

DGSD: Musings of the Dread Wolf

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DGSD: Musings of the Dread Wolf

by [l8rose](#)

Summary

Fen'Harel is both suspicious and attracted to this strange newcomer to Elvhenan so what is a god to do? Why, spy on her dreams of course! Oh and stalk her in Mythral's temple too.

At least that's how it started out.

Companion piece to Dead Gods Still Dream, detailing Fen'Harel's thoughts up until he wakes and takes on the mantle of Solas.

Notes

Companion piece to go with the Dead Gods Still Dream story or my random scribbles of what I think Fen'Harel would be thinking/doing during various parts of it. Exercise writing and to get Fen'Harel out of my head so will be randomly updated.

And yes, I'm a hopeless romantic. Something about the concept of whatever attracted Solas to Ethara/Ethanara in the future also attracts his younger self just kinda makes me squee.

The First Dream

He had been the one to find her in the forest. The pull of magic to create such a rift was like an open wound to the world. His senses had swam at the feel of it. He had been all set to defend that part of the forest but what he found was an unconscious and barely breathing woman.

She had been deathly pale and her skin had been clammy but it did not hide her simple beauty. And then there was that red hair. Shorter than he liked but the shade was vibrant, like his paints. He had been filled with a desperate need to see this woman live. He did not know what had occurred to bring her there but he knew it had to be something significant. He only noticed her missing hand when he had lifted her from the grass but there was no explanation from her.

He had brought her to Mythal and then gone home. He could not resist painting her amongst the rest of his images. Beautiful and shining, full of life. Her image was a shining beacon on the walls and found himself painting more and more of her.

He tried to enter her dreams but it was a swirling mass of blackness each time he tried. He finally returned to Mythal's temple because he had to know what colour her eyes were.

Mythal had noticed his attraction the moment he stepped in the room and saw her resting peacefully. She cautioned him against it but he could not resist. This woman was an unknown, a challenge.

He looked on her missing hand and devised a master plan. He could see that it had been taken after she was grown, the traces of magic still there. With Mythal's aid, he created and grafted a crystal hand onto the stump of her arm. It was a thing of beauty and he had been quite enraptured with his abilities.

Then she woke up and said his name. That was peculiar but he simply guessed that Mythal must have spoken to her as she slept.

He repeatedly made his intentions known in the brief time she was awake but she seemed not to respond at all to them. It was frustrating but he would not be swayed from his lofty goals of seeing her red hair spread across his bed and her skin laid bare beneath his mouth.

It was only after she met Elgar'nan that he became truly perplexed. She was giving him all the signs of a woman who knew he was interested and she did occasionally look at him like she wanted to tear his clothes off right in front of Mythal but then there was that other look. It was a heart wrenching look of sadness that had only appeared for a brief few seconds, she just happened to wear it more than once while she was looking at him. It made it worse when she rebuked him and then touched his face like she had.

She had touched him like she was afraid he was not real but yet like the touch reserved for a lover when you had not seen them in some time. He could not dispel the feeling of unrest it had left inside him. He was many things but he was not a cruel man. He had only known her

a short time but she had not mentioned anything that would hint that he reminded her of someone and that had to be the reason.

It were those thoughts that gnawed at him as he lay in bed, staring at his remarkably undecorated ceiling. He had the feeling that this Ethanara would give him no answers, not willingly anyway, but there was a way.

Like when she first arrived, he slid into the fade and sought her dreams. This time, he was gratified to find that there was substance and not a swirling nothingness. Still, the dream was strange but he endeavoured to make himself hidden within it.

Stone walls greeted him and a room came into focus. It was lavishly decorated with strange tapestries and a rather large bed. He scanned the room quickly from the shadows and saw her standing there just out onto a balcony. She was speaking with someone but he could not quite make out who as they spoke in a low tone as if they only wished for her to hear them. The words were not in elvhen but he understood them, as that was the nature of dreams.

He frowned a little as they seemed to discuss something about a mark and how it affected her. He sighed to himself as this dream seemed to be getting him no where as most of the information seemed to be bland and about her personality.

Then she shifted and he followed suit to see her better. He froze instantly when he saw the man she was talking to.

Fen'Harel found himself staring at a man that was identical to him. His clothing was a lot more toned down and he was bald but there was no mistaking that man's appearance. He felt the hair stand up on the back of his neck as he stared. The two of them were standing close together. This Ethanara's body showed her clear interest in his look-a-like while that double seemed to be holding himself away from her.

He watched as the man turned to leave and Fen'Harel wondered what he had missed in this conversation to make the man so readily leave a woman that clearly wanted him. A thousand thoughts ran through his head as he tried to understand this strange dream.

“Don't go.”

Her voice was not a demand but he could hear her practically beg the man not to go. She reached forward to grab Fen'Harel's double as he continued to watch.

Then the bald man spoke and Fen'Harel felt his world implode a little.

“It would be kinder in the long run.” The man said as he turned back to her. “But losing you would...”

Whatever words this Not-Fen'Harel was about to say was lost as he finally swept Ethanara into his arms and kissed her hard enough that Fen'Harel felt a blush in his cheeks.

“Ar lath ma vhenan.” The Not-Fen'Harel said before pulling away and walking from her.

Fen'Harel stared. His heart beat in his chest as he tried to work out what was happening. He knew the words as both his own language and as that foreign language that Ethanara had spoken when she had first come under their care.

The dream started to swirl away from him and return to the shifting landscape of the Fade but as it did, he became aware of something else. It was like a tickle at the back of his neck.

Someone or something had been watching him.

The Golden Eyed Halla

Chapter Summary

Fen'Harel paints his Ethanara on his walls but it doesn't end there. He follows into her dreams and then finally, tries to go and see her in person. His annoyance over what the elves are calling her leads to a realization of his feelings. He then decides he must determine why she looks at him like a broken thing.

Chapter Notes

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

He did not venture into her dreams for several days nor did he visit her at Mythal's temple. He wondered about what he had seen in her dream. The only thing that explained seeing himself was that she had imagined him but then there was the question of why she would imagine him like that.

There was the loss of his hair which could be explained away as Ethanara having a preference to men being bald, same with the outfit being more to her tastes but the actions and words were far more troubling. There was no explanation for how she dreamed of him and he simply did not feel like that had been just a dream. The not-him had felt too real.

Then there was the presence. He knew dreams quite well, from dreamers to the scenery but it was something foreign. It was unlike any dream walker or spirit that he was aware of and that troubled him far more.

He spent days looking into where she had come from but found nothing. There were no elvhen in the area. There was only an empty little grove with some ancient trees and rocks.

Fen'Harel reached out with his will to seek the magic that had made her appear but he felt nothing. The forest felt as it should, the pulse of living things and the wandering spirits. Even the scorched earth had returned to normal. It was perplexing to him, a strange magic that he had never encountered before and one he definitely did not understand.

He visited Mythal's temple often after that, wishing to see her but Mythal seemed to block him at every turn. Keeping him from getting close to her. From getting to know her beyond those looks she gave him when she thought he wasn't looking.

He finally returned to his own haven, a temple that had once belonged to some forgotten being. There were other elvhen living within it's walls but he paid them no mind. He went straight to his room, and picked up the paintbrush once more. Eyes turning to the walls of his private chambers as he began to paint her once more.

Each press of the brush on stone was calming but even that could not quell the fire that rose within him. He let his mind travel as he painted, easily slipping into a trance to try and sooth his raging soul. Time slipped past him as he painted in that state, toeing the line between reality and the fade.

