Fenris: Never walk in another’s shadow

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/886.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	Hetero (F/M)
Fandom:	Dragon Age (Video Games)
Relationships:	Fenris/Female Hawke, Fenhawke
Characters:	Fenris, Female Hawke, Anders, Merrill, Keeper Marethari, Feynriel, Justice Anders
Additional Tags:	Nightmares, Fade, Demons, lyrium markings, Fenhawkeweek26, Pride demon, fears, freedom, elves, Flashbacks, somniari, wolf, Danarius mentioned
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-10-10 Words: 1,625 Chapters: 1/1

Fenris: Never walk in another’s shadow

by Irethseregon22

Summary

Another of my fav missions besides Bitter pill, it has much insight! The Angsty inner conflict with the demon from Fen’s pov. That experience is so acute and overwhelming, that he won’t remember Feynriel’s name, just calls him the boy

Day 3: Night Terrors/ Friendship
written for fenhawke week 26 :)

Notes

Tevene translation-
Veran nobis libertatem donavisti: you have granted us true freedom

I had told Hawke, adamantly, I wouldn't be comfortable with journeying to the Fade. Yet she wanted to help that young naïve dreamer, Feyn-something. When he was one of the more dangerous mages--- dreamers could execute and prey on anyone in the slumbering world. Most cannot resist the Fade's varying temptations, I scoffed. She should have called the blood-witch Merrill instead of me. Right now the petite elf was jealous- arguing with the keeper in dalish. Justice/Anders would join Hawke for this.

Hawke told me, "It's your choice Fenris. I don't mind if you sit this one out." Her eyes glinted with fierce determination. I opened my mouth to persuade her to reconsider, but recalled how much grief she had, of her deceased brother who was this boy's age.

The keeper woman was tracing runes on the floor, Abomination and Hawke sat inside the big circle. She handed them each a bowl and said, "Once you drink this, your body remains here but your spirit and mind will be over there. Be cautious with anything you see and hear. But this one (she glanced at Anders) with Justice will be fine, follow his lead." They both lay down and fell into a trance. Merrill crossed her arms, frowning and stalked out past me. I was too worried to sit down. The woman stared expectantly at me.

I snapped, "What? I don't desire to leap into that danger!" But I made sure to keep my voice down, didn't want the spell to be disrupted. "Will—will they really be safe? Especially Marian." I clenched my fists, my head was light.

Keeper had a serene wise tone of voice. "The Justice knows his way inside and who not to trust. It isn't possible to predict if any entity can be entirely safe. And I can feel you have a Strong spirit, warrior." I blinked in surprise at her frank comment, not a flatter. And she did not call me da'len, a term most older Dalish would use for a young one.

I sighed and sat beside the glowing pink runes of Anders and Marian. With the sip of the most gruesome bitter concoction, I blacked out and the next, I was sitting up in a hazy green world.

Running footsteps. "Fen, you came after all! Why?" She shouted excitedly.

I smiled and accepted her hug, and looking down at my arms I was in my wraith blue form. The apostate's aura was outlined with blue fire, his face had cracks of mana leaking through. "Because I—was worried." I faced her.

“Ah it is good to be back here!” He boomed in that superior voice. I growled for him to hurry and lead us to where the boy was. The way he strided confidently in front with his staff, he said, “Come, I sense his mind is straining,”
Venhedis, I could already tell this was not going to be pleasant.

There was a thick white mist, and suddenly Pride was talking in my head. I tried to resist, block it out, but the strong voice was incessant- **I can help you, Fenris. With unimaginable power over those who left their marks on your mind and body, you can challenge them, not let them chain you. Don’t you want to truly be free?** My head pounded… *how could this be, we were in the Fade. It’s not real,* I tried to say it, to force the conviction verbally, but I felt sluggish and my mouth did not obey. I cracked open my eyes, shaking off the discomfort but could not see Hawke or Justice. Instead there was a blurry scene of the dreamer-boy, in the centre of a circle of elves. Could not hear what they were saying, then illusion dispersed and I saw the keeper-mimic growing to its full imposing height—its long curved goat horns, staring at us with its multiple insect eyes. Pride demon, my heart pounded!

With a whoosh most of the white mist cleared, revealing my companions Hawke crossing her swords defensively and Justice glowering, brandishing his lit staff.

Pride did not move his mouth, but repeated the same promises into my mind. Faintly, my love said: Fenris, don’t listen it’s not true!

I wanted to echo- *I know Hawke!* “Cast your eyes elsewhere demon, I won my freedom long ago” I said, trembling.

