

Nihility

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Nihility

by [nurkat](#)

Summary

The reader, a cousin of Bilbo, has tagged along with the company on their quest to reclaim Erebor. Fili and Kili do not return when expected from a scouting mission, and the company splits to find them.

Implied Thorin/Reader
Female reader insert.

Notes

I've had this idea for literally forever. And it's finally in text. I have not wrote a narrative in 1200 years.

Please be kind and leave constructive feedback.

:)

Thanks for reading!
Cheers

Disappearance

Thorin smiled at me, stopping his gaze to meet mine but only for a moment. My lips automatically returned the gesture, and that familiar warm feeling blossomed in my chest. His affection was gone in an instant; unnoticed by the others as he spoke to the rest, “Gather your things, we need to leave shortly.” I turned around to roll up my sleep sack along with the other items I had strewn around in the dirt. My knapsack, filled with dried herbs for poultices, some bandages, a flask of water and my notebook were the only things of value I had been carrying. The hobbit-sized blade that Dwalin had given me after signing my contract for employment stayed tied to the bottom of my bag, wrapped in a thick fabric. It has found its usefulness in cutting cloth for bandages.

Only taking moments to gather my effects, I sat myself on the ground to await the others. My eyes would eventually rest on Thorin before feeling as if they had lingered too long. I brushed the tangles out of my hair with my fingers before beginning to braid it, securing the end with a small clasp Bifur had gifted to me. I noticed Bilbo walking haphazardly, although I was unable to see his face. “..This cannot all be yours”, I smiled, “Let me help”. Before he responded, I had already taken a bag and a bedroll to reveal his face.

“Oh no, no-no,” he chuckled. “Not all mine, I was uh-” Bilbo paused for a moment allowing his face to become flat; the way he usually pauses when he’s thinking of the best thing to say. “I just wanted to make sure we leave on time.”

“How kind of you, cousin. But I see that you did not offer to pack my things...” I jested.

“Perhaps if you were to scout, I would—” He realized what had left his lips, “—and no. Do not get any ideas.”

My eyes squinted an annoyed response. “Is this not what I came for? Adventure?” I retorted with a mix of sarcasm and truth.

“No, you came because I couldn’t convince Thorin and the others otherwise.”

“I came, because I can be useful to the company”.

His face was unamused; he was obviously uninterested in quarreling with me. He inhaled slowly before extending his neck and shrugging to relax his shoulders, “I will hear no more of this nonsense. As it is, Fili and Kili have not returned, and I will not have you--.” His voice trailed off, but my ears did not follow. My eyes searched the camp for the two young brothers. Concern covered the faces of the Dwarves as they began to load their ponies. Dwalin, Oin and Ori were packed, but sitting comfortably around the fire. Thorin addressed the party, informing us that a few will stay behind in case they return.

I had not noticed anyone behind me, and my body startled as Thorin placed his large hand on my shoulder, “Saddle up, and pray we do not need your skill”. My mind flashed with unwelcomed images of what would cause them not to return. Horrific scenes of humans, dwarves, fellow hobbits that I have aided. Visions of lifeless bodies and broken bones, and

plenty more in between. I had not been in combat, but those brought to me in Bree were enough.

A voice brought me back.

“We need to get moving.” Bilbo stated, his arms still burdened with items not his own. I nodded before packing my pony, carefully removing my weapon and fixing it to my saddle. Thorin insisted I stay prepared for whatever may come; I only kept it at my side during travel for his appeasement. Too many times, he has lectured me on the terrors that would try to kill us before we would make it to Erebor. It was obvious he could tell that I was simply placating him. A slight smile would soften his face and his lecture would end with an assurance that as long as he drew breath, no harm should fall to me. I felt my cheeks turn hot at our memories before my eyes refocused to find my pony moving in line, trotting through the lush greenery single file. I was unsure how long my mind had wandered.

Soon the path opened and several ponies were able to gather. Thorin turned to speak, still mounted. “We need to split up”. The faces of your comrades showed disagreement, but Thorin had expected it. “I am in agreeance with your hesitation, but we have a great deal of ground to cover. Orc packs are known to patrol this area and we have less a chance of being seen if there are only a few searching”. Thorin had decided on splitting us into groups of three; however, Bilbo was requested to join the group with Bombur, Nori and Balin.

My heart skipped a beat when Thorin spoke my name as well as Bofur’s. We would be joining his party. I wanted to protest. I wanted to speak freely as I had done in private when the others were asleep. My mind raced with the questions I would pose to him, *What if something happens to you. On the other hand, if we find Fili and Kili? You should we not be bringing the most experienced—*. He spoke your name again and you felt your heart sink. *He knows...*

“... do not worry, we will find them.”

He spoke of his nephews, but I could not help but feel that he was aware of my anxiety; my hesitation. I wanted to believe this was his way of comforting me.