It did not last forever, and he awakened from it to gaze upon what he had painted. There was an image of her, bright and radiant. Her red hair seemed to flow like a river and became the image of a halla. It was small, painted in those vibrant reds with eyes that sparked gold. By it's side was a wolf. Black and dreadful, with several eyes of burning red. There was a closeness between them, the halla leaning against the wolf but the way the wolf leaned, the look on the wolf was clear.

Mine.

He swallowed as he looked at the picture. Noticing little things that set his heart beating faster. He warred with himself as he saw what he had done in his meditative state.

He needed to see her again. To hear her voice, to feel her skin beneath his. Even if it was just within a dream. Without a second thought, he turned and settled himself into the bed. Letting himself drift off to the fade as he sought her dreaming self. Nothing new was gained as she dreamed of the lessons with Mythal and strange fellows that he had never met but it did not matter. It was her dream.

He did not care about the presence, and for those nights he was watching her, he began to see her. To know the woman she was before he found her in that glade. He could not get her to dream of the not-him for all his might but he tried.

Finally, he simply became content to just be in her dreams.

Still it was never enough, he had to see her in person and have her actually talk to him. He left his private place, and went to where she would be. The temple of Mythal where he had left her those many years ago.

He was a bit surprised when he heard the whisperings at Mythal's temple. The worshippers were all talking about the young elvhen mage he had helped rescue but they were not calling her Ethanara. They were referring to her by a different name. A new name.

Ash'ter.

He frowned as he thought of it, wondering why they would choose such a silly name for her. He could come up with a thousand better ones. Ones that described her voice, her hair, the way her eyes lit up when she solved a problem that Mythal had given her to solve.

He hated that they were reducing her to a simple name. It was just like the Evanuris had done with him. An attempt to be insulting with calling him the Dread Wolf but he would wear it like a badge. Part of him hoped it would never reach that far for his Ethanara.

His?

He mused to himself as he walked through the halls of Mythal's temple, trying to steal a glance at her if she was to be found. A determination filled him as he knew he had to go to her, to speak with her and to take her. He had yet to claim her but he knew in his heart that she was his. Only in his dreams did he get to kiss and touch her but they were only dreams. His imagined images of her. He wanted the real thing.

To run his mouth on that skin and hear her voice crying out for him. Only him. But it was more than passionate love making that he wanted from her. He wanted to see her face each morning he woke. To hear her laughter and to see her smile. To discuss silly little things that didn't matter.

He stopped as the realization of his thoughts hit him like he'd been struck. His thoughts had gone from pure lust for the woman to something else entirely. A feeling that was almost foreign to him, at least when it came to a person.

“Impossible...” He muttered under his breath before he turned and fled from Mythal's temple.

His heart was beating against his chest and he dared not face her in person. Not yet. Not when he realized what was creeping into his heart.

He returned to his home, knowing that he would slip into her dreams again like some half starved addict because he had to understand what kept her back from him.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, this says years. He's more aware of the passage of time than she is. Especially after she begins learning magic from Mythal.

Dreams of Madness

Chapter Summary

Fen'Harel's perspective of the dream shared while he attempts to learn the truth of what happened between him and his mysterious mage.

Chapter Notes

Matches up to Chapter 5 of DGSD.

He entered her dream as always but was surprised to find that they were within that rotunda at Skyhold. Even more surprising was that she was painting, her brush strokes on the single blank space. Her motions were clumsy but he understood the intent behind it.

With ease, he slipped into the guise of the Solas of her time and stepped up behind her.

“My heart.”

He called but she did not answer him. He did not frown, keeping up the small pretence of being the other Solas. The one she knew that seemed to have done something to her. He stepped closer, pressing his chest up against her back and let his hand fall over the paintbrush. Gently guiding her even as he breathed in against her hair.

There was no smell here within the dreamscape but he knew the smell she would have. Earthy but almost sweet. How he longed to taste her real skin.

“You never came back...”

He stopped moving his hand and felt something clench into his chest. There was pain in her voice.

“You left.”

There it was. Whomever he reminded her of had left her. It broke her, it had to have. He used his ability to change the dream to have himself fade back away from her. A few steps but it was enough.

“Why do you look at me so, my heart?” The words spilled out of his mouth with tenderness and an aching. He knew it was her dream that was determining what he was going to say but he cared little. It was a thrill to have her talk to him.

“You.. you're the Dread Wolf.” She said and her left hand disappeared.

He managed not to grimace at that, not liking that sudden shift to a more vulnerable her.

“Well done.” He said with a nod, his outfit changing to an armour that he did not recognize but knew it as his own. It felt comfortable. “I was Solas first. “Fen'Harel” came later... an insult I took as a badge of pride.”

What? What was he saying? He was Solas. Fen'Harel?

Oh creators...

Things were starting to fall into place.

“This is.. wrong.” Her face wrinkled in a frown and he wanted to sooth it.

“The Dread Wolf inspired ho...” The words came forth without his realizing it.

“No.”

“No?” He asked, speaking for himself and not for the dream.

“We did not have this conversation here.” She stared at him. “You lured me through an eluvian to have this conversation with me... to save my life.”

Then she looked at him like that. Rage flexing on her face and he suddenly felt the full understanding as it came together in his mind.

“You are the Dread Wolf!” She took a step away from him. “You're Fen'Harel.”

He let the facade drop, letting himself shift back into his true self. It was as simple as changing clothes but it felt right.

“Well done, indeed.” He said, feeling a sense of pride that she had been able to tell the difference.

“Is that what you've been doing all this time?” There was a sneer on her beautiful face. “Stalking my dreams?”

“It began as a curiosity.” He fixated on her eyes, gazing into them and wanting her to see him as he truly was but also wanting more answers. “And then you dreamed of him.”

“How much did you see?” She asked, those golden eyes suddenly looking so much like those of the halla he had painted on the wall.

“Enough.” He could not stop himself as he moved to grab her hands and pressed her up against the wall. He wanted to angle himself against her. To feel her dream self pressed up against him but he dared not let himself go. Not yet, not until he had his answers. “Yet, your dreams do not answer all my questions.”

She squirmed against his grip and he felt intoxicated by the move of her body. He pulled at her wrists, moving them slowly to pin them above her head. His heart beating against his chest at the suddenly vulnerable position he had her in. He leaned down and whispered in her ear.

“Tell me, does Mythal know?” He asked, his words little more than a breath in her ear.

“Know about what?” She said, her voice defiant.

“About you, about us.” He relished hearing her speak to him. Even if it was full of defiance and fire, it was still from her.

“There is no us.”

He would have left it at that but he could see it. His presence was affecting her, even her dream self was becoming flushed at his closeness. That little pulse on her neck seemed to jump in rapid spasms.

That pulse that suddenly had his in rhythm.

“Oh, but how your heart makes lies of those words.” He could not help himself. He did not kiss her skin but he leaned close and let his face wander along that skin. He longed to kiss that tender flesh. To bruise it beneath his mouth. To let the world see that the Dread Wolf had indeed chosen a mate.

It was an amusing thought.

“Please.” She whimpered.

His heart skipped a beat at that lovely noise. And he dared to hope for a moment. That perhaps he could have her.

“Please what?” He could not keep the almost predatory need out of his voice even as he ached for her to say beg him for more. His body leaning against hers as he practically pleaded for it.

“No.” It came. It was hard and it felt like a knife was being twisted in his gut.

“As you wish.” He let her go and took a step back.

