

ellara lavellan has many emotions and none of them is chill

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24495229) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24495229>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Dragon Age: Inquisition , Dragon Age (Video Games) , Dragon Age - All Media Types
Characters:	Male Lavellan (Dragon Age) , Original Dalish Character(s) (Dragon Age)
Additional Tags:	During Canon , Canon Era , Siblings
Language:	English
Series:	Part 9 of Inquisitor Dáire Lavellan
Stats:	Published: 2020-06-01 Words: 1,111 Chapters: 1/1

ellara lavellan has many emotions and none of them is chill

by [Almalexiasgf](#)

Summary

(set during the Haven portion of the game)

After rumours of an explosion at the Conclave and a dalish elf being held accountable for it, Ellara Lavellan is sent to Haven... mostly to check if her brother is still alive.

Notes

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

Ellara stood at the gate, arms crossed, holding the stare of the guard, grounding her feet on the snow.

“You are letting them go through.”

She nodded at the direction of the pilgrims that were crossing the gates, while she was being held outside.

“Ma’am, I hope you understand I cannot just let you through, we need to verify you are who you claim to be.”

Huffing, Ellara stepped towards the gate. The guard immediately grabbed her arm and dragged her back, making her stumble.

“Hey now, ma’am, I cannot let you go through. Please, just wai-”

“Do not touch me, shem. I swear I will kill you right where you-”

“What is going on here?”

Another armoured human, this time wearing a ridiculously big fur cloak, approached them. The fur and the gilded patterns on his clothing probably meant he was of higher ranking among these men.

“Commander, she just walked up to the gate. She claims to be the Herald’s sister.”

“Did you just not listen to me? I am the sister of Dáire Lavellan. If he is alive, he is probably your prisoner. I am here to take him back with me. By any means necessary.”

This Commander looked down at her.

“Wait, is that a threat?”

She reached for her bow and both men immediately reached for their swords.

“It absolutely is.”

They stood like that for a few seconds, waiting for her to make the first move. Eventually, the Commander slowly removed his hand from the pommel of his sword.

“I hope this will not be necessary. We will escort you inside.” He stepped aside, allowing her to walk in front of them.

“Why? Who is going to hurt me? All the famished pilgrims that just went through?”

The Commander rubbed the bridge of his nose.

“Please.”

Ellara stepped through them and moved her arm away when she saw the guard reach towards it again. By now, a group of humans had already flurried to the gates and were watching her with wide eyes. They whispered among them as if she could not hear them.

“That’s another Dalish elf? Like the Herald?”

“I heard her say she is the Herald’s sister...”

“She looks scary...”

The guard and the Commander led her towards the building at the top of the village. As she walked towards it, she was surprised to see the number of soldiers, and how many of them shifted uncomfortably like they had never worn armor or held a weapon. The presence of templars was concerning too. Surely by now, they would have found out Dáire is a mage. Maybe she was too late and this was a trap?

“Ella?”

That voice. She froze in place as she saw the crowd part (almost reverently?) to reveal a familiar face framed by unfamiliar white hair. Nevertheless, she broke away from her escorts and bolted up the stone steps to embrace her brother.

Three weeks. Three weeks after hearing the news of the explosion at the conclave. Not knowing if he was still alive after that. Hearing the rumors of a Dalish elf being held responsible for the said explosion. And how many other Dalish elves could have been there? Three weeks wondering if she would have to fight her way to bring him back to the clan. And here he was. Alive, and free, and whole, and not a Tranquil.

“Well, that’s enough confirmation for me. At ease, soldier.” She heard the commander and the guard step away.

“Ella? What are you doing here?” Dáire squeaked as her hug turned probably too tight.

She stepped back, still holding his arms, and blinking back tears.

“I thought you had died at the explosion! And that is how you greet me? Like I’m not supposed to be here?”

“I... sent a letter to the clan?”

“I’m here, Dáire. I clearly left before the letter arrived. Deshanna sent me to ask if you were alive or being held against your will.”

“And did you ask?”

“I did... not ask, precisely. If these shems were holding you against your will, I would gain nothing by asking. For Elgar'nan’s sake, they have Templars here. Who are all these people?” She held one of his white locks. “What happened to you? Why are they calling you a Herald?”

She looked around. Everyone was still staring but standing away from Dáire. The whispers had stopped. Up the steps, she could see another elf, not Dalish, staring at them with an amused expression. He was holding what seemed like a mage staff. Here? With templars around?

They had called her brother... Herald? What did that mean?

“What is going on, Dáire?”

He met her eyes, which was a good sign, but he seemed extremely worried.

“It’s... a long story.”

“Well, get your things, I’ll wait here. You’ll tell it to me on the way back to the Marches.”

“Yeah. That’s... going to be a problem.”

She held his left hand between hers. The green light pooled through the cabin. It looked like a wound, but it was not bleeding. And the light came from inside the skin, deep enough to outline his bones.

“What is an Anchor?”

“I’m not sure about it, myself. I don’t remember how it ended up on my hand. But these people seem to think Andraste gave it to me.”

“Andraste. Really?”

“That’s another long story.”

“The Anchor can also close breaches, like the one you can see from here.”

She looked back. The same elf she had seen before was standing on the threshold. And he had just spoken in elven? He had understood them? That would be a first.

“Excuse me, but this is a private conversation.” She replied back in common.

“You can speak in elven to me.” He said. “And I will let you be. But if you want to know about the Anchor, you should probably ask the person who studied it for weeks as your brother was on the brink of death.”

“And who are you, exactly? How can you speak elven?”

“He’s Solas,” Dáire replied, softly. “He watched over me after the explosion, made sure I didn’t die.”

“And a Dalish clan is not the only or the better place to learn the elven language, da’len.”

Standing up, Ellara stared him down for a moment.

Then she bowed her head.

“If what Dáire says is true. If you saved his life... Then I thank you. And I apologise if I’ve been disrespectful.”

A scoff.

“Is that what someone needs to do to earn your people’s trust? Save one of you?”

Lifting her head, she stared at him again, impassively.

“Don’t test your luck.”

End Notes

Ellara Lavellan is me oc =3

Dáire Lavellan belongs to @littlegumshoe (on tumblr), who has also drawn this comic for this fic:

<https://littlegumshoe.tumblr.com/post/618753845554790400/i-had-to-doodle-a-lil-comic-for-my-gfs-fanfic-when>

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