An Unexpected Buzz

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An Unexpected Buzz

by mordelle

Summary

Bilbo offers Thorin some Old Toby, and the brooding dwarf transforms into a mischievous, giggling rascal. Between stolen seed cakes and contagious laughter, Bilbo realizes he may already be part of their absurd quest.

Notes

Well, I saw a post on tumblr and could not let it stand without a ficlet at least.
OP on tumblr
XD
For: pyropixiesposts on tumblr!

See the end of the work for more notes

Bilbo stood frozen in the doorway of his sitting room, watching as twelve dwarves laughed, argued, and devoured everything in sight. His home, his *beautifully tidy* home, was descending into chaos. Plates clattered, mugs sloshed, and crumbs scattered like confetti over his once-pristine floors. And in the center of it all sat Thorin Oakenshield, silent and brooding, frowning down at an empty pouch of pipeweed.

“Blast,” Thorin muttered, giving the pouch a shake as if it might miraculously refill.

Bilbo hesitated, his heart still pounding from the sheer *audacity* of these dwarves barging into his life. Yet something about Thorin’s quiet frustration stirred a strange, unexpected empathy. Without fully thinking it through, Bilbo cleared his throat and produced a small tin from his waistcoat.

“I, uh, I have some Old Toby, if you’d like.”

Thorin’s sharp gaze lifted to meet Bilbo’s, his dark brows arching in surprise. For a moment, Bilbo regretted the offer, but then Thorin gave a slow nod, extending his hand.

“Thank you, Master Baggins,” he said, his voice low and smooth, a stark contrast to the din surrounding them.

Bilbo filled Thorin’s pipe with practiced care, then watched as the dwarf lit it with a flick of flint. Thorin took a long, confident draw, the kind that made Bilbo’s eyes widen in alarm. For a moment, Bilbo nearly warned him to stop—but before he could, Thorin exhaled a massive plume of smoke, the fragrant cloud unfurling grandly above his head.

At first, the dwarf remained composed, but then his chest hitched, and he began to cough, the deep, hacking kind that made Bilbo wince in sympathy. The pipe clattered onto the table as Thorin thumped his chest, eyes watering from the unmistakable burn of hitting Old Toby too hard. But as the minutes ticked by, Bilbo began to notice subtle changes in Thorin. His rigid posture softened, his shoulders relaxing as though a great weight had been lifted. His piercing eyes grew distant, almost dreamy, as he stared into the flickering firelight.

“That was quite... something. Are you feeling alright, Mr. Oakenshield?” Bilbo asked, eyeing him warily.



Thorin nodded slowly, but there was a slight quirk to his lips now, a faint hint of amusement. “This is not tobacco.”

Bilbo snorted. "That nasty stuff? No, no. Just pure weed. Best of the best!" Bilbo tilted his head, studying the dwarf more closely. Thorin’s fingers began tapping rhythmically on the table, his head bobbing ever so slightly to a tune only he could hear. Then came the first chuckle—a low, rumbling sound that caught Bilbo completely off guard.

“What’s so funny?” Bilbo finally asked, baffled by how quickly the mighty-looking king had succumbed to Old Toby’s effects.

Thorin shook his head, his cheeks rosy and his grin widening. “I,” he said, his deep voice colored with laughter. “called you–pft–a grocer!”

Bilbo blinked, his face flushing red. “I recall. I was there.”

But Thorin was already laughing in earnest, a rich, unrestrained sound that drew the attention of the other dwarves. They paused mid-feast, glancing at their leader with expressions ranging from confusion to outright shock.

“Is he…laughing?” Dwalin muttered, his gruff voice tinged with disbelief.

“Didn’t think he could,” Bofur added, grinning.

Bilbo shook his head, trying to maintain some semblance of dignity, but it was hard to stay annoyed when Thorin’s laughter was so infectious. The dwarf was practically glowing, his usually stern face transformed by a blinding smile.

As the night continued, Bilbo couldn’t help but notice that Thorin was acting odd—hovering in the dim corners of Bag End, his sharp gaze fixed on Kíli like a predator studying its prey. It wasn’t menacing exactly; in fact, there was an almost mischievous glint in Thorin’s eyes that made Bilbo uneasy. Before he could ask, Kíli’s voice cut through the clamor.

“Hey! My seed cake!” Kíli cried, clutching his now-empty plate. “I was saving that!”

“Don’t look at me,” Fíli said, holding up his hands. “I didn’t take it.”

“Oh, really? Then where is it?” Kíli snapped, his voice rising as the brothers squared off, each accusing the other. Soon, the two were grappling, bumping into the furniture as they tussled.

Bilbo turned back to Thorin, ready to intervene, only to freeze. Thorin sat with his back to the shadows, a low chuckle rumbling in his chest. His cheeks were comically puffed out as he chewed, his bright blue eyes sparkling with amusement. Then, as if he hadn’t a care in the world, Thorin slid a hand into his coat pocket, tucking away the rest of the purloined seed cake with the stealth of a seasoned burglar.

Bilbo found himself fighting off a laugh at the absurdity of it. Honestly, what did they need Bilbo for?!

Thorin looked straight into Bilbo's eyes, his grin stretching wide, cake stuck on his perfect teeth, and winked with a conspiratorial glint that made Bilbo’s heart skip a beat in disbelief.

By the time the company had settled down for the night, Thorin was still grinning, his giggling having subsided to a contented humming. Bilbo watched him from the doorway, shaking his head. He’d never imagined the rude, brooding dwarf he’d met earlier could transform like this: cheeks flushed, eyes bright, and utterly at ease.

As Bilbo blew out the last candle, he couldn’t help but think that maybe, just maybe, he’d find a way to share Old Toby with Thorin again. After all, this was a sight he wouldn’t mind seeing once more. Suddenly, Bilbo gasped as the realization struck him like a bolt of lightning. Somewhere between the seed cake debacle, Thorin’s contagious laughter, and the haunting melody drifting softly through the air, his decision had been made without him even noticing. He was going on this mad quest.

End Notes

taps on Bilbo's shoulder "I would also like to try some of that, please and thank you."

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