He tried to regain control of himself but it was hard. If this had been the real world, he knew he would have been hard and ready for her right at that moment but it was not. This was her dream.

“I will not take an unwilling woman.” He said with a snort as he realized the question was building. Mildly insulted that she would think such. “Something you know full well.”

Did she know?

If what he believed to be true, then she most definitely did know.

“Still, you push each time we're close.”

“Of course.” He looked at her with that need shining clear in his voice but he did not move towards her. “I want you and I know you want me. How else do you think it's been so easy for me to be in your dreams?”

She looked at him with a curious expression before shaking her head. “I suppose the fact that you're extremely powerful has nothing to do with it.”

He stared at her for a moment before he gave a small laugh. “You underestimate yourself.” He shook his head at her. “Had you wished it, I would have simply disappeared the moment you realized it was me. Of course, I could return easily but no, you let me stay.”

“Like I can really stop you.”

“Stop being a fool.” His tone was irritated. How could she truly not know how powerful she was? “You have been strong enough to prevent me from truly understanding what happened between you and... I.”

Yes, it was you and I. He was sure of it. He did not understand the magic that brought her here but it was clear. She knew him. Here in this dream and in the other. It was not some remembrance of some other man. It was him. She knew him but from where... or when, he was not sure. It was a future far beyond but he wanted to know.

“What do you mean?” Her rage had subsided and become surprise.

“You realized that I have been in your dreams several times.” He reached out to touch her magical hand, his gift to her before he had even truly known her. “Yet I could not get you to dream of what happened to your hand or what happened in the end of your relationship.”

“You know what happened to the relationship, you just heard it.”

“Yes, but before then.” He tried to keep the frustration out of his voice but it only made his words sound angry. “Why did it end?”

“You made the decision for us.” She did not meet his eyes when she spoke. “You felt that it was the best choice.”

Us.

Even knowing what this topic was about, it sounded wonderful to hear her say that there had been an us.

Then he realized what she said and he felt anger at his older self rising up inside him.

“Why would I do such a thing?” He started to pace the rotunda even as his mind walked through it.

It made no sense to him. Why would he abandon her? She was beautiful and intelligent. Powerful but gentle. And she genuinely seemed to love him. It made no fucking sense at all.

He had no idea why he would break her heart and it was eating at him.

"You had your reasons." Her voice was soft and sad, and it brought an ache into his heart.

"You will not tell me." He said, a statement rather than a question. He almost broke his own rules about entering another's dream. The power was there, easy to use, to force her to tell him. He hated himself for that desire.

"No, I will not." She shook her head. "There are things better left unsaid."

"Ah, but you do not believe that. Not truly." He gazed at her longingly. Wanting to know the truth of her. Then he realized something else. "You are afraid."

"You sound surprised." She chuckled but it was a hesitant sound.

"What are you afraid of?" He took a step, concern warring with curiosity as he looked at her.

She looked away from him and he could feel the subtle shift in the dreamscape around them as it began to shift to something else. She uttered a word under her breath as she seemed to focus harder on the rotunda, making it solid once more.

"It seems drawing you this conscious has lessened your grip on your control." He said with amusement.

"You shouldn't be in my dreams anyway." She glared at him.

"Like I said, it began as a curiosity." He shrugged. "This however, is the first time you have been aware enough in your dream to actually speak with me."

"Yay for me."

"Indeed." He said before his gaze went to the wall that had returned to being unpainted. Gone was Ethanara's attempt at painting and it stood out against the others. They were all done by his hand, he could see that. "I will paint all of this save that one space. Why?"

"You did not finish the end as you left after our final journey together."

*He started to pace. Not sure what to make of what she was saying. He... his older self would abandon her after their final journey? Fen'Harel seethed beneath the surface, almost wishing he could have words with his older self for clearly, he had become a fool. Love was not something to be easily discarded. Whatever had driven him away, it should not have been enough to drive him **from** her.*

Even with the worst things he could think of, he knew he would take her with him if he could.

Then the dreamscape changed completely. Once more taking on the shape of that lavish but foreign bedroom she had been in on that first dream. He turned to look at her, and realized she had been staring at his ass while he paced. He could not help but eye the bed with a cocky smile before looking back to her.

“Having other thoughts?”

“Yes, well, this was home.” Her words sounded awkward as she looked up at the ceiling before gazing at him. “You stayed in the rotunda.”

“I did not share your bed?”

That was a surprise. A chaste relationship? Him? Something must have happened to change him so much that he would not still want to take her into that bed every night. Or that desk in the rotunda. Or against any of these walls.

Or perhaps she had rejected him in that time as well.

“No, you did not.” The way she looked at the bed soothed that fear, she had not been the one to deny them a physical relationship then. “You came to be my friend as Solas, I did not know you as Fen'Harel.”

“I'm aware.”

“By the time I learned who you were, it was too late.” She held herself as she spoke.

“What do you mean?” His next thought came quickly out of his mouth. “Did I die?”

The thought worried him. Perhaps that was it. He died on her.

“No, you didn't die.”

That was a relief but still, the questions remained.

“But I did something.” He could see it in the way she stood, staring at that bed with an almost lost look.

“You're doing something right now.” Her voice was gruff.

He was about to speak when he realized she was gripping hard on her crystalline arm. His jaw clenched for a moment before he closed the distance and rested his hand gently on the hand doing the squeezing. He willed his power into her, to get her to stop and spoke in a commanding tone. “Stop”

“Still not used to it.” She mumbled but he knew it was more than that.

They fell into silence as he began to think over what was being said and her action. And he knew. He simply knew.

“I was the one who took your arm.” His voice was low and he felt disgusted with his older self. To take a limb. Especially from the one he supposedly loved. It was too much to think of. He tightened his hand on her's for a moment before letting go. A pained sigh pulled from his mouth as he started to pace. He managed to keep the misery from his voice as he spoke. “I do not know why I would hurt you.”

“You did it to save me.”

“I may not be the best healer but surely so...” Then he felt it. A disturbance that rustled just below his control. It was not from him, that he was certain of, but it was from...

She began to fall and he rushed forward to catch her. Panic rising within him as he could see it. The reality just beneath the dream. There was someone in her room, someone who was hurting her physically and badly.

“Solas?” Her voice was a whimper of pain and confusion.

“Wake up!” He screamed it at her even as he willed her to wake up. “You need to wake up, now!”

And then the dream ended.

Hunted

Chapter Summary

Fen'Harel comes to the rescue of Lavellan, only to find Andruil torturing the young mage.

He was on his feet before he fully came awake. His mind racing as he ran for the eluvian. The one that would take him to Mythal's temple.

Creators, no...

He begged in his mind even as he ran. If he did not get to her, he knew he would lose her and he knew that would destroy him completely. Even as the eluvian opened at his approach, his body shifted and he became the wolf. The black thing that many feared. Eyes red and burning as he leaped through the mirror. The other side was the crossroads but he ignored the other elves there, he ran until he reached the right eluvian that would take him to Mythal's temple.

He came out on the other side, skidding across the stone of her temple. Magic spilled from his fur like the crackle of energy even as he sent the call through the connected mirrors, summoning Mythal home to her own temple. He did not wait. He ran as fast as his four legs could carry him. He was the wind.

He slammed his furred body against the door, splintering it to nothing. There, on the bed, he saw it. What he had felt through the dream. It took only a second to look but he saw it all.

