

## Sleeping Beauty

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# Sleeping Beauty

by [theramblinggirl](#)

## Summary

Su'ria Lavellan has been struggling since she reunited with her vhenan and learned the truth of him. With her arm gone and many of her friends spreading to the four winds, depression feels as if it's starting to set in. Even in her sleep she's haunted by dreams of a wolf. Most days it's hard to tell whether or not she wants to see him.

When she mentions the dream to Dorian, he suggests a tea that will allow her to sleep without dreaming. But when Su'ria takes it, she sleeps longer than intended and nothing can wake her. The only one who will be able to save her is the same man they'd already been desperately trying to find.

(With some cameos from other OCs of mine! And Feynriel because I love him so much.)

## Notes

Any constructed elven and (shitty) Tevene translated at the bottom!

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

Everyone had seen the circles under her eyes. It was no secret that the Inquisitor had trouble sleeping lately. Su'ria drank black tea most hours of the day to fight off the exhaustion, but still many of her friends caught her yawning and nodding off. Worst was when it happened during meetings.

"...and I have reports from Minrathous of some kind of—" Dorian stopped, watching Su'ria's green eyes flutter back open as he paused.

"I'm listening," Su'ria said. "Something about Minrathous?"

Dorian took a deep breath. As one of Su'ria's closest friends, he felt like he ought to do something to help. He was only able to visit for a short time before returning to Tevinter, and it seemed that no one who was actually still with the Inquisition had done anything. How could he not help? Here was their Inquisitor, once proud and more powerful than anyone else, and she seemed to be wasting away.

Dorian was, of course, prone to dramatics at times.

But the point was the same. Su'ria was determined still, but there were fewer moments of easy smiles and excited questions asked in quick succession. Sleep seemed the easiest solution, but the way she kept herself drinking tea at all hours made it seem like she wanted to avoid it.

So...why?

"You've not been sleeping," Dorian said, getting straight to the point.

"I assume we're done talking about Tevinter, then," Su'ria said through a sigh.

"How are you going to lead a whole operation if your eyes are drooping the whole time? You say you want to get back on the field, that you can still use your magic and operate just fine in a fight, but you walk through the halls like...like a ghost!"

"It is no concern of yours," Su'ria said, with less ice than she seemed to intend. Too tired even for snappy remarks.

"What is it?" Dorian said. "I understand you've been going through a lot but if you don't get your beauty rest someone may very well confuse you for a ghoul."

Su'ria tensed, biting her lip. She couldn't look Dorian in the eye, but she stood from where she'd been sitting and half-turned from the table. "I don't want to dream."

Odd. Certainly not the response Dorian had expected. Not that he'd really had any decent theories as to what was going on. Other than the usual "my lover is actually an elven god and wants to destroy the world" reasoning. But he didn't see why that should affect her sleep.

"Are you having nightmares?" Dorian asked.

Su'ria's expression was pained, like she wanted to smile but the weight of it all wouldn't let her. "No," she said finally.

"Then wh—"

"I dream of him," Su'ria said. "No, that's...not quite right. I dream and he's *there*. Not some image of him or machination of my mind."

Dorian rose from his seat, nearly sending it toppling down behind him. Of course! Of course, she'd mentioned that he was a somniari—a Dreamer—in the past. They should have expected him to use that power against them.

"Does he hurt you?"

"No!" Su'ria said, with some alarm. Then she took a breath, lowering her gaze and starting again, "No. He just appears and...watches. If I ever try to get close he disappears. Almost every night, he's there."

Rat bastard.

There weren't many defenses known to work against somniari. There was a reason for them to be so feared, even within Tevinter itself. Dorian had only recently met a young man who had traveled there from Kirkwall with the ability. Feynriel was a kind lad, clearly not yet aware of the political weight being thrown around to gain his trust and put him under the control of other magisters. Dorian was still working on getting Feynriel out from under the thumb of those more corrupt members of the magisterium.

But in thoughts of Feynriel occurred a memory; a conversation which gave Dorian an idea to help the Inquisitor.

"If I could promise you that you would not dream, do you think you would be able to sleep?"



"Remember, just half a cap of Deep Mushroom. And stir *slowly*," said Phobos, his voice taking on a slightly-tinny quality as it always did when spoken through the crystal.

"Yes, amatus, I heard you the first thousand times you said it," Dorian purred, rolling his eyes lovingly. "You still haven't mentioned what you're wearing."

The blush of the man on the other end was nearly audible. "Just pay attention to your work," Phobos chided.

Dorian sighed. "Don't you worry. I'm perfect and thus can make no mistakes. Our dear little bird will be sleeping soundly in no time. No more pesky Dread Wolf to haunt her dreams." He gave a little huff as he sprinkled in a bit of Rashvine Nettle. "What is he even thinking? The man won't even *talk* to her, but still every night he appears! Selfish, arrogant prick."

"I can ask Feynriel to punch him in the Fade, if you'd like," Phobos said with a small snort. "Not sure it would actually hurt, but one Dreamer to another...maybe."