I found myself inhaling deeply, the smell of fragrant flowers and sap oozing from the surrounding tall trees. “Lass, you think you’ll join us?” The familiar sarcasm resonated from Bofur.

“I’m sorry--” You searched for an explanation, but those two simply smiled and continued. You followed behind them further into the forest. It must have been mid-morning, as the early morning dew was mostly gone from the plants covering the forest floor. Beams of sunlight made their way through holes in the treetops, and they seemed to dance as a slight wind moved through.

“Careful,” Thorin said, as he abruptly stopped before he reached up and snapped a tree branch. His pony turned the width of the path and he gingerly poked the long tree limb at the ground where they were to tread. A large rusted steel trap snapped up from the green vines and leaves to break the wood. “Orcs”, Thorin stated quietly, as his head scanned the area around them.

How does he know it was there? I would not have... You followed as Thorin weaved about the trail, avoiding other traps prior to coming to a stop. He looked around the wooded area before we each heard the snap of a twig from behind us. Thorin and his pony turned around before I could see the source of the noise. I watched as his eyes grew wide and the color drained from his face. The sharp sound of a released arrow pierced the ambient noise. Bofur and Thorin drew a sharp breath, and instantly Thorin reached for his own bow and freed an arrow. I felt its wake as it whirred past my cheek. I did not have time to flinch. I heard another fire from behind.

I blinked.

The world grew silent for a moment.

I blinked.

The bushes, shrubs, the dirt, now all shades of monotone.

My eyelids flickered a few times, attempting to bring back the vibrant color from earlier. My vision started to blur, but I am certain I watched both Bofur and Thorin dismount with what appeared to be haste, and worry on their faces.

I was certain they were yelling. Their expressions mixed with anger and sadness, but I could not make out the words.

My shoulder and back began to burn and my shirt clung to my skin. My lips parted and I instinctively sucked in air. Breathing was more difficult than normal. My head started to pound along with my chest.

I looked over to my right and Bofur was next to me; his arms outstretched up, grabbing my arm and side to pull me from my pony. He was no longer yelling; his face covered only in concern. My legs relaxed on their own, as did my grip on the reins.

I was falling.

Thorin released another arrow. Then another before relaxing his bow. Our eyes met. I have never seen such sadness on his face.

Pain began to seep into my core. My heart pounded as if it were trying to escape my chest as Bofur lowered me to the ground; I noticed the point of a black arrow sticking out above my left breast. Thorin was already at my side, helping to ease my limp body to the earth.

My chest was so heavy, heaving as I inhaled with most of my remaining strength. My eyes again met with Thorin's. In an instant, his pain seemed to countermand my own.

"...Thorin", I managed. I paused a moment to inhale. "... Are you alright--".

"Try not to speak," Thorin interrupted.

Bofur asked from my other side, "Should we pull them out?"

I shook my head, rejecting his question, but I was focusing more on breathing than on answering them. Thorin answered rather quickly, his voice pensive, “Not without Oin. We need to break the arrows. However, keeping them in will staunch the internal bleeding.”

Arrows. There is another. The pain in my chest had masked my back; my mind raced as I remembered my legs going limp. I attempted to move my feet, and as the soil gave way to my movement, I exhaled a long sigh of relief.

My head rested on Thorin’s chest. He was right keeping me upright, which aided my respirations. My eyelids grew heavy and I found them pulling closer together. I would take longer to blink, feeling as if I had slept for hours before opening them again, wanting to close them for the same resting relief.

My eyes opened as I felt his bulky fingers grasp my own. His voice rumbled through my entire body, “I need you to stay awake. The others will come soon”. I wanted to listen. I wanted to relish this moment. I had wanted Thorin to hold on to me like this since our journey had begun, although, this situation had not been as I imagined. My eyes slowly parted to see our hands interlocked, mine pale in comparison, but the color had not yet turned to blue.

I had a chance. Perhaps not.

Nevertheless, my body began to relax, and my breathing slowed. I felt a liquid move in my chest, and I could not stifle a cough. I attempted to swallow what I assume was blood, but even that proved arduous. Thorin was soon wiping the corner of my mouth with his thumb.

For the first time I heard his gruff voice turn gentle, he spoke my name softly. “I need you to stay with me”. I smiled weakly as my gaze greeted his before closing again. I heard Thorin once more say my name. I felt him jostle my upper body as I neglected a response. I wanted to say something to him, just one more thing. Perhaps maybe one more glance at his face. I only needed a second. The sound that I could make out, including his voice deafened. The insects were gone; I could not feel the coolness of the soil beneath me. The warm embrace of Thorin seemed to dissolve as I slipped into complete nihilism.

