Wolf In the Storm

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by Irethseregon22

Summary

- I was listening to a Xandria song winterhearted when I wrote this and reworked many times.

When Fenris is ensnared by a curse, Kahlan Hawke and her friends dive into a snowy Fade to save him. Hawke’s pov

Notes

in my headcanon this Alistair is cousin to my f hawke

The moment we penetrated the Fade, it was a realm of blizzards. Some crystalline flakes blew past. But my focus remained clear and there my love was! No abominations stood in our way, so it should have been easy to reach him. He lay so still, the vine-like tattoos such a faint glowing blue, but his tan had turned as ivory as his hair. No- no he can't be dead! As I squinted, the elf's lips were parted and mists wafted as his chest rose and fell. I wanted to run up to him and make him open his eyes! Even though this had to be an illusion of a real winter, the chill weighed down my body and speed was virtually impossible. Fenris, close at hand but why couldn't I get to him yet?

I glanced at Alistair, who had volunteered to come here with me. ***'That's him eh? Hawke, are you sure about this? And I thought no demons means we could move quicker.'*** He grabbed onto a branch and was sinking into the bog. We supported each other.

Yes I'm not wrong. Oh Fenris, don't give up now. The surface that he lay on was a rectangular stone slab, not chained thank the Maker! His arms were at his sides, no blood unlike his physical form. Nobody could predict in what ways the Void would interprete our fears. For my dear elf, his past had been enchained and being hurt by magic. This time, he had been captured because of me.

Zevran and Alistair were busy fending off the guards, while Fenris had intercepted a huge wave of lyrium energy hurled by an enchantress. Being phased, my brave elf managed to stab through her chest, but the magic did not cease. We just heard her scream die out. Because Fenris had his back to us, I did not realize he had been hurt too, until he groaned and collapsed atop her body. He was unresponsive and covered by both her blue blood and his own. We turned him over. A black sigil had singed his abdomen, through the cuirass. No matter how much I screamed, he did not open his eyes! Most of the enemies had already perished, and we had not brought a healer. Fenris' brows knitted when we attempted to unbuckle his cuirass. He grit his teeth, sweat sheening his face.

The calmest was Zevran, who suggested not to touch him anymore. 'Perhaps it is temporary. Do you have any more red potions? May help.'

Alistair salvaged an elfroot potion, but we didn't know if he could swallow.

A surviving magister was crawling away, when I grabbed her. The blade at her throat made her sing like a lark, and she said the enchantress had used a curse to drag him into the Fade as well. 'If you spare me, I can create a counter-ritual. What is his name? I will need to track his soul.'

I was determined to go after him! ‘Fine, if you do this, you won’t be executed.’

She agreed not to use blood magic, but to draw on the Fade, so we only had a few hours to accomplish the rescue. She did not use a dagger or unfold her sleeve, indications of a blood-mage, but used her staff to trace complicated runes around him.

He cried out, his gauntlets scratching the ground and his body arced up. ‘No! Lie still please!’

‘He’s struggling. We do this now. You have to take off your armors, then your souls can cross to the other side. Sit with your legs crossed, one at his head and one at his feet.’

Zevran’s head was bleeding, so it was too dangerous for him to venture into the Fade. ‘Go, I’ll take care of things here!’ I had not known him for long, but was filled with gratitude. Alistair looked worried. ‘Er yea, I can’t let you go alone, Hawke. Your cousin wouldn’t forgive me. But I’m nervous.’

Zevran embraced us and shared a kiss with the templar. They had weathered several wars together after all. ‘Zev don’t go to the light if you pass out. Or I’ll hunt you down.’ The Antivan grinned.

When we were ready, I chose to be at Fenris’ head and checked that his heart was still beating. *We’re coming, hang on*.

“Can I hold his hand?” I commanded my tide of tears to recede and tried to focus on what lay ahead. The mage said it was too dangerous to move him. I combed some of his pale hair from his forehead and let the darkness overtake me. The mage’s voice guided me, though I did not understand what language she was using.

Now, Alistair said it seemed like we were all in this world together, not our own fears. If that makes any sense. *Come on, let’s get him out of here. Bloody cold* The guy shivered, clad only in his red civilian clothes. I looked down, astonished that I was in a black dress down to my knees. I didn’t remember having this dress. It seemed an eternity of wading through knee deep snow before we were finally in front of the altar. His armor was split in two here, showing his thin chest but not covered with blood or markings.

