet and cold. I want to be home, safe and warm and away from all of this! All of you! The brothers stand and walk away as you register what you just said.

You couldn’t have picked a worse moment to snap, as soon the Wargs appear.

Pursuit.

Chapter Summary

Running from wargs, and cryptic elves was not something you ever wanted.

Not only that but you end up far more confused and tired than before. When will you get answers, or rest?

Angry Wargs are absolutely purely terrifying. When you see the scout attack your heart leaps into your throat. You're petrified barely hearing the dwarves shouts. Gandalf leads you and the company the opposite direction, and your legs have never felt as heavy. The stopping for cover is the worst part, your feet slipping along the ground.

Another wave of panic washes over you when you realise, you have no armour. Just your jeans, shoes and t shirt. Panting you bump into bofur, as you take cover yet again. You hear large paws pad on the rock, the claws grating against it. If it weren't for the adrenaline you'd be dead.

Kili takes the shot, missing. The screams only make things worse, for you and the fleeing. You get shoved along, sprinting again. Your body is screaming. Legs cramping, chest heaving for air, you feel lightheaded. The dwarves start to stand their ground when Gandalf goes missing, and immediately after you're getting herded into the secret opening.

You collapse panting desperately, your body shaking. As the dwarves argue over the path, you start to faint. Bilbo appears in your line of sight, trying to help. You see him speaking, but can't hear him. Everything seems hazy, distant. Someone tugs you up, supporting you on their shoulder, and they start walking. You can barely stand, and not long after you get picked up, you fall unconscious.

You groan as you wake, it's the evening now. There's green trees and a valley, you're laying on a bench. There's the dwarves few belongings scattered around you, but no dwarves. It's Rivendell and it feels finally as if you may get some relief, and answers. Hopefully rest and supplies too. Slowly you sit up, seeing Thorin has left his coat over you. You smile, rubbing the thick soft fur. It's a beautiful coat, worthy of a king.

Deep in thought, you don't hear the footsteps behind you. "It is good to see you awake. We were all very concerned." You tense, Thorin. "Could you tell me what happened?" He asks sitting in front of you. Your cheeks burn pink, and you pointedly look at the floor. How do you tell him you don't do much physical activity? That it's not something you have ever found easy? "Y/n." Thorin is speaking so gently, caringly. "Please look at me." You swallow, and slowly meet his gaze. He has a slight frown on his face, clearly he's very worried.

“I..i well..” you stammer and stumble trying to find the words. Thorin moves closer. “I have never really enjoyed, or gotten along with exercise. I have never had to run like that, or spar every day. Its exhausting, and because I’m not used to it I.. passed out.”

“I do not understand.” He says, his frown deepened. “Surely you do something?” He asks. You look away ashamed, feeling small and weak.

“That crow, it should have chosen someone else. Someone stronger, braver, fitter. I shouldn’t be here. I miss my home. I know it must seem selfish, you are trying to get yours back after all. But this isn’t my world.” You are getting more and more ashamed, the urge to run and hide getting stronger. Before Thorin can reassure you, you stand and walk away. He hesitates, but soon catches up and grabs your wrist. “Y/n, you do not need to be afraid of what I will think. What any of us think.” You tug your hand away.

“I heard what they said. The company. When they were told about me. Their protests, how can I not be afraid? I am weak Thorin, I’m just going to slow you down. You shouldn’t have to protect me.”

Thorin turns you to face him. He grips your hand tightly so you can’t flee, but his warm calloused hand is still being gentle enough to let you go if you try. “That is why we have been trying to train you. So you can defend yourself. Nobody in my company expects you to be perfect. You just need to try, to learn. We have had decades to practice, you have only had a couple of weeks. You must be more forgiving of yourself.” He is stern, sincere, and it is the most comforting words you’ve had for a long time.

Your eyes water, and Thorin continues. He tugs out the key, looking at it. “As long as you carry this key, we will protect you as best we can. We will help you as best we can, but you must help us.” His eyes meet yours, and he sees the tears falling. His hand reaches up and gently brushes it away. “I have asked the elves to get you some warmer clothes, and some armour. Yours will not be enough protect you.” His hand lingers, moving a stray bit of hair away. “Rest, we have time. I will help you train, perhaps a bow may be a good start instead.”

You nod shakily, and you get pulled into a hug. You’re shorter than him, by a few inches. It had happened slowly, only now you realise. You say nothing, his warmth and touch calming you. “I did have one thing to ask of you,” he gets up, and you look up at him. “Apologise to Fili and Kili, they were rather upset.”

You look away nodding a little. Thorin lets go of your hand. “There’s food for you, go over the bridge and to the right.” He pauses. “Although it is rather bland I’m afraid.” You chuckle a little, and Thorin wants to hear more if it. You disappear, and Thorin watches you leave.

As you eat, watching the night sky footsteps come close. You look to your left and swallow abruptly. Which send you into a coughing fit, not exactly how you were wanting meeting Lord Elrond to go. He sits beside you, as you recover. “I was informed by Gandalf of your arrival, I have never heard of a talking white crow. I have no clue as to what much of it means, which I know will be disappointing.”

You sigh. “I can’t tell you anything else, There was nothing more too it.” Elrond hums. “I never wanted this.”

“I doubt many would. However how you have acquired Ronurriel, that is peculiar. Not only has it been lost since the first age, Ronurriel can only be wielded by someone with great strength, courage and skill. From what I have heard..”

“I am lacking?” You blurt out, he nods a little. “That’s true. I passed out because I ran too much. I have not had any success in sparring, and I think that if I’m given a bow and arrow, it will likely end up in someone.” You sigh, leaning your head in your hands. “All I want is to go home.”

Elrond sighs. “I cannot grant that, however the sword would not have chosen someone without the power to wield it, even if it hasn’t been found yet, you have it within you.” He stands, walking away and you are more confused and frustrated than before.

“Elves.” You grumble, before groaning, You sound like the dwarves.

Ruffled Feathers

Chapter Summary

The curiosity if dwarves leads to some problems. Specifically for you, and after it is all said you cannot take it back.

What will opening up mean for you, and will they respond in kind?

The rest in Rivendell was badly needed. But despite it the dwarves are still distant. At least in telling you about themselves. Yet sat with them one evening you get asked an odd question. You were thinking of home, but Fili interrupts your longing.

“Y/n why do you have such short hair?” The group go silent, and you look at him confused. You have never felt so scrutinised before. Your hair had short shaved sides and back, the top long. It had been out of convenience, your hair grew thick and was difficult to manage so you’d shaved the majority of it away. It had been recently cut. They had never commented before, so shy now.

The dwarves wait in anticipation and you sigh. “It’s easier to manage like this,” they’re all silent, listening intently. “When it was long..” As soon as the word leaves your mouth the dwarves get even more shocked, and clamour at you.

You have to raise your voice. “I can’t give you any answers if you all shout at once.” They all calm, and then they ask questions.

“How long was it?” Bofur asks. You hum and think, it had been a long while since it was long. “Uhhh.. the middle of my back maybe? I’m not completely sure.” There’s some murmurs between them in Khuzdul.

“How long have you been..” Balin starts, seeming unable to finish his thought. Clearly this is something the dwarves have never encountered. “3 years or so.” More mumbles, why is this coming up now? You’re very confused and surprised by it.

There’s a momentary pause, before Kili speaks. “What was it like?” The air seems to go completely still, the question hanging in the air. This time it takes a while for you to answer. “Uncontrollable.” You sound defeated as you say it. “It was wavy, but in every possible direction. It never did what I wanted, I would have to retie it constantly. In summer it made my head unbearably hot and itchy. I had no joy when I left it down, because then it would itch my neck. I finally had enough of it and decided that maybe having it short would make things easier. And it has, except to keep it neat, it needs trimming every few weeks.”

There is no time between your answer and the next question. “Why didn’t you braid it?” It’s Thorin, and the other dwarves grumble. To them this is confusing, and you pause. With a sigh

you tell them. "I can't braid hair." Every dwarf looks at you. You feel ashamed and look at the floor, hiding from their gaze. "Its easier like this."

Nobody speaks, bilbo is as confused as you. Abruptly you get up and leave, needing space away from their prying. Luckily it is easy to escape to somewhere quiet. Eventually you fall asleep among some ash trees. When you wake the next morning, there is a blanket over you, a bundled coat below your head. You sit up, soon recognising the coat. Its thorins. With a yawn you stand, taking Thorins coat back to where the dwarves slept. None of the company are there.

When the evening comes again, they slowly return. Bifur and Bofur arrive first, you are drawing Rivendell on some paper from your pocket. Bifur elbows Bofur. "Y/n?" Bofur says, and you turn. "You should know that we didn't mean to upset you. Its just.. it has been puzzling us for a while."

"My hair?" You clarify, and he nods. "Bofur it wasn't what was being asked that made me leave. It was a surprise. Im happy to explain things about myself to all if you. I'm not from Middle Earth so you're bound to ask questions. It's just.. its complicated."

He looks at Bifur, "Well now I'm even more confused." You sigh. You will have to explain it, and it would finally be good to tell someone. You are rather lonely, and these dwarves have been extremely kind and accommodating. You sit with the pencil in hand, your drawing forgotten. Your brow is furrowed and you barely notice the rest of the company returning.

You stay quiet, and distant until after dinner. The company seem to be treading on eggshells, all of them confused. Worried even. They're bring far less joyful and raucous than usual. Fili moves, sitting beside you. "I'm sorry. About last night." You shake your head.

"It wasn't what was being asked. That's not why I left." The company stop talking to listen to you. "I left because.." You pause, your emotions going to fast for you yo phrase it. "I left because of how it was asked. At least how I felt." You sigh again, pulling your knees close. ". I have a brother, and a sister. Im the oldest. My parents are strict. They always demanded we behave perfectly, to their standards all the time. I tried, because I thought it would make them happy. Yet I always fell short. My siblings were always perfect, but to them I was a failure. They wanted me to be a doctor, and wouldn't listen when I told them no. They resented me more and more the older I got." You take a moment, nobody is making a noise.

"We had a family dinner a few months ago, my brother and sister are both doctors, and they're both engaged. My parents started to interrogate me about when I was going to get married. I hadn't even started to think about it. I was busy trying to start a furniture business. They wouldn't listen, and then began to berate me about my choice if profession. The last thing they said to me was, 'why couldn't you be like your sister? If you were we'd love you more'." You stop, the tears in your eyes. "I got up and left, and I haven't spoken to them since." You go quiet, as you start to cry. "I left because it felt like the same pressure my parents have always put onto me. It isn't your fault, not any of you. I just needed time to think." Before you can justify yourself anymore, Fili tugs you into a tight hug.