“I wouldn’t want to risk the poor boy for something so petty,” Dorian said, waving his hand before he remembered Phobos couldn’t actually see him. (And what a shame that was, because his hair was particularly bouncy today.) “Though it is tempting.”

“Sorry to cut this short but I should probably go. I think word spread that you’re out; you’ve got ten times the letters you normally receive,” Phobos said.

“Ah, and Maevaris did such a good job diverting them earlier in my visit,” Dorian lamented. “Alas, I’ll need to burn them when I return.”

“...which is why I spend the better half of a day sorting through ones that actually need to be answered.”

“And that is just one of many reasons that I love you so much, amatus.”

Sweet-talking helped with Phobos’ irritation every time without fail. Dorian just wished he could actually watch the embarrassed joy flicker across his face. Distance truly did make the heart grow fonder.

“Tell Su’ria I said ‘hello.’ Goodnight, Dorian,” Phobos said. Then after a moment, an added whisper: “I love you, too.”

The crystal slowly dimmed, and Dorian closed the amulet. He returned to his notes and his work. Supposedly, all he needed were a few drops of this mixture for Su’ria’s tea, and it would ensure restful and dreamless sleep. It was unfortunate that Vivienne wasn’t there, as she had more hands on experience with alchemy than Dorian did. His knowledge was more theoretical, though it should prove enough to work when applied.

With the final ingredient added, a poof of dark blue smoke flew from the pot. Dorian coughed, accidentally inhaling a bit of it and catching the foul scent. For Su’ria’s sake, he hoped it didn’t taste as bad as it smelled.

He strained what he needed into a vial, discarding the rest (safely, of course). Then, Dorian made his way to the kitchens, where he requested a cup of the Inquisitor’s favorite tea, and a spoonful of honey. If the potion was disgusting, that should mask the taste well enough.

Stirring in the honey and the mixture, Dorian next made his way up to the top room of Skyhold where Su’ria still slept. He knocked on her door and with the sweetest sing-song voice, he called, “Little bird! I’ve tea for you!”

When she opened the door, she was wearing a loose-fitting nightgown. Her feet were bare and her orange curls bounced wildly around her face. Her bright green eyes were still ringed with dark circles, but still she smiled brightly at the sight of her friend.

“Dorian, come in,” Su’ria said, stepping aside to give him room.

“Don’t you look comfortable,” he commented as he skirted past her.

“Yes, well,” she said, “I promised I would make an attempt to get some rest, didn’t I?”

“Indeed you did. With luck—though because someone as brilliant as I worked on this, we hardly need it—this should work as intended.” Dorian set the tea on her desk, though there was barely room for it. She was still in the habit of piling books and papers there. Almost worse so, given how much late night reading she was doing. A habit Dorian intended to curb.

“How is Phobos?” Su’ria asked. She didn’t yet lift the cup, leaving her hand hovering near its handle, instead.

“Oh you know, about as well as any Dalish in Tevinter could do when they’re the controversial lover of a controversial magister,” Dorian said. “He says hello, by the way.”

Su’ria gave a soft smile. Even she had a hard time masking the concern. “If he ever needs it, he’s always a place here,” Su’ria said.

“Like I could convince him to leave,” Dorian said. “I’ve a magnetic personality, I’m told. It’s a miracle he can survive even a few short weeks without me!”

Su’ria hooked two fingers around the handle of the teacup, lifting it to her nose first.

“I can’t promise it will taste very good, but the honey I added should at least make it taste less like a druffalo’s backside,” Dorian said quickly.

Su’ria made a face at that, but downed the tea anyway. Then she coughed, taking a heavy breath through her mouth. “*Fenhedis!* That’s...strong. Use more honey next time,” she said.

“Apologies, little bird,” Dorian said.

He watched her carefully as she made her way to bed. Feynriel said the potion could affect some people more quickly than others. Thankfully, Su’ria did not so much as stumble, sitting on the edge of her fine Orlesian sheets with a hearty sigh.

“Let me know in the morning if it worked. I can attempt to make more adjustments if it doesn’t,” Dorian said.

Su’ria nodded. “Thank you, again. This is... This should help.”

“*Vale*, little bird,” Dorian said as he made his way back towards the stairs leading to her door. “*Dormire bene.*”



Missing. She was *missing* from the Fade, plucked from it as if she had never been there to begin with. Spirits around her usual dwelling place were restless, the only sign that she was not gone completely.

Not dead, but not awake, either. Solas, still in his wolf form in hopes she would appear, paced through the forest he’d crafted. He glared at the Crystal Grace blooming around him. He only grew them here because she loved them and their scent. Seeing them reminded him ever more of her sudden absence.

The spirits couldn't even speak with Solas to explain what was wrong. They were in such a frenzy, it was by the power of miracles alone that they'd not all turned to demons. He knew all of them well by now, that it distressed him all the more to see them in such a state. All the spirits here were born of Su'ria and her beautiful mind; Patience, Caution, and among others, Love.