I reached out my hand, bracing for the tattoos’ flare. He had been grateful for their instinctive defence against strangers or anyone, even friends who touched him too suddenly. I had also been spurned by that electric jolt, when I wished to console or pat his shoulder. He so rarely smiled. Once, after a backlash sent me against some hard surface, Fenris had apologized profusely, but also chided why I had not been more careful.

When I touched his cheek gently, I implored him to awaken. Wait, would it hurt to… I raised my arm and Alistair yelped, grabbing me. ‘Whoa whoa must you hit him? He could be-wounded internally!’

‘Fenris look at me! If not I’ve to slap you!’ I choked out, for the warrior still remained coldly asleep, like a sentinel. **‘This is an order! Stop lying there and come back to us! ’** Alistair also shouted at him. Too long in the Fade, the bonds to our mortal bodies would be severed. We were not breathing, and felt as if we could be whisked away at any moment.

‘Eh your lips are blue. I can’t feel my hands. Oh shit. Never mind-- Fenris sorry!’ He punched his shoulder. Fenris jerked from the impact, but still did not respond. I started to cry. Would tears work, like those tales of the Sleeping soulmate? No bleeding I could stop.

I prayed to any of the gods. No idea if any of the little time we had spent together would be of much help. Was it love, when he got drunk and started spilling about his little fragmented memories? Sometimes we were both too tired for sex, but just lay naked together. I always initiated the kisses, but eventually got too much and Fenris pressed his temples from the sudden surge of memories.

‘I’m sorry, I just wanted to be happy.’ Though I gave him space, Fenris still continued being all Worry, protective, logical, present, bloody stubborn, bloody critical of magic. I tried to protect him emotionally and here he had for me, *with his life.*

I climbed onto the altar, straddling Fenris. As his face loomed nearer, I found that I had to close my eyes from the dizzying sensation. His lips were chapped and bitter. *Don’t you let me down, not after what we shared!* As I held the kiss, my arms braced on either side of his head, I prayed for a miracle. I would sacrifice ten years of my life for him, never doubt it. Nothing could drag me away, and even Alistair’s urging faded into nothing.

Until I felt something rap me on the back. *Who dares to interrupt me*? The tapping got harder like giant hand smacks.

An old Crone, with multi-colored robes, glared at me. Besides being oddly short, she also had a curved lizard’s tail. There was some kind of ancient orb hanging off the frail looking sceptre. She barked something. Her face was so wrinkled I could not judge her expression. < *Oww she already hit me many times too. Didn’t know a spirit can feel pain.*> Alistair complained, rubbing his head.

I glanced at Fenris, and as she spoke a foreign word, he coughed painfully, sounding as if his lungs were clogged. Was the curse an illness?

<Who are you? > No way was I leaving his side. Shit, I have nothing to defend us with here! I clenched my fists.

‘None of yer business! Is this buffoon also your friend?’ she demanded, gesturing at Alistair who was creeping away from her. I nodded. Now my elf was gasping for breath, but looked less white than before. As we stared at each other, he couldn’t speak nor move. I touched myself and said his name.

The crone said with deliberate slowness, ‘Woman, Get off the place. Do you want to save this elf or not? ’

Of course! She waved the sceptre and finally my brave warrior got up. Agilely she leapt up the slab and traced something on his forehead. He blinked and looked around. The remains of his armor disintegrated and were swept away, leaving him naked except leggings. Fenris examined his bare hands. ‘Fen, it’s me Hawke. Don’t worry, we’re going to take you back.’

Gods, did we break the spell in time? Will he forget me? One time, when some bounty hunters took him offguard, he almost resisted our attempts to get him back when some of his memory got erased.

I can’t bear it if he didn’t remember us now.

Alistair stepped around the crone who was yelling at the bewildered elf. But he did not shout back at her. ‘Is it just me, or is she a psycho?’ It would be comical with his clownish face and dance, if not for the gravity

I covered my mouth, sinking to my invisible knees.

