

Rimyks Lavellan

Loss of Lavellan: or Da'lenara Isala Vhenas:

When Rimyks Lavellan is the last to know about the events regarding his Clan, he can't help but need to get away from everyone at Skyhold for a while to at least process the news. This then causes the idiot Inquisitor to go out of Skyhold's perimeter without so much as a coat or his Hart for an easy journey back.

Rimyks had called his advisors to the War Room almost a half hour ago, they were usually there before him whenever a meeting was called. However this did give the Inquisitor some time to actually study the various maps, reports, and other such things almost haphazardly strewn about the war table instead of just the quick glances he usually gave them. His now rift green eyes had wandered to the brilliant silver crest stand that symbolized his Clan's mission. Surely it couldn't have been but so long ago since he had requested that Lelianna send spies to investigate where the "Knife-Ear Plaque" rumor started as well as bring an end to this Duke of Wycome? He slowly walked around to the side of the oaken table and picked up the silver mission marker, scowling at it as he memorized the feel and weight of it in his hand. Ears pricking slightly as footsteps are heard coming from down the corridor, sighing he put the piece down and returned to his usual side of the table the scowl now replaced by his normal façade.

The door opened with surprising urgency, seeing as how heavy the thing was. Turning around, a little surprised, Rimyks saw the downhearted looks on his advisors faces. A sickening feeling in his gut spread what felt like ice through his veins. Not too unusual for whenever he had to deal with bad news regarding a new development in Corypheus' advancements or when negotiations hadn't gone as he had hoped. They all shared one last look at each other before Lelianna stepped forward, her eyes hard filled with an emotion that couldn't be placed. Rimyks felt himself straighten, mentally preparing himself for the update he subconsciously knew he would never be ready for. Lelianna cleared her throat,

preparing to speak. “*I-Inquisitor*, an urgent report has been delivered regarding the situation of your Clan.” She said her voice as steady as ever but there was a hardness in it that was almost like her eyes. She then cast her eyes to the hastily folded note in her hand, unable to look at him.

Inexplicable hope flooded through Lavellan as he felt his lips twitch into a small lopsided smile, his worry stupidly receding as he let out a small laugh of relief as he felt the prick of tears. “I knew you and your network wouldn’t let me down Lelianna. Go ahead share the news, I’m sure the others would love to hear that my Clan is safe.” Rimyks exclaimed. The words just seemed to tumble out as he waited for Lelianna to continue, to tell him that his Clan was alright and safely harbored wherever the spies had havened them. He quickly shot glances at his other two advisors. Josephine’s eyes were watery with unshed tears as she looked away unable to see the look on the Inquisitor’s face when the news was to be given to him. While Cullen looked at him with indescribable sadness that Rimyks didn’t understand in that moment.

His Clan was safe, he was sure of it. Wasn’t he? In his next breathe Rimyks’ heart stopped and the feeling of ice returned to his veins. With a short sigh and a trembling smile, an equally trembling hand reached out for the note. He snatched it away from her, apologizing with a glance. Biting his bottom lip hard to keep himself composed, he gave a short nod and shaky laugh before speaking with a plastered on smile, “Um let us have this meeting at a later date shall we?”

With that Josephine hurried out of the room, tears having already fallen, with Lelianna close behind after giving the Inquisitor a look that held her unspoken condolences. “I’m so sorry Inquisitor.” Cullen whispered as he bowed his head slightly and left the room, closing the heavy wooden door as gently as he possibly could behind him. As Rimyks finally looked at the now unfolded note, tears filled his wavering vision as he read it as best he could:

“Da’len,

*The Duke ... Dead ... Soldiers blame us ... All the elves in the city have been killed,
blamed for ... Plague that only strikes down humans. Now they hunt us.*

Most of the clan is already dead.

Live well, da'len. You carry Clan Lavellan with you. They are coming for us

--"

Recognizing his Keepers written hand Rimyks crumpled up the paper before it caught a slow and low burning flame, his chest tightening painfully to the point where he felt as if he were suffocating. With breaths heaving Lavellan found himself walking towards the door and opening it. Not even thinking to close it behind him, Rimyks hurried down the ruined corridor. Finding himself in the crowded banquet hall, his inner circle having a sort of meeting of their own. All in a huddle, undoubtedly talking about him and the news that was surprisingly shared with them first. He couldn't catch what they were whispering.

