

A Stories End

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A Stories End

by [BeanBois](#)

Summary

A family built through fire and blood is a family forever.

Notes

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

The sun was slowly setting over the mountain peaks, casting its last dying light over the land, leaving the city below basking in its purples and reds and oranges. Though there were only few who ventured out, bustling quiet from shop to shop, walking home from work as the clock tower in the distance chimed the arriving of a new hour.

Gathered together, a group of six sat out in the grass, mugs in hand just as they did this time every year. The thirteenth day, the tenth month.

The chill was ignored, their voices quiet as they reminisced of days gone past, of memories so long ago even they sometimes had trouble picking fact from fiction. For people liked to exaggerate their tales and who were Vox Machina to correct them?

The goliath, tallest of them all though kindest of heart loomed over the rest. Scars still proudly on display though had paled as the years crawled by, a testament to its passing. Though he was not without a few new ones for he would never be Grog Strongjaw if he were not to uphold his honour. His eyes cast over his friends, his family, his strength. The people he loved in a way he had never had before a little gnome had came into his life.

Beside him, the last sunrays reflecting off her hair sat Pike, leaning against her brother, hand in hand with her husband. Their adventures had started to become few and far in between so for once, she was without armour. There was no need for it here. There was no danger in Whitestone save a few beasts in the wilderness. But nothing would touch them here, not now, not tonight. Despite the somber mood, the smile on her lips remained as she listened to those around her talk.

As always, Scanlan's eyes were on Pike, mug of ale nestled between his legs though was mostly ignored for the time being. The guilt of not having enough magic stuck with him and was always worse on this day. But having the others around him made it easier. Made it almost disappear as they remembered together, as glasses were clinked against one another. Never enough to get drunk, just enough to stay warm is what they always told themselves.

Percival was the only one with apparent evidence of aging. His hair, still white, becoming thinner as time went on and the creases at the corners of his eyes grew, not from age but from laughter. From the happiness he felt over the new family he had built and regained. His parents, his siblings, he missed still everyday. The ever present ache in his chest never to be filled though he saw bits of them in each of his own children. Their smiles and their eyes and it warmed his heart. No longer would he ever fear to be the remaining De Rolo again.

Vex'ahlia leaned against her husband's chest, her hand moving slowly down the slight swell of her stomach. Though her eyes were on the sky, watching as the stars started to sprinkle out against the indigo background without a care, knowing the rest of their children lay safe inside in their beds, blankets tucked in snugly. She remained a constant visitor to her brother's temple, saying a silent prayer to a goddess that was not her own for one minute, for five. Though she knew now more than ever that everything had its consequences. She would never stop, not while she was still breathing.

Keyleth sat beside them, a single black feather spinning slowly between her fingers as she watched the sun blink out over the mountain and the shadows around them grow as the night grew later. A leader, strong and proud in every aspect now, she relaxed around those who knew her best, who knew Keyleth before the Voice of the Tempest. Her heart still ached, though not only for her beloved. But for her family as every day, every year she watched them grow old. She knew, one day, she would be standing beside their graves, the last member of Vox Machina. The last hero. And she would spread their stories still, she would make sure that those who made her who she was would be remembered not only as heroes. Not only as the legends they had become. But as people.

Around them, the forest settled as night fell around them. Soft owl sounds being heard in the distance, the scurrying of squirrels as they hopped from tree to tree. Still, they remained, a family torn and damaged though together all the same. Brought together by tragedy and sorrow the likes which no one should have to withstand. Six pieces of a puzzle they couldn't quite complete anymore, that wouldn't ever be complete again.

Above them, as they raised their glasses in silent salute to a lost brother, lover and friend, a single raven flew.

End Notes

This was really short, I just had a lot of leftover feelings from last nights episode and needed to get them out. I might write something else later on but right now I just needed something else to cry over. Hit me up at carpe--nates!!

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