

**ellara and solas play ping pong with the only one brain cell they share between the two of them**

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# **ellara and solas play ping pong with the only one brain cell they share between the two of them**

by [Almalexiasgf](#)

## Summary

(and cole is the referee)

The inquisitor's sister, Ellara, and Solas have some late-night conversation at camp about why the whole breach deal is actually pretty scary and even more scary if your little brother is responsible for everyone's lives =)

[just some nice female lavellan and solas being sibling-like figures to each other and the start of a found family]

## Notes

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

“You could have taken first watch if you were just going to stay awake, da’len.”

Ellara does not lift her eyes from the woodcarving, just slides further down the log she is leaning against until only her head is resting on it.

“I’ll go to sleep in a bit, hahren. I’m not sure why you care that much. Don’t see you sleep very often, anyway, for someone who claims to love the Fade that much.”

“The Inquisitor would not be happy if you were killed because you were tired to pay attention to the fight, Ellara.”

He ignores her second comment and she does not feel like pushing further. She’s just happy with minding her own business in silence, and she knows it might end up on another one of their “debates” and both Dáire and Blackwall would wake up and complain. Again.

“She is afraid. That’s why she can’t sleep.”

Ellara looks up to find Cole standing next to her, staring into the fire. She looks back at her wood carving.

“So? Everyone’s afraid.”

“I understand you being scared for the Inquisitor’s safety,” says Solas. “But it’s unlikely that anything will happen while we are at camp.”

“No. She is scared of the end. How and when it will be. When it will fall like a wave on all of us. If it will hurt. If there is anything after it’s over.”

Ellara cuts her finger with the whittling knife and swears under her breath. She stands back upright while sucking on her thumb.

“Again, so?” she mumbles. “Everyone is scared. Everyone thinks the world is going to end.”

“They’re not as scared as you.”

“You don’t trust the Inquisitor?” asks Solas.

“Of course I do!” She catches herself lifting her voice and lowers it back to a whisper. “I trust in Dáire. My brother is probably the most talented person I know. I would not put this much trust on someone that isn’t him.”

“But?”

“But he’s just my brother. It’s easier for you all to trust in an icon, to believe that he can do miracles because he’s been lucky so far. You scoff at Leliana for thinking he was sent by Andraste, but you don’t talk to anyone else like you talk to him. You also think he’s special.”

“The Inquisitor-”

“Is just a man, Solas. And he can die like a man. And if he falls, the whole world does. So you’ll forgive me if I’m a bit scared of the sky falling, an archdemon, or the corruption of red lyrium. They’re all pretty scary.”

They sat in silence for a few minutes, just interrupted by the crackle of the fire and Cole shifting on his feet.

“Have you told him this?” Solas asks.

“Of course not.”

Cole sits on the log, next to her.

“The claws of the bear tearing through skin and flesh and bone. Walking softly on the bleeding leg. The Keeper closed and you could walk. You cleaned the blood trail that led to the clearing. How was the hunt, Ella? It was boring, I could not even find a single hare. It hurt for the whole winter.”

Ellara sighs, putting the wood carving and the knife back in her bag.

“Hey, Cole? Why are you only picking on me?”

“He is a spirit of Compassion. He believes that sharing what scares you would make it better.” Solas offers.

“It would have hurt less if you could have leaned on people. It would have healed better if someone had made you a crutch.”

She pulls herself up, sitting right next to the boy. Spirit. Whatever.

“Cole, you know how you help people and then make them forget about you? It’s similar to that.”

He thinks for a few seconds.

“You want to appear strong so he doesn’t have to worry about you. If you were to show fear, everything would scarier for him. I understand.” He stops for a moment. “But he will still worry no matter what.”

Ellara groans.

“Let me know when it’s Helping Solas Time.”

“He is also afraid. But talking about it would make it worse. Knowing about you being scared also makes it worse. It’s hard to balance. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay, Cole.” says Solas. “Hope and compassion are always appreciated, now more than ever.” He turns to look at Ellara. “I think you should speak about this with the Inquisitor. Or with Blackwall.”

“I think you should also speak about this with my brother. He would appreciate having this kind of conversation with you. He... seems to find comfort in your presence.”

“He has more important things to focus on at the moment.”

Cole opens his mouth to speak again but Ellara puts a hand on his shoulder.

“We are both stubborn and daft, Cole. It’s okay, you can say it.” She stands up. “I’m going to bed.”

Stopping at the entrance of her tent, she turns around.

“You call me Ellara, Solas. Why do you only call my brother Inquisitor?”

“Because manners and the current situation demand it. And as a show of respect. You don’t have any nobility or military rank in the Inquisition. Similar to Sera, or Varric. As such, I call you by your name. I hope you haven’t taken offense.”

Ellara stares at him for a moment and then chuckles.

“I haven’t. I completely understand.”

“You understand.” It falls too flat to be a question.

“Yeah.” She turns again to enter her tent. “It’s the same reason Blackwall calls me ‘Lady Lavellan’. Goodnight.”

## End Notes

Dáire Lavellan (Ellara's brother) is @littlegumshoe's  
Ellara Lavellan is my oc.

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