He stays quiet, but it's the most comfort you've had in years, and you can't stop yourself from sobbing. The company is still silent, but they are all angry, and upset. You cling to Fili

and he stays there. Holding you firm. Your sobbing slowly trails off, before you pull away you thank Fili. He whispers to you. "No-one will talk of it, but they won't forget." You nod gently and he lets you go.

Both the brothers stay close to you the rest of the evening. They distract you with tales of their troublemaking childhoods. It calms you, eases your anguish. Despite it you struggle to sleep, and you get up hoping a stroll will help. You go back to the same bench as last night. You begin to worry, should you have opened up like that? It will make you vulnerable? They could use it against you.

A hand on your shoulder startles you, and tugs a very undignified squeak from your throat. You twirl around, getting met by Thorin. "Thorin, you startled me."

"So that is why you squeaked?" He smirks, and you blush. His smirk fades, "y/n are you alright?" He asks. Its so gently spoken, as if you were someone very dear to him. You shake your head. He nods. "I suppose it was a unneeded question." He gently takes your hand in his. "They should not have treated you that way. It was cruel, and unforgiving. You deserve far better." You look at him, your eyes meeting. Thorin stops, distracted by the thought of you as his.

"I don't want to talk about it. I just needed a walk. I couldn't sleep, im too worried about what the others think of me." He frowns, but lets you continue. "Its irrational, I know. I couldn't help it."

"They do not think any less of you. I believe they think the opposite." You shake your head, and his hand moves to hold your shoulder. "Y/n you are kind, caring, brave. You were given a terrible family, but despite it you are still wonderful. That is admirable, you do not need to feel ashamed." Your hands are shaking. Its hard to understand how the company can think that after so little time, but you believe him.

You cant say anything in response. "Thank you for the blanket and coat last night." You want to sleep, and forget this. At least for a while. Thorin lets go of you, the movement leaving you feeling empty.

"You are most welcome." He looks back towards the company's resting spot. "We should rest." You nod, the two of you walking back together.

Thorin may not be able to give you a courting bead, or braid, but he is planning on it. He will marry you. You were meant for him.

Broken Wings

Chapter Summary

Sparring must be paying off, and you are more brave and courageous than you ever realised.

Yet Thorin faces something he can not escape.

Chapter Notes

Just a lil warning, its gonna be a little bloody along the way.

Waking up before dawn is much worse. Thorin had got the company out of Rivendell as dawn broke. You were watching your footing carefully. The high narrow path concerning you. The new clothes had helped, you're much warmer, and better protected. Something was weighing on your mind.

The sword. It chooses its bearer, but you still can barely wield it. The company treks onward, you keeping pace when you aren't fleeing. The sparring was getting a little easier, but you still ended up bruised. The company finally stops, and after eating they soon fall asleep. You stay awake.

Your sword feels heavy, like a burden. The key is a constant reminder of what danger you're in. Quietly you unsheathe your sword, looking it over. It is the literal twin of Orcrist, forged from an interlocking mould. The opposite. Your brow furrows as you examine it, as if you're waiting for answers. Alas nothing. You sigh, sliding it away.

The next day is much like the last, until the storm blows in. You're on the pass, and can't fathom the sight of giants. You get separated, with Kili, Bombur and Bilbo. You are facing the outcrop and your heart stops as you fall. You have ended up much further down from Bilbo. Out of the dwarves' reach.

You have no harness, no helmet, no chalk. The slick rock is threatening your death. You hear the shouting and when you look up, you can see Bilbo's feet, about fifteen feet up. Before you can panic, you look at the cliff. Your eyes fall down, and your feet find the smallest of ledges to sit on.

"Where is she!" You can hear them yelling. It's barely audible above the howling wind, the storm. Kili spots you, Dwalin and Fili stopping Thorin from trying to reach you. The watch,

expecting you to fall.

You are crimping small ridges, you have worked out a path, and begin to climb. Only a couple feet closer to the pass, you realise. You can't reach the next outcrop. The dwarves are silent. Thorin believes you are already lost.

After repositioning your feet, your hands are too low. Tugging one away to see how close, it's still too far. There is no more places to move to. You close your eyes, making peace with how this may end. Then you pull your other hand up. You're leaning against the wall, your hands not gripping anything. Then as you balance, you lower your weight, and lean back.

Most of the company look away, but Thorin can't. He whispers your name. The others look back over the edge, expecting you to have plummeted. But then you leap, both hands clamping around the outcrop. The company is stunned.

But you are still hanging, your grip beginning to fail. There's one more leap and then you're safe. You look up and across to it, taking a deep breath. Time seems to stop as you let go leaping again, much further this time. You make it, even though your left hand slips you make it. The dwarves snap out of the trance tugging you up. You're left panting, your hand bleeding and bruised from the jagged cliff. The adrenaline starts to fade, and soon you're herded into the cave. Oin tends to your battered hands, they will struggle with what is to come.

You shake as you try to sleep. The cold, the shock. You had never climbed outdoors before, never-mind in a storm. But you lived. Someone shuffles close, cuddling you. Thorin shushes you gently. "You are freezing. Let me warm you up." You give in, his body heat helping ease you into sleep. He's practically clinging to you.

He had thought, expected to see you die. Yet you defied it. He has never been so desperate to keep anyone safe before. He was powerless, it terrified him. His grip is tight, and he hides some tears in your shoulder. Despite all of it, above all else, he is brimming with awe and pride.

You get shoved awake, soon tumbling down into goblin town. You try to fight them off, but to no avail. The goblin king has got no answers, except this time he doesn't threaten Ori. "We start with the woman!" He cries, Thorin immediately stepping forward to defend you. You get shoved behind him, the goblin king taunting Thorin about Azog.

They soon find Orcrist, and Ronuirl. They are terrified of both, and Gandalf arrives in time to save you. You stand Thorin passing you your sword. The wounds from your fall crack and split as you grip it. Grimacing you fight the pain and successfully kill a goblin.

Blood seeps into the wrappings, staining the hilt. You continue to fight, and to flee and once to relative safety, you drop your sword. Your hands are in agony. You wince and lean against a tree. Bilbo's words echo in your head. You don't belong here either, but the dwarves should get Erebor back.

Before you can get any rest, the wargs howl atop the cliff. You look upwards, and pick up your sword. You run towards the trees, but the wargs catch up. One growls blocking your

path, as the dwarves clamber up. You won't make it into the trees. More wargs rush towards you. You're panicked, cornered, terrified.

The warg before you pounces, and you swing at it. It tumbles to the floor and you waste no time jumping into the nearest tree. But you are alone from the company. The tree shakes as the monstrous dogs leap closer. You climb higher, and even before the tree falls you leap to the next. You stab your sword into the trunk, and get sure footing.

This tree also falls, now there is no way out. No escape. Your hands are worsening by the second. You can't help drive the wargs off, your fingers struggling to form a fist. Thorin stands. You watch as he rushes towards Azog. You try to scramble up, following Bilbo. You hear Thorin's screams sprinting after him. It's practically suicide.

The company joins you, and you manage to keep the orcs away from Bilbo. Then the eagles appear. As you watch Thorin get carried away, Azog's warg bites your leg. You scream, feeling your femur shatter. It drags you around. Dropping you as soon as you drive your sword into its nose, piercing into its snout. You crawl away, and grab the oak branch Thorin dropped. Rolling off the cliff is terrifying, but an eagle catches you. The agony is unbearable, your hands screeching as you clutch the branch. You feel yourself get lightheaded and dizzy. Your leg is bleeding heavily.

Drifting in and out of consciousness makes the journey to the Carrock seem unbearably long, and by the time you are put down, Thorin has hugged Bilbo. As Thorin pulls away he sees you, bleeding and panting for air. Then you slump to the stone, losing your battle with consciousness.

Carrion Crow

Chapter Summary

Your mortality is getting more and more real.

Chapter Notes

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

Thorin watches you collapse, rushing over. He sees the blood, your leg. Oin is soon trying to stem the bleeding, but theres very little he can do about the shattered femur. They can see right to the bone, or at least whats left of the bone. You are limp, and pale. Your breathing is ragged.

The dwarves argue, they can't seem to agree on whether to press forward to get you aid, or to stay here until you wake. Gandalf even seems at a loss, his magic did not help you. After a long while of arguing, they have decided to wait. See if you at least stop bleeding.

The company is asleep, Thorin holding you close, his coat draped over you. He can't believe it. He almost watched you fall to your death, and now you are badly wounded. To save him. He gently unwraps your left hand, its at least stopped bleeding, but even that looks terrible. "Y/n I am sorry. I should have done more to protect you. These will be scars that you always carry, because you are bound to me. You deserve someone far better than I." You whimper in your unconsciousness, the pain worsening.

Thorin rebandages your hand, and glances at your leg. "We cannot heal you. We don't have the resources. The bone in your leg.. it was barely there. How can we repair that?" He is getting more and more worried. More and more scared that you will not make it. He is right, you need an earth hospital for your leg.

Eventually exhaustion catches up with Thorin, and he falls asleep, still cradling you close. In the darkest part of the night, a white crow circles. It swoops down landing beside you. It sees how injured you are, and flies off cawing.

None of the dwarves feel the shift, nor do Bilbo or Gandalf.

Chapter End Notes

Double update. Not sure how frequent updates will continue to be. I have more university coming soon, and will be less able to write. Im glad you are enjoying it, it has

been fun to wrote again.

Migration

Chapter Summary

You have a lot of explaining to do, and hopefully the time to do it. But you still haven't woken, your injuries are worsening. Can the dwarves help you, or do you need modern medicine?

Thorin slowly wakes, as daylight begins to appear. He is still holding you close, and you are still unconscious. He opens his eyes soon tensing. This is not the Carrock.

Large windows let early morning light stream into your small but cosy apartment. Several of the houseplants are wilting, the window cracked and fresh air entering. There's a cluttered kitchen by the windows, a soft cosy sofa facing the wall with the TV. There's scattered papers on a desk, and several half-finished craft projects littered around.

He sits there in shock, the company laid on the floor around. A few of them begin to grumble as they slowly wake. Thorin is out of his depth, but your ragged breathing makes him focus on you. Your wrappings are dark red, stained with blood. It must have started again in the night. You're paler than before, sweat on your forehead.

The other dwarves finally wake up, Fili and Kili are first. They bolt up at the unfamiliar surroundings, looking at Thorin concerned. The others follow, Dwalin and Balin, Bofur and bifur. Oin, Gloin, Dori, Nori, Ori and finally Bombur. Before any of them can speak there's a knock at the door, and that wakes Bilbo and Gandalf.