Solas knew Love most of all. It's flickering form tore at him.

"What has been done to you, *vhenan*?" he whispered, distress straining his voice. "Please, friends, *sul'ema halani*."

With what power they could still wield, they pointed him through his mind to the path he needed to take. He thanked them and made haste to the other piece of the Fade where he'd been directed. He tore through parts of it, commanding it to part and make way for his feet to carry forward. Solas moved until it was like the air left him.

He shifted to his elven appearance, approaching the place where Su'ria lay. She appeared to be transparent, sleeping even here. Something had put her deep into this sleep, that she shifted strangely as if she no longer existed.

The space around her warped, rapidly shifting through memories of spaces and blending them together. Solas could recognize pieces of Haven, Skyhold, Halamshiral, and other places they'd been together. But there were other things, aravels and city streets, that he could only guess were from her past.

Solas reached a hand to brush her hair, but phased right through her. He willed her to form but the Fade did not obey. It *could* not. Something had forced it into this utter wrongness.

As the wolf again, he howled his fury. With all the will he could muster he brought up protections around her, taking the form of thick thornbushes. Whoever had harmed her would pay.



The first day, most assumed that Su'ria had simply been so exhausted that she needed the long rest. Dorian reassured them the second day that his potion, meant to help her sleep, should wear off soon enough. By the third, most of the people in Skyhold were in a panic.

Dorian had no idea what could have gone wrong. He had followed the directions to the letter. The tea had no magical properties, and the only magic honey held was its sweetness. So what in the Void could have possibly happened?

When Rena—woman of righteous fury that she was—found out, Dorian feared that death had finally come. Thankfully, he was still sleeping with Rena's brother, otherwise it may have well been his end. She left him with a very furious command to "fix it." (The "or else" was implied.)

Phobos now had Feynriel with him to speak with Dorian directly. He read to the two of them every note he had written from Phobos' relayed instructions. Neither of the men still in

Tevinter could figure out what was wrong.

No step had been missed. No ingredient used incorrectly. Nothing added in too little or too much of an amount. Dorian had stirred slowly and for the full hour as instructed. His arms had felt like they would fall off by the end of it, he swore!

“All of that sounds right to me,” Feynriel said, clearly at a loss even as anxiety brought his tone closer to squeaking. “I can check my books, but I’ve used this so many times before, it doesn’t make sense.”

“Have you asked Maevaris if she knows anything?” Phobos suggested.

“Not yet,” Dorian said, “though this is hardly her area of expertise. The only thing she’ll be able to tell me is what I already know: I’m an idiot for having tried this.”

“Dorian,” Phobos said, every word gentle and sweet, “you couldn’t have known.”

“Magic I’d never tried before having unforeseen consequences? Yes, truly unpredictable, that scenario. Tell me, am I a buffoon, or a complete buffoon?” He laid most of his torso dramatically across the table.

“I should contact Magister Regulus,” Feynriel said. Dorian could hear them shuffling about on the other end. “He knows a lot about Dreamers. Told me he met a somniari like me when he was young. He could know something about this.” There was a long pause, then Feynriel spoke again, “The Inquisitor *is* a mage, right?”

“Yes,” Dorian said. “Why? Could that make a difference?”

“Oh, it shouldn’t if she is. Non-mages aren’t meant to take it. And it’s probably inadvisable for all dwarves, since none of them *can* be mages,” Feynriel mused.

“Not helpful,” Dorian groaned. “She’s an elf. With magic. And she *isn’t waking up!*”

“Calm down, Dorian,” Phobos said. “Feynriel is doing everything he can. Su’ria is strong. Whatever is keeping her from waking, I’m sure she’ll fight through it.”

Dorian wished he could just believe what his amatus said. Nice as the words were, this was unusual magic they were working with. Even the mage who survived having the anchor in her hand would have trouble with it. Plus, Su’ria had only survived that from losing a limb.

*Oh please don’t tell me something like that will have to happen to save her,* Dorian thought.

“Listen, I’ll be keeping the crystal close in case anything changes from my end or from yours. I promise to keep you updated,” Phobos said. There was a pause, the faint sound of Feynriel’s voice in the background, then Phobos spoke again, “He’s going to try to find her in the Fade. If the sleep part didn’t work right, maybe she’s stuck dreaming there, too.”

“Don’t tell me that, either!” Dorian said. “She’s going to hate me if that’s the case.”



“You know as well as I she would never blame you for this going...what did Sera say? Tits up?”

Dorian exhaled in a strained laugh, despite himself. “Your attempts to amuse me are terrible.”

“Then I’ll have to keep trying. I’m going to go for now, love. Try not to stress yourself out. We’ll fix this,” Phobos said.

Again, Dorian wished that he could be reassured so easily as that.



Feynriel stared at the dome of vines in front of him. The whole of it was covered in thorns like a big black rosebush without a single bloom. He could barely see through the thicket, but he could spy enough of a woman’s figure that matched Phobos’ description of the Inquisitor. He’d finally found her.

