The Following Day

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/45657517.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	The Hobbit (Jackson Movies)
Relationship:	Bilbo Baggins/Thorin Oakenshield
Characters:	Bilbo Baggins, Thorin Oakenshield
Additional Tags:	Post-Canon, Thorin-centric, ReShirement, re-shirement, Soulmates, Slice of Life
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Reshirement (Shamed and Shorn)
Stats:	Published: 2023-03-11 Words: 1,433 Chapters: 1/1

The Following Day

by mordelle

Summary

Thorin wakes up in Bag End.

(AN: This is part of a series! If you want to know what happens before this, go back to part one!)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Thorin woke up cold and alone. He had a hard time recognizing where he was. He took in his surroundings, took in the wood, the homely aesthetic and knew he was in a hobbit hole. He quickly remembered what had transpired the evening before and searched the bed. It was distinctly hobbit-less and it made Thorin frown, he wondered what this meant. He had no idea what time it was. Although the lighting outside might have pointed to mid to early afternoon. Perhaps Bilbo had woken up in the morning and waited for him, but had not wished to disturb Thorin's sleep. Perhaps he had snuck out through the night. That was his next dark thought. He didn't want to burden himself with what-ifs, so he made sure he would get answers by checking for himself.

Thorin was still in his trousers and tunic, but for some reason, he was sock-less, which he found very odd. He didn't remember taking off his socks before bed. But it would have been quite curious to know why on earth Bilbo had decided to remove his socks of all things in the night. So out he went barefoot, trying to be silent, warring with himself whether he should be quiet or not because he didn't want to scare Bilbo. He had already done enough of that, thank you very much, and he didn't want to repeat the moment of horror that had passed on his friend's face. He never wanted to see that face again. So he decided to clear his throat a few times, each one a little louder just in case. And purposefully stomped his feet, a little louder than necessary. He stopped and listened to see if he could hear where Bilbo might be in the smial. But there was nothing.

He ventured out slowly and curiously. He wanted to look through every door he crossed, but decided against it. All the doors were closed and he didn't want to get caught snooping. He continued and there was a soft breeze that passed through with the scent of flowers in the air. 'When in doubt, follow your nose…' Someone had told him that once.

He followed the scent of spring to an open back door. Passing by a window first, Thorin caught a glance of Bilbo sitting outside on a bench smoking his pipe and catching the afternoon sun. He looked so beautiful that Thorin's heart clenched, and he felt a longing so strong that he wondered if Bilbo felt it because the next thing he knew the hobbit's head had snapped up, and their eyes instantly met and locked on one another. Bilbo had certainly been startled, but it wasn't the look of terror Thorin had seen the previous day, so he counted that as a triumph, small though it was.

This time Bilbo had been able to compose himself much faster than before as Thorin walked purposefully to the door, taking his time. He decided not to step out until he had some sort of permission from his host. Bilbo was merely blinking at him expectantly, and it seemed like he tried to smile but couldn't quite make it happen.

"Hello, Thorin," Bilbo piped up with a nervous titter. "I was wondering if--when you'd wake up."

Thorin noticed the slip-up on Bilbo's part. He peeked out and looked up at the sky to confirm it was late in the day. "Good afternoon, Bilbo."

The former-dwarf-king caught the minute flinch Bilbo gave at the sound of his voice, and it made Thorin's very soul ache–he wanted to tear through his own chest to soothe it. Bilbo was

not okay. Thorin was making him suffer. And he couldn't stand it. He couldn't stand to hurt the one he loved so much.

"Care for a smoke?" Bilbo's casual question brought Thorin out of his darkening, spiraling thoughts.

Thorin accepted. He had to accept. So he nodded and made his way outside. When the sun hit his skin it was the first time he noticed he felt its warmth. He had been so cold. So cold since… He shook the vision of the inside of his tomb from his thoughts. He was no longer there. He was here in the Shire. A peaceful land, green, and ever young. And he was with his heart now. There was nothing to brood over at this moment. He could enjoy this.