Ethanara was laying on the bed. Her red hair spread out over the pillow but there was too much red. Blood was beneath her, and over her. The bed was practically seeping with blood. Her face turned towards him and he felt that terror cling to him. There were cuts on her face and those golden eyes, normally so alight with life, were blank looking. They did not see him. Her crystal hand was stretched out like she had attempted to cast magic.

Above her, Andruil sat with a look on her face that told of her own enjoyment in the moment. There was blood splattering her clothing and her skin but she didn't seem to mind. A knife was held in her hand. It was a dark red color, almost pulsing with life as she angled herself back. The way she was speaking and that look on her face made it clear the huntress was getting off on what she was doing to Ethanara.

Without a second thought, he launched himself bodily at the woman who sat on her chest. His mouth open wide as he sought to catch her throat in his mouth. He wanted to kill her.

Die! Die! Die!

He wanted to rip her apart, to tear until there was nothing left.

But she was quick, the huntress. She twisted and that knife came into his shoulder. He still managed to knock her off Ethanara and pinned her beneath him. One hand coming up to try and keep his wolf-mouth from tearing her face off.

She was strong but he was stronger. He had rage on his side. He was mere inches from her face. He was going to kill her.

“Solas!” The shout from the door did not stop him. He was beyond caring who saw what he did to Andruil.

Then he felt the magic push between the two of them and he snarled.

He tried to reach her with his paws, and with his mouth. When that failed, he let his body shift back into his true form. He had magic when he was the wolf but it was nothing compared to what he could do as a man. He raised his hand as he prepared to summon magic to kill the bitch.

“Solas!” It was Elgar'nan who spoke. His voice cutting through the red haze of rage in Fen'Harel's mind. “She is not yours to punish!”

He glared at the other elf and almost sneered but then his gaze fell to the bed and where Ethanara lay. Mythal was by her side, already working her magic to try and stem the flow of blood.

He moved to the side of the bed, ignoring the pain in his shoulder as he fell to his knees by the bed. His eyes roving over her form, as he tried to see if she was still alive.

There was so much blood. Too much blood. No. No. No. Please, not her!

He looked up at Mythal with grief in his eyes. He ignored all else in the room, even as Elgar'nan dragged a screaming Andruil from the room, and he spoke only to her in low whispers.

“Mythal.” His voice was a choked strangle.

“She lives.” Mythal said as she worked a small blade on Ethanara's chest.

He did not stop her as he knew that it was for a reason. He looked closer for a moment and saw the runes on Ethara's chest and his heart sank. Andruil had been using magic on her. It sickened him to see how far even one of the Evanuris had fallen.

Ethanara's hand twitched, rising as if she was trying to defend herself, and he instantly took it in his.

“Shhhh.” He soothed as best as he could before he looked up at Mythal and laid himself bare before the other mage. “If you need anything to save her, take it from me.”

Mythal stared at him for a moment before she nodded. He felt her tap into his power, using it to will Ethanara to heal. The flow of the blood stopped and finally came to an end as several wounds began to close before they healed completely without even leaving a scar. Mythal's

hands began to shake before she reached to get bandages and began to cover over the wounds.

“Ethanara is strong, she'll live.” Mythal said without looking at him again. “Carry her please.”

He needed no second bidding, lifting her into his arms without a word as he followed where Mythal led. Ethanara moved again in his arms, no doubt from the pain of being moved.

“Sleep.” He said softly into her ear. “I will be here.”

They moved to another room and he settled her into the bed. He did not say a word to Mythal as this was her fault. She had left Ethanara here unprotected.

Mythal left the room without a word.

Dreamers

Chapter Summary

Fen'Harel learns something new that could change his plans for Ethanara.

The morning after her attack, he had wasted no time. He made Mythal remove the accursed band off of Ethanara's arm. Had that been gone, then he was sure she would have put up more of a fight to Andruil but that was neither here nor there.

After that, he fled the temple on halla back; heading for the Alinuris deep into the forests. He hardly said a thing to her as he felt angry and guilt ridden.

He should have taken her from Mythal's temple long ago.

When they arrived, they went through the usual song and dance at the doorway before he walked the halla to the little house they would remain in for their visit.

There was a small raising of irritation as she gave a stubborn look and refused his help from the halla but that annoyance faded when she swayed once she was standing. He stretched out a hand and steadied her. He leaned close, his body pressing against her's for the barest of moments. She felt weak to him, the taint of Andruil's magic just beneath her skin. He pulled away quickly before leading her into the house.

He knew the inside quite well, it had not changed any from the last time he was there. He guided her by the hand into the bedroom. Thoughts came unbidden to his mind. Her naked body laid out on that bed, her hips arching up against his touch, her mouth opened...

He shook his head against that thought before he helped her into the bed. She went without much of a fight and he tried to find the words to explain to her what he was thinking but nothing came up. Instead, he leaned down and pressed a chaste kiss against her forehead. Even that was almost too much for him. He desperately wanted to comfort her, to feel her skin against his but he would not dare. Not when she was hurt beyond the magic he was capable of.

He strode from the room quickly and found a chair to relax. Everything seemed to pour off him at once as relief came flooding in. There would be nothing to harm here here. The Alinuris had little to do with the politics of the Evanuris and he doubted any of them would enter here to chase her down. War between the elves of the Evanuris was bad enough but he knew none of them were stupid enough to bring an all out war between the two groups.

He had not realized it but he felt tired. Drained even. With a small sigh, he leaned back and felt himself drift off.

They were riding the halla. This time, there was no saddle and she was not hurt. His arms were completely wrapped around her even as he listed all the things he wanted to do her. They were whispered promises in her ear.

He knew it was just a dream but he decided to let himself have this. To have the dream-her pressed close to him. It was a guilty little pleasure but one that would always leave him unsatisfied and craving the real her for he would never go further then whispering his thoughts and desires to her.

The halla stopped and he climbed off first before reaching up to pull her down from it. Hands sliding down her sides and resting on her hips as she was lowered to the ground. He never took his eyes from her's even as the urge took him. He leaned in and ran his mouth against the skin of her neck. Leaving little kisses as his arms slid around her.

She tasted like that the real thing but he knew it was just a memory from kissing her skin earlier. Still, it was a pleasant memory.

“My heart,” He whispered even as he said the next with conviction and determination. “I will not allow Andruil to hunt you again.”

If Elgar'nan did not kill Andruil then he would. He would kill her and scatter her ashes to the winds. He knew full well he would do far worse then just killing her but he was determined not to let his thoughts ruin this dream.

He leaned enough that he could run his fingers gently over her lips. He had never done that in the waking world but he had felt them enough under his own mouth that it was easy to picture what it would feel like. He continued to trail those fingers down, gently cupping her chin as he tilted her face up so he could gaze into those golden eyes. They were so alive. He leaned in for a kiss.

And found resistance.

He was surprised as her hands came up against his chest and pushed. That was not what his dream version of her did. Then he felt it. Power that was not his.

The surprise turned to confusion.

“Ethanara?” He managed to keep the tremor out of his voice but it came out quiet, almost uncertain.

“I already told you, we can't do this.”

*He was certain his heart skipped a beat when she spoke. His grip on her chin tightened a little as he tilted her face back and forth. He examined every little bit of that face and he knew it. This was not a dream Ethanara that his subconscious had summoned up to ease his pain and loneliness. This was the real Ethanara. This was **her**.*

He hastily let go of her face and took a step back away from her. "This is not right." He stared at her, trying to work this out in his mind.

"Fen'Harel?" He could hear and see the confusion.

