

The After Battle

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/3189287) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/3189287>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Categories:	M/M , Multi , Other
Fandoms:	The Hobbit (Jackson Movies) , The Hobbit - J. R. R. Tolkien
Relationships:	Bilbo Baggins/Thorin Oakenshield , Kili/Fili , Brotherly balin & dwalin , Dwalin/Ori , friendly Ori & Bilbo , Bard of Laketown/Thranduil
Characters:	Bofur , Balin , Bard of Laketown , Dwalin , Bilbo Baggins , Fili , Kili , Thorin Oakenshield , Dori , Ori - Character , Thranduil , The rest of Thorin's Company , Gandalf
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2015-01-18 Updated: 2015-02-07 Words: 1,725 Chapters: 4/?

The After Battle

by [Lonely_Lovely_Hobbit](#)

Summary

No one had died during BOTFA, but of course no one knew that. Bilbo had gone home, and that's the last of him they heard for a while. But then, word from the Shire drifts through and none of it is good. Thorin takes a few of the old company and travels to Hobbiton. It is nothing as expected....

Chapter 1

The sun had just begun to rise above the horizon. Thorin rested peacefully in his bed, but not dreaming. His mind was blank and he was at peace. Fili, his waist still tightly bandaged, walked in quietly. He had long since healed but Oin was worrisome. Fili walked over to his resting form and shook him gently.

"Uncle? Uncle Thorin, wake up." He whispered. Thorin groaned lowly and his eyes fluttered open. Fili smiled. "Good morning."

"Good morning my dear nephew." Thorin spoke softly, his voice deep from the sleep. He returned the smile and sat up, wincing a little. "How was your night?" He asked. Fili started to braid his beard like he used to when he was but a child.

"It was well." Fili replied and continued. Thorin gently laid his forehead on his and whispered,

"You will make a glorious king one day, my dear Fili. More glorious than I can ever be." Fili looked at him in awe and smiled cheekily. "Th-thank you Uncle." He added. Slowly swings his legs off the bed and looks at him with concern.

"Fili, how is it?" He asked gently. Fili dropped his eyes, but nodded truthfully.

"It is sore, but I am fine." Fili answered and hugged Thorin's neck. "It's alright Uncle."

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A man rode his horse and stopped at the main gate of Dale. He looked up to the guard and called,

"Dear guardsmen, have a moment to spare for a message for the master." The guard nodded and drew back the gates. The man got down from his horse and handed the guard a notice. The guard nodded and took it. Soon after, the man left and the guard handed the notice to the master, Bard.

Bard took it and read it slowly, then read it again, and then even a third time. Quickly, he stood.

"Who has given this to you for me?" He asked, concern. The notice wasn't good and it scared him.

"A rider from the North, sire. He brings the message from the Shire." Bard nodded him off and sighed. He read the letter once again and called for his horse. Then, he set out for the mountain.

Chapter 2

Thorin called a meeting into the War Room as soon as he read the letter. Quickly, Fili, Kili, Balin, Bofur, and Dwalin appeared and walked in. Thorin looked up at them with worry.

"This is a letter from the Shire. It is from Bilbo." He spoke, his voice deep and almost shaky. They took no notice. "He says there is war." Balin replied first, calm and collected.

"Does it say how he is and if the better side is winning?" Thorin shook his head, and handed him the letter. Balin read it, then read it again and sighed heavily. He passed the letter to Dwalin, who passed it down and so on and so forth. Once they had all read it, they stood in silence for a while. Suddenly, Fili spoke,

"We need to help him. It's the least we could do. You know, after all we've put him through." He forced a small smile. Thorin looked at him and return the smile, then nodded.

"Yes, we should." He looked at the others. Dwalin nodded and so did Balin. Bofur did the same and added,

"Then we will be off then correct?" He smiled cheekily and the others did too. Thorin smiled bigger and his eyes brightened. "Yes Bofur, we will be off soon." He answered. So then they left the War Room and immediately started to pack. And after a while, they set out to leave. They had to save their burglar.

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Bard readied his horse. He agreed with Thorin to warn the elvenking of war. He climbed on his horse, and took off, trying to get there as quickly as possible. After a few days, he trotted down the stoned path and stopped at the gate.

"Oh guardsman?" He called up to the elf. The elf looked at him and leaned forward a little.

"Yes Bard the Bowman and Master of Dale?" He called down and rolled his eyes impatiently when Bard took a while to answer.

"I must speak with your king at once, for I have very urgent news." Bard called, sighing at the wait. Eventually, the guard let down the gate and he dropped down from his horse. He walked in and nodded politely to the the guard, then rushed towards the great hall. Thranduil sat upon his throne. He looked downward at Legolas as he spoke.

