

Let Him Rest

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/7971448) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/7971448>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Dragon Age: Inquisition , Dragon Age - All Media Types , Dragon Age (Video Games)
Relationships:	Past Anders/Tabris , Anders/Tabris , Anders/Female Tabris
Characters:	Female Tabris , Tabris , Evgenii Tabris , Male Lavellan , Fennor Lavellan , Lavellan , Varric , Cole , Iron Bull , Justice Anders , Anders (Dragon Age) , Justice (Dragon Age)
Additional Tags:	Angst , So much angst , I can never let my warden be happy , Hurt/Comfort , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Psychological Trauma , Psychological Drama , What-If , Alternate Universe - Canon
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of The Adventures of Evgenii Tabris
Stats:	Published: 2016-09-06 Words: 632 Chapters: 1/1

Let Him Rest

by [GothamPanda](#)

Summary

This is a bit of a what if story following the logic of events in Awakening. Even if Anders died, Justice theoretically can continue to pilot the body. Starring Evgenii Tabris. The Warden who just can't seem to cut a break.

Notes

Don't know why this came to be but it did. I guess my brain just likes to torture my poor Warden.

Please enjoy~

Everything felt cold, frigid like wandering the mountains surrounding Skyhold naked for a month. Nothing could warm her. The longer her eyes remained on him, the colder she became, but she could not look away.

This was some sick joke. A horrible nightmare she was trapped within. Did the Maker think it funny to torment her in ? Why else would this abomination be standing before her?

"*Something troubles you, warden?*" it spoke. Spoke in voice not its own. A stolen voice. One she never wished to hear. Not like this. She cringed as pain ripped through her chest.

"**Stop!**" Evgenii bellowed, feeling her insides churn.

Dead. He is supposed to be dead. Evgenii sunk to her knees, eyes still glued to the man in front of her. That pale blonde hair she spent hours running her fingers through lacked its shine, and stuck out at odd angles from a tie that no longer was necessary. Those once amber eyes were glossed over like a corpse's and radiated with an eerie blue glow that was unmistakable. His cheek bones were prominent like that of a man starved and his chin was an untamed forest of patchy facial hair. Even if she squinted, Evgenii could not see the handsome features that her lover's body once possessed.

No more. The elf could take no more. Evgenii curled in on herself, hands gripping her head between trembling fingers and let out a heart shattering cry. This was torment. The rotting flesh of her lover was worn like some suit of armor and it was destroying what little sanity that remained.

"Kill it! *Kill him!* End this suffering!" screeched the elven woman over and over, unable to stop herself, "Let him rest! **LET HIM REST!!!**"

Alerted by the distressed screams, Fennor, Iron Bull, and Cole ran to her side. The blonde boy wrapped his arms around her, trying to both calm her down and relay her torment to the others.

"He's... not right. Not Anders," Cole mumbled, relaying Evgenii's frantic thoughts in a simpler form.

Within a flash, the platinum haired elf snagged one of Cole's daggers and rushed at the spirit possessed corpse of her lover. But before the steel blade could be buried in flesh, Iron Bull caught and restrained her. Curses spilled from her lips like a never ending litany, damning the justice spirit to the darkest parts of the void. No one had ever seen the usually calm rogue so broken and wild.

~+~+*Some Time Later*+~+~

Evgenii sat alone in the garden, body still twitching with the desire to curl in on herself, but for the most part she was calm. But inside she was still a torrent of emotions. Her jittery hands kneaded at a small, worn pillow, an old keepsake she carried with her always. Ironic that this object was calming her down. The item should have burned her, like touching a

flame after what she seen. But it didn't. This small worn pillow that once belonged to Anders brought some semblance of peace back to her.

The crunching of leaves alerted her to someone's approach, and she quickly wiped away the tears on her sleeve and hung her head to hide her puffy eyes. No one should need to see her like this. The great Hero of Ferelden crying her eyes out. It was pathetic.

Varric sat down beside her on the bench and rubbed her back. The simple touch made tears prickle in her eyes and she hiccupped. Hot tears streamed down her face and without a word, the dwarf tugged her to him. The cloth of his shirt became drenched as more broken sobs wretched themselves from her. They were calmer this time, but no less painful to hear.

"That's it Mama Bird... Let it all out."

FIN

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