Thrown to the Winds

by garbagechan

Summary

The Dragonborn faces many trials in wake of her roused Thu'um, a power she had been ultimately unaware in the entirety of her existence among the trees of Valenwood and her travels throughout Tamriel. Aranwen Sagehollow finds herself preparing to enter Sovngarde to defeat Alduin - World Eater and an incessant terror upon the land she now calls home. Odahviing, foe turned friend, offers transport to Skuldafn, where a portal stands protected by a single Dragon Priest.

In a desperate effort to prevent the Dovahkiin from entering this portal, the Priest casts a final blow as he perishes - Sending Aranwen flying into this portal, though its destination changed and corrupted by the Priest's magic.

She now finds herself in the midst of chaos, of demons and heightened pandemonium of some other world's war.

Notes

Before reading, I would like to specify that the Skyrim lore will differ just a little bit from the original storyline. Mostly dealing with the Dragonborn herself and the relation to Dragons, making her more dragonesque and wild.

I also do not have a Beta reader at this time so if you happen to see any spelling mistakes, I apologize in advance. I've never really written a fanfiction before so I'm still learning the ropes! Any constructive criticism is welcome as long as it's gentle.

There are no pairings as of right now but I think I want to do at least the Dragonborn with Solas, maybe...
I hope you enjoy this story as I am definitely enjoying writing it! Blessed Be!
A World Anew

She should have known than to turn her back on the Priest while he still lived, even if his time was inordinately finite. What a lovely scar she will don thanks to Nahkiin's final attempt to thwart her solemn quest. Disorientation ebbs away, yet eyes remain bleary from tears of both pain and anger. Pointed ears ringing ceaselessly - Either from the impact of the Dragon Priest's magic or from the portal itself. She cares not for the technicalities, only for the annoyance she feels because of it. And that frustration builds with the realization with her lack of recollection of the given whereabouts. Brighter but still covered in snow that continues to fall. The sky is oddly tinged with a nasty green, something that she would compare to bile and boiling poison. As if the sky suffers from a deadly brew with no known remedy. Streaks of green pouring from its open mouth as if it vomits the contamination to save itself from its imminent doom. This is not the Skyrim she has come to know, even if the mountains in her view vaguely resemble the snowy peaks she's acquainted with. And surely, this is not Sovngarde, her intended destination. No Nordic chants of valor and songs of legend.

Instead, once the ringing in her ears subsides, she is greeted with screams of unadulterated terror. Not the war cries she expected in the afterlife that holds Tamriel's most valiant warriors. This is not Sovngarde that Alduin now terrorizes and gathers strength in.

Aranwen's attention diverts from the screams momentarily as the fresh wound upon her shoulder stings, the cold air beginning to grip against the newly exposed, sensitive flesh. A hand reaches to check the extent of the wound, poignant upon contact as her fingers skim against the borders of the searing lesion. Any potions she'd brought lay scattered in the snow. The bottles broken and its contents seeping into the icy precipitation. She'd need to find herbs and quickly, lest she invite infection. Slowly, with a hiss of discomfort, she pushes herself from the earth, struggling as lethargy settles while she struggles to cope with the torrid agony and general fatigue. When was the last time she's slept? Or eaten? Felt the warmth of a roaring fire in an inn surrounded by jolly, drunken Nords or the ever devising Imperials? The last thing she was able to truly enjoyed was the feeling of flight upon Odahviing's back. Which was neither warm or comforting since now her soul yearns to fly again - As he so warned.

With a final push, she's on her feet. Stumbling backward until her wobbly legs steady, head spinning in protest from the sudden motion. Aranwen takes in the surrounding scenery before her once again from the given vantage. With the snow freshly fallen, it'd be difficult to find any blue mountain flowers. And the season for harvesting wheat would have long past. Both tremendously prolific in alchemy for their healing properties. What rotten luck the gods have gifted her with. Standing around, internally cursing the circumstances, would not bring any good fortune her way. If there was any luck to be had, she'd have to create it. Or at least increase her chances of survival. What kind of Bosmer would she be if she did not implement the teachings of her people? Did she not brave the wilds to prove herself to her clan and family that the wilds would not triumph over her brazen tenacity? Easier said than done, she relents, given that then she did not have to nurse ensorcelled wounds given by an undead Priest. Without anymore reflection on the past or the eventual happenings that may occur, Aranwen pushes forward. Through the soreness and lethargy; through the anxiety and obstacles presented. Allowing this to overcome her would be an insult the Dovahkiin before. Where was the valor in dying like a useless child in snow? The only direction she can think to approach is where she assumes the screams are coming from. Maybe there would be a spare potion or herb diverged in the chaos? Surely, they would not mind her taking something to heal her obvious wounds. Or they simply would not care enough to stop what they're doing to berate her for the use of someone else's supplies. Especially since they were otherwise preoccupied
with whatever it was they were screaming about. Probably the sky. Possibly the work of a malevolent mage bent on destroying the world.