Bilbo prepared the pipe for him, and took a long puff before handing it to Thorin. He noticed Bilbo tried his very best to avoid touching him. No one could have prepared Thorin for such pain. Why had he come back only to suffer more loss, and loneliness?

“Thorin?” the sound of a question on Bilbo’s breath. “Are you alright?”

The taste of Bilbo’s lips lingered on the pipe, and Thorin went stiff with need at the thought of their unintentional, indirect kiss. The hobbit had recently consumed strawberries, and… brandy. He inhaled too deep and choked on the smoke. It burned his weak lungs and he coughed so hard that his eyes watered and his throat went raw. If he’d had kept going he might just have urinated on himself and that would have been tremendously bad.

“Goodness!” Bilbo cried out and started patting him on the back. “Arms on your head, your majesty, sit straight and get some fresh air in those lungs! Oh, how stupid of me. I’m so sorry, Thorin. There you go. There you are. In and out. In… and out… in and out…”

The hobbits voice was soothing, and the warm hand that made gentle circles on Thorin’s back was bliss. Bilbo is touching him. He cares. He’s concerned.

“Tell me,” Thorin rasped, after his coughing fit died down, “tell me of your life. What has happened these past eight years?”

Bilbo retreated immediately and Thorin desperately missed his touch. “I, uh, nothing. I came back home after… after the, um…”

“You can skip that part.”

“Ah, yes, good. Thank you,” Bilbo murmured gratefully as he looked away and twiddled his thumbs. “I’m a pretty normal hobbit these days, I’m afraid. I read. I write. I garden. No more adventures,” he laughs bitterly. “Just a few, short, walking holidays now and then. I’m as dull as the day we met–”

“You are anything but dull, Bilbo,” Thorin said, surprisingly calm even though he was raging inside. How could Bilbo think that of himself? “You are brave, kind, and intelligent. Your wit is as sharp as Sting.”

Bilbo stayed quiet for a long moment before his cheeks and ears suddenly bloomed pink. “Oh. Well, um, that is… thank you. Yes. Thank you. That’s very kind of you.”

Thorin shook his head and placed a timid hand on Bilbo’s own. Bilbo tightened his grip on his trousers but then loosened it with a loud sigh. When his hand went pliant, Thorin stroked Bilbo’s knuckles and heard his One gasp. “I am not trying to be kind,” Thorin said as honestly as he could. Then he looked into Bilbo’s misty eyes and admitted, “It’s only the truth.”

A soft breeze blew past, shaking oak leaves on the ground. Thorin looked up and admired the young oak tree. “I had wondered if you’d planted it.”

“Of course I did,” Bilbo whispered back. His One cleared his throat and stood, letting his hand slip from Thorin’s continued caress. “Anyway, you need to eat.” He looked at Thorin with a guilty but resolved expression, almost eye level with Thorin still seated. “You’re much too thin, Thorin Oakenshield. I can’t stand it. We need to fatten you up and I won’t take no for an answer.” Bilbo seemed to have riled himself up, getting angry. “You stubborn, fool. How could you have traveled all the way from Erebor, and alone no less, in the state you're in?! You look like a c–!” Bilbo cut himself off, his eyes went wide, and his face went pale.”

Like a corpse, Thorin heard in the silence between them. Loud and clear.

“I would be honored to taste your cooking once more, Master Baggins.”

It took a few seconds for Bilbo to blink and breathe once more. He shook off the moment and nodded. “Right. Let’s go then. No self-respecting hobbit host would let their guest go hungry! No, sir!”

Thorin smiled and again he noticed the warmth that had been absent for so long. He felt it strongest around Bilbo. It made sense, Bilbo was his sun. Thorin loved him deeply and he would prove it to Bilbo, somehow.

End Notes

Check out my other fic in the works My Princess, My Love, Marry Me an AU with fem!thorin. It's supposed to be crack but trying to take it seriously. Let me know what you think!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!