But this blockade was distressing.

The state she was in appeared to have something to do with their botched potion, but the thorns appeared to come from a different source. Some strange and powerful magic was at work, keeping anyone from approaching. Whoever had done this had to know who Su’ria was and care enough about what happened to her.

Feynriel tried to remember what Phobos had mentioned about the other somniari that stalked her dreaming self. He was enemy to the Inquisitor, but also a friend. There had been the hint that there was something more, something unsaid by both Dorian and Phobos. They’d not wanted to divulge anything private.

Before he could will himself awake, Feynriel felt an alien presence in this dark corner of the Fade. He could sense power. He tried to keep himself from showing the fear in his belly at the stranger’s approach.

The other Dreamer showed himself as a wolf, a growl pulling back his lips to bear teeth. “*Ehn ane, I’ve’an’virelan?*” the wolf asked.

“Wh-what?” Feynriel stuttered. He knew a little elven from his mother’s teachings; enough that he recognized the language through its familiar sounds. This, however, was a bit beyond simple greetings or goodbyes.

The wolf did not drop his snarl. “Were you the one that caused this, Dreamer? Who are you?”

“I— My name is Feynriel,” he said, swallowing. “You made these vines?”

The wolf released another growl, refusing to answer. But Feynriel knew it had to be him.

“I didn’t do this to her,” Feynriel said. “But I did advise a friend of mine. Dorian Pavus.”

The wolf’s expression dropped. A flicker of surprise passed over him, until he forced himself to neutrality. “What has he done?”

“It was a potion. The Inquisitor wasn’t sleeping much. She didn’t want to dream. I’ve used the same mixture, myself. I don’t know what went wrong!” Feynriel said.

The wolf leapt at him, pinning him to the ground as his jaw snapped at Feynriel. “Such a potion is only meant for Dreamers! The standard mixture would be too potent for any other mage. How could you be such a fool?! Though I would expect this from Dorian.”

“I-I’m sorry!”

“I should tear your throat out,” the wolf threatened. His front paw pressed into Feynriel’s neck, claws making small red marks in his skin. “But I need you, for now. Tell Dorian there is a way to wake her, but it will take some time. Tell him that the Dread Wolf is about to pay the Inquisition a visit. If anyone attempts to harm me or my allies, the Inquisitor may never awake. Make certain he understands this.”

Feynriel couldn’t speak with the pressure still on his neck. He nodded, even though the movement pushed the wolf’s long claws harder against him. The wolf finally moved, at that.

“I’ll tell him,” Feynriel said, rubbing the place where the wolf’s paw had been. “I swear I will.”

Feynriel awoke then, though he himself had not been the one to will it.



When last Solas had been in Skyhold, he was an ally. Now he was their enemy, walking into its gates like he still belonged there. Under any other circumstance, he would have let her be. Let Su’ria keep this place and remain safe there. With her in danger, it forced him to act.

His threats may have been unnecessary. The Inquisition as it was now was meant to find Fen’Harel and stop his plans without killing him. Though Su’ria wished for this, Solas knew there were likely members of her organization that did not agree. The loss of him would break her heart and hers alone.

The loss of Su’ria, however, would upset most of Thedas. She was beloved in near equal measure to how much he was hated. Solas had grown attached to someone of whom he was most unworthy.

Sentinels flagged him on either side. They served as his guard, their bows ready in their hands and their eyes fixed in hateful stares. It was possible they, too, were unnecessary as his threats had been. Yet, they served as a good reminder that he had his own forces and strength, even though he appeared he in clothing similar to those he wore when he played the part of the simple hedge mage.

Dorian was on the other side of the gates, waiting for Solas. It was an odd reunion. With other members of the Inquisition—such as Cassandra or Varric—it might have been bittersweet. Dorian, on the other hand, had never had a very close relationship with Solas. Always tense, always full of judgment on either side. They remained civil, of course, but most kindnesses were for Su’ria’s sake.

“I didn’t think I’d mean this,” Dorian said, “but it really is good to see you.”

“Spare me your pleasantries, Magister Pavus,” Solas said, using the title like an insult. “I have what you need. What *I* need is to be brought to her room, then left alone.”

“Alone?” Dorian said. “And trust you with my little bird all by yourself?”

Solas’ eyes narrowed. Did the foolish Tevinter honestly think he was capable of hurting Su’ria?

“Those are my conditions, yes. I need to ensure that I am not disturbed. Of course, I would also prefer that neither myself nor my companions come to harm.”

Dorian’s face twitched. “We would expect the same of you, Dread Wolf.”

Solas thought it fitting that Dorian used his title. There was no friendship between them. Dorian should see him as an enemy, as the evanuris had and surely still did, locked in their cage. It was the name those who hated him evoked. Hers were the only lips he wished would never speak it. Among the Dalish, he knew she already had.

Dorian paraded him past Inquisition soldiers. Some among those he saw were agents of his, keeping an eye on Su’ria and her Inquisition for him. Their messages about her state were unneeded, save for the confirmation they gave. Their looks of concern were more likely for him than for her.