"This is my dream..." he tried to explain quickly. "Not yours."

"Your dream?" She asked after several moments of silence when it became clear that she was realizing that he was the real Fen'Harel and not her own dream conjured version.

"Yes, my dream." He said before he tried to think of it. She had shown no abilities of being a dreamer when they had first met. But then she had been very weak, unable to do much beyond instinctive magic like that fireball. Mythal had put the band on her shortly after that. "Mythal's band..."

He wanted to slap himself for being so stupid. He had gone into her dreams while she was under the control of that but it didn't mean that she would not learn from the experience. Especially not when Mythal had her mind open for learning. Her mind had been willing even if she was unable to use the abilities. Every time he had slipped in, she had learned a little more without any of them realizing it.

"You asked her to remove it?" She asked and his dream flickered into a brief pieces for a moment. Just little things of her other dreams that he had entered.

"Yes." He could not keep himself from her then. He had to touch her, to know that this was the truth, that she was truly here in his dreams. His hands roved over her, touching her arms, her sides and her hips. This was far more than he had ever thought possible. "I had not thought of this."

"Thought of what?" She asked and tried to take a step away from him. It was an easy thing to shift the dream halla into a dream tree and he felt a thrill of excitement when she made that 'eeep' noise.

"You are quite powerful." He could not help the desire rising up in him. She was not strong enough to be his equal but she could be strong enough that none of the Evanuris would never seek confrontation. It would take more training, and he desperately wanted that. Her to become stronger and to be his. The thought was intoxicating. "But I had no idea you would begin to learn from me while I came into your dreams."

He took her hands, gentle but a little forceful as he pressed them up against the tree. Pinning her there between them. He was beyond impressed what she was naturally capable of, and he felt a sense of pride. She would be his and she would be untouchable.

"I don't know what you're talking about." She said gruffly as she struggled against his grasp. It was a wonderful thing, to feel her against him like this. Even her little squirming felt wonderful against him.

"It seems you may have picked up some of my tricks subconsciously." He smiled as he explained it. "I had thought you were not a dreamer but it seems you can learn it, it would

explain how easily you discovered me in your dreams.”

“I only realized you were in my dreams the last time... just before... Andruil...” She trailed off and his thoughts went back to what he had seen that night.

He tried to fight it, to ignore it. It all came back to his mind, what he had seen when he had arrived at Temple. The feeling of fear gripping him. He would be too late. That flash of metal as the knife is held high. The blood. So much blood.

“No...” He tried to shake the images away as he felt the chill of a wind on his back. It was a memory. The memory of running, trying to get there in time. That knowledge that he had almost been too late.

Then she was kissing him. He dropped her hands in surprise but she did not hesitate there. Her hands came up and pulled him down into that kiss. His thoughts seemed to shatter in a million little pieces when he realized that she was willingly kissing him. His mouth hard on her's as he wanted to devour her mouth. A moan was pulled from him as her tongue licked and tasted at his own. Slick and wet in his mouth. He wanted to taste more then her lips but he held himself from going too far.

He broke the kiss and looked at her. His eyes full of nothing but lust for her. That overwhelming need to have her.

“Ethanara.” He struggled with himself. “Not here.”

Void take him but his hands could not remain still. They wandered over her whole body, feeling every curve. He willed them to stop and some how managed to gain the will to gently touch her cheek. “Things are easier here... freer.” He took a breath. “You would give yourself to me here without a thought to why you were trying to deny us earlier.”

“You've said that before... or you will... something similar anyway...” Her voice was breathless and he knew he was affecting her but worry was a terrible thing, creeping in beneath it all.

She was just a passenger in his dream and she was not trained enough to know that she was thrown to his whims. He wasn't even sure himself, if she was affected or not, but he would not take that chance. He would not violate her in that way.

“Yes, I believe I would.” He could not help the small grin as he looked at those kiss swollen lips. “If you truly desire this. Then tell me when you are awake and not within my dream.”

“What's the difference?” The innocent question made that fire rise in his belly, twisting like a living thing.

“Within my dream, you are affected by what I want.” He said, leaning down to her ear. He could not stop himself from lightly running his teeth over that sensitive lobe of flesh. “And I want you.”

He had not expected her to suddenly vanish from his dream but he supposed that was to be expected. It was a tiring thing to hop dreams, especially when it was such a subconscious thing like she did. He woke fully and climbed stiffly out of the chair.

He did get up to check on her. Eyes roving over her sleeping form. Her cheeks were flushed and she squirmed a little in the bed. The move would have been almost erotic but then he was reminded of the marks on her chest.

The dream had been wonderful. It had chased away the thoughts of what Andruil had done but now all that came flooding back. He quickly returned to the living area, sitting back in his chair even as his mind reached for the fade once more. He may not have been in the area with the Evanuris but he'd be damned if he did not keep an eye on them and ensure that Andruil received her deserved justice.

Later, Ethyrne would arrive and he explained everything that he knew. Where Ethanara had been found, what she had been doing for the last ten years, her abilities that seemed to be flourishing; he even told the old elf about her being from the future. He kept no secrets from the man, knowing he would be the one to help them.

Fen'Harel even permitted the older elf to talk to her without him being there. He paced in the living room. Trying to sort out what he would do if the elf sent them away. That concern was quickly dismissed when Ethyrne merely told him that she needed more sleep.

He returned to the room and hoped she was going to say something to him. To confess her feelings for him but it didn't happen. She looked groggy and started to doze off as he dropped himself in the chair by her bed. He opened his mouth to say something but then decided against it. She had to be the one to say it. Not him.

She moved to lean towards him and he caught her hand. How warm that little hand was in his and he was not too certain he actually remembered holding her hand before now. The thought was quickly banished as he rested his other hand against her cheek and guided her back into laying down.

“Sleep.”

It was a simple word but the magic flowed out from him and over her. Lulling her back into sleep.

He fell back into the chair and sat there, looking at her. Just looking at her. He let himself slide into the dreaming fade but he used his powers on there. He forced her dreams to be nothingness, making her body rest and heal itself.

He would not rest.

Not Even Dreams

Chapter Summary

Fen'Harel has done what he can to hide Ethanara from the Evanuris but Mythal seeks his aid as civil war has broken out between the elves.

Things had gotten bad while he stayed there with her, helping her heal. Time seemed like it was not going to wait for either of them. His nights were spent keeping the Evanuris, and their servants, from finding her in the dreaming realm or by finding out more information what was happening among the Evanuris.

It drove a bit of a wedge between him and what he wanted but he knew he had to do it. He had to protect her and the other elves from the stupidity of his fellow mages.

During one of the moments of her being awake and out talking to Ethyrne, he could not resist the urge to crawl into the bed she slept in. It smelled of her and he breathed it in deeply before he curled up on the bed. He had intended just to rest for a moment, but he found himself dozing off in that bed.

Sometime later, he came partially awake but not enough to be truly coherent. She was calling his name and he mumbled in response but did not move.

He felt the press of a blanket being pulled over him and he grabbed her arm, tugging her gently into the bed with him. He cracked open a sleep filled eye to peer at her before whispering. "If this is a dream... you're wearing far too much clothes."

He saw the blush and it brought a stirring even to him when he was so close to total sleep. He started to drift off as she began to wiggle under his arm and then lightly kissed him on his cheek.

"This is not a dream but go back to sleep." He heard the pause in her voice. "I will be here when you wake."

He had a half beat of excitement for a moment before he succumbed once more to the embrace of sleep. Pulling her closer to him like some kind of safety blanket.