The voice ceased, but visions of different futures played out—I stood triumphant, over the broken bloodied bodies of Danarius and slavers, my armour gleaming. A red flag planted on top

Other elves hailing my name: Oh Benefactor, our saviour! *Veran nobis libertatem donavisti! No one will oppress us ever again.* No one staring with judgment nor prejudice, even though I was scarred

Sister and mother in halos, smiling with radiant joy…. No how can this be? I no longer remember how they look like, the bright beings’ faces were obscured but I still felt they were familiar to me. I’m proud of you, my son, now we won’t starve ever again. Warm embrace, how I have missed them.

I tried to recoil in horror, but a part of me wanted this the most. Tears clouded my throat and burnt my eyes. All too soon, each future faded except for my family hovering with smiles

“Surely you want them back, Fenris? Magnificent wolf you can have it all—you won’t become chained again, if you ally with me! Danarius and hunters will be crushed, and you will truly be free.” Such tempting irresistible offers. I felt weary, yes I’m so very tired of running.

Somewhere a small voice asked: *but what about my friends now, Hawke, Aveline, Merrill? Yes the little pixie blood mage, is she truly kind to me? But she's so naïve. Justice and Hawke had condemning expressions, cruel smirks—good thing he is strong, he will block us from being hurt in battle.*

I thought: Really, so these people never wanted to truly help me, I am just a tool for them.

Justice boomed: **Whatever Pride is telling or showing you, Fenris don't fall to him, he's the Father of lies.**

Felt my pulse roar in my ears. "I'm not your pet to command, Demon!" With that, my big sword materialised and I bore down hard on Hawke and the Abomination. She deflected my strikes as much as possible, rolling aside instead of stabbing at me. Justice did not hold back, he kept blasting spells at me. I powered through a fog, then felt my back collide against something hard.

Gasping for breath, I sat up, feeling feverish and pulse hammering in my ears. Drenched in sweat. Venhedis I failed her, I pressed my hands to my eyes. Somewhere beside, the keeper elf murmured reassurances, it's never easy to resist temptations from the Fade. "Da'len, drink this and rest." I took the bowl she offered, it smelled sweet. Reluctantly I swallowed, the taste was good, it eased my vertigo and queasiness quickly.

I felt drained and glanced at the mage and Hawke still slumbering. She was frowning, a sheen of sweat on her face. The Keeper continued chanting and tracing more runes on the floor around them. I fervently hoped they would be ok. Even though I didn't care for the mage, but Pride had broken down my mental defences. I'm sorry Hawke, you don't understand how hard I fought. The truth is, I don't know if you all can help me against Danarius.

I stayed until they both came to, and Hawke explained to the boy's mother and the Keeper about his whereabouts. Well, she was alright, I would go home and wallow in drinks.

****

The next day, it felt quite late from the warmth of the sun in my face. Head pounding, I delicately tried to sit up and moaned. Had a shock, when she said, "Good morning Fenris!" Somewhere beside me, the warm smell of fragrant tea. In my blurred vision, Hawke seemed to be happy. "H-How did you come in?"

She said well she was a rogue, always got lockpicks. "Fen, I was worried, are you ok? You left so abruptly. Here, have some tea."

I focused on stirring the spoon in the tea, blowing on it to cool down. My markings chafed, as always whenever I was not calm.

I sighed and started apologizing. “I failed you. I really tried to resist, but the demon kept showing me these—visions of how I could be stronger. I’m still--- not free.”

Hawke smiled and reassured me. “It also did, for me too. Horrible experience, no more next time. I’m sorry too Fen, I shouldn’t have pressured you to come with us.”

She held out her hands. I knew we had something between us, though I left her that night. I didn’t have the mood to embrace her. I placed down the cup and breathed a sigh. “I chose to. I’m sorry I fought against you, and Justice.”

She let her arms drop, looking disappointed. I rubbed the tattoos on my right wrist, said it was discomforting to hug. “But thank you, for coming to check on me. How’s the boy and Merrill, I saw her angry and heading away?” I listened to my lover animatedly describing what happened, and slowly our hands got closer until her fingers brushed mine. She was no mage, yet I felt an inexplicable zing of pleasure. Her cheeks seemed red, and my ears were hot.

I don’t know if I can be worthy of her love, but perhaps soon, I can try to explain why it felt too much that night, and why I left. *I didn’t mean to hurt you, Hawke…* For now, I shall cherish every moment with my companions, even the insufferable mage.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!