The last faces he saw before starting the long ascension up to where Su’ria slept were those of her advisors and Cassandra. Solas had years of training to keep neutrality, but it did cut to see the hatred in their eyes. It was not so deep that he would keep the wound as he left, but it was enough that he would remember the hurt.

He was not the one to blame for how she was now. Even if it felt like it at times. The young Dreamer had said she’d not wanted to dream, and it was impossible not to understand what that meant. She didn’t want to see him anymore. She’d said as much, once or twice, when she fell and cried. Solas never imagined she’d actually meant it. Or maybe he’d just hoped that she hadn’t enough to fool himself.

“Your scowl is misdirected,” Solas said as they reached her door. “Perhaps you ought to try scowling into a mirror, instead. You’ve none but yourself and your Dreamer friend to blame.”

“We wouldn’t have needed to try something like this if you’d just left her alone,” Dorian said. “What is it you get out of tormenting her? Is it to weaken the resolve of your enemy? Or is it just a perverse power play? For someone who seems to hate magisters, you’d fit right in with the worst of them.”

“I believe you mean the worst of ‘us,’ Magister Pavus,” Solas said, voice clipped. “Do not mistake yourself: you have no understanding of my intentions. Nor could you, with such a simple mind.”

Dorian actually gaped for a moment, wordless. “Says the man attempting to tear down the Veil and destroy us all!”

“Because I fix my mistakes,” Solas said, still wearing his calm facade. “And apparently, the mistakes of others as well.”

“Why don’t you just tell me how to do it then? I’ll save Su’ria myself,” Dorian said. “Then you can run away again. It’s what you’re best at.”

“Given the chances there are that you could fumble and somehow *worsen* her condition, I’m going to insist that I do this myself.” He swung open the door then, glancing back at Dorian one last time. “And remember: I am not to be disturbed.”

Solas always did love getting the last word. He heard cursing in Tevene on the other side of the door after it had closed. Childish, but satisfying.

Now, the reality of the situation was unavoidable. He could already smell that familiar scent of dusty old books and candle wax. There was also the smell of freesia and Crystal Grace in the air from the plants she left out on the balconies. Her fingers, he already knew, would likely smell of berries.

This place was unnervingly familiar to Solas. Even before the place was hers, he knew it, but he’d since memorized all the little changes she’d made. So many things Su’ria had put there in honor of the Dalish, to get a sense of the home she’d left behind. She’d given way to some finery as well.

Josephine had procured a fine white bed with gilding in the current Orlesian style, and Su’ria had taken to the comfort of its silken sheets very quickly. Even Solas could not deny that he preferred it to the humbler accommodations he’d been given. Then again, that was due in part to the company that awaited him in this room.

Now Su’ria was tucked into the sheets, unnaturally still and neat. Servants must have shuffled in and out of the room to check on her. Clean her face. Adjust her hair. Make certain that she was still breathing.

Her cheeks were sallow and cool. Already she appeared thinner; magic could only provide so much nourishment to keep her alive. If she didn’t wake soon...

But she would. That was what Solas was here to ensure.

He leaned on his hip, sitting beside Su’ria. He ran a hand through her curls as he’d meant to do in the Fade. Here he could touch her. Here she was solid.

*“Ir abelas, ma vhenan. Mi’nas’sal’inem,”* he whispered, bringing his lips close to her ear. *“Ma thenemah. Sul’eman dir’vhen’an.”*

He produced a potion from his person. It would help her wake, though he needed to enter the Fade to see the process completed. Solas took some of it into his mouth, then gently pressed

her cheeks to part her lips. He shared the potion with her in a kiss, tilting her head up to make it easier to swallow.

Solas grimaced. He could still taste traces of the bitter mixture Dorian had made in her breath. One only meant for a Dreamer still in training to take. His kind was so uncommon in Thedas now that such a thing must have been forgotten. It was simple enough to adapt for an average mage, but if one was unaware of the nuances of the process it would be impossible. Neither Dorian nor Feynriel had any idea what danger they'd put Su'ria in.

Solas laid beside her, taking her hand in his. He had no right to this closeness, but still he took it. There was still the slightest chance he could fail, that she could die. He needed to feel the warmth of her fingers to remind himself to have hope, because Su'ria was not awake to do it for him.

*"I'm still here, Solas. You've not lost me."*

He wished he could hear her voice, instead of simply imagining it.



The dome of thorns that kept a wall between her and the rest of the Fade fell at his command. Already she looked more solid, tangible. His potion was working. Even the visions of memories around her shifted slower, holding onto places in more complete forms. Solas came close to her as the pond near Crestwood appeared a few yards behind her.

Lightning bugs flickered in the air and the moon reflected in the dark pool. The soft scent of damp earth rose into the air. How funny that this was the memory her mind summoned up in his presence.

*"Vhenan,"* Solas said, kneeling next to her. "I am here. Please, wake up."