‘Guys? Hawke it’s you?’ he spoke in a rasp, one hand rubbing his throat. ‘Where’s-- this?’ His lids were lowered to half-mast and he found it hard to stay upright.

I said his name again and again and hugged him tightly. They told him we were in the Void. Or the Fade. ‘What? How can you use magic? You’re fools, what if we’re stuck here forever? Vishante Kafass!’ He jerked away from me and glared. But since the lyrium did not have effect now, we overrode his cursing and told him briefly what we did.

It was a huge mistake to rile the angry woman thingie. ‘Hey! Don’t ignore me, it’s too much trouble to keep you all here! These mortals bravely came here, when that witch conked you with the hex, Elf. Book of Life here says it’s too early for your end here! You’re all buffoons!’ the Crone yelled hopping agitatedly and out of nowhere a floating tome appeared.

The pages were flipping too rapidly. Fenris apologized and stood between us. He felt for my hand.

‘You must be the Hawke, and the templar fellow? Tevinter, t- aha there you are. Formerly Leto?’ She asked, jabbing at one page.

We all answered yes. Fenris rubbed his mouth, turning pink.

Ali said: Scary witch, can we go back now? Please.

Croney replied of course we were a huge nuisance. I fought not to giggle and then we held hands, seated in a circle. Fenris’ hands were smooth and cool here. Not covered by metal. It happened really quickly, and the last thing I saw was his lips moving. We rescued him!!

Hearing a loud bang, I felt as if I had been slammed onto a surface. My head ached. Beside me the men moaned. Fenris was able to sit up now and clutched his wound. The woman collapsed. Other people in robes dispersed the circle and said they would take care of healing us. Zevran had passed out. I touched his back and thanked him silently.

Before my lover allowed himself the resting sleep, he reached out and we held hands for a moment. They set up some pallets, so we did not have to move far. I was out as soon as my head touched the pillow.

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Hours later….

“Does it hurt? You were going to leave me.” I remarked, fluffing up the pillows. I tried to be calm and matter-of-fact but some hurt came through my tone. Fenris winced, some of his markings winking erratically.

‘I’m fine, Hawke. I just saw… someone. She forgave me. My sister.’ He murmured, his gaze unfocused. Perhaps he had lain there in the freezing cold too long, for now his forehead felt too hot. Could he be suffering some after-effects? Fenris chewed his lip and stopped my hand sponging him. ‘Truly. It was her, but she was all this Light. Her hair was long. Varania was smiling. I didn’t mean to kill her, I said. She said she knows and though I couldn’t see Mother, they were happy. Then she said I had to follow her up this long stairway, because you were calling for me. You sounded so far away, faint. I feared you might leave me.

“So, would you have followed your sister and not come back to me?” I put the rag down and kissed his cheek. Those green eyes were hazy with illness. Now he seemed more lucid and alert.

“Hmmm, no. I was awake and yet I was not. As I got to the top, Varania said I’m needed in the other world. I wish I had bade her farewell. I felt she was smiling behind me and then a strong gust of wind. Loud chime of bells… I told you Kahlan, I would walk with you into our future.”

We leaned our foreheads together and I chuckled. Fenris wiped my tears away.

“Zevran helped us too. I did not expect him to honour staying vigil over us.” Now, Fenris had dozed off, snoring softly. I played with one of his tipped ears and laid my head on his chest. Perhaps because he was still fatigued, no mana burned my skin.

Anders cleared his throat. “I’m sorry Hawke. He won’t be able to breathe properly like that. Elf needs his lungs clear. Possibly tomorrow you can cuddle as much as you like.” Reluctantly I shifted and lay on my own cot.

‘Sure. You sound like the old woman in that place, Anders…..’ I related the surreal story to him, careful not to be too loud though I wanted to guffaw at the memory. He beamed, and surprisingly gentle, replaced a fresh cloth on Fenris’ brow and tucked his arm over his chest and the blankets. When I got weary from my vigil, I went back to my pallet. This was the castle that we had conquered, and though it was not the best option to sleep here, after the ordeal we had been through, we should be taking some months off for a long vacation.

His condition had improved considerably, the next day. Fenris had a long peaceful sleep, not plagued by nightmares. It was a luxury to wake up calmly together and lie in, just relishing the peace. I found a book. As we read together, I was simply content to hear his voice, when he came across difficult words he asked me to explain them. 'Di-so-nance? What's that?' His deep curiosity made me smile... a wonderful respite from violence, street brawls and strange places.