"Never changes..." She muses, ingrained bitterness in her tone as Aranwen struggles to make her way up a slippery slope with graceless mobility. Wind pushes against her as she climbs, piercing and intense. As if it means to taunt her strife and chill her very bones. Her grip never ceases, digging into the earth and snowfall, determined to make it over the embankment. Thankfully, it does not take her very long to reach her destination. Only a few minutes lost and minimal energy spent. But as she reaches the peak, a gasp pulls from her lips and she drops to the ground, hiding from the disarray below. She watches from this small summit, confusion infusing with horror as otherworldly creatures prey on civilians. Their claws digging into the flesh of men and women alike while children scramble to find solace and security as their parents are assaulted. These did not look like Daedra that she often contended with. Nor did they resemble the Draugr. And even if she had recognized the nature of these beasts, in this state, what good would she be? A busted shoulder would fire no steady arrows. Not to mention that the injured shoulder was on her dominant side which meant any daggers thrown would have no tangible strength behind the intent to kill. And gods above, her left-handed throws were undeniably atrocious.

She groans, expressing the ever building frustration that frenzies in her chest. What a mess that Priest has cast her into.

From her refuge, she stands again with a renewed confidence, towering over the grounds below as she steals her beating heart with a shaky breath. The initial shock of such awe contorting into fierce fortitude. Forgoing the obviousness of her limitations, she'd use whatever means possible to fight. After all, she could still call upon her Thu'um and what little, feeble magic she had learned from the college even if she could not cast with her predominant hand. And onward she descends, body persisting in protest while her legs pick up speed with the hill's steep decline. No warrior or Bosmer would allow such brutality to endure upon what they perceive to be innocent and unworthy of such senseless bloodshed. As the end of the hill encroaches, legs still moving as fast as they can in spite of the resistance the deep snow maintains, Aranwen reaches for a discarded dagger, gripping its hilt within her left hand. The creatures notice her approach almost immediately, turning their abominable attention towards her. They're not quite as large as she first assumed. Human in height. And while they still stand a few inches taller than Aranwen, she does not allow that to deter the aroused poise she possesses. Adrenaline coursing through her veins, the pain wanes from the existing injury, far too concerned with the task that now lay in her capable hands. She's met and fought Nords, Altmer, Dragons... This was no different. Another battle to win, another foe to slay. She'd care for the wound later. Not when she can still fight for the people of this small village. She's almost there - The smell and taste of battle hanging in the air with falling ash. To her right, she notices a set of conveniently placed crates. Perfect for her intentions and advantage in battle. Before the creatures reach her, their grimy claws extended to inflict more hurt upon her body, she hurdles onto the first crate then the next. Then without a second more of preparation, uses this height to jump and gather just a smidge of extra momentum to drive her improvised blade into the hide of the creatures assumed neck. Jerking the dagger from its skin, black muck bubbles from the inflicted wounds before it falls, dissipating into the earth or simply vanishes into nothingness. Either way, it's one down and three to go.

From the other's movements, it seemed as if they didn't think much or understand the concept of strategy. Seeing as they only converge on the rogue with no hesitation, using their numbers as the only advantage to their plight. Another swipe with repugnant extremities, trying to slice into her. It'd be too much to take on. Not when she call feel her current injury tear with each movement of her upper body. Aranwen dodges the next set of swipes, rolling out of the way. Stance low, the dagger pointed as they approach again, her thoughts racing as time given her no pause for
methodology - It'd be such a waste to use her Voice so early within the battle. Who knows how many more of these things she would have to face when she rounded the corner?

The cry of a child tears her from her pointless contemplation. Behind the same crates she had used to aid her battle, there a child lay. Injured leg making it impossible to seek stronghold elsewhere. Eyes wide with a fear that no child should have to experience. Her heart hurts for the young one, babbling and pleading with the creatures to leave. As if they heard reason. The attention of the monsters turns to the panicked child, simpleminded in their plundering. Uncaring of the child or their innocence. Anything that doesn't resemble them is a target. Anything that moves. Anything alive.