The wizard stands and hums. He recognises the magic, the same as what brought you to them in the first place. Oin comes to Thorin's side looking you over clearly, you're worsening. There's a repeated knock.

"Y/n! open the door. It's me Thomas." The voice shouts, sounding far different to yours. "Just open the door, mum and dad sent me." He slides a note into the letterbox before leaving.

The dwarves are helpless without you, in your world. You need to go to a hospital, but of course the dwarves don't have any idea what that means. You whine as you get rebandaged, the wounds looking darker than yesterday, the edges black with blood.

..

You wince as you wake. Its sunset, and you're in your bed. You grumble confused. But when you try to move, you remember everything. Slowly and with a lot of effort you sit up against the headboard. You tug the covers off to look at your leg, seeing the crimson wrappings is something that makes you worry. If you're back home, this injured then it happened. But what about the rest of the company?

The door opens, and Bilbo stops. ‘Y/n.’ He sighs in relief going over. He looks incredibly small in a human home. “You’re awake. The dwarves are all worried sick. It’s been over a day since you were awake.” You look down at your leg.

“I need to go to the hospital Bilbo. They can get my bone fixed, or at least part way fixed. Painkillers and stitches.” He nods.

“What’s a hospital?” He asks brow furrowed. You sigh. You have to explain more than you did before. Bilbo hums. “I watered your plants. They are rather wonderful.” You smile at him. Of course the small hobbit looked after your houseplants. “I have never seen some of them before.”

“I’d be happy to tell you about them, and everything else.” You go to take a deep breath and start coughing. There’s footsteps and then Thorin and Oin are at the door. Oin walks over.

“How do you feel?” He asks noticing the red wrappings. Bilbo moves aside so Oin can have another look. You think about it, but frown. You have spotted the note and grab it. You read it with a furrowed brow. Then you remember. You have a phone. If you left it in the right spot. You reach under your pillow, and there it is.

The three members of the company watch confused as you call Tom. “Tom?”

“Why didn’t you answer the door? I called by.”

“I can see that. The note is bullshit and I’m not talking to them.” Three seconds in and you’re already having an argument.

“No, you’re being irrational and stubborn.”

You sigh and stay quiet. “Look, I can’t have this conversation right now. We can argue about it later. I have a pretty major medical issue.”

“What did you do?” As much as you argue with your siblings, they never treated you like your parents did.

“It’s complicated. There’s something else too. It’s easier if you come over.” You hear him sigh.

“Alright, I’ll be there in ten minutes.” He hangs up, and you drop the phone on your bed. Looking up you see the entire company in the doorway poking their heads in. This is going to be a long and complicated day.

Before any of them can ask anything, about everything Gandalf speaks. “Whatever brought you to this company in the first place, brought you back here again. It is the same magic.” That means it was the white crow. You hear loud tapping on the glass. The birds, you haven’t been feeding them. It continues getting louder and then there’s loud cawing.

The dwarves disappear into the kitchen, Gandalf and Bilbo with them. Thorin remains, you’re awake. “Y/n.” He comes to your side. “I have never seen anything like this.” You nod, but before you can say anything Thorin continues. “This is your home? Your world?”

“Yeah, it’s huge and complicated. I know it’s probably overwhelming, but I will try to make everything understandable and easier to cope with.” You shift, moving your leg and grimace. Thorin stops you, his hand on your shoulder. “My brother is going to be here soon, I have to explain this situation to him.” You sigh. “As well as my leg.”

“Will he be able to help you?” Thorin has never spoken to you like this. It’s soft, brimming with anxiety and worry. You frown and look at him. “I cannot face losing you.” You swallow and get shy. What does he mean? Thorin is looking away, unable to look at you.

Before either of you can say anything more, the large white crow flies in, landing beside you. “Y/n.” You look at the crow. It’s still unnerving to hear a crow speak. “You have a choice to make. You were brought here with these dwarves to be healed. You can choose to stay, or to follow them back.” Thorin cannot understand the crow, aside from you only Gandalf can. “Should you stay, they will forget you completely and utterly. As will you. If you follow them, you will not be able to return. Whatever you choose, no time will have passed in middle earth, you will be returned to the moment you left.” It suddenly flies off, leaving you with that heavy thought.

Thorin looks at your furrowed brow. “Y/n, what did it say? I could not understand it.”

“I have to make a choice. I think I have to make it alone.” You look at him concerned, “Whatever the decision, no longer how long we are here, we will be returned to the moment we left.” You can see relief on Thorin’s face. He even smiles a little.

“That is a relief. You may be fully healed before we return.” He looks to the kitchen, when your brother Tom knocks. “I hope your brother will listen.”

Roosting

Chapter Summary

How will the company adjust as you heal?

Chapter Notes

Happy New Year.

After explaining it all to Tom, with him not believing despite the evidence of the very real dwarves. He's flustered and exasperated but is gently looking over your wounds. You and him have some time to talk. "I suppose I have to believe you. You have the wounds." He sighs, examining your hands. "Although admitting it's real means I have to admit you're stronger and braver than I ever realised. I'm proud of you y/n. I know you'll never get it from mum and dad, but you have it from me."

He looks at you, you're crying. He smiles gently and continues to look at your injuries. "Tom I'm sorry. I always wanted to make them proud. I didn't think you cared for me." You wince as he examines you. "How do I decide Tom?"

"I think you already know the answer, don't you?" He says and you nod weakly. "Then know that I support you in it. You're stuck here until you're healed, which from the looks of things may be a while. Unless you have some magical help, and while you are here, I do want to get closer to you. I haven't been a good brother, but I would like to try." You're crying again and he moves close to hug you. You stay there for a moment, with him. Then he lets go. "Well, your leg is fucked. Your femur is shattered in several places, and the wounds are showing signs of an early infection. You've lost a lot of blood and will need surgery."

You nod stiffly, and Tom continues. "Your hands are doing ok. Well, they're going to hurt a lot, but all they need is some stitches. I can fix them easily, but I'll need to give you local anaesthetic." You nod, spotting Thorin at the door. Tom turns and hums. "I'll go get my bag, give you a few minutes." He stands and leaves Thorin looking at you from the door.

"I need surgery. My femur is shattered, which will take a long time to heal. The bite is starting to get infected. He says my hands are an easy fix, which is a start." He nods. "I'm sorry. I should've been more careful."

Thorin smiles. "You have nothing to apologise for y/n." He steps in and sits by your bed. "You protected Bilbo, and me. You will live." You sigh. "Y/n?"

You can't tell him. The choice you have to make, so instead you decide to help these dwarves, hobbit and wizard cope until you are healed.

A week later, your bone has been set, and the wounds are clean and stitched. You still struggle to stand but with a lot of explaining, and some help the dwarves are doing a good job at looking after you. But there is still one thing they haven't experienced yet. TV. You have been sharing stories of your life, and them of theirs.

With the dwarves preoccupied, and Bilbo reading in the corner, you decide now is the time. You lean over the sofa arm, stifling a wince, and grab the remote. You turn on the tv, and bilbo stops. He looks up staying silent. You pull up a documentary, Planet Earth 2. He is mesmerised, entranced. "Y/n?" He asks and you look at him. "What is..?"

You smile. "Bilbo go get the others, I'll explain afterwards, but you should sit and watch first." He scampers off returning only a moment later. The dwarves trail after him, all staring at the screen. Its paused, but the image is so perfect it's impossible. You press play, watching their reaction. It's the mountains episode and after only a couple minutes, they are all sat watching intently.

Thorin is beside you, Fili and Kili on your other side. Bilbo is in the armchair again, and the others are scattered around. Dwalin and Balin sat on chairs from the small dining table. Bofur has taken your desk chair, the others content to sit on the soft, thick rug on the floor.

There's silent awe as the show continues, the dwarves deeply entranced. They are from the mountains, seeing the life that resides on the mountains in your world must be thrilling. The pain in your leg and hands is a dull throb as you sit with the dwarves, and hobbit.

When the episode ends, they all stay silent. Since none of them speak afterwards, you play the next. They are finding out about your world more now than ever, and this is something you could've never explained. This is a much-needed relief for you. It feels somewhat normal, cosy and homely. Before the dwarves you had felt lonely, but now that feeling is absent.

You have found where you belong.

Leaving the Nest

Chapter Summary

Family conflict is going to mean a permanent change for you. The crow returns and your decision must be made.

Chapter Notes

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

Despite what Tom had said, aside from hospital visits he has remained distant. It had disappointed you, you had been expecting change. You have another today, Tom driving you. “Tom you said you wanted to get closer, but you have stayed distant.”

He interrupts you, “I apologise for being busy. I do have a family at home.” He sounds frustrated and angry with you.

“What is that supposed to mean?” You ask getting annoyed right back. “I know you’re married, but this was your idea.”

“A bad one.” You frown. “Y/n this is a two-way thing. You haven’t given me any indication you even want it to happen.”

“Yes, I have!” You snap. “I have been texting you. Asking you how things have been going, and all you have done is ghost and ignore me. You wanted to try and fix this, why would you lie?”

He looks at you whilst you wait at the junction, “Fine. I talked to Sarah, keeping out the Dwarves. She said that there would be no point in trying with you. She’s right. You’re stubborn, refuse to admit when you’re wrong. You fail at the things you try; you have no willingness to keep trying. You have got no achievements to speak of you still work a part time job, and you live in a flat alone. How long are you going to take before you settle down? Honestly at this point you should just start again. Go back to university, and maybe then we can have a relationship.”

You glare back. “You sound like mum and dad. I know I’m stubborn, but I don’t give up on things when they get a little hard. I keep trying, but I forgot that trying isn’t good enough for you or our parents. I must succeed first time at anything I try. I don’t want to start over. I was doing well, but because you can’t measure my success with a grade, or a high salary I suppose it’s not good enough.” You are angry and upset, and the rest of the journey is silent.

You had been hoping for some change from him, but you had been stupid to hope. Your family will never accept success unless it fits their definitions. Your leg is getting there, it has already been 10 weeks. The doctor says four more and it will be useable. The drive back is

equally as silent, Tom leaving you to get back inside without his help. You can see that he's not going to bother coming back.

You sigh, pausing outside your apartment. You go in the door closing behind you. It noticeably quiet in the flat, the company gone. Heading further in you see the crow. "What have you decided Y/n?"

You look at it. "You said after I was healed, and I'm not there yet." The crow nods.

"I did. But you are healed enough, for my magic to do the rest. Now what have you chosen?"

You knew as soon as you woke, you were going with the dwarves. You had hoped maybe you could reconcile with your family, but there is no hope of that now. You look around the small flat, then look at the crow. "I'm going back. I want to help them reclaim Erebor." The crow nods. The world spins, and you groan when you wake.

