

and i heard your voice, as clear as day

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by [Almalexiasgf](#)

Summary

Look, writing about Arlathan is fun and I needed an excuse to do so.

Pretentious summary:

You were not expecting to see that face again.

They lead you to the captive, the sole survivor of the explosion at the Conclave. And on the cot, you see someone you haven't seen in many, many years.

(written in poetic second person for the pretentiousness of it all)

Notes

"i've never climbed a fence that high before!" voice "I'll never write a gimmicky AU!"

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

You were not expecting to see that face again.

They lead you to the captive, the sole survivor of the explosion at the Conclave. And on the cot, you see someone you haven't seen in many, many years.

You hide it from the guards, but your blood goes cold in your veins, as you kneel to check the mark on his hand, as you see the markings on his face.

Fate surely has a sense of humor. Of course, the person who had taken the mark would be him. And you might as well lose him again if the Anchor keeps spreading and you cannot help him fight it. He could be dead again in days and it would be only your fault.

For the first day you cannot bear to look at his face as you work on the anchor.

"Who do you think you are to speak like that of the Eldest of the Sun?"

The voice reverberates through the hall and everyone goes quiet. The actor-spirits freeze in place, as Elgar'nan pounds his fist on the table.

The storyteller holds his head up. He is scared but he squares his shoulders to address the god.

"That is how the story goes. Why should I change it?"

The Evanuris does not stoop as low as to reply. At one movement of his hand, a wave of flames comes rushing towards the storyteller and his actors. The spirits burn and dissolve with a scream. He summons a barrier, that starts dissolving as fast as it appeared.

You don't think. You vault over the table, sending plates and food on the floor, and stand next to him, reinforcing the barrier spell. It holds, but it starts wavering again in seconds.

The flames stop. And, as they clear, you can see Mythal standing there, one hand over her husband's shoulder.

*"Now, now. The young storyteller is **my** storyteller, dear. If someone should punish him, it would be me. Lucky for him, I was actually enjoying the story."*

She looks at you.

"Solas, dear, sit back down. Show some manners. Let's just continue with this fine party, shall we?"

Elgar'nan's eyes, nevertheless, remain fixed on the storyteller.

"You cannot hide behind her forever. No one mocks the All-Father and walks out without any consequences."

The storyteller gathers his things and leaves, as another entertainer immediately takes his place. No one seems to notice the burns on his arms.

His hair, his hands. They are all the same. When he wakes his eyes are the same violet eyes that glittered when he laughed. His voice is the same one that sung and spoke and enchanted the court of Mythal with his stories.

It's still hard to look at his face. During your last days together, after Mythal was murdered, your worst fear was to see him marked again. To see him enslaved again to another of the Evanuris, after all you had done to keep him safe.

He is free now. But he is severed from the Fade, from the past. And you wish you could take him into a dream and show him what he was, what you both were. What the world could be.

The gardens are beautiful at sunset. He walks beside you, his arm around yours. Banisters light up when you lean on them. The gold on his hair and ears glimmers under the setting sun.

"What did it cost, Solas?" he asks, playing with the petals of a flower between his hands.

No marks, no scars. The storyteller was now part of the noble court of Mythal, second only to her. Even if his rebellion were to fail, at least he would be protected.

"Nothing that should worry you. No one will be able to harm you without it being a direct attack at Mythal."

"How long will it last?"

"As long as she lives, you will be safe."

"And you?"

You laugh and circle him with your arms. With a touch, the flower's picked petals sprout back.

"Nothing could kill me."

You were not expecting to see her face again either. When she arrives in Haven, she marches proud and strong, as she did before a battle thousands of years ago.

She seems to still be a brave warrior, a formidable archer. But she has changed. Or maybe you never got to see this side of her. The one that talks back at you, the one that is proud and sharp-tongued.

The soldiers scramble to their feet, a couple of them knocking down their chairs, the Captain included. One tries to stand in front of the table as if he is trying to hide the obvious bottles and cards.

"At ease," you say.

They don't sit again, but rather stand awkwardly. The Captain is the only one to still stand straight and look up at him.

"I'm sorry, General. This is my fault. I thought they needed a break and-"

"Have I said I disapprove?" you chuckle.

They all seem to relax at this.

"I suppose not. When the Lady, well... Summoned you? We were not sure what to expect of the new general." She clears her throat. "No offense, sir."

"None taken. I hope you enjoy your evening."

"Sir!" she calls as you head back to the door. "Do you wish to join us?"

"I am expected at the Lady's banquet. Perhaps another time, Captain."

Her face lights up at this.

"You will probably see my brother then, sir! He's the Lady's personal entertainer. If you see him..." She smiles fondly. "Tell him I miss him."

It is strange but heartwarming to see them sitting together, chatting, and arguing. You find out they have grown up together and never been apart until the Conclave. The last time you met them, they hadn't seen each other much since they were children and got separated into their roles at court.

You promised them that, when they were both free, they would never have to be apart again. That they would be able to recover all the time they had lost. But as with many others, you would never fulfill that promise.

One of Andruil's black arrows through her shoulder.

She is strong. She would normally keep fighting after that kind of wound.

But she staggers to the ground. It burns, she says.

You cross the Eluvian into the valley with her in your arms, closing it behind you as the arrows still rain behind. You take her to one of the beds as Dáire rushes to meet you.

Black veins spread around the wound, under her skin, into her blood.

Her brother's arms around her. She cannot find the strength to speak anymore.

Your own hands over her face. She looks up at you with empty, blind, eyes.

You ask her if she wishes to die free. She nods.

She dies in her brother's arms. Face unmarked.

She breathes a sigh of relief she has held for many, many years.

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

End Notes

... and then i wrote it.

if you are curious, the end of this fic links back to this one:

Ellara is my OC. Inquisitor Dáire Lavellan is @littlegumshoe's who also drew this comic based on this fic:

<https://littlegumshoe.tumblr.com/post/619496807418003456/fanart-for-my-gfs-fanfic-abt-reincarnation-daيرة>

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