She stirred, but did not rise. Her eyes remained shut.

He stroked her cheek, bending closer. "Please, *vhenan*. *Ar lath ma*." His every word was spoken in a gentle plea.

Solas kissed her, the gesture chaste but desperate. He allowed more magic to flow out of him and into Su'ria, bringing life back to her still form. Solas felt the foreign spirits residing within his body stir at the action, responding to the quickening pace of his heart.

He could not lose her here.

Solas pulled away, staring at her face with every uncertainty, until her pale lashes fluttered and opened. Bright green irises peered up at him in surprise. Color returned to her face as she sucked in a gasp.

"Solas?" Su'ria whispered, as if speaking his name would make him disappear. "What are you...? Why are you...?" She breathed, looking around her. "Why am I *here*?"

It still looked like the pond near Crestwood, to her. Solas couldn't tell if she realized she was dreaming. In his relief, he didn't care, either.

He pressed his forehead to hers, sighing happily at the contact. He held her head between his palms. Su'ria returned the gesture, tentatively running her fingers down the side of his face. Solas leaned into her touch.

Oh, he'd *missed* this.

But he collected himself, pulling away and helping her to sit up. When she woke—not just from her affected state but from this dream—Solas would still be there, in her room, next to her. He'd need to explain that so she didn't experience even more confusion outside of the Fade.

“Do you remember Dorian bringing you tea?” Solas asked.

“Yes,” Su'ria said. “He was visiting from Minrathous and I told him about...” Realization dawned on her face.

*Ah.* Clever girl, always able to connect the dots.

“The potion didn't work, I take it?” she said slowly.

“It was never meant for someone who isn't able to walk the Fade, as I do,” Solas said. “It very nearly killed you.”

“But it didn't,” Su'ria said. She met his gaze. “You saved me.” Half a statement, half a question.

“Yes,” Solas confirmed. “I'm sorry, *vhenan*. I should have let you be. If I'd realized what lengths you would go to or known you no longer wished to see me, I would have stopped coming to you. Instead I've simply brought you more pain. *Ir abelas, emma lath.*”

“That isn't true,” Su'ria said, shaking her head. “I want to see you, Solas. I always do. But to have you there at a distance night after night... It was torture. I just thought a few nights of sleep without dreaming would make it easier. It would certainly make my advisors worry less. But I want to see you. I love you.” She breathed and pulled herself closer. “I love you.”

Solas pressed his lips to her forehead, brushing away the stray hairs that fallen there. He was still certain it would have been easier if he'd simply distanced himself from her, cut off entirely. He'd never wanted to do it, either, fool that he was. Solas wanted to see her so badly, but to feel her touch and warmth and smell the sweet berry juices that lingered on her fingertips...he'd never be able to pull himself away from that again. Solas knew that.

Still, here he was. Even in the waking world, they were close once more. It seemed that the world moved in order to keep them from parting. No matter how much he tried, Solas could not keep his distance.

“You should wake up, *vhenan.*”

“Promise me you won’t leave right away?” she said. Of course he would have to go, eventually. They both accepted this as fact.

But what was one afternoon? As if he could leave so simply, no matter how long he spent in Skyhold this time.

“I promise,” Solas whispered.



Su’ria blinked until her eyes could focus. She felt something warm against her palm, and looked down to see his hand give hers a squeeze. Then she moved her head to look at his face, and those eyes. Those blue-grey eyes that hid as much intelligence as they showed, and that looked positively gorgeous when they were half-hooded as they were then. There was such love in his gaze.

How could Su’ria help herself?

She rolled, pressing her lips to his with fervent need. Her tongue urged his mouth to open until she was able to deepen the kiss, taking his breath and mixing it with her own. For the moment, Su’ria could almost forget the war, the Veil, the evanuris, and think only of Solas the mysterious apostate and nothing of Fen’Harel the Dread Wolf.

She released a happy hum against him as his fingers tangled in her hair. His other hand still held hers tightly against the sheets. He had fallen asleep like that, Su’ria realized. Next to her, in her bed, fingers laced with her own. Her heart fluttered like it did in those first days when she had a word to call her feelings for him and in those first kisses they shared—both in and out of the Fade.

Solas parted from her, his eyes wandering her face like he was committing the details to memory all over again. He moved his hand to trace his thumb against the green vallaslin that still traced her cheek. Su’ria wondered still if he wished to take it from her.

“Solas,” she whispered. “You’re here.”

“I’m here,” he said.

“I missed you.”

“As did I, *ma vhenan*. *Ga’melath or ga’vunin*.”

“You’re not alone,” Su’ria guessed.

He had to have brought a guard with him. Even powerful as he was, the Inquisition still considered him a threat. She couldn’t bring herself to use the word “enemy” in reference to him, though she knew many used it for him, as well.

Solas could not fight the frown from tugging at his lips. “No,” he confirmed.

It didn’t matter.

“Stay,” she begged. “Please.”

“You are safe now, *emma lath*. I have no reason to be here any longer.”