You shakily stand and look around you. You're back on the Carrock, the morning after the departure. The dwarves and hobbit aren't awake yet, but Gandalf is. "You chose to come back. May I ask why?"

"I don't belong there. My family won't ever understand me, or even listen. I would remain lonely and lost there." You look towards the others. "These dwarves, and Bilbo, have been more accommodating and caring than my own family. They are more important to me than my unloving family."

Gandalf smiles. "I am sure they will be relieved to see you here. I still have few answers about the crow, but as with all magic it will have its source revealed eventually." The time the dwarves spent in your world seems surreal. You don't have any idea how much the company thinks of you. Least of all Thorin.

You notice your sword, and the key have been returned to you. You have warmer clothes and more substantial protection. Another gift from the mysterious crow. You sit down and slowly the rest of the company wakes.

Bilbo is first and smiles at you. "Y/n. You stayed. How is your leg?" You smiles back. This was definitely the right description. "I wasn't sure that you would. None of us were."

"My leg is fixed, and this was a choice I made quite a while ago." As the dwarves wake, and see you, each gives you a hug. Even Dwalin. That was something you had never expected from them. They are closer to you than you realised.

Soon enough, the quest is back underway, and by nightfall the Wargs are getting close. Bilbo gets sent to scout, and soon returns.

"How close is the Pack?" Thorin asks. Bilbo is trying to catch his breath.

"Too close, a couple of leagues, no more. But that's not the worst of it." He explains, Dwalin cutting in.

"Have the Orcs picked up our scent?"

“Not yet, but they will do. We have another problem.” Bilbo seems a little frantic.

“Did they see you? They saw you.” Gandalf asks Bilbo shaking his head.

“No that’s not it.” He adds and Gandalf cuts in. The dwarves start talking and you help Bilbo.

“Bilbo what did you see?” You ask, and the others go quiet, listening to him finally.

He sighs. “It looked like a bear. But it was huge, much bigger than a normal bear.” Gandalf frowns. The company begins discussing their options.

“We should double back.” Suggests Bofur, Thorin immediately disagreeing.

“We’ll be run down by a pack of Orcs.”

Gandalf gives a far better solution. “There is a house, It’s not far from here, where we might take refuge.”

“Whose house? Are they friend or foe?” Thorin demands.

“He is neither. He will either help us, or kill us.” There’s a loud roar close by, and without hesitation the company begins fleeing. Following Gandalf.

You are still a little slower than the dwarves, your leg is healed, but it still aches. You just about manage to keep up, the sound of the Orc pack carrying as the chase after you. Eventually you can see it. The house.

As you approach the bear leaps out from the tree line and your heart jumps into your throat. You rush inside, helping the dwarves shove the door shut. As Gandalf explains Beorn, you sit on a hay bale. Your leg is cramping rather badly, and you try to ease the pain with some massaging.

The company gets settled, Thorin taking a space beside you. You’re still massaging your leg. “I thought your leg had been healed.” He says softly. You nod.

“It has been, but I have barely used it for several weeks. That’s why it hurts. It hasn’t been used, and we just sprinted away from a bear.” Thorin hums and sits beside you. “I will be fine. I just need to get used to using it again.”

“I am glad you are well. Have your hands scarred?” You look at him. It’s a little odd, you hadn’t thought about the scars. With the cramping easing, you let go and look at your fingers and palms. Sure enough there are scars from where you gripped the cliff.

You show Thorin and he takes your hands in his gently. It’s quiet, you and him the last two awake. He frowns. “I would have had you avoid any injuries if possible.” Before you can interrupt him he makes eye contact. “I should have done more to protect you.” You seem shocked, taken aback.

“Thorin, it was not your fault. You couldn’t have done anything about either event. The second time, you were injured yourself.” He sighs, his warm calloused hands delicately

holding yours.

“Perhaps not. But you have chosen to stay with us, I have to protect you so that at the end of all this you can go home.” You swallow, and tug away. He lets you wondering why you are suddenly closed off from him.

“Thorin.. I can’t go back. If my choice was to follow you, which was always going to be my choice, then I can never return back to Earth. I am staying here now.” You look at him. “The company deserves to know as well, and to hear why, so I will explain the rest tomorrow. But you should know, there is more to my decision than just wanting to stay with the company.”

He has a furrowed brow, “Y/n, you can never return home.” You nod. “Are you sure that it was the right choice?”

“Without any doubt.”

Chapter End Notes

This was a fun one to write, and I included some movie dialogue. Hoping it works well, Happy 2021.

Stopover

Chapter Summary

You have an affinity with Beorn's animals. Especially the bees.

You sleep well, the first time you manage it in Middle earth. You wake even before Thorin the next morning. Stretching is followed by a yawn and you hear the sounds of wood chopping. Gandalf looks worried in the corner.

You approach the cows, gently letting one sniff you. Then easily you get to pet it. You smile at it giving it head scratches and gently cooing. Gandalf notices how gentle you are, realising that Beorn will like you, even if he doesn't like the rest of the company. You are a safety net in that sense.

The large bumblebees fly by, two choosing to land on you. You let them, not shooing them away. Beorn's animals seem to like you a lot, and the bees remain there as the others wake. You go over to the group of dwarves, now there's at least ten bumblebees perched on you.

"I say we leg it, go out the back way." Nori says, Dwalin stopping him with his hand.

"I'm not running from anyone, beast or no."

"There is no point arguing. We cannot pass through the wilderland without Beorn's help. We'll be hunted down before we even get to the forest." Gandalf spots, you, and Bilbo. He raises a brow at the small hive of bees on you. "This will require some delicate handling, we must tread very carefully. The last person to have startled him was torn to shreds." He pauses. "I will go first, Y/n and Bilbo you will go with me."

Thorin looks at the two of you, and you don't seem to mind at all, moving past the others over to Gandalf. Bilbo does protest. "Is this a good idea?" He asks, following you.

"Yes." Gandalf hums. "Now the rest of you wait here, don't come out until I give the signal."

"Right, wait for the signal." Echoes Bofur.

"And no sudden moves, loud noises. Don't overcrowd him. Only come out in pairs. Oh, Actually Bombur you count as two so you should come out alone."

Gandalf leads you and Bilbo outside. The wizard is uncharacteristically twitchy. "You're nervous." Bilbo says and Gandalf huffs. "Nervous? Nonsense." He stops, and Bilbo moves behind him to hide. You have no such luxury.

"Who are you?" Beorn asks.

“I am Gandalf, Gandalf the Grey.” He says and looks down towards you. Beorn follows his gaze and seems to notice how friendly and cosy his bees are. There’s even more, around 20.
“And this is Y/n.”

“Never heard of him.” Beorn’s grip on the axe has loosened, his gaze fixed on you.

“Perhaps you’ve heard of my colleague, Radagast the brown. He resides in the Southern borders of Mirkwood.” Gandalf is still very tense.

“What do you want?” Beorn demands, his gaze still on you. You are aware of the tension, but the bees continue to buzz around you, several in your hair.

“Merely to thank you, for your hospitality. You may have noticed we took refuge in your lodgings last night.” As Gandalf turns, Bilbo appears and Beorn’s grip on the axe tightens.

“Who is the little fellow?” His eyes now locked on poor Bilbo.

“Ah, well this would be Mr. Baggins, of the Shire.” Gandalf is still clearly nervous. Beorn lifts his axe a little, suspicious of the three of you. Well two really, he seems unbothered by your presence.

“He’s not a dwarf is he?” Beorn is demanding, intimidating.

“What, Noo.” Gandalf explains. “He is a hobbit, good family and unimpeachable reputation.”

“A halfling, a human and a wizard.” He hums. “How come you’re here?”

“Well the fact is we’ve had a bad time of it. From goblins in the mountains..”

“What did you go near goblins for? Stupid thing to do.” Beorn interrupts getting more and more wary by the second.

“You are absolutely right..” But before Gandalf can finish, Beorn raises his axe as Dwalin and Balin appear. The rest of the dwarves appear, lastly Thorin. Beorn seems to give in a little, and gets you all some food.

The small mice around the table get fed some crumbs by you as Beorn speaks. After he says he hates Orcs more than dwarves he pauses. Looking you and the herd of animals around you. “I do not like men either. But she is different.” You look up all sheepish and shy. Before he says anymore, he is leaving to get ponies and horses.

Bilbo looks at you, “How are you doing that? With the bees?” Fili, Kili, Bofur, Thorin, Dwalin and Balin are nearby, within earshot.

“I have no idea. They must just like me. I don’t even have any nectar to give them. They do seem to like soft little scratches though.” You are smiling, giving a few the most gentle pets as you speak. “I have always like bees. They are wonderful little creatures. I never expected to be covered in them like this, but it is rather fun.”

After a short while the ponies are ready, but you are stuck in the house trying to get the bees to leave you. Beorn enters and hums. "My bees are never this friendly. You are different." You look up at him.

"I'm not from this world. A white talking crow brought me here. I have been feeding the local crows for a few years, it started with one. I had a small bowl on my windowsill filled with small gifts from them. The crows would take what they needed, and they would always be fed when they came by. That's how the white crow chose me." He listens and the bees leave you. "My world has forgotten the importance of nature. It is being destroyed for cattle grazing, crops they deem more valuable. So I helped where I could, feeding the crows was one. In my city the building roofs are flat, and there were a lot of parks, but few bees. There was a local group of people who decided to set up hives; to help the bees, and I started beekeeping. I hope all of them are alright."

Beorn sits, and looks at you. "You are like no-one I have ever met. You will always be welcome here." You nod, taken aback and go outside to join the others. You ride beside Gandalf.

"Gandalf, before we left, Beorn said something to me." He hums clearly listening. "That I would be welcome at his home whenever I was passing." Gandalf frowns, looking at you.

"Why were you covered in his bees?" He asks. You tell him what you told Beorn and Gandalf smiles. "Now that makes sense. The animals here, in Middle earth, many have a level of consciousness. Awareness of good and evil, because of the way the Valar made them. The bees clearly knew you had helped their kind before, and saw that you were good."

You smile, your pony slowing. You end up between Fili and Kili, and soon enough everyone in the company hears about your beekeeping.

Flying in the dark

Chapter Summary

The crow revisits, you get very lost, and find a set of surprising allies.

Yet you are given information that changes your perspective further than you thought.

Chapter Notes

This chapter was fucking fun as shit to write and I'm getting into the flow. But I have university obligations as a priority, and updates may be less frequent. Hoping the next couple chapters satiates you guys for a while. I promise it won't be months this time.