'Oh it means a lack of harmony between musical notes. Here, it means the people felt disturbed by this feeling.' I replied. Fenris nodded and continued.

“Should we not depart this place of death? Their restless spirits would haunt us.” he asked, while I helped him to button on a clean shirt. His hands still trembled from weakness, his large green eyes shadowed. I said we could just rest now, Anders and other mages would take care of any paranormal dangers.

“The markings don’t feel much like before.” He let them glow for a bit and flexed his fingers.

“Easy now, Fen. You almost died. Hey you were conked out while I was telling how Ali and me went there.” I admonished. He nodded and tottered to a chair.

‘Well, I’m ready to hear the entire story now. Ah Hawke, I did not plan to die.’ Fenris insisted scowling, starting to eat the broth. I would be firmer this time and order him not to use himself as a shield. But after our amicable bickering, Fenris seemed exhausted, paler. He said

softly, “All right, I sit corrected.” I gently gave him a hug then went around to check on our friends.

Much later after we all ate simple food, and I dreamt of where we would be going after this. Definitely we would not be tarrying here, the allies would most likely be rebuilding this ruined fortress or possibly sealing it off from demons.

Night fell. Fenris had been quiet during our dinner cum supper and dozing off. Hence, I was very much taken by surprise when he grabbed my hand and tugged me to lie down on his bed. “Are you ok? Did you hit your head?” Being so close to him, I felt warm and happy, but also concerned if he would feel our bond was too much for him. He moved back, the rustle of cloth, the song of lyrium and whispered he wanted me. “Leaving you was really hard, but I thought I had to. I didn’t dare to dream of us.” His voice was gravelly and wavering. Slowly Fenris leaned close to me, I felt his pulse quickening too. He said something romantic in his tongue before claiming my lips thirstily. My mind was blown, *yes yes! I wanted him too.*

After glorious sex, Fenris lay down panting, sweat glistening on his olive skin. Some of the markings were glowing. “Oh no did my touch hurt you?” I saw my bite and nail marks on his skin. I offered to heal him, if he allowed so. For a while we listened to each other’s breaths in the dark. I wiped my sweat.

“It’s fine Kahlan. In the Fade when I slept it was so cold….” Without finishing, he gave in to sleep. No pain in his face, soft snoring. I gently brushed back his damp white hair and kissed his forehead, and cast a gentle aura of healing. Just with my fingers hovering over Fenris, not touching. Doing that drained the last of my energy and I closed my eyes, content.

In the morning, perhaps I did not have to worry about us going our separate ways.

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Zev/ stair : Moment for the Crow and the Griffin

After the whole ordeal, the Antivan remained comatose for more than a few days. Someone had tended to his wounds and bandaged his head. Zev was much paler than his usual healthy tan. Ali barely took a shower after they tumbled back from the Fade, then passed out too.

Alistair thought he looked vulnerable and young like that. The mages had prepared a separate cot for him but the warden wanted to sleep close to Zev. Fenris and Hawke were recuperating in the next room of this huge castle.

It was to Zev’s foreign lilt he awoke, feeling warm hands carress his cheek and hair. “Mi amor are you hurt? I tried not to faint, before you came back. But I was too tired.” Alistair preferred the Antivan as his playful, flirty self…. Seldom heard Zev being humble and worried. It tugged at his heart something fierce.

“Hey Zev, don’t worry. We all survived. Come on, sleep.” He pulled the smaller elf to lie down beside him on the makeshift bed. Zev chuckled. Being a warden his appetite soon got the better of him, and his tummy growled loudly. They went to what served as a temporary kitchen and Ali scarfed down foods, even if they were bland and tasteless. The cooks were stunned—they didn’t know about Warden appetite!

“So Zev, what does mi amor mean?” He said, half swallowing meat.

“It’s a term of affection, means my love.” Zev replied softly. The bashful man choked and hurriedly grabbed for a mug of beer to wash it down. The elf smiled, reminded of an antivan ballad and began humming it. The warden bobbed along to the tune, still feeling shy.

“Um, you are mi amor too.” He murmured when Zev finished the song. The Antivan leaned into his embrace.