Su’ria kissed him again to show him just how wrong he was. “Yes, you do.”

“*Vhenan...*” Solas said through a weary and heartbroken chuckle. “I cannot.”

“*Dam’etunash*,” Su’ria countered with grace. “There is not a one who can tell Fen’Harel what to do. If you wish to stay, then stay. Unless...you don’t want to?”

His hesitation made her wary. She’d only meant it to challenge him into action, but perhaps her gamble was too much?

But then his weight was on top of her as Solas pulled her breath from her lungs in more heated kisses, and Su’ria knew it had paid off.

“*Isalan ma, vhenan*” Solas said, his mouth still moving against her lips. “Never doubt this.”

The way he was using his tongue at the moment was making it impossible to doubt him. And while not impossible, it was making it a little harder to think.

“Solas,” she moaned as he trailed kisses down her neck. Su’ria wanted to throw her arms around him, but remembered as she attempted to that it was now impossible.

Solas could feel her deflate slightly beneath him, and lifted himself to look at her. The complications could not be ignored, not for long anyhow. But he wanted her so desperately, wanted to hear her call for him, to see her smile and hear her laugh, to make her happy, however fleeting.

He took her lips again, whispering the word he used only for her over and over. *Vhenan, vhenan, vhenan...*

Su’ria pressed her hand against the back of his head, pulling him closer and keeping him near. He started to slide out of her grasp, however, kissing down her neck to her collarbone until he met the fabric of her nightgown. His hands moved, shifting beneath her dress and playing against the flesh of her thighs. She squirmed under his touch.

It was hard not to be apprehensive, at this. Beyond the larger pieces of their lives that threw this moment into chaos, Su’ria had been in bed for just over five days. Surely he couldn’t still want her, even as he kissed her stomach through the thin material of her gown. Not even as he pushed it further up her body, exposing her from the waist down.

Her fears were silenced when Solas pressed a finger and moved it against the wet spot on her panties. She gasped and her back arched. Su’ria whispered his name like a prayer, and hearing her was closer to godhood than he’d ever felt before.

Solas moved his face between her legs, inhaling deep and kissing her thighs. Then he moved his lips to the place where his finger had been moments ago. It earned him a similar response from Su’ria, though this time she was moaning and begging for his touch.



Sense left her when he curled his hands in fists and damn near tore her smalls from her legs. He sucked the skin of her thigh, pausing to tease her with warm breaths against her sex, then moved to give the same treatment to her other leg.

“Solas, please,” Su’ria moaned. “*Vhenan, isalan nar derathe. Mar av’in.*”

He hummed against her leg, sending a vibration through her. “Yes, *ma vhenan*,” he said.

Solas looked up to meet her eyes, enjoying the wild flush of her cheeks, before lowering his face and lapping his tongue against the warm, sensitive flesh of her sex. She nearly screamed when he found her clit and brought his lips over it to suck on her hard.

His tongue traced circles around her bud before he retracted it, kissing down to her entrance then licking her. He moaned at the taste of her. When his tongue curled inside of her, Solas needed to press a hand against her hip to keep her from bucking against his mouth. Though her enthusiasm brought a smile to his lips.

Solas returned to her clitoris, feasting on the hardened nub while he lifted a hand and started to tease her by tracing around the rim of her hole. Su’ria wriggled with delight. Finally, he pressed two fingers past her folds and pressed against her center.

She cried his name in ecstasy, back arching away from the sheets. Solas continued to work her like this, starting torturously slow before quickening his pace and finding the rhythm she needed. Her toes curled as he hit her g-spot again and again, still sucking on her clit with his mouth.

With one last hard lick of his tongue, Su’ria came. She trembled and squealed his name, her muscles squeezing around his fingers and releasing more wetness onto them. Solas wiggled the two long digits within her a few more times until she stilled, breathing heavy as she fell against the mattress.

He sucked her pleasure from his fingers before crawling over her again and sharing the taste of her in a kiss. Su’ria mumbled deliriously against his mouth, her hand gripping the waistband of his pants. She managed to tug them down enough to free his cock, which stood erect against her belly.

Su’ria wrapped her palm around his shaft and stroked with slow tenderness. Solas didn’t have quite the patience she did in such matters, bucking into her hand.

“*Isalan ea in’na*,” he muttered into her ear.

She sighed happily at that, allowing him to help her remove his pants fully. He lifted her gown all the way off, as well, palming her breasts and teasing her. Her hand slid beneath his tunic, brushing his abdomen until she reached his pecs. The tips of her fingers flicked over his nipples and he groaned at her touch. Solas pulled the tunic off and fell against her, tongue invading her mouth in hot kisses.

All the while, he positioned himself, readying the tip of his hardness against her. Solas moved his face from hers, breathing heavily as he attempted to whisper to her.

“Do you want to stop, *vhenan*? I can—”

“Please,” she said, “don’t stop. *Ar lath ma*, Solas. *Sathan*...”