You stop at the borders of Mirkwood. The forest exudes anger and it is far quieter than any forest should be. You help with unsaddling the ponies, Gandalf soon leaving. It is thick inside the first line of trees, the atmosphere heavy. It feels wrong and, as Bilbo said, sick.

You and the company do your best to follow the path, and soon find the bridge. Which is of course out of order. Your mind is foggy, memories of your childhood resurfacing. It feels you with fear, doubt and anxiety. Bilbo crosses using the vines, and you are sent after him. Thorin follows behind you. Even now with his mind getting foggy he must keep you safe.

After reaching the other shore, and as the rest of the company crosses, the white deer appears. You, Thorin and Bilbo all see it. You're mesmerised, and slowly turn to see Thorin raising his bow. Your hand rests on his wrist, gently lowering it before he fires. He looks at you, his eyes glassy and distant. The splash of Bombur falling in grabs your attention, and the company continues through the forest.

You all stop, you feel small. Lost. Like a child again, a child who was never good enough. You barely hear the dwarves. Out of all of them your mind is weakest, the way you were treated being an easy way in for the forest to corrupt your mind. You get tugged to your feet by Fili, he looks at you but you don't even seem to see him.

It soon becomes clear that you've lost the path, and that you're going in circles. It feels familiar, like a repeat event. You start to wander, as if you were looking for the shoe you lost as a child. It doesn't take long for you to be completely cut off from the dwarves. Alone in the vast, insidious forest.

You keep walking for miles and miles, with the forest controlling your mind, you have no idea where you are. But you have managed to reach the edges of the elves lands. You get found by an elf out scouting. You don't register his presence, words, or threat. Clearly you are in a very bad way. Your shoulder is grasped, the elf leading you back to the kingdom.

Slowly the forest releases its hold on you and by the time your mind is cleared, you are before King Thranduil. You furrow your brow confused. Before he can ask you a thing, you say something surprising. "How did I get here? I don't remember being anywhere near a forest."

Thranduil hums. "Clearly the forest had a string hold of you. One of my scouts guided you here, it was purely chance that brought you to these lands without the path." You look at him. You are not like the other humans in the nearby lands. "Now tell me who you are, and where you are from."

You pause for a moment, brow furrowed. "I." You think harder. "My name is Y/n. I'm not from middle earth. A white crow brought me here. I can't go back to my world." You are still unsure of who you were with. Thranduil narrows his eyes and steps closer.

"Now can you explain why you carry Ronuriel?"

You look at the sheathed sword. "The crow gave it to me. It said that the sword had chosen me. I'm still not sure that I understand why." You look at it, the hilt still stained with your blood. "I'm not skilled at fighting, and still struggle to use it, but It feels right to have it."

Thranduil turns away. He knows you are keeping something from him. He also knows that Ronuriel chooses its bearer. It has to stay with you. "I will return it to you, and provide you with food. You seem to have been badly affected by the forest, and I have no reason to throw you into the cells." His eyes meet yours. "However if you step out of line, I will not hesitate." You nod, bowing your head slightly.

He speaks some elvish and the sword is returned to you. The elves do more than just feed you, they offer you a bath, and clean clothes. Ronuriel is taken away for sharpening, and for the hilt to be rewrapped in clean leather.

The bath is warm, and comforting. The soaps smell wonderful, and you are left to try and recover the memories the forest muddled. The bathing is a huge relief, your muscles relaxing. You can finally clean your hair, which is getting greasy and tangled. As you carefully wash your hair, you notice something. It has rapidly grown, and the previously shorter backs and sides are the same length as the top. Its forming a bob, and as you pause, you feel it growing. Your brow furrows, and after laying back you doze off.

You are in a dream, alone, aside from the white crow is perched before you. "Y/n." You look at him confused. "I have brought you here to explain some things. Your decision to stay with the dwarves means you must change." You remember how you came to be with the elves. "Your hair is the start of it, however there is a question I was obliged to ask you."

"What question is that? Why aren't the elves more suspicious? Why are they so willing to help?"

“My question is this. Do you have a preference regarding growing a beard?” His eyes pierce into you. “As for the elves, you carry Ronuriel. It is a powerful and long lost sword. The sword isn’t just that, it relies on its bearer. You are the rightful bearer of it, and as such the elves will help. They are obliged to.”

“But why?”

It flies over, hovering before you. “Because Ronuriel was a gift from the Valar. Specifically Aüle. The dwarves call him Mahal. Now you must answer me.”

You think about what you have been told and it all clicks. You will become a dwarf. You rub your cheeks, your hair is unmanageable enough as it is, a beard would likely be worse. “I would rather not have a beard.” The crow flies off and you jolt awake.

You look towards the door, if the sword was a gift from the valar, and it has chosen you, what does that mean for your importance? You shiver, the bath cold, and the night drawing in. Once dried and dressed, you head into the elven kingdom. It is a marvel, and a guard gives you directions to the armoury. You are reunited with Ronuriel, and it is sharper than ever. The leather has been changed, to a deep blue. You take it, and head back the way you came. You follow the path downwards, no elves around. You approach carefully, hoping you are not spotted.

Then you see where you are headed, the cell doors visible. The voices are clearer, and you follow the paths down. There’s only one dwarf still awake by the time you get there, and when you approach the door he turns expecting to see an elf. Thorin is glaring when he first turns, but his face immediately softens.

“Y/n.” he stands and goes to the door. “We thought we had lost you.” He’s smiling, it’s a lovely smile, warm and welcoming. “What happened?”

You frown. “I’m not sure. My memories of the forest are very hazy, distant. It’s like I was watching someone else as we travelled. Something tugged me away from you all, I barely remember being found.” You look at him. “What happened to you?”

Thorin sighs. “Giant spiders. They ambushed us, and when we woke we had to fight the foul beasts.” His face hardens into a scowl. “The elves found us, and brought us here. They neglected to mention you.”

“Probably because I couldn’t remember, and now that I do, it would be best if I didn’t say anything.” He hums nodding. “I got some answers, but I will have to tell you another time.” You look around. “I can’t get you out of here Thorin, I would be too easily spotted, and I can’t risk losing this sword.”

Thorin meets your gaze, he had forgotten how beautiful they were. “We will escape. You must travel to Esgaroth. I can see the elves are aiding you, they will likely let you go freely and give you a horse.” He pauses, there’s footsteps. “Y/n I would ask that you do not trust the elf king, he does not keep his word.” Thorin’s voice is harsh, and he is perhaps biased, but you will bear it in mind.

You quietly slip away without ever being noticed. You are granted your request to leave, and be given a horse. The elves oblige, even allowing you to keep the horse as yours. After being given the directions you leave.

Your horse is beautiful, a strong and fast mare. The elvish name she has been given is hard for you to say, so you give her a new one. She is dark chestnut, and has black feet, snout and mane. You are only trotting, still too nervous to gallop, and as you do you rename her.

“I hope you don’t mind, but I’m afraid I don’t know elvish. I hope you like your new name Florence.” She whinnies, and speeds into a gallop following the path to Laketown. You don’t need to guide her, she knows where to go. You smile, “I hope those dwarves, and hobbit are alright.”

You cross the bridge as the evening begins to stain the sky, and you leave Florence at the stables. After taking her tack off you start to search for any sign of the dwarves. Then you remember where to go. You hadn’t once needed to use any knowledge from the films, but now it makes it easy to find the dwarves.

When you knock on the door, you wait with bated breath.

Over the Water

Chapter Summary

Its coming. The flames, the dragon. You're terrified, but something else gets tossed into this.

Thorin, a slightly drunk thorin.

Chapter Notes

Not sure when the next update will be. Will aim for weekly, but it may not always happen.

Enjoy

Bard opens the door stopping at seeing you. "I do not know you, nor are you a dwarf."

"Maybe not, but I know the dwarves. Will you let me in?" You are starting to feel like you belong in this world, that you were meant to be here. Bard seems reluctant but lets you in. The dwarves, and Bilbo are slightly preoccupied, but when Bofur sees you, the rest soon bombard you with questions.

Sigrid gets you a tea, and Bard leaves. You get a chance to explain things to them. You sit staying quiet, the company asking you questions. They need to know and when they go quiet you start to speak.

"I got lost in Mirkwood, and was luckily found by an elf scout. King Thranduil offered me food, and clothes. Then I had a visit from the crow." You sigh, looking into your tea. The dwarves grumble, still having a large dislike for elves. "The elves gave me their assistance because my sword was a gift from the Valar. From Mahal." You can feel the silence get still. The only thing breaking it is your voice. "I chose to come with you because clearly my family don't care for me. You do, but there's a side affect." Not even Thorin knows this. "Choosing to stay means I change from human to dwarf."

The room is still, tense and quiet. Nobody seems to know what to say. You don't know either. After a very long silence you don't think they will understand.

"Does this mean you're going to grow a beard?" Bilbo asks. You look up and the dwarves are beaming. Bilbo is looking confused, but happy.

“I got a choice.” The dwarves look at you expectantly. “I said no.” The dwarves groan and huff disappointed. But you know its teasing and laugh a little.

You get told of what happened with the elves. They talk over one another ever rowdy. And excited about you.

“We have a plan.” Fili says and dwalin takes over.

“We need proper weapons. The armoury has a window we can reach.” You nod listening. But soon frown.

“What id you get caught? There would be no escape and no chance of reaching the mountain.”

The dwarves grumble between themselves and you see kilis pale face. You’re worried for him. “We have to try.” Fili says and you sigh. You agree to help.

Inevitably they get caught. You stop yourself from saying I told you so, too concerned about going to jail. After some debate, you are all given warm clothes, weapons and armour as well as booze and food.

You drink leas than the other’s, and as they all sleep you lie awake. Thorin hums beside you. He says something unfamiliar, then your name. “Y/n.. Amralime..” you furrow your brow, turning to face him.

Hes lovely, handsome. Even when stlightly drunk and sleeping. He stirs, his eyes opening and seeing yours. You flush, but before you can turn over, Thorin is cupping your cheek.

“It wasn’t a dream. You are here beside me.” He says softly. “My y/n.” His filter is long gone and you flush.

“Thorin.. Im not..” he silences you with a deep rough needy kiss. You press into it, and whine a little. Thorin pulls away.

“Should I die tomorrow, I would do it happily knowing I met you. My one.” He tugs you to his chest holding you tight. You are confused and lost, but Thorin is asleep before you can say a word.

The next morning you go to the boat, Thorin hasn’t said a word to you. He refuses kili and you get back onto the dock. Thorin watches. “Kili, you need rest. I know you will be alright, just find us when you’re well.” Kili smiles hugging you. It was far warmer than thorin. Fili hugs you as well, and then you’re on your way to Erebor.