"My king, Thranduil, I must speak with you." Called Bard, who was soon at Legolas's side. Legolas turned to face him and greeted him politely, as Bard did the same.

"What is of this matter, Bard the Bowman?" Thranduil called from his throne and stood, gliding down the stairs. Bard explained the letter, casually looking between Legolas and

Thranduil and watching their faces of concern. They nodded, listening as he spoke of sound of war. Soon, their curiosity grew as Thorin's had. They all needed to know more.

## Bag End

Soon, Thorin and his new company arrived at the edge of the Shire. It was different. Completely. The once beautiful trees that reached the sky were dead, and laying on their side in gigantic pile. The dirt underneath them no longer looked fertile. It was too dry and dusty. In the distance, dead corn stalks were placed on the ground. The sky was a pale grey, that threatened snow and seemed to taunt them. Everything was different.

Thorin looked at his company, then back at the road. They all shared the same look of concern. The once lively, emerald green grass was light brown and crunched under their feet. It gave them a depressing mood. Almost a mood of rotting hope. Then, cries were faint in the distance, and they quickly went along the road.

Camps were set up along the ridge. There was no longer any hobbit homes, no more joy and laughter. There were tents set up, the bigger one for the injured. The sick hobbits were too pale and skinny to be saved, and they lay on blankets around the surviving trees. It made it clear and simple of whom the leader's priorities were. Most of the sick were but of children, some even too young to walk. The elder children (in early teens) walked around, carrying woods or 'guns', which was something Thorin had never seen before. To the company they looked like painted sticks, but they didn't ask. Thorin got off his horse and so did the others. A hobbit walked by them and paused, staring at them in awe. His eyes widened and he bowed slightly. The company took a small step back in surprise, and shared looks of confusion. The hobbit smiled, and spoke in a soft whisper,

"Thorin, son of Thrain, king under the mountain." This surprised them even more obviously, and Balin managed to stutter,

"Yes, he is. B-but how do you know this?" The little hobbit smiled once again, and cheerfully answered.

"Simply dear Balin, my cousin Bilbo tells me stories." Thorin and his company finally returned his smile at the mention of their sweet burglar. Maybe he could point the way to him. Thorin lowered his voice softly and spoke,

"Do you know where we can find Mr. Bilbo?" The hobbit, Frodo, nodded and waved them to follow him. He walked to the right of them, and looking over his shoulder to see if they were following, which they were of course. Soon, Frodo stopped at the entrance of a tent, smaller than the one for the injured, but still quite large.

"Wait here." Frodo said simply, and smiled, then pushed aside the canvas and went inside. There was faint whispering, but the Frodo appeared again, pulling the canvas back and tying it up. Bilbo stood hovering over a table, his hair long and wavy, covering his face. He was unbelievably skinny and his skin was grey with dirt and mud was caked in his fingernails and cuts. The point of his ear (the one they could see) had been cut off. Bilbo was completely focused on a map that lay spread out in front of him. It was a map of the Shire. There was

darts stuck into certain places, the colors blue and red. There was more blue than red, and Thorin and his company hoped the blue represented them.

"Bilbo, you have visitors." Frodo spoke suddenly, his voice flat but polite. Bilbo looked up and locked eyes with Thorin, then looked at the rest of his company and smiled greatly. Words wouldn't begin to describe how wonderful it felt to see them. Especially, 'him'.

"You have come." Bilbo managed to say, his voice weary but cheerfully. Thorin smiled, a caring, warm smile, which made Bilbo remember to draw another breath.

"Yes, dear burglar." He nodded respectfully. Balin frowned with concern, and asked,

"What has happened here?" Bilbo nodded at the question, and began to explain.

"War. It has gotten into the hearts of these once cheery hobbits. They started with fire, burning the houses and the crops, even people when they were kidnapped. One of our farmers made these," he held up a gun, "they shoot little balls of lead, which is a mineral found in the ground like gold or steel. It has a big impact for such a tiny thing. If shot in the right place, you can kill 'em almost instantly." He looked up at them and smiled sadly. "Or, they die after a while, when infection sets in. It is an horrid way to go." He suddenly looked down at his gun and sighed. "War is a terrible thing, I hate it."

"Your arm." Bofur spoke up suddenly, his voice sounding almost in awe. Bilbo held his arm, and smiled, remembering the tattoos he had gotten.

"Oh these? Good luck I suppose. I'm not dead yet aren't I?" He chuckled. Thorin read the dwarvish war prayers and smiled, admiring him even more. Oh yes, Bilbo was officially going to be his.

## **Author's Note**

So same thing here with my last story. i'm redoing the plot line and i named it Sad Clouds.  
i'm not sure how to put a link so u guys can try having fun finding it, sorry.

Pray for everyone's future



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