Abeyance

Birds chirped. The rhythm of the rain was far away. Pressure. Voices spoke softly from different directions. The musty smell of mildew. A sharp pain. Thunder sounded in the distance.

My eyes opened, taking in a recognizable forest. The trees continued to reach for the sky as I followed the trunks to their branches. A finch fluttered past me. I looked to the ground, and noticed a speck of red between a patch of mushrooms. As I watched it began to expand. I took a step back. The speck became a puddle, then a pool. It swallowed ferns, rocks, trees. My back met resistance against a rough surface.

I turned to find the familiarity of my infirmary. Handwritten notes scattered on the desk. A wind flipped pages, taking with it the ones not adhered to a spine. I shut the window as a few drops of rain sprinkled the pane.

A cool feeling sprung between my toes. Long blades of grass swelled to cover the hills. Wild heather was blooming in the distance. I squatted to pick a dandelion, blowing its seeds. They floated up to the darkening sky and took their place as the stars.

Perserverance

Chapter Summary

Reader wakes up!

****Author note.** Wow a year almost! It's taken this long. If anyone has a direction they would like to see this go in, please comment or pm. Thanks so much for reading!

As always critique is welcomed!

My chest ached. Although darkness still clouded my vision, the voices around me became clear. I heard the crackling of a fire; I could feel its warmth creeping into my skin. My left hand was warmer than the other and felt encumbered.

“Get some rest”. The voice sounded like Balin.

“I will soon,” Thorin’s voice answered, there was no mistake it was his. I felt the pressure release from my hand; cool air instantly replacing it. Footsteps faded, and I heard a sigh. A few moments seemed to pass and I felt the same sensation on my hand; I return his grasp causing my name to escape from his lips.

My vision refuses to focus, but I can make out Thorin’s face above my own. I smiled as his eyes became clearer with ever blink, “I am glad you are alright...” I managed before his lips pressed gently on to mine.

“Do not speak,” he said softly, his eyes becoming glossy as his mouth finally formed a smile. Still grasping my hand, he pulled it to his chest. “You tried to leave us. I am glad you did not”. He called to Ori in order to fetch Oin.

I attempted to lift myself on to my elbows, and before I was reminded of my injuries, Thorin placed a hand on my middle, “I would not”.

My mind swam. The crack of the branch; the stinging feeling returning to my back and chest. His face. *How sad Thorin looked.* That feeling of drowning in the middle of a forrest. I wiggled my toes again. It wasn't a dream.

I replayed the scene over and over.

The crack of the branch.

Stinging.

I can't breathe.

Thorin.

I fell.

I can't breathe.

Just open your eyes, look at him!

The crack of the branch.

“Aye Lass, you know he’s right”. Oin’s voice stopped my spiral. I squinted to make out his face and although he was indistinct, I could tell I was not in a place of healing, or even an inn. My nostrils flared as I inhaled deeply; the pain becoming more noticeable. It smelled damp, wet. Humidity clung to my skin and I felt my body against a cool, soft ground. I heard more rustling towards the entrance.

“Are ye breathing alright, lass? Ye took a good arrow to yer chest and one to yer back. Filled ye up with blood,” Oin stated, looking over from my side.

Of course. My lung. One or both arrows must've pierced--.

Images of those I helped; the cutting into their chest to allow the fluid to drain. Watching as they heave with breaths, the fear diminishing from their eyes only slightly. Then those who were too far gone. Their blue lips gasping as they took their final attempt at a breath. *That could have been me.*

Oin removed a small horn from a bag left in the room, replacing his ear trumpet. He placed an end on my chest in various places, as he asked me to breathe deeply. I grimaced as I took breath after breath, but I could feel the oxygen absorb in my lungs. “Aye, you know the pain will remain for some time”. I did.

"But I can breathe.." I whispered, "thank you.." I heard voices echo with excitement.

"We were so worried," Bofur said, his hat squeezed in his chest.

I waited to hear Bilbo scold me. This is the very reason he did not want me to come. Embarrassment manifested itself within my watering eyes. But I was caught off guard, as he knelt beside me and spoke: "It's good to see you awake". His hand cupped my cheek and a thumb brushed away a tear as it began to fall. I didn't know what to say. My wit left as my eyes continued to well at the sight of his worry.

"What of Fili, Kili?" I managed, disregarding Thorin's suggestion.

"Safe," said Thorin.

"We never meant for any of this, we had gone a bit farther than we thought," Fili said, as him and his brother approached.

"We're so sorry," Kili said, taking hold of my other hand.

"It's not your fault--"

"She needs rest. She can talk to you soon. You heard Oin earlier. She has only began to regain her strength," Bilbo interrupted, as he shuffled the company out of the cave. Thorin stayed behind, still grasping my hand. I could hear Bilbo continue as he left, "She should eat, perhaps we should fix supper..."