It’s a quiet boat ride, youre quiet, nervous. Its terrifying to think about what you’re headed to face. A dragon. Smaug. Hes a dragon with real intent to kill. You are looking back at laketown as you travel. This was a mistake.

Before you can complain out loud, you’re disembarking. The ground is barren, the leftovers of burned trees scattered around. It is silent, except for the company. Its eerie, and almost like the calm before the storm.

Bilbo and you share the same worries, and walk fairly close together. Finally the steps are found, time for some more climbing. You seem to outpace the dwarves, making the large stone steps seem flat. Its easy for you, and fun. Distracting. Which is good for soon you will be facing smaug.

The Cuckoos Nest

Chapter Summary

Facing a dragon has you paralysed with fear. This could end in disaster for all of you. But the way Thorin has been acting is concerning.

The door is here. One of these faces is the way into erebor. The dwarves catch up, the sun starting to set. There's panic when no keyhole appears, the dwarves turning dejectedly when nothing appears.

But you notice there was no knocking thrush. You and bilbo stand looking at different things, trying to solve it. Then a thrush lands to crack open a snail, and the moon reveals the keyhole. Bilbo yells for the dwarves. Already you are tightly gripping your sword, terrified of what lay inside.

Thorin opens the door, and it swings open. They file in, you and bilbo following. You can't understand the runes, but it feels familiar. You wait outside after bilbo enters. The height doesn't scare you, your feet dangling over the cliff edge. Thorin hasn't spoken to you since last night.

It's been bothering you, but it's a lingering thought in the back of your mind. There's a real dragon in there. You feel something is wrong. Something is hovering at the edges of your vision. You sigh brushing it off.

The mountain shaking makes you stand. You're clearly terrified, the dwarves not knowing how to help you. Thorin is oddly distant. Balin pats your shoulder gently, it's still and tense waiting for some news. Sign of bilbo.

You start to pace stopping on seeing the flashes of orange. Thorin refuses to go in, you push past him. The dwarves protest but you're already rushing in for bilbo. You find him. "Bilbo! Are you alright?!" You ask.

"I found it." You pause. "The arkenstone. I don't know if I should tell thorin." You look at the doorway.

"He's not himself. Don't." Bilbo frowns, but before you can say anything more Thorin appears. He looks at the two of you.

"Did you find it?" He demands. You and bilbo share a look.

"We need to leave." Bilbo says, Thorin raising his sword to Bilbo's chest. You grip your sword, noticing the furious dragon approaching. Thorin follows your gaze, the rest of the dwarves rushing in. Your heart pounds in your chest. You are frozen stiff. The dragon opens

his jaw, the glow of fire appearing. You get dragged onto the god with the others, rushing out the chamber.

Your eyes are glazed, fear gripping you. The dwarves make a plan, and you are too terrified to do anything but follow. The silence gets broken by a single coin dropping to the floor. You look up, fighting your trembling. There he is, searching the mountain for you. You continue, only to find a dead end. You feel helpless, and so tiny. This can't be what the crow had envisioned. It can't be the way this ends.

Thorin looks at the company. "We make for the forges." You look up at him, the others are just as surprised.

"He'll see us, sure as death." Dwalin protests. You shakily get up watching them carefully.

"Not if we split up." Thorin is clearly determined.

Balin protests. "Thorin, we'll never make it."

"Some of us might. Lead him to the forges. We kill the dragon. If this is to end in fire, then we will all burn together." You end up with Thorin, Bilbo and Balin.

You stay with Thorin with the dragon bearing down behind you. You have never been so afraid, but being beside Thorin is a comfort. He refuses to let you die, and he will not fail you again.

You rush for cover, the flames making the air dry and hot. The forges light, and you feel more like dead weight than ever. Thorin grips your shoulders tightly. "Y/n you cannot help us here." You frown, and look at the floor ashamed. Thorin tugs your face up to face his. "You can help us through there. Follow the forges, run right to the doorway. He will follow you, and then we can kill him."

You nod stiffly. Thorin suddenly kisses you roughly, and shoves you towards the door. He demands you do as he has said, and you obey. A second kiss, just as fleeting as the last. As rushed and desperate.

You only just make it before Smaug bursts through. He snarls. "You will all die! I am going to see it happen!"

Feathers and flames

Chapter Summary

The dragon is bearing down, Thorin is getting distant.

How do you cope, and move forward?

You turn and Smaug is staring you down. Bilbo appears from below the huge banner. You shake your head and Smaug laughs.

“And who are you? How can you stop me! Defeat me!” Smaug growls, his chest and eyes glowing with the threat of incineration. You shake violently as he moves closer. “I do not understand what you are. You smell like a human, and a dwarf.” You clam up further and he leans down. His eye looking at you scrutinously.

Everything seems to stop, freeze. There's an instinct, a voice, an urge. You draw Ronurinel, it resonates in your hands and before Smaug can move you plunge it into his eye. The sword is yanked from your hand when he rears back in pain. With a blink it clatters down to the floor. “You insolent weakling! How dare you! You will burn!” He is furious, and his maw opens to engulf you in flame.

You had been sparring, but what you do next has never been taught to you. You dart away skidding along the floor to retrieve your sword. Then as Smaug turns to kill you, Thorin yells. With you hidden, Smaug turns at the insult.

The dwarves plan saves you, and for a moment you think it worked. You soon realise it hasn't. He breaks through the gate, and you follow. There isn't much you can do, but you injured him.

You wait anxiously outside the gates with the others. Thorin is off on his own and you walk over. “Thorin?” You say gently. “Can we talk about the kisses?”

He turns, and looks different. Distant. “Y/n,” he sighs. “I.. am unable to.” You frown, and pull away.

“Why not? You instigated them.” He nods, saying nothing. “Thorin you can't expect me just to ignore it. The fact that you have kissed me. You can't stay silent to me about it.”

He turns, his eyes angry and cold. He is taller than you, by a few inches now. “Y/n, I have far more pressing matters. I have to see the dragon dead, to reclaim my homeland. I have no time for you.” He is harsh and his words are bitter.

You turn rejoining the others, until you stop, you look to the lake. The swooping dragon. You glare at Thorin before rushing towards esgaroth. The others shout at you, only one trying to stop you. Balin. “Y/n.” He calls, and you turn.

“You must stay here,” he pleads looking back. “I fear that Thorin will only get worse without you.” You huff.

“Balin he will not listen to any of us. My sword injured smaug, it pierced his eye easily. I have to do something”

“What can you do? You wont reach the town in time.” You shake your head and start to walk away. “Youre his one.” You stop looking back at Balin. “He would do anything for you, even with a clouded mind.”

Balins pleas don’t work and you rush towards Laketown. It is a couple of miles away. But dwarves are natural sprinters, and you are becoming a dwarf. Soon you are rushing into the burning town. You find Florence at the stables, setting her and the other horses loose to get to the shore.

The town is a maze, but you soon see him. Bard, atop the tower. You head The town is collapsing and burning around you, Smaug still wheeling over head. Climbing up burning buildings is difficult.

On top of a roof you see bard fire the black arrow. It misses, and you continue to rush towards the dragon you draw your sword and Smaug turns. “You.. you blinded me!” He snarls. You go closer, theres no fear this time. “You will all burn,” His maw opens , and his chest begins to glow. You leap landing on his head.

He thrashes but your grip stays firm. You keep balance and then drive Ronurinel through his scales, into his throat. Smaug roars and you slip, the sword coming with you. He rears up and starts to fly. The only way you can stay on is by gripping your sword hilt.

You see it. The loose scale. Smaug is about to dive again, this time there would be no town left. You leap as you did on the cliff, your sword going deep into his chest. He growls and gasps. You tug hard and start to fall towards the lake. You try to sheathe your sword, but it drops and you follow. Smaug is still in the air but he stops.

The laketown is destroyed as Smaug lands, and you are lost in the debris.

Clipped Wings

Chapter Summary

Thorin is lost to his sickness. His fierce need. The dwarves are still friendly to you, but in this loneliness the hobbit is of most relief.

That doesn't stop it from hurting. To Thorin you're just a ghost.

You don't remember anything. Its cold, freezing, and black. You feel yourself slowly sinking, drowning. The shock stopping you from fighting. You had hit your head on, what had been a roof beam. By the time you had woken, you were already drowning.

You don't feel the hands round you, dragging you back to the surface. You lay still and cold, eyes unseeing. Nobody tries to help, thinking you already dead. Ronurinel washed up on the shore, again likely to be forgotten.

Legolas has returned, but stops. He dismounts, going to the horse from his fathers stables. He pets her head, and can tell that she is in distress. He ties Florence's reins to his horses, riding to the survivors around the lake.

As he talks to Tauriel, Florence whinnies and gets restless trying to tug away. Tauriel and Legolas cant calm her, but they soon see you. Laid on the ground, almost dead. Tauriel unties Florence and the horse nudges at your head. Your chest rises a small amount, if shakily.

Legolas approaches and looks at Tauriel. "We cannot delay, we have to get to Gundabad." He looks at you again. "However we cannot abandon Ronurinel's bearer." He begins to try and wake you. Tauriel turns away, to find Kili, and the sword.

You hear a unfamiliar voice, a mumble you don't recognise. You feel a chill seep into your bones, and suddenly you cough. Pints of water leave your body, you had come so close to death. You groan and look around, seeing Legolas.

"We have never met, but my father informed me of you. Y/n, bearer of Ronurinel." You nod, still feeling awful. "I am Legolas." He helps you stand, guiding you to Florence, who huffs and nuzzles gently. "If it weren't for your horse you would be dead."

You smile a little, petting Florences mane. "I saved her from dragon fire. I would consider us equal." You reach for your sword, only now noticing its absence.

"It may well have gotten lost again, at the bottom of the lake." You frown, looking at Legolas again.

“Why would it do that?” You ask, and he looks puzzled. “If it understands enough to choose a bearer, then why would it abandon me?”

“If it believes you were not truly worthy..”

“I am the reason Smaug is dead.” Before you can explain Tauriel returns, with the lost sword. The elves listen to you, as you tell them how you slew the dragon. They are both extremely shocked.

“That is an impressive feat, that no one will believe.” Tauriel says softly. “Fortunately It does not matter whether they believe you or not.”

You seem confused. Legolas continues. “To bear the sword is one thing, to truly wield it is another. The deed you did, slaying the dragon, will leave a mark on the sword, and a matching one on you.” You are about to ask more questions, but the elf arriving changes things.