He required no more encouragement. He rolled his hips and pushed his cock into her, groaning as she squeezed reflexively against him. She was still dripping with excitement, making it easy to slide into her.

Solas kept one hand against her hip, keeping her still to set the pace, while his other hand tangled in her orange curls. He kissed her deeply, stealing her breath and swirling his tongue with hers. Su’ria released muffled moans that hummed against his lips as he pumped his erection into her pussy.

It wasn’t long before he came. Su’ria bit his lower lip as he pulled away, leaving a small mark with her teeth. He forced himself to thrust a few more times until she trembled beneath him, climaxing for the second time.

Finally, he went slack against her, his head falling to the side and breathing hotly against her neck. Su’ria shivered, peppering kisses against his cheek.

“*Ar lath ma*,” she whispered again.

They stayed there for a few minutes until her leg started to feel a little numb under his weight. Solas shifted to lie beside her, his lips against her neck as he rolled onto his side. Su’ria moved with him, leaning on her left side to face him and curling her legs beneath her. She stroked his cheekbone with her thumb, counting the freckles there silently.

His own fingers moved against her left arm, looking morosely to where it ended.

“Does it hurt you anymore?” he asked.

“No,” Su’ria said, only partially lying. The arm itself didn’t hurt, not physically, but there were things about it that did. Particularly the prosthetic limb that Dagna had crafted for her. She only ever wore it for public events.

Solas did not bother with apologies, though he was near to bursting with the regret in him. How could he have known the best of those still living on this side of the Veil would be the one to stumble into Corypheus’ plan? He certainly never would have predicted that this brave young woman would be his heart.

And now it pained him to think of leaving again.

“I won’t come to you in dreams, anymore,” Solas promised. “I don’t want you to try something like that again. I can’t lose you, *vhenan*.”

“Solas,” Su’ria breathed. Her brow was set deep with lines born of frustration and longing. “I never wanted you to leave me. Please, can’t we work together? If we share our resources, surely we could find a way to remove the Veil without destroying everything. Even if people aren’t receptive to it, I don’t care. Don’t go away again. Don’t just come to me in the Fade. Stay here. Stay, *emma lath*.”

Solas closed his eyes, bumping their foreheads together. She only made it harder when she asked things like that. When she looked at him with her big, green eyes and pink-tinged cheeks.

Su'ria pressed a chaste kiss to his lips, both of their mouths swollen from the way they'd hungrily mashed together moments before.

"*Ma vhenan*," Solas near-whimpered. "I can't."

"You—"

"Su'ria," he said, quickly hushing her. "I can't."

His arms circled her, holding her close. He wouldn't leave yet, but he knew he had to. She was safe again. There was no reason to stay besides the tugging in his chest that told him he should. If not for the equal call in his head that made him tear away, he would have listened to her pleas, sweet as they were.

"I haven't given up on you," Su'ria said. "Just give me a chance to show you all I've learned. Let me in, Solas. I can help you."

He smiled, soft and sad and slightly broken. "*Ma eolasal da'asha*, if only you could."

Su'ria sat up, determined. "I can. Give me a chance," she repeated. "I will prove to you that I can. Every time I see you in the Fade I will tell you all that I've found. And I *will* find something. Keep visiting my dreams, *ma fen*. I will show you."

There was something in her certainty, the way her eyes lit up with fire and sparks of lightning ran through her hair, that forced him to fold. Solas took her face in his hands and pulled her back to him, kissing her fiercely. It was likely a fool's errand, with no chance of success, but he could not forbid her from trying. Even if he did, it was incredibly doubtful that she'd listen.

"Alright, *ma vhenan*," he relented. "If you find the way, I will hear you." Then he sighed, and said this, because it was true: "You are so beautiful."

Su'ria kissed Solas into silence, forcing him to stay longer in her bed. He knew then that he could no longer prowl the Fade as a silent wolf. Not when her touch tempted him so.

## End Notes

vale - farewell/goodnight  
dormine bene - sleep well

sul'ema halani - help me, literally "give (me) help"

ehn ane, I've'an'virelan? - who are you, Fade Walker/Dreamer?

mi'nas'sal'inem - to put it simply "I have dearly missed you" but the technical meaning is: the intense feeling of missing something or someone that is deeply important or personal; similar to Brazilian "saudade;" literally "The knife again in my soul"

ma thenemah - you are about to awaken

sul'eman dir'vhen'an - I promise; literally "I give you this promise."

emma lath - my love

ga'melath or ga'vunin - every hour of every day

dam'etunash - bullshit

isalan ma - I want/desire you (sexually ;3)

isalan nar derathe - I need your touch

mar av'in - your mouth

isalan ea in'na - I want to be inside you

sathan - please

ma eolasal da'asha - "my clever girl"

ma fen - my wolf

I just happened to be listening to Tomorrow by Echos when things started to get steamy. And that's one of the songs on my Solavellan playlist, too, so it was meant to be. Thanks as always to [FenxShiral](#) and their blessed expansion on the Dragon Age elven language.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!