Unfortunately, his dreams were anything but good at that point.

He was on the cliff that overlooked most of Arlathan and the smaller villages. It brought a frown to his lips as he looked everything over. In the distance he could see smoke but there

was more than that. There was the flash of magic and explosions, terrible explosions that he could see from there. His heart ached as he saw it.

But then, he realized he was not alone.

That presence he had encountered in Ethanara's dream felt like it was close but then it was gone, and he saw the fully formed dream version of Mythall stepping out of nothing.

"Here you are!" She cried happily.

He still looked at her with a wary expression. "What has happened?"

"Andruil escaped."

He felt the rage just beneath the surface.

"Elgar'nun thought she went into Dirthamen's territory."

And just like that, the fiery rage was doused with the shock. His eyes flicked to the holdings he could see and he felt his heart clench.

"He retaliated."

"Yes." Mythall said weakly.

"Elgar'nun should have just let me kill her." He said with a snarl but it was directed towards the Evanuris who were not there. They had engaged in civil war and now, the people would suffer.

"He should have."

He whirled to look at her, surprise on his face. Mythall had always been the one to see good in others but that reaction was something new.

"Joining the dark side, Mythall?" He asked softly.

"She violated my temple, hurt a friend and now is the result of a war that will tear the world apart."

He could not argue that. "Have the others gotten involved?"

"Yes." Her voice was sad. "They're beginning to choose sides but Elgar'nun hopes for a peace summit to stop this before it goes too far. You're needed there, you're one of us."

He scowled before he sighed. "Very well."

Mythall nodded to him before she turned and once more vanished into that nothingness.

He turned from where she had been standing and just stared over the damage he was seeing. His heart felt heavy as he knew that he had a hand in this, just as the others did. If he had taken Ethanara from Mythall's temple when he wanted, then there would be none of this.

Thoughts of her reminded him that she was from the future and he suddenly felt cold. Had she known this would happen? This civil war? He felt ill at the possibility.

“Fen'Harel?”

He heard her voice behind him and he sighed.

“You went to sleep as well, you should have remained awake.”

“What? Why?” Her voice sounded confused before she suddenly sounded accusatory. “You haven't been sleeping much since we left Mythal's temple.”

“No, I have not.” He agreed to what she said, seeing no point in lying to her. “I... have spent most of my time keeping your dreams calm.”

“Why?” Ever the curious little mage.

“You tell me.” He said, eyeing her with a challenging note to his voice.

“You think I'm becoming a dreamer.”

“Clever girl.” He smiled at her before he shook his head. “I do not think. I know. And you are not becoming, you are.”

“That's impossible. I had no talents towards that all my life.”

“Ah, but you are in Elvhenan now,” There was something sad about that thought and he could not keep the smile on his face. “It has awakened a great many things in you.”

He knew it was true. She was not the same woman he had found in that grove. Her powers had grown in leaps and bounds. Fear clutched at his heart that maybe it would not play out like he wanted, that she would become like the Evanuris. Cruel and twisted. He did not think he could handle that.

“You say that like it's a bad thing.”

“It is.” He could not meet her gaze when he said that. The fear playing over in his head as he thought of the man Elgar'nan had once been. Even Andruil had been sweet and loveable at one time. “This has played out before with the ones I once called friends. You will grow, become more powerful and you will be as the Evanuris are.”

“Like hell I will.”

He quickly turned his head to look at her.

She had her hands on her hips, a look of fierce determination on her face. He felt himself falling for her all over again but he fought it. He could already see her slipping to that side.

“Then why did you not give warning?” It was out of his mouth before he could think, moving towards her with a predatory grace.

“Warning?” She seemed confused but almost frightened, like there was something bad she knew was going to happen but did not want to give voice to them. He found himself desperate to know.

“They have begun to war against one another.” His body was pressing up against her, even as he willed a wall into existence and forced her against it. Her curves were against him and he felt himself get hard against his breeches. Mentally cursing himself for his weakness. “Andruil escaped Elgar'nan and he accused Dirthamen of assisting her. He invaded. Now they war.”

She looked panicked and he felt his heart sink. He forced his face into a completely blank mask as he spoke.

“So, you did know.” He kept emotion out of his voice as he spoke. “They will tear this world apart in their anger; not even Mythal has been able to calm Elgar'nan.”

He went to step back when she grabbed at his hand, trying to keep him from moving. “Fen'Harel...” Her voice was earnest as she spoke. “I swear to you. I did not know this would happen.”

Jubilation rose up within him but then, what was it that she was truly afraid of happening? He knew that look, and wanted to know what made her look so frightened but he knew he could not ask. His free hand came to rub the bridge of his nose. “I believe you.”

“Just like that?”

“Just like that.” He let his fingers intertwine with hers, enjoying the simple pleasure of that intimate moment. He held them like that for a brief moment before he turned and pulled away. He knew what he had to do but it still hurt. “I need to end this madness before things progress too far.”

“You're leaving... aren't you?”

He could hear the heartbreak in her voice and suddenly he was reminded of the him from her time. The one who had left her and never returned. It hurt all the way to the core of him when he realized he was doing the same thing.

But then, he wasn't going to do that.

He was going to return, nothing was going to stop him, not even the end of the world.

“Yes, for a little while.” He glanced over at her, looking at how her eyes were downcast and that distant sad look was there again. “I will return, I swear to you.”

“Fen'Harel...” Her voice was pained as she took a few steps towards him.

He whirled and drove his mouth against her's in a needy kiss. He had to make her feel that truth, that he would return to her. His hands slid over her body before his fingers were tangled in her hair and dragging her up harder to his mouth. It was not enough to be painful but it was enough that she would definitely feel it. His other hand slid down her back before

pressing her up against the curve of his hips with an almost possessive motion. Her arms were over his shoulders and he could feel her against him. Every inch of her pressed up against his body.

He ached to have her but he would not do that. Not now.

“My heart...” He spoke against her lips, his breath gracing over them. “You will be safe here, Ethyrne will protect you. And when things are done, I will return and we will do this properly.”

He willed her mind to return to her own dreams. His power enveloping her even as she faded away in his arms. It was painful to send her away like this but he knew he would have to wake and leave before she roused.

“There will be nothing between us then.”

He knew she would not be able to hear him for much longer but he had to tell her. To reach her in this dream one last time.

“Not even dreams.”

As it was meant to be

Chapter Summary

Fen'Harel has agreed to Mythal's request but it has far reaching consequences for the red haired mage he is so fascinated with.

He hated himself for leaving her there even after he had sworn to himself that he would never leave her but he knew, he could not have her with him. It was better if the others thought she was nothing important. It was not like any of them listened to Andruil's mad ramblings.

He ached to be where she was, to hold her against him and let her answer that unspoken question that had come between them. He wanted that answer. Needed it with every fibre of his being.

His days became filled with the talks between elvhen leaders even as villages burned in the country side. Elgar'nan the warmonger.

It was a bitter thought as he remembered the Elgar'nan of their youth. A strong young man with high ideals. Yet, here he was, willing to murder anyone who got in the way of his view of justice. This was not justice. Justice had been denied the moment Elgar'nan refuted his claim to Andruil's hide.

Thoughts of murdering her still trickled up but they were pushed aside. Sometimes, he dreamed of it but most nights he dreamed of Ethanara. She looked tired in those dreams, like she was not resting.