You can’t dawdle any longer, and despite your almost drowning you mount Florence and ride for Erebor. As you approach the gate, you see some familiar faces. You slow Florence to a trot. “Fili! Kili! Bofur! Oin!” You shout, and the small party of dwarves stops. They turn as you catch up.

“Y/n!” Fili beams. “You were with uncle.”

“You being here cannot be good.” Kili continues.

“What happened to them?” Bofur asks, all of them concerned

“I left. They are all fine, or were when I left them. Smaug was attacking Laketown, and Thorin was just waiting for the moment when he could go inside this damned mountain. I tried to talk to him but he wouldn’t.. he wasn’t himself. I couldn’t just watch as innocent people burned.” They listen, quiet and considerate.

“I got there, and freed the horses from the stables. I then saw bard on the clock tower, but despite his aim, the black arrow missed. I was on a roof, and Smaug saw me. I managed to blind him before, in one eye. He came for me in his anger, and I leapt onto his head. I managed to drive my sword into his throat. He started to fly, but I could see the loose scale. I leapt for it, like I did when I was on the cliff. My sword went straight through, and me and it fell to the lake. I almost drowned but Legolas saved me, and Tauriel returned my sword.”

They are silent. Stunned.

“You killed the dragon with your sword?” Bofur asks quietly. You remember what Legolas said, and unsheathe it. On the blade, in the centre is a rune like drawing of a dragon. You pass it over, and as they examine it, and grumble in Khuzdul, they realise it’s the truth.

“You killed smaug?” Kili says softly and you nod. You get tugged into a hug, fili and bofur joining it. You smile and tug away.

You follow the others into the mountain, Florence is waiting outside. You seem a little on edge. Wary. You hear Bilbo.

“Wait! Wait!” The dwarves all smile.

“It’s Bilbo, he’s alive.” Bilbo reaches you, and smiles at you.

“Stop! Stop! Stop! You need to leave. We all need to leave. I tried talking to him but he won’t listen.” You tense.

“Thorin.” You murmur and Bilbo nods, before continuing.

“Thorin, he’s been down there for days. He doesn’t sleep, he barely eats. He’s not been himself, not at all. It’s this.. it’s this place. I think a sickness lies upon it.”

“A sickness?” Kili asks, “What kind of sickness?” Fili looks down and dashes off. The others follow and you stop Bilbo.

“Bilbo, how bad is it? Is he.. Angry?” Bilbo sighs and leads you after the others. You see Thorin surrounded by the dragon hoard.

“Gold. Gold beyond measure, beyond sorrow and grief.” You feel your heart sink at seeing him like this. “Behold, the great treasure hoard of Thrór.” He suddenly tosses something towards you.

You reunite with the company, everyone is glad to see you all alive. But Thorin is unfeeling towards you, barely saying any greetings, or acknowledging you at all. He demands you all search tirelessly for the damn Arkenstone, but you sneak off to find some relief. You end up getting closer to Bilbo, both of you knowing something is very wrong.

After several days, you are sat beside bilbo. He pulls out an acorn. “When did you find this Bilbo?” You ask with a smile. Before he can answer Thorin rounds the corner.

“What is that?” Bilbo looks at him sheepishly. “In your hand.”

“It’s nothing.” Bilbo replies, Thorin still ignoring your precense.

“Show me.” Thorin demands, and you look away. Bilbo shows him the acorn.

“I picked it up in Beorn’s garden.” He admits.

“You’ve carried it all this way?” You stand and leave, you can’t bear being ignored by Thorin. It’s worse than almost drowning. You slide down a wall, in a shadowed corner and start to cry.

You never hear Thorin follow you, or notice him lingering nearby. The sound of your crying is heartbreaking to him. He can’t stand it, but why does he need you? He has all this treasure, all this gold. Yet standing there and seeing you cry, he feels empty and hollow.

Bird Song

Chapter Summary

You cant bear this. You have to do something. All Thorin does is brood, and ignore you. It is unbearable.

He is family. They all are.

Before you even have a chance to collect yourself, you are called to the gate. Before you even have a chance to collect yourself, you are called to the gate. Kilis pleas fall om Thorins deaf ears. You can't stand this. You push through the dwarves and go through the gate to Florence. She has been fed and watered daily, so none of the company think anything of it.

Then you mount her. The dwarves, and Bilbo stop. Thorin gets angry. "Y/n! What do you think youre doing?!" You glare at him. They have never seen you look like this

"I am leaving." You snarl. "You have completely and utterly ignored me until right now thorin. I refuse to watch as you turn innocent people away." You pause. "I can't have my family isolate me again." The dwarves are silent, and surprised. You think of them as family.

"If you leave, you will not be welcomed back!" Thorin yells.

"Youre wrong. I will be, just not by you." You ride towards the ruins of Dale, the dwarves left feeling more lost, and less hopeful.

You find the refugees in Dale scrambling for food, blankets and supplies. Alfrid comes up to you. "We cant afford to have another mouth to feed." He sneers. "You should ride back to the dwarves, since you are one of them." You glare down at him, unmoving.

Bard sees you, and Alfrid, coming over. "I will not listen to you. You were nothing more than a greedy lackey, wanting a 'good' life without having to work for it." You hiss. Bard smirks a little, the whole town knows that is true. "I am not here to take food from someone who needs it more. I came because I am not going to sit and watch as those dwarves refuse to help." Alfrid is clearly angry.

"Well, maybe you should ride over there and convince them to help then. Its not like you would be any good for much else." You draw your sword, holding it to his throat. Bard steps forward.

"I apologiee for him, he doesn't know when to shut his mouth." You look at bard for a moment, turning back to Alfrid.

“I am the reason you are alive. I am the reason there were survivors. I am the person who slayed Smaug.” The hardness in your eyes, the fierceness in your voice, and the mark on your sword clearly show you are telling the truth. You sheathe your sword, and dismount.

“I cant do anything to get the dwarves to listen.” You are speaking to Bard now. “Thorin has fallen into dragon sickness. He refuses to part with any gold, pr to offer help.” You sigh. “I tried to reason with him, but since he has been pretending I am not there, I thought I might be of better use here. I can send word to the elves, find you aid.”

Bard shakes his head. “I doubt the elves would heed you. However we may need your help to negotiate.” You nod and lead Florence to what had been the stables a long time ago.

After a nights rest, you wake early. The first person to find the elves. You walk through them, finding Thranduil. He looks at you. “You survived the dragon.” He says, clearly he had not been expecting it of you.

Instead of answering, you draw Ronurinel, passing it to him. He takes it and stands there for a moment in the quiet. “You slayed the dragon.” He looks at you.

“Im still not sure how I knew what to do, where I found the skill or courage, but I did do it.”

“A mighty feat.” He bows to you. King Thranduil bows to you, an almost dwarf. “It seems as though you are the true bearer of this sword.” He passes it back. “Come, I will tell you the history of that sword.”

Thranduil tells you of Ronurinel's history. It was forged by the valar for the elves, and from it they made its twin, Orcrist. The first to wield it in battle, lost their hand. The next, their leg, and the third their life. It has passed from bearer to bearer, never having settled or chosen the right person.

During the battle against Morgoth in the first age, its bearer was slain, and the sword was lost. It had fallen deep into a sleep, and was forgotten for centuries. There had been rumours of its discovery, and someone tried to claim it as theirs, but as with the others, they died.

“It seems as though you are the first that the sword has deemed worthy, you must have some great deeds to do.” The morning is drawing in, the sky turning from a dim blue, to stained with yellow and pink.

Bard finally finds the two of you, and Thranduil leaves you to inform the bargeman of why they are here. You turn away, walking to the edge of Dale. What you have been told fills in many gaps, but there is still something you don't understand.

“Y/n.” You turn, a white crow. “You are going to have all the answers you seek very soon, but there is a task you must do first.” You nod, no longer are you asking questions. The crow can see that you are who you were meant to be. “Protect the line of Durin. Fili, Kili and Thorin.” You nod, less confidently, and the crow flies away.

You spend the rest of the day thinking, about the dwarves. Your thoughts are broken by hooves, you follow. You find Alfrid insulting Gandalf. You go over and interfere, “He is no

vagabond. He is a wizard, and you should show him some respect.”

Alfrid goes to insult you, but Bard appears. Not long after? You, Gandalf and Bard are with King Thranduil. As Gandalf tries to talk the other two out of war, you begin to worry for the dwarves, the family you left behind the wall of stone.

“That won’t stop them. You think the Dwarves will surrender? They won’t. They will fight to the death to defend their own.”

You rush to Bilbo, hugging him tight. You feel relieved seeing the hobbit. “How is he?” You ask quietly. Bilbo shakes his head. You frown and let him go, to reconvene in Thranduil’s tent.

“If I’m not mistaken, this is the halfling who stole the keys to my dungeons from under the nose of my guards.” You smirk a little.

“Yes. Sorry about that. I came to give you this.” Bilbo says. It’s the arkenstone. You frown, Thorin would see you both as traitors now.

“The Heart of the Mountain. The King’s jewel.”

“And worth a king’s ransom.” Bard says before looking at Bilbo. “How is this yours to give?”

“I took it as my fourteenth share of the treasure.” They look at you.

“You have no share?” Bard asks. You shake your head.

“No. I was an unexpected companion.” You hum. “I never signed the contract either.”

Bard looks to Bilbo again, “Why would you do this? You owe us nothing.”

“I’m not doing it for you. I know that Dwarves can be obstinate and pigheaded and difficult. And suspicious and secretive with the worst manners you can possibly imagine, but they are also brave and kind and loyal to a fault. I’ve grown very fond of them, and I would save them if I can. But Thorin values this stone above all else. In exchange for its return, I believe he will give you what you were owed. There will be no need for war.”

The next morning you ride with Thranduil and Bard. Thorin doesn’t spot you immediately, but when he does..

“Y/n! You are a traitor!” He yells at you, the others looking on worriedly. “How dare you side with our enemy!”

You stand firm, saying nothing. Thranduil looks at you, raising his brow. “We’ve come to tell you that payment of your debt has been offered, and accepted.”

Thorin turns his angry gaze to the elf, and you watch worriedly. “What payment? I gave you nothing. You have nothing.”

Bard pulls out the Arkenstone, and soon Thorin turns on poor Bilbo. Gandalf demands Bilbo is returned unharmed, and you can only watch. You follow Thorins gaze. Your heart sinks, as the black crow lands. You know what this means.

“I will have war.”

Battle Call

Chapter Summary

Its here. The fight. You have a job to do, a family to protect, orcs to fight.

Your heart sinks at Thorins words, but you see Ironfoot over the crest of the hill. You look to Gandalf, hoping he can do something.