When Warden Elissa had travelled with them, Ali had fancied her. He hadn’t truly explored beyond a male-female relationship. After the death and defeat of the darkspawn, with the Hero of Fereldan sacrificing herself, they were all consumed by utmost grief. Their party dispersed to continue on their own lives, but Zev stayed to accompany him. From his coy outgoing personality initially, he had sobered and proven to be a loyal friend. But as the years went on, they became more than friends. Zev had wondered, *I’m an elf, lower in status than most, people will talk. I understand if we just continue as friends.* But Ali didn’t care about outsiders’ opinions

“Hey remember the time you asked me for advice, how to woo someone? At the time we both fancied the same brave woman, our heroine.” Zev said lightly, his golden eyes dreamy and distant. He had strongly distrusted the assassin then, suspecting he would betray or kill them any moment.

“Yea how could I forget? I was jealous of you, you just know how to be naturally charming to everyone. So I felt angry and annoyed. Hm then again so much stress worrying about monsters and what not! ” Alistair replied. They both guffawed.

“Oh yes I didn’t understand why you got so mad with me. Just made me try even harder! Ha, better late then never that we’re admitting deep feels now,” Zev stopped laughing and squeezed Alistair’s hand.

*****

Kahlan Hawke

In the morning I awoke feeling some body aches but they were not too bad. Aroma of coffee and bread baking. My stomach growled. When I stretched my arm, patting empty space beside me, I felt disappointment. Did Fenris take off without telling me again? I called out his name, groggily trying to get dressed at the same time.

At the kitchens, I saw Ali and Zev chatting over hearty breakfast. “Hey guys do you know where Fenris is?” I tried to sound casual, though inside my heart was racing with dread.

“Think he was going for the baths. Are you alright, Kahlan?” Zev asked in concern. Just then my stomach cried out, my friends bade me to eat some food. Yea I forgot when the last time I ate a proper meal was. When we collapsed coming back after that… quest. Alistair’s eyes met mine, assuring that no we had not been hallucinating. As I wolfed down food, I did plan to go to the baths and look for my elf.

But as I swallowed my last bite, Zev smiled at someone behind me. “Let’s get packing, Al.” They bustled off. The smell of soap, and the familiar lyrium song.

“Good morning Hawke. I see there’s not much left,” Fenris joked, pulling a chair beside me. His wry smile, messy damp hair, he smelled so good. He was less pallid than the day before. I murmured a mutual greeting, filled with so much emotion. *He’s happy now, I shouldn’t be crying , I told myself.* Some tears still rose unbidden. Fenris frowned as he was chewing. “What’s wrong?” Big vulnerable green eyes.

I took a deep breath to compose myself. “When I woke, you were not beside me. I feared….you had left me, again. Without saying goodbye.” The warrior listened without speaking, stirring his tea. This was the first time I noticed Fenris liked tea, than the wines he always drank. His pointed ears twitched.

“I’m sorry I left you then. But I am here now. I’m--- not good at talking feelings, Kahlan. I haven’t thanked all of you yet, for saving my life. *Gracias ago tibi debeo.”* His baritone sent me good shivers, I supposed it was a deep thank you in Tevene? “Besides the resident mage would chase me down if I ran out, my wounds were deep. While bathing I fell asleep in the tub.”

I asked if he was in great pain. He admitted that he woke up early, could not sleep anymore. But it was not due to pain. “Yesterday I thought we should make haste away from this place of death. But I’m quite tired, think need a nap again.” Fenris said lightly. I knew how hard it must be, for him to admit weakness. I kissed his cheek and he made a soft sound of surprise. Like Merrill used to say how puppy-like his expression would be.

Later I accompanied him to our makeshift room. Fenris was in a bathrobe, he had some trouble undoing the knots of the sash. He was a bit shy as I helped him, our fingers touching. Soon my lover was lying down, He was beautiful, the scars glowing with a steady pulse as he drifted off quickly.

Fenris held on to my hand. I said, “I’m not sleepy, but I’ll watch over you Fen. Rest. We are safe.”

This time, I vowed to keep all of us safe, not let Fenris rush into peril by himself. And I hoped if he sought for freedom, it would be us together as partners and soulmates.

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