I could no longer hear his chiding.

Thorin leaned over and pressed his lips to my forehead. "I do not know what I would have done if you left me." He said quietly.

My cheeks flushed as I gripped his hand tighter. I allowed my eyes to close. It only seemed like moments before the sound of Thorin's voice caused me to wake.

"You need to eat".

That sounds like a splendid idea. I imagined fresh bread, with butter. Broiled fish with lemon and herbs. Perhaps a few sweet cakes. Thorin took a seat next to me, holding a bowl I could smell before seeing. It smelled like none of the things I wanted. He must've seen my nose curl inadvertently, as he began a lecture.

I began to sit up. The move proved arduous as my left arm lacked the strength from the shoulder. "Let me help". His voice was so sure.

Before I had a chance to protest, his arm was around me, slowly lifting my body up. The pain, sharp and distinct echoed throughout my being. My face brought an apology from Thorin.

"It's quite alright. I suppose I need to do more of this if we are to leave here soon".

His eyes narrowed in what looked to be wanted protest, before agreeing. "It is not safe". He paused, "but you need to be in a place for your wounds to mend".

Anger caused my hairs to stand on end, my voice speaking louder and raspy. "Do not leave me in some wayward town, Thorin". I finished sitting myself up as to prove a point; my face betraying my arrogance. The anticipated protest did not come, but instead his arms pulled me into his broad chest, and allowed me to rest upon him.

"No, I will not leave you". Thorin said, his voice resonating in his own chest. "But I will stay with you until you are healed".

Words did not find their way to my lips. So many emotions boiling to the surface, but only my eyes allowed them to escape.

That could take days, or weeks. We do not have that time. What of Gandalf? This is too much for them to do, to sacrifice, for me... Perhaps I should return to Bree, or The Shire. Was Bilbo right all along?

I sobbed as Thorin hugged me gently.

Passion

Chapter Summary

Hi there! I had forgotten I had written a little extra to this story. Because light fluff is the best. :)

+++++

I laid there; my eyes flicking the last few moments of sleep from themselves. My body ached from the cold, damp floor. My hand moved instinctively, searching for reassurance that he was there. When it found nothing more than an unoccupied bedroll, my heart forced me to sit up. I swallowed before looking towards the remaining embers of the fire. Thorin stoked it, and my heart retreated back into my rib cage.

“I hope I did not wake you,” he said softly with his coarse voice.

“Your absence did,” I whispered as I approached him to take a seat. I gathered a few dried leaves before meticulously placing them in the fire.

“You should be resting”.

“As should you”.

I could see a smirk make its way through his lips before it settled into a look of disapproval.

“Dawn is but a few hours away. Why not get your rest with the rest of the company?”

Leftover fatigue tried to convince me to take his offer; my mind quickly took me back to the Shire. The smell of my evening meal wafting through the air still, as I pulled my comforter, thick and warm, up to my ears. My body would settle so comfortably in my heirloom sheets. My pillow engulfing my head as it pulled me closer to sleep. The fire began to seep into my bones.

I felt a warm fleck on my forehead for but a moment. My face flashed red before I smiled at him. My hand found his and our fingers entwined. “It feels like it is only us,” Thorin whispered; I could feel the vibrations from his voice and all the hairs on my body stood. His other arm gently pulled me into him and my entire body flushed. He was warm. He felt safe. His arms engulfed me. I felt my desire for him build. As I ignored the

discomfort from my wounds, I reached to feel his strong jaw; his short bristles finding the spaces between my fingers.

Just do it. Tell him. Show him. What if he doesn't feel the same? He is acting like he feels the same.

I silenced the banter with myself and I pressed against his lips delicately with my own. I have wanted this for so long. I pushed into him, my lips caressing his over and over until I found his bottom lip between my teeth. I tugged gently before opening my eyes. His were fixed on mine.

“I am yours”...

My intrusive thoughts were silenced as my eyes stayed fixed on his.

“What...?”

“Was I not clear—” Concern lasted on his face for only a moment before he obliged. Perhaps the seriousness in my eyes persuaded him. “I am yours, from now until—” He was unable to finish as my lips prevented his from moving any further. I kissed him until the tears began to fall from my jawline.

“And I am yours,” my arms wrapped around his neck. His thick arms both embraced me, minding my still healing body. His lips once again pressed onto mine, and I felt his passion as he lingered. He moved slowly, gently unbuttoning my vest.

Thorin must have noticed my eyes look towards his sleeping court. He paused and I was able to see him work through scenario after scenario. His face punctuated his inability to keep our modesty with a look of disappointment. My face reflected the same.

“Soon,” he breathed into my ear before nipping at my neck. “I need you”.

His words felt as if he had already stripped me and I was awaiting him. Lust fueled my reaction as I breathed a consensual plea.

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