He longed to kiss away what seemed to trouble her but he was determined to wait. He would know what she felt was real before he took her to his bed. This was not like the women he had bedded before. Those had been pure lust and want but her? She lit a flame inside him that threatened to consume him. All it took was a look and he would willingly let it burn him to ash.

Especially now that he was aware of just how powerful she was. They would never need to hide their intentions once he could get to her and train her a little more. She would be strong enough to be at his side for all eternity.

Thoughts of her were pushed to the side as he focused on the task at hand.

They were all arranged around a table. Elgar'nan, Mythal, Dirthamen, and himself. Discussing the events that had brought him here. Mythal stole a him a quick look of sympathy as if she knew where his mind wandered.

They had come to an uneasy peace but it was good to have his friend back instead of the wall that had been between them since Ethanara had appeared. He knew they were equally to blame for that but it still hadn't softened anything.

He was about to speak when he watched Mythal suddenly go very pale.

“Mythal?” He asked, leaning forward in his seat.

Elgar'nan stopped what he was saying and turned to his wife, concern written on his face.

“It's nothing,” She said as she waved her hand at her husband and got to her feet. “I think I need some air, you keep discussing things. Fen'Harel, if you would?”

He was out of his chair in an instant to follow her but he did see the dark look that crossed over Elgar'nan's face for a moment but he paid that no mind. It was no secret that the married couple were madly in love, it was also no secret that Elgar'nan tended to be a little bit jealous when he thought no one was looking.

Fen'Harel walked out the door, gently closing it behind him. Before he could even ask, Mythal was turning to him. The words coming quickly even as her eyes seemed to be alight with pain.

“You need to go now.” Mythal said.

“What?” He was startled.

“Such terrible pain.” Mythal's eyes unfocused for a moment. “The other comes.”

“The other?”

“It doesn't matter,” Mythal said quickly before pushing him towards the hallway out. “You have to go now. She needs you.”

A sense of dread came over him at those words. He did not question, did not ask, he simply turned and left.

He had used the eluvians to get as close as he could to Adahldur before slipping into the wilds as the wolf. He ran as he had done once before. Rage at himself for once more leaving her to suffer some fate.

He ran through the forest but came to a stop when he caught it. The scent of the her. It was old, several hours at least. He turned, those red eyes yearning for a glimpse of her as he ran. He had to find her.

He ran.

Then another smell came on the wind. The scent of blood and ash. It became stronger as he went through the trees.

There, in the clearing up ahead, was a flash of red but it was the wrong red. It was deep like her hair but it rippled and moved. There were hints of white beneath the red and he understood what it was when he approached.

The white halla that had carried them both to safety.

It gave a pained noise at his approach. Shying away from the wolf.

He let himself slide from that form to his true one and the beast calmed. The smell of wolf was still in the air but the creature knew him, it gave another pained noise before resting its head on the ground.

He could see that its antlers were broken, snapped off in some fight. Blood covered most of the animal but there was far too much blood. It was splattered all over the animal but it was also beneath it, on the trees and the grass. The closer he got, the worse the damage to the beast became. He could see the white of bone and the black of charred flesh.

“Easy,” He said as he fell next to it, resting his hand against a clean spot on its neck. “You fought, didn’t you?”

It made a strange, almost braying noise as it shifted a little. It was a feeble move, the last of the thing’s life bleeding out as it tilted. He put his hand up to stop it from moving but the creature would not be swayed.

It nosed forward a little thing and at first he did not understand what he was looking at. It was red, bright like the blood, but it was soft. A small string was tied to the end as it began to unravel in his hand. He could feel it, that knot of pain in his chest as realization sunk in.

Her ribbon.

It was roughly torn and the edges even had a slight singe to them. He cradled it close to his chest as he looked up at the halla. He had intended to offer his thanks but the words faded as he could see that the loyal beast had finally let itself go after delivering that last message.

A cry pulled from his lips. One of rage and pain even as his magic arched out over the grove. Plants wilted from the onslaught and blue flames jumped from tree to tree. He screamed in defiance even as he used his power to take him into the fade.

Normally, Fen’Harel would only enter when he slept. It was easier, natural. This time, he was brutal and just as crass as the Evanuris that he had sought to reign in.

The dreaming fade was always different then what he saw now. This was like an overlaying of one reality over the other. A foggiess that clung to the trees, a mist across the ground. It could not truly be seen but felt.

His eyes were sharp as he fixated on the ground around the body of the halla but found no answers. He snarled into the dark, summoning the spirits around the forest. He demanded the

way they had seen it.

She was on the halla's back. It was running. Faster, faster. Muscles bunching. Muscles burning.

She's clenching the back of the halla's neck. It hurts. Pain. Her body is arching. She's screaming.

They find her. Bad things. They whisper.

Her magic. It's strong. It touches all. She doesn't see but she feels. So much pain.

Her magic It flows. It burns. She is ashes.

He collapsed to his knees. The images were all disjointed but he felt that last note. Grief clouded up within him even as he begged the spirits to show him what had caused her to flee the Alinuris like that. They all begin to quiet as they did not know the answer to the question.

He looked up even as he wordlessly begged again, only to find himself face to face with a spirit unlike the others.

Her presence was familiar but he could not place it, not in his grief. She was a shape of blue and white but she stood regal. Her head held high with hair sweeping back in horn like shapes while the rest cascaded down her back. She was unlike any spirit he had seen as she wore armour across her arms and legs.

“Well, well... we meet at last.” Her voice was like silk and he knew the words as the foreign language that Ethanara had spoken in her dreams.

“You...” He managed, not in the mood for trickery by mischievous spirits. “Who are you, and what do you want?”

“I am what will be.” She said simply, sliding to kneel in front of him. “You must steel yourself, Fen'Harel.”

“Begone.”

“Not so easily as that,” She shook her head. “I must do as I have done, and what I will do.”

He stared at her blankly. She spoke and his mind made the connection. The presence within the dreams. This was this spirit.

“I see you realize what I am,” She seemed to smile, almost sadly. “But how much I wonder?”

“You are what lurked within her dreams.” He accused even as his heart ached.

“Lurked within her mind would be more appropriate.” Her hands slid to his shoulders and he could feel more power in her hands than a spirit should have. It poured through him. “And you did as you always did, you went into her dreams and I became part of yours.”

This *thing* was speaking to him almost intimately, like it knew him. He clenched his jaw and went to get to his feet but he suddenly felt sluggish, almost a little tired.

“Easy, old friend.” She leaned to put her forehead against his. “This will be easier if you do not fight.”

His mind wracked with questions as he tried to understand what she was saying. A calmness was settling in him at her words but he felt a disquiet following it. This thing was dangerous. He tried to focus on something, anything. He focused on that magic she was using and he felt a familiarity to it. There was a taint of something else but yet...

“Mythal?” He questioned.

“Recognition at last.” That laugh was sad. “But it won't matter.”

“What...?” He asked.

“I am what will be. Just as you are what once was.” More riddles coming from this strange looking version of Mythal. “Things will always play out as they must.”

“What... what are you saying?”

There was a strange sensation within him. Almost like a tugging. It was at his very soul.

“There is power in memories, Fen'Harel.” She said as her hands slipped down to grasp his hands in her's. “But there can also be too much hurt. You will forget.”

His heart screamed in his chest as he felt that magic beginning to rip.

Her lips, parting in a smile as that tongue darted over pearly white teeth.

That breathless look on her face, cheeks flushed with excitement.

“No!” He tried to pull away but he could not. “Don't do this!”

“I'm sorry,” She said, her grip tightening over his hands. “But it is already done. Your Mythal has done as she was meant.”

“Why would she do this?” He begged, trying to plead with the spirit. He struggled with himself even as he felt himself slipping. Desperately trying to cling to the last memories of Ethanara that remained in his mind but it was hard. He focused on her eyes. How they looked, how they had lit up when she saw him.

Her eyes. They were golden and bright.

“You had to forget.” The voice was soft.

“I don't want to.”

Her eyes. They were... what colour...?

“I truly am sorry, but we all have our parts to play in what is coming.”

Eyes...

Who?

He found himself back in the true world next to the dead halla. He stared at it for a moment before realizing his hands were clenching something tight. He looked down as he opened his fingers only to have ashes slip through them.

There had been something important that he had been doing. There was something.

He could not remember at all.

He stretched and felt an ache in his muscles. He suddenly wondered how long had he been next to the halla. He tilted his head and realized the stench that wafted off the dead body.

Days... maybe weeks.

He swore under his breath as he made his way back to the nearest eluvian, and sought the comfort of his sanctuary. He ignored the strange looks from people as he wandered into his own rooms. He flopped down on the bed as he suddenly felt so tired. He wanted to lay there and not move but then he remembered he was still dressed. He rolled over to his side, a frown on his face as he realized that his walls were painted in expressive murals.

They were beautiful. Of a woman with long flowing red hair and bright gold eyes that seemed to smile at him. She seemed to be the focus of all of them. He felt a pang of sadness but it passed as he simply did not know the woman in the murals. He shrugged and went to wash his face with water in from a basin but stopped when he saw the final mural.

His breath caught in his throat as he regarded it. It was of a halla, as red as the woman's hair and eyes just as gold. Beside her was the Dread Wolf, its black head resting over her back in an intimate and almost possessive manner. That sadness became a pain for a moment but it was chased away with the splash of water.

The thundering of feet coming down the hallway caught his attention. His door was flung open by one of his servants. The man's face was full of terror.

“My lord!”

Fen'Harel hated when they called him that but he waited as clearly the man's message was important.

“It's Mythal's temple! It's burning!”

Fen'Harel felt his world begin to slow. The towel in his hand dropping to the floor as he regarded the man before him with an intense look.

“And Mythal?” Fen'Harel choked the words out but he knew the answer.

“Her holiness... she's... she's dead.”

Uthenera

Chapter Summary

Fen'Harel sends the Evanuris away from the world, erects the fade and then goes to sleep, only to awaken in a world much changed.

Chapter Notes

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

The battle was joined and he did everything in his power. They would all suffer for what they had done. Mythal lay dead, murdered by her husband for power.

Fen'Harel called the other elves to his banner. A rebellion against the Evanuris who claimed they were as gods. He did not care, it was all a means to an end. The elves would be freed and suffer the chains of the Evanuris no longer.

Yet, he knew he had to do more than that. He began the spell, one that would draw upon the world itself for power. It would take time before the spell was ready, and in the mean time, he sought the other Evanuris.

Dirthamen and his twin were easy to send away. Elgar'nan, not as much but he would not be swayed. They were all incapacitated and sent far from the waking world. He did not care if he died in the process of trapping them all, he would no longer allow them to use the elvhen as they saw fit.

He was on a warpath and stopped only to send the last bit of energy needed to send the veil up. He could feel it. New against his senses but his powers still remained strong. He went to June's temple to deal with him.

He rounded the corner of the temple, pleased at finding it so empty. Many had abandoned the Evanuris to join him in his rebellion. They had taken Mythal from the people, so he would give freedom back to them.

“Fen'Harel!”

There Andruil stood, looking as wild as she usually did. There was blood on her green jerkin and he wondered what person, or animal, had fallen to her hunt. Her brown hair was pulled back with a few strands in front of her face. Her dark eyes fell upon him in a way that almost filled him with disgust. She was another of the Evanuris. Another one responsible for the death of Mythal.

He wasted little time. His mind already working towards the spell that would send her to the void with the others.

“You must come quickly!”

Andruil beckoned to him but he merely bared his teeth at her.

“What is it?”

She sounded so surprised as if his anger was not justified. Still, he did not answer her.

“You must come quickly, sh...”

Whatever Andruil was about to say was lost as he finished his spell and willed her from the world. It was easy to cast her out as the void seemed to recognize her like an old friend. How many times had she bragged about hunting the creatures in the world beyond their own?

He smiled to himself as he moved on.

Only two more to go.

He was weary from the battles. He had defeated all of the Evanuris and sent them far from the world. It was better this way.

He retreated to his sanctuary and once more was faced with the murals on the walls. He stared at them for a moment and had the strangest sensation. He knew the woman.

He had to have, why else would he paint her in such vivid detail?

Yet, there was no memories. Not even a name.

He sighed to himself as he laid himself on the bed. He let himself drift away to a sleep that he hoped he would never awaken.

Time flew on until he was one day roused by what he felt in the fade. He felt weakened but alive but the distress of the world was painful to his ears. This world felt wrong.

He knew he was part of the reason why. It was painful to think.

He saw that his temple, his sanctuary, had fallen to ruin. Not even the walls with the murals remained complete. He could barely make out the imagery but he paid it little mind as he ventured out into the world to discover what had become of his people.

He quickly discovered he hated this world. Everything about it was wrong. These humans scurried about and believed their world was completely in the right. Even the elvish had forgotten what it mean to be elves, from their magic to their heritage.

How he had laughed to himself when one of them told him “May the Dread Wolf never catch your scent” as a farewell. He was sure the man meant well but the irony of it was not lost on him.

This world was his wish gone wrong. So terribly wrong.

He needed to undo this.

He found allies among the elves. The Dalish, as they called themselves, were as children. A few were strong enough to aid him but it was not by much. They became his agents as he tried to acclimate himself to this new world.

He had a powerful object which he sought to use but found that the centuries of sleep had robbed him of his powers. He arranged, then, for someone to put his orb in the hands of someone who would gain enough power that would allow him to do as he needed.

His plans never seemed to play out as he wanted.

His agents had tracked this Corypheus to a Conclave, a meeting of mages and templars. They had warred with one another over who had the right of things and now this Conclave was gathered to determine the future of all those with magic.

There, he would wait for the man to do what he felt he must and then he would claim the orb for himself and return his people as they were meant to be. It was a simple thing. He knew the man with his orb would die in unlocking it and he would be able to continue on in his goals.

The fool ended up tearing a hole in the veil he had so carefully constructed. Spirits from the fade were being dragged through, forced into the mortal realm and suffering as they became tainted and twisted.

He knew he had to act, to save what he could. He was called an apostate, knife-ears, and so many other derogatory terms before he offered his services up to the ones in command. The lie that he wished to heal these men simply because he could, that part was easy. Seeing her, however, was not.

Even with her cheeks shallow and pale, he felt a stirring within him. He had thought he would never feel like that for anyone in this world but one look at her brought a quickening to his old limbs.

Her red hair, undone around her face. Golden eyes that opened in pain but remained unfocused before she slipped back into unconsciousness.

And there was his mark. His anchor, bound into her flesh by whatever had gone wrong. It was familiar and comforting. It reminded him of almost forgotten paintings, indistinct details but that red hair. He decided then.

She would live.

Even if he had to tear the stars from the heavens.

She would live.

Chapter End Notes

The End.

Perhaps. May continue Solas' POV from Ethara's return to the regular time but not sure about that.

Thank you all for reading. =]

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