"Oh, gods." Aranwen places herself between the little girl and the monsters with another, more ungainly roll. On her feet, she stands. Legs spread as she braces for the impact of the Thu'um against her very being. Like a kickback from a crossbow. And deeply she breathes, eyes focused ahead. The creatures still clamoring to inflict suffering as if their very beings depended on the agony of others. And then it's released.

"Yol Toor Shul!" First, there's a pause - A gurgle that climbs up from her chest, racing to reach the cool air before her. To light the air with a flame that sears the flesh off of mortal men. So it does. Fire bursts from her mouth, rapid and interminable as long as she keeps her mouth open, jaws already starting to ache. Feet slide back with the force of the Thu'um despite her efforts to fortify her stance. But they burn as men do. Burn and screech shrilly as the flames lick against their grotesque skin. Quickly dissipating into ash and fading into the earth as their previously slain compatriot. Aranwen closes her mouth. Jaw aching from the shout. Any residual energy spent with the added exertion of such a power. Her knees quake before completely collapsing. Consciousness fading as fatigue catches up to her. She feels the wound pulsing as the rush of adrenaline and excitement no longer masks the pain. Slowly, she succumbs to the injury and pain, eyes unfocusing once more.

There's shouting in the background as the chaos rages around them despite everything. A thundering of heavily armored footsteps while she tries to remain awake. To understand the situation. Hopefully, they'd provide some sort of answer or explanation. But they talk to hurriedly for her to catch every word, sentences rushed as she strains to understand their meaning. Something about a dragon. Something about the wailing child. Something about the other elven woman they're carrying with a glowing hand that matches the tint of the blistering sky. A question that demands answering as a sword brandishes in her face.

"What - I don't - I -" Her voice weakens, already hoarse from the shout. Do they not know she was trying to help? Before she can answer to anything, the world fades from view as she yields to the tiredness. Unable to resist the temptation of sleep that her body demands for its arduous labor. She'd answer those questions later.
Awake

Chapter Notes

Chapter 2 is up!

I'm still unsure of where I'll be taking this story. I still have a lot of planning to do but I've drawn some concept art that I'll be sharing on my tumblr once I have a personal tumblr for that sort of thing. I didn't expect my story to have such positive responses so quickly, especially since I'm new. I appreciate anyone that left kudos or comments. I hope you continue to enjoy the story as it progresses!

Here is a screenshot for those curious! https://imgur.com/a/lyvEu

Just for a tad bit of clarification - I'm basing Aranwen's Bosmer look from the Elder Scrolls online game. Where you're able to have horns. Like I said, I have some concept art I'm working on but it's still in the works!

I think I'm going to reserve some time to play Dragon Age and Skyrim to get more of an idea of where I'd like to take this. I'm also going to try to upload at least one chapter a week. I do work 40hrs a week and I don't really get on the computer during the weekends so I don't know how well I'll be able to keep that promise.

Again - I still do not have a beta reader but I do proofread to the best of my lonesome ability.

Thank you for reading! Any comments welcome as long as they aren't mean :)

Awareness comes to Aranwen gradually, fading in and out of a focus she struggles to hold. Everything feels heavy. Weighted limbs and eyelids as she fights against the prevailing weariness, fighting to move and jostle her rested body awake into the world of the living. Faintly, she picks up the sound of hushed whispers, speaking hurriedly like before but lighter. No malice this time as they speak. Their words resonate more with concern. She wonders what they could be talking about so urgently so close to her comfortable bed. Aranwen tries to roll over, seeking a more comfortable position in an attempt to tune out their chatter. But pain shoots through her entire body. This pain awakens recollection and she sits upright, head spinning with dizziness with the abrupt movement.

"Ow, shit..." Her voice is thick with sleep, throat stinging like she's been without water for days on end. "Gods, what - "

Attention directs to the shoulder she had tried to roll onto, bandaged with thick gauze with a faint scent of earthy herbs, probably soaked with a brew to expedite the healing process. It's a smell she doesn't recognize. Not like the sweet aroma that blue mountain flowers give or the stale waft of wheat. Like an ivy almost. She lifts a portion of gauze to inspect the wound, peaking beneath her wrappings. It's mostly healed. A marvel in its own right. The magic is mostly gone from the skin with barely a mark to tell of its rampage. And it even looks as though she would not suffer another light scar to decorate her darkened skin. Gently, she lets the gauze fall back into place so not to disturb it further, confident that it did not serve to cause more harm. But now... Where was she?
The only light given in her room is from a candle, flickering against shadows caused by various items. No windows to give an idea of time or how much has passed since her slumber. The world around her quite except for the whispers that still prattle on before her room's door. Even now, in her more alert state, she cannot make out what these women speak of. Though she can tell they are women by the pitch and intonation. She pushes the woolen blankets from her body, immediately wishing for the warmth that this room sorely lacks. Expected in the dead of winter, she relents, brow creasing with displeasure as her bare feet meet the cool stone floor. The leathers she arrived in lie discarded, callously thrown to one side of the room as if they were nothing more than garbage. She can't really blame them... With the seams ripping and splintering from the impact of the magic cast and her less than elegant landing from the portal. If she had any gold on her, there is ever an obvious need to go shopping for new leathers when time allows Aranwen the opportunity.