"How dare news about *my* Clan, *my* family, be shared with *apparently* all of Skyhold first?!" Rimyks growled, feeling worse now to know that he wasn't the first to know, but the last. Dorian turned around surprised to see him standing there. Also causing everyone else to either turn around or to look up at him. Suddenly everyone started speaking to him at once.

"Amatus-!"

"Boss are you-?"

"Sunshine we just heard and--"

"Inky we--"

"Inquisitor--"

“Dearest you have my-“

“Inquisitor how are-“

“I can try to help-“

“Lethallin-“

“Stop.” Rimyks whispered, shaking his head, not wanting to hear anymore. But they continued to speak, it was like they were shouting at him! His eyes shut tight while holding his free hand over a pointed ear, messing up his short blond hair even further Rimyks bawled, “*STOP! WILL YOU ALL JUST SHUT IT!*” His voice echoing throughout the grand hall, the walls and ceiling almost shaking with the rawness in the Inquisitors voice. Before he could stop himself Rimyks’ hand holding the note sparked to life as he moved it in a wide side-arch in front of him. Sending a burst of flames in front of him, just nearly missing the inner circle as well as some bystanders.

Opening his eyes in fear of what pain he had caused he saw the faces of his companions, all a mixture of sadness and with the slightest hint of fear from their Inquisitors emotional outburst. Usually he had the composure of a prince, to see him like this was shocking to say the least. Thankfully they had all scurried back in time to not get singed. He could feel the eyes of not only his inner circle on him, but also the fear filled eyes of the people who were milling around the area. With his face scrunching up in anguish, more tears spilling over his cheeks with some down his neck while the others fell harmlessly to the floor. Rimyks managed to gasp a barely audible “I’m so sorry!” before sprinting out the doors and down the sets of stairs.

“Ah geez..” Varric sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. As they all stood still, their feet apparently stuck to the floor as none of them chased after their Inquisitor out of shock, “Knew we should’ve given him space.” His frustration at not only himself but the others was apparent and they all felt it themselves.

“Swallowing pain as he gasps for air. Hole in his chest. Lost his home, can never go back. I left them for a while, they left *me for good*. Anger. So much hurt.

Too many emotions all muddled together. Could've saved them. Could've hurt the others. Killed them?" Cole was whispering but all of them could hear him, his words causing them all to unfreeze. "We were just trying to help, he knows that and yet he runs. Far away across the bridge out. Out of here, away. Away from us. Why?" Cole knew why, they all did but that didn't mean they couldn't be confused as to why Lavellan had left.

Especially Dorian, not only was he confused, he was also slightly hurt as well. He wanted to be there to comfort his Amatus, to shoulder his grief and pain with him if not *for* him. "I'm giving him one hour, Maker knows he may very well freeze. He doesn't even have a coat." The usual warmth and charm was gone now from his voice, now Dorian just sounded tired.

"C'mon 'Vint, have some faith in him. I'm sure the Boss could last more than an hour out there."

"I am well aware of that Bull--"

"Calm down Sparkler, the Inquisitor'll be just fine with the cold. It's being with himself that I'm worried about.." Varric could only guess at how much they all felt that his last statement was true.

The wind whipped his blond hair into a frenzied mess as Rimyks made it across the bridge and a ways out of Skyhold's perimeter before he felt himself stuck in ice that now encased his feet to snowy ground. He hated how his magic seemed to flit out of control. He felt a sharp pin in his heart, he knew his father had taught him excellent control for any situation but he could never have been prepared for this. Trying to break himself free with the little effort he could give before giving up and just standing there, breathing unevenly. He looked around, snow was lazily falling around him, some flakes even sticking to his light blond lashes. He tried to blink them away but his tears only made the flakes turn into little ice crystals. Even rubbing at them made them return whenever he blinked, tears falling so freely down his face before disappearing either into the fabric of his shirt or the snow below.

Bent over on weak knees one hand clutching his side to try to hold himself together. As the other began clawing at his chest gripping his shirt painfully as strangled, broken cries were torn from his throat. Breaths coming in short gasps in between his shrieks echoing oddly off the snow around him making them sound like a dying animal's. Suddenly falling onto his knees he could feel the pull of almost forgotten memories. His mother, Namariel, pulling him into hugs and stroking his cheek offering the comfort only a mother can give. Her sweetly murmuring Mir Da'len Somniar lulling him back to sleep when his night terrors of Tevinter slavers or the demons of the Fade woke him. His older brother, Cardis, helping his mother teach him magic techniques that he had learned from his father to help his younger brother. Protecting Rimyks as best he could from the whispers and harsh words from some of the other children. His father, Ilrith, smiling bright as he taught him how to use and control his magic. His father pushing him out of the way of a stupid shems attack, only for his son to be pinned by another while he could just watch helplessly. Keeper Deshanna, helping his family teach him how to control his magic. The Keeper giving him the mission to spy at the Temple of Sacred Ashes because she believed that Rimyks was ready.

His Clan had believed in him, they had put their survival on his shoulders when they sent him to that Temple. He was proud to go, proud to finally be able to do good for his Clan. "But look what happened to them.." Rimyks' throat scraped raw, his voice scratchy and cracked. Wiping his nose on a sleeve before hugging himself as tightly as he could before shakily standing up on weak knees. Rimyks tried again to free his now numb feet from the ice he had subconsciously trapped himself in. Pulling as hard as he could without purchase he felt a sudden anger. Anger at himself for not going to save his Clan, at the Anchor for trapping him here as leader of the Inquisition, at the people for repeatedly calling him their so called 'Herald of Andraste' when he didn't even believe in their shem religion.

"If only I hadn't stayed here, I could've helped them. I could have saved them, or at least died with them!" With the last pull one leg was free. He then felt the Anchor pulse, as though it was hurt from his hatred of it as he felt like his body was disintegrating. Ignoring the pulse as best he could, Rimyks knelt down furiously gripping the ice encasing his other foot. "Fenedhis! *IR HARELLAN!*"

Suddenly fire not only burned away the ice as well as the surrounding snow, but it had also given him some nasty burns. Remyks stood up, gasping as the burns became all he could feel at that moment. Then he felt hate filled tears prick and start to fall, he hadn't even noticed he had initially stopped sobbing. Hating that it had started up again, as he felt them freeze to his lashes no matter how hot they felt as they fell. He swore he thought they steamed and hissed as they hit the ground.

"In-Inquisitor?"

Remyks turned around haphazardly , almost slipping on the wet ground beneath his feet, to see Cole standing at the edge of the snow that had been burned away. Taking a few deep, albeit haggard, breaths Remyks succeeded in finding his voice "Cole? Wh-what are you doing here?" he finished the sentence with a sniffle and a light cough to clear his throat.

"I came to help. It was.. easy to follow the pain here," Cole shifted slightly, to show that he meant no harm even though he almost always looked more like a boy who had taken sweets without asking. "Pain swallowed the tears, but fiery hatred brought them back. Burning skin that melted the snow. Snow can help the stinging!" Cole exclaimed, shuffled over to pick up handfuls of snow and scurried over to the Inquisitor to press them against the worst of the burns, one on his left knee and the other his right ankle.

After the snow held over those was melted, instead of having Cole go back and forth, Remyks walked as best he could over to the edge of melted snow and ice. Sitting down taking over, now pressing the snow to the burn on his left shoulder. Discovering new ones scattered on his arms, hands, even more, smaller ones on his legs, as well as a few on his chest. Remyks looked himself over, even as he was sure he was missing more than a few of his accidental injuries. Remyks sighed, giving up on pressing the snow in as he knew it wouldn't actually treat his wounds, before speaking, "Cole, I'm not sure you can help with-"

"But I can. I-" Cole started to explain but he was cut off.

“NO Cole! *Fenedhis* you can’t! It’s- it’s too-. You may be more human now Cole, but that doesn’t mean you can understand what I’m going through! You can’t- can’t fix everything with honeyed words and false promises of everything getting better afterwards! Just go back to Skyhold Cole, I’ll return shortly.” Rimyks threatened, almost as if the Creators themselves could hear and then the last sentence spoken low as the Inquisitor turned his face away, not wanting Cole to see the pain that had etched itself on his face.

“They really were *all* proud of you. He came so far, representing our people. Smiles and calm, level-headed. All happy, relieved when you were okay, alive.” Cole knelt down beside his friend to see if what he was saying actually helping the hurt instead of making it worse.

“Cole now that’s enough-“

“A mother softly cries tears of joy at the news of her son making it out alive. While the older son hugs her and spins her round in circles like the husband used to before, when the magic cooperated with their youngest.” Cole tries again, softer this time, seeing as the first attempt didn’t help.

Rimyks breath caught in his throat almost painfully. Turning back to Cole as he forced himself to speak through the continued tears, “You felt them?” As the new almost light tears spilled onto the ground beneath them, Rimyks covered his mouth with his good hand.

“Feel them. Around brightly, almost blinding. Spirits of loved ones surrounding as they try and reach out. But they know they cannot truly touch their lost one. Family reunited for a short time before their light burns away here and before his time comes. She kisses his forehead, he ruffles his hair, and the younger hugs him tightly first before they all join. Then gone. I-I’m sorry the lights they-“

Rimyks holds a hand up to stop him taking in a few deep, a bit uneven breaths before he felt a memory come to the front of his mind. His mother overjoyed as he mastered how to summon a wisp of light without it burning or blinding him. His father ruffling his hair proudly as Rimyks looks up at him and

laughs, the light shining brightly before fluttering out. Then to his brother as he is hugged so tightly with the best smile on his brothers' face, telling him good job and how proud he was of his little brother. Looking over to his father and mother as he happily spins her around, both of them laughing too loud but not caring. A small victory, but a success nonetheless. The memory ends and Rimyks smiles, it was one of the ones he liked to remember when his Inquisitorial duties got to be too much. With little ice crystals still stuck to his lashes, Lavellan rubbed at his eyes and let the last few tears fall for now.

“Crushing weight lifted. Lightness feeling like the freedom of sprinting through the deserts of home. Better. The pain is lesser for now, but still there. Big and dark almost encompassing. Almost, but still less.” Cole nodded before standing up and waited for his friend to do the same. Carefully studying the man before him to see if there was any more hidden hurts he had missed.

With a few more sniffles and a short bark of laughter Lavellan stood tall, like his father used to. However when he took his first step back into the snow he was made painfully aware of his burns. Gasping he stopped to steel himself before taking a few more steps. Just as his foot crunched into the snow Cole was by his side, supporting him. About ten minutes of travelling at the pace of an injured nug warranted them with the sound of hooves crunching through the snow. Rimyks looked up to see Dorian on his Hart, a stubborn Pride of Arlathan, with an extra Anderfel Courser galloping at his side. Lavellan looked over at Cole, a small smile on his face. Seeing his lover charging towards them as fast as the Hart would go in the snow made Rimyks actually feel how tired he was. Closing his eyes, he heard Cole gasp as he felt the spirit struggle to keep him from face planting.

“Amatus, I know I am almost too much for your elven heart but that doesn't mean you can faint whenever I come within 50 paces of you,” Dorian said, the worry in his voice elegantly hidden, as he dismounted the Arlathan and gently took Rimyks by the shoulders to keep him upright.

With a small laugh Lavellan opened his eyes. "My apologies Ma'Vhenan," he sighed as he willed himself to regain his composure. "I'll try to keep myself under control from now on."

Dorian let go of his Inquisitor, trusting that he could at least keep himself up right as Dorian looked him over. "Amatus are you alright? What-"

"Yes, Dorian. I'm alright." Rimyks cut him off, the unspoken *for now* hanging in the space between them.

"Aches and burns all over. Too exhausted to take another step let alone another breath as-. Sorry." Cole stopped himself, knowing that his friend wanted him to stop digging into everyone's heads all the time.

"It's alright Cole," Rimyks nodded "not like you're lying." mumbled after.

"Well as grand as staying out here and freezing to death would be," Dorian said as he draped a heavy fur blanket over Lavellan, "I believe a certain elf mage, a devilishly handsome Altus, and a somewhat lost empathic spirit are needed back at Skyhold." Dorian had to help Cole with his mount.

Cole was a little skittish of the horse in front of him. Inspecting it carefully before going closer to it. "It looked better from far away.." He complained as he warily hoisted himself up onto the saddle.

"See Cole, it's not so bad when you're actually on the horse is it?" Rimyks said as he hoisted himself onto his Hart with some help from Dorian. Suddenly Rimyks felt the Anchor pulse painfully. Just as Dorian was getting ready join him Lavellan pitched forward, which caused Dorian to catch him before he completely fell off.

"Kaffas! Amatus what did I tell you about the fainting?" Normally it would have caused Lavellan to laugh and tease back if the worry in Dorians voice wasn't so dominant.

Rimyks groaned inwardly as he tried to keep hold of the reins and keep himself mostly upright. “’M sorry Vhenan.” His speech somewhat slurred. “It’s-the Anchor.” He grimaced as he forced himself to stay on the mount.

“Of course it’s that blasted thing.” Dorian grumbled as he joined Rimyks on the Arlathan. After he was positioned behind Rimyks on the hart, he took hold of the reigns with one hand and supported the Inquisitor with the other. “Alright Cole, you do know how to command a Courser don’t you?”

“She knows what she’s doing.” Cole said with a slight smile, patting the horse reassuringly as he took a light hold on the reins.

“I’m taking that as a maybe.” Dorian murmured as he commanded the Hart to turn around and push forward back to Skyhold. A few minutes after they started the short journey back Rimyks was leaning into him, unconscious. “Oh, Amatus. One day you really are going to be the death of me aren’t you?” Dorian whispered fondly. The warmth ever present in his voice this time, as he knew his lover would be alright.

Some time that night Rimyks Lavellan snuggled into something warm that smelled of spices. Opening his eyes to realize that it was Dorian he was snuggling further into. Something beyond his lover caught his eye, looking over to the couch he found Varric asleep sitting up, resting his head on the arm rest. On the other side of the couch was Iron Bull, in a similar position to Varric only his head was leaning back, asleep. With Cole between them both, leaning into Bull, his hat at an awkward angle but surprisingly still on his head.

Sitting up a little turning to his left at the fireplace Cassandra and Blackwall had taken chairs from the banquet hall and were sleeping on each side of the dimly glowing pit, both of them snoring slightly. In front of the desk was Vivienne’s golden lion, its regal eyes watching silently. He saw Sera asleep at his desk with her feet on it. Papers stacked neatly to one side, a beautifully carved golden tinted Halla statue on the other with a note pinned to it. Turning back to Dorian when the Altus shifted.

“Go back t’sleep Amatus..” Dorian mumbled, holding him closer while placing a sweet but sloppy kiss on his cheek.

Rimyks felt tears prick as his chest swelled with emotion. How he could cry anymore after today would be a question to ask the Creators, but the tears came nonetheless. “*Ma Serannas, Ma’Vhenan. Ir Arla.*” Rimyks whimpered happily as he snuggled into Dorian’s chest. Rimyks wasn’t aware but Dorian had heard him.

When he awoke the next afternoon, he was still snuggling with Dorian, only now he was reading a book. Feeling a sharp pang in his shoulder he looked down to see that he was shirtless only to have his torso covered in bandages. He knew that there were more on his legs that were covered by the blanket draped over his legs. Attempting to untangle himself from Dorian to sit up he felt a hand gently take hold of his left wrist.

“Tut tut Amatus, no getting out of bed until the bandages come off.” Dorian said, putting the book down and lightly kissing Rimyks’ hand. “Infirmaries orders you know.”

Rimyks sighed with a smile before looking around the room to notice that everyone else had gone, with only subtle hints that they had been there at all. The Halla and the Lion statues were still present, as were the chairs that Cassandra and Blackwall had slept in that were now slightly askew. At some point Sera had stuck an arrow in his desk with scrap of paper pierced through it. The couch near the stairs was slightly out of place, at a more diagonal angle than how he usually had it. A small smile formed itself on his lips as he looked back at his lover. Dorian was looking at him with such intensity that it made Rimyks blush. “Wh-what it is Dorian?”

“You are just so beautiful Amatus, that sometimes I just find myself staring unable to stop,” Dorian whispered “And usually I only do that with myself in the mirror.” Said with a smirk.

They both laughed lightly before Rimyks’ laughter turned into tears as the events of yesterday suddenly came back with vengeance. He mumbled something in incoherent elvish while burying himself into Dorian’s chest.

Dorian held him as tight as he dared, lest he agitate Lavellan's burns. "Say that once more Amatus? I couldn't understand." Dorian asked gently in a hushed whisper. But Rimyks could only shake his head, as his sobs robbed him of his voice and all that came out were gasps and high pitched whines. "I-I've got you Rimyks.. I've got you."

Elvish translations:

Da'lenara Isala Vhenas: *Little Lost One In Need Of A Home.*

Lethallin: *casual reference to someone you are familiar with, akin to 'cousin' or 'clansman'.*

Mir Da'len Somniar: *To Dreams My Little One (My Child).*

Fenedhis: *a common curse, possibly the equivalent of 'crap'.*

Ir Harellan: *I'm a traitor to my people.*

Ma'Vhenan: *My heart.*

Ma Serannas: *My thanks (Thank you).*

Ir Arla: *I'm home.*

Tevene translations:

Kaffas: **Shit.**

Amatus: **term of endearment. (My love.)**