As the events around you start to escalate you look to the mountain. You ride to the gate, hoping Thorin will listen to you. "Thorin!" You shout, the dwarves looking over the ramparts at you.

Thorin looks over, and despite what you have done he is relieved. The sickness is worsening, but you look alive, and strong. Like a dwarf.

"You are a traitor y/n!" He yells. You can tell he is wavering a little. "You are not welcome here!"

You stay there, standing fast as the battle begins behind you. "If anyone is a traitor it is you! You have done nothing but hide like a coward! Cast friends aside! Bilbo was trying to help! I am trying to help!"

He looks angry, but doesn't continue to argue. He turns away, and you hesitate hearing his demands to the others. The wall goes silent, but the company watches as you fearlessly ride into the battle.

You draw Ronurinel, and as its true bearer wielding it is instinctive. You easily slice through orcs, decapitations, and deep wounds coming from your blade.

Soon you are faced with a war beast. Dain has fallen back toward the mountain. You snarl and face the beast. It swings and Florence manages to dart put of the way, but she gets hit as the beast swings again. Florence falls to the ground with a whinny. You get off her and as the beast goes to capture you, ot loses a hand. You chase it down, and manage to slice so deep across its stomach that it collapses.

You turn back to Florence. You pet her head, leaning against her. "I am sorry girl. You are a wonderful horse, and deserved a better end than this." She weakly nudges into your hand before her head gets heavy and limp. You close her eyes and fight back towards Dain.

Just as you are about to reach him, Thorin emerges. Being distracted is a bad idea in war, and you get slashed across the back. A gash begins to bleed from your shoulder. You gasp as it happens soon turning to face the huge orc. The fight ends quickly as it lay slain at your feet.

Thorin is nearby, and pauses. You are covered in black blood, your shoulder crimson. There's a hard courage and determination in your eyes. A scream leaves your throat as you split an orc in two. He seems to be entranced again, except this time, it's in awe of you.

You finally spot him, yelling his name. He is too relieved to see you that he hasn't noticed the orc behind him. You snarl and throw your sword, it sticking through the orcs skull.

Now you're fighting weaponless, Thorin snaps out of it. He grabs your sword rushing to your side. "Y/n." He says and you look at him. You are a dwarf. "Y/n." He repeats. You take your sword.

"Thorin you can apologise after we make it through this alive. Do you have a plan?" You shout, turning to kill another orc, before fighting another off immediately after. "Thorin! Plan! Yes or no!"

"Yes! I would ask that you come with me." You nod finishing off the orc. He smiles wide. "You'll have to ride a goat, your horse won't make it."

You frown. "She was killed. By one of those monsters." You snarl pointing towards another creature. He follows your gaze, and moves to be in front of you. "Y/n.. I am sorry. We must go. Azog has to be stopped."

You nod, and follow him. Riding a goat is far easier than a horse, with you being a full dwarf, it feels much better. You ride alongside them, the cart.

The orcs fall in swathes around you, and the others. You can hear their shouting, but ride away taking a different route. They shout after you, but you easily scale an outcrop, and decapitate a troll. You rejoin the cart the dwarves beaming at you.

"Since when could you do that y/n!" Kili shouts. You chuckle, and the others shout after you.

"Can you clear our path!" Thorin shouts and you speed ahead, and begin decimating the orcs. Soon enough you hit a problem.

The wargs and a frozen pond. You get stuck fighting one on the cliff face. You watch as Fili, Kili, Dwalin and Thorin mount the goats. You all race up the hill, trying to get to Azog.

Finally, you're atop Ravenhill. The crows words echo in your head. You help kill the small orc party, picking up a bow and quiver. You may need it.

Thorin makes a plan and you interrupt. "We don't know where they are, how many they are. It is a bad idea to send them alone, and into danger. We have to change our plan."

"We have no other choice y/n." Kili says and you shake your head. They don't listen. Kili and Fili head to the ruins.

You watch as Fili is held aloft by Azog. You don't even hesitate, firing an arrow at Azog. It lands deep in his elbow and Fili is dropped. Kili must catch him as you hear fighting begin.

You rush over the ice, Thorin with you. You reach the other side soon getting faced with more orcs. Your shoulder is still injured, and bleeding and its starting to tire you.

You see Thorin and Azog fighting, and can hear Fili and Kili. You know you have saved Fili, so you leave to chase Kili down. Tauriel is on the ground when you arrive. You leap from above, and Bolg lets Kili go. He stabs deep into your leg, and you scream in pain.

You return the favour, straight through Bolg's arm. He drops you, before seeing Legolas, and chases after the elf.

Tauriel and Kili come to your side. You shake your head, and try to stand. The elf and dwarf sound distant and you grimace as you stand.

"Y/n! You must retreat!" Kili demands. You look at him.

"I can't." You say shoving him off and climbing back towards Thorin. Two of Three. You can save them. You see him. Thorin is facing Azog.

You rush towards them, stumbling from your leg. You hiss through your teeth, fighting the pain. Looking up, Thorin is alone. You stand and rush after him. You won't make it.

You pant as you skid towards him, he only spots you at the last moment. Azog pierces Thorin's foot and you shove him aside, as Azog bursts through. You block against him with your sword. He is far stronger, but Thorin charges from his left, and Azog gets up.

He begins to fight Thorin, you get to your feet, and flank the pale orc. He can't fight both of you off, so after kicking Thorin away, he tries to kill you.

His blade gashes deep past your side, but yours enters into his chest. You push harder, and he snarls. Soon he's limp.

You flop onto the ice, bleeding and injured. But victorious.

Thorin looks to you, going to your side. You are staining the ice red, the gash into your side the worst injury. He pulls you close, trying to do something to help.

Once again he is powerless to save you. Just as he was on the cliff, when Azog's warg bit you. When you got lost without him, and when you left to fight Smaug. He has not once been able to save you, or spare you from danger. Thorin is lost, he always has been around you. But as he tries to stop your bleeding, and as the dwarves head for Ravenhill, the white crow calls your name.

You see him, he is more magnificent now. "Hello y/n. I am Gírald." You look at him. "I was tasked by the Valar to find Ronurinel's true bearer. To save the line of Durin, and to defeat Smaug. I knew it was you. Always kind to animals, nature. Forgiving, determined, stubborn, and brave beyond words."

You listen disbelieving. "You are the true bearer. You slayed Smaug. You saved the line of Durin." Gírald flies over to you, bowing his head. "Mahal sends his thanks, and I am in your service from now, until you die."

You groan and slowly wake, the dwarves around you, on Ravenhill. The white crow is stood at your head. You wince as Oin binds your wounds.

Your eyes flutter open, and Kili aids you to your feet. The dwarves all survived, and they are beaming at you with pride.

Roosting at Home

Chapter Summary

Its over. The adventure you were sent on is over, and you now have to get used to your new life.

Chapter Notes

This is the end of it. However a sequel will be starting shortly.

With the battle over, and after having your wounds tended to, there is something left to do. Talk to Thorin, but since he's king, he's a little busy. You limp towards the front gate of Erebor, to get some air. To think

Fili joins you after a small while. He looks at you. "Y/n?" You turn to look at him. "How did you.. do that? Whenever we have sparred you have been.."

"Slow?" You finish and he nods. "I killed smaug. That was when I first felt it really. Its hard to describe." He hums.

"You saved me. You saved kili. You saved Thorin." You nod. "Did you know? That we were going to.. you tried to stop us."

You turn to Fili. "I did. Girald, he told me. And.." fili frowns. "In my world you are fictional." He nods remembering what your brother had said on seeing them. "I knew from that too. But I havent thought about that much, I have just been a part of the company."

Fili smiles. "Youre not a part of the company." He smiles. You frown, but he pats your good shoulder and leaves you a little confused and flustered. As you ponder Fili's words, Thorin approaches you.

You turn and squeak, he had startled you. Thorin cant help but grin. "I must admit, that squeak of yours is rather endearing." You flush, as he stops beside you. He sighs and frowns. "I am sorry. I am y/n, for pushing you away. For what I said at the gate. I think far more of you than that." You go to interrupt but Thorin stops you. "The kisses we have shared, the words I told you in Lake town. I meant them."

You stare back at him disbelieving. "I have thought for a long time that you are my one." He sees your clear lack of understanding. Thorin takes your hands gently in his, turning them to

see the scars. "Dwarves have Ones. A person they are truly meant to be with. Someone who completes them, fulfils them. They are irreplaceable, and hard to find." His eyes meet yours. "I saw it from the moment we first met. I have cried when I have believed I lost you. I can never lose you." His words are filled with love and sincerity. You are speechless. Thorin's hands wander, instead gripping your waist.

"I have no right to ask this of you.. Not after the times I have failed you. But y/n, would you.." before he can finish you are kissing him. He groans tugging you closer. You pull away, lingering there.

"Thorin if you are asking if you can date me, the answer to that is yes." He looks a little bewildered. You smile and giggle a little.

"Is dating the same as courting?" He asks densely, still not being the smartest with women. You nod slowly and he seems to untense. He had been worried about asking you. He lets you go, looking into the mountain. "There is something else you should know." You hum, leaning into him. "If a pair of dwarves are courting, they exchange what are known as courting beads." You listen gently. "They are braided into our hair, a sign that we are taken. They are forged by each half, as handmade gifts." You frown. "I know you cannot give me that. I am sure you will think of some wonderful alternative."

You smile and begin to head back into the mountain, but wince. Thorin moves to help you. "I still hurt quite a bit." You moan, which gives Thorin a chuckle. "I know why but It still sucks." Thorin smiles. You are going to be his.

Bilbo is getting ready to leave. You have limped your way to him, to give him something. "Bilbo?" You say, seeing his back. He turns and smiles. "I have something to give you. To take to Bag End." You pass him a small set of seeds. "They are seeds for the plants I had. The ones you liked so much. I grabbed them before I left." Hes beaming. "I know you'll look after them."

He hugs you, squeezing a little too tight. You wince and he apologises as he lets go. "Im going to sneak out. My last act as burglar." He says to you. You chuckle.

"The dwarves wont let you." He sighs. Looking at you.

"Youre saying that as if you are not one of them." You flush, realising you are a dwarf. You rub your cheeks and frown. Theres a slight roughness there. Stubble, or at least the beginnings of it.

"That lying bird!" You groan. "Im growing stubble." Bilbo smiles, as if you have just proved his point. You groan. "Fine Bilbo, fine. Im a dwarf." He chuckles.

"I am very glad I met you y/n." You tug him into a hug, and he pats your back. He heads towards the gate, to sneak off, but Balin finds him. Before he has left you are all there to see

him off.

Thorin is holding your hand, and things are finally going to be less chaotic for you.

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