She slips from the bed gingerly, careful this time, so not to disturb the mending wound or dizzy herself further than she already has today. Give her worn, battered body a rest for her continuous need to move. As a skilled rogue, Aranwen moves about the room quietly without alerting the women of her cognizance. Cautiously moving, tiptoeing in a rather comical fashion to a table adjacent to the bed where notes lay scattered about. The first page to catch her eyes are notes of herbs. The best concoction for healing burns and what dampens the pain. They're detailed, which impresses her - Being the ever capable alchemist herself, she can see when meticulous attention goes into its preparation. Careful measurements of which herb is needed, how to mix it to perfection, and the temperature needed to boil the blend for the most effective results. Elfroot being the main ingredient; an herb she doesn't recognize in the intricate sketch in the footnote. The page that had laid below the one she now holds are descriptions about her. Her health and speculations of... Species? Could they not see she was elven?

Scrunching her nose, she grasps the page within both hands, casting the other aside as eyes rove over each word. Did they not know of the Bosmer? What kind of deranged world did these people live in? The words detail of her stature and sharpened features. Of the horns that adorn her forehead, questioning is she was some sort of crossbreed between... Elf and... Qunari? What in the world is a Qunari? Not only that, these people had also seen enough of her skin to notice the patches of reflective scales that came along with having dragon blood. Had they really needed to undress her to such an extent to dress the wound upon her shoulder? She scoffs quietly and with a roll of golden eyes, she tosses the page behind her. The rest of the papers do not hold her interest, finding offense in what these pages might contain.

Conveniently for her saviors and captors, the windowless room they keep her makes Aranwen's exit much more arduous. The walls are only garnished with paintings she assumes are the deities these people worship. Nothing she recognizes, which doesn't faze her anymore. This recurring ignorance is becoming a rather annoying pattern as time passes.

And the longer she stays, the longer Alduin torments the dead. The longer her home remains in danger. Failure is not an option.

This paper is discarded as well, crumpled in her hands before she tosses it behind her. They didn't really need those notes while she was awake. Not to mention, she felt it rude they study her while she could not consent to it - Treating her as though she were some kind of newly discovered animal. Any respect she might have held dwindling with thoughts left to stew. But they're not left for long. The heavy wooden door to her room opens, the murmuring women stepping into her provided space. Their surprise is obvious. Feet halting in their hurried strides as eyes meet. Perhaps they did not expect her to wake at all.

"You're awake..." The armored woman speaks with an accent she does not recognize - Thick and heavy on the tongue.
"Did you expect me to sleep forever?" A quip, defensive with sharp eyes darting from the addresser to a now opened door. "How long have I been sleeping for you to have the need to inspect me so?"

"Inspect - ? Oh - The notes. I have not inspected you. That was our... Healer. Adan. He was tending to your wounds and the other's wounds as well while the two of you slept." She approaches, cautious and watchful of Aranwen's movements. The woman's watchfulness only serves to irritate the elf more, brows furrowing as her own feet take a few steps back. Communicating with emphatic body language that she would not abet in any form of cooperation until she had a reason or at least until these people proved trustworthy. "I'm relieved to see that you both pulled through. We did not think your survival was guaranteed."

"Other? Wait - You didn't answer my question. How long was I out?"

"Four days. Longer than our newly deemed Herald. She has been mostly tending to needs outside of Haven - This village." There's a pause before she continues, hands wringing as she struggles to find the appropriate wording. "The chapel you've slept in provides as our main base of operations for the Inquisition. But we can delve more into that at a later time. I am sure you're hungry, yes?"

"... Yes. I am." Trust is something hardwon especially for someone whose trust has been violated on numerous occasions before. Being Dovahkiin (and a young one, at that) gives people with plenty of means to manipulate the heart and pulls at its delicate strings. Whatever help needed, Aranwen felt the need to help. If one possesses the means to do good within a realm trite with dishonor and cruelty, it was just a part of the predestined burden to assume. But the words spoken don't resonate with deceit from what she can conclude. Relaxing at present would be ill-advised but concurrently, she doesn't feel threatened and with no weapons what damage could she really do. So she does not move to attack. Yet Aranwen refuses to succumb to an iniquitous ploy simply because of a gullible gut feeling. So whatever guard she can keep, she will. "I wager that the offerings of bed and food come with a stipulation. They always do. I doubt you mean to provide to me for free."

"No. We don't. But you are under no obligation to aid us even if we ask. I am sure you have your own affairs to attend." Finally the other speaks, approaching as well while still remaining at a respectable distance. More observing than cautious unlike her dark-haired colleague. With arms folded behind her back, her posturing exudes a calmness. Voice soft as she speaks and another accent she still does not recognize. But Aranwen prefers it over the harshness of the others. "As Cassandra said, we can go over the details of that later. You needn't worry yourself over it now. Especially with you just waking. It is not of... Dire importance. We can discuss this when our Herald returns from her questing. It should be within a day's time so you will have time to rest and eat your fill."

And for whatever reason, Aranwen doesn't protest outwardly. She doesn't like it. Doesn't feel comfortable with the temporary coalition but she keeps quiet, thoughts placated with what she interprets is genuine transparency.

"I accept your offer. For now. I cannot guarantee that I can help you with whatever you are requesting but... I will, at the least, hear of it."

"That is all we ask. Thank you. Now - Our blacksmith, Harrit, has provided you with a new set of leathers. No strings, of course. And unfortunately, your dagger that you were using broke at the hilt. He took it upon himself to fashion you two new blades as well as a bow. My scouts found some of your things near where we found you and the child. Most of the items you had within your sack are damaged. But we kept them in case there was anything of value to you. If you have further questions, you may ask for me. My name is Leliana."
A longwinded woman, she is, Aranwen thinks with furrowed brows - But better to get all of this information out of the way so that she does not have to come to her later.

"My name is Dov - Ah, Aranwen." The correction is made just in time before a slip of the tongue. It is not as though she would prefer they not know of her blood but for the time being, there's no need for the information. And what they do not ask, she will not provide unless there comes a need or explanation. "I suppose you'll call for me when you have need? Then I'll head to this blacksmith if I am free to leave."

Cassandra and Leliana sidestep, allowing her room to exit through the only door. Aranwen takes this as an invitation and she passes them, vigilant until they are far behind her. The cold seeps into the main hall through large wooden doors; open and encouraging. No time shall be wasted. Though she only wears a simple woolen shirt and trousers, barely enough to fight against the cold, but she does not care. Skyrim's weather was crueler. Unforgiving. Never caring about her plights or ventures that required long nights on darkened roads. Where she craved the warmth of a campfire but only had a torch to flicker against the frozen wilds. The boots she wears are made of a genuine leather so for the most part, her feet would remain dry as she trudges through the snow towards the smith. Ah, but where was this Harrit? Perhaps she should have asked that of Leliana before so enthusiastically taking her leave.

As soon as she steps into the light of day, the business that bustles through the encampment ceases with a suddenness that startles her. All eyes on her so intense in their study of her appearance. She traces their gazes up and down her body. Most lingering at the horns on her head, fascination and disgust rampant in the varying expressions. She swallows the lump in her throat, adjusting her own gaze so that they all see she is not worried of their evident disapproval. Disdain is something Aranwen is entirely too familiar with. Nords none too pleased that a Bosmer had stolen their sacred blood and heritage. That Akatosh had chosen a mer over that of his own kin. Head held high, she moves forward; confident in strides to display her assured certainty but eager to get out of their line of sight.

Hurriedly, she moves towards the cluster of small cabins to the left of this Chantry, slipping behind their wooden walls as she breathes a sigh of relief; glad to feel the weight of their scrutiny fall from her back. Arawen scans this new viewpoint from the other side of the cabin, ensuring that no crowds gather in the small circle of buildings. In fact, there is only one individual who stands, feet nearly bare as he stands in the continually falling snow, pensive with hands folded neatly behind his back. And a mer, she muses, chest alight with renewed ease. Though she'd like to think herself more open to humans, she's seen the way they look to her. Even home, they are less than friendly until her origin reveals. Elves are easier. Then Argonians, then Orcs. They all understand what it feels like to... Not be human.

Tentatively, she steps from the refuge, boots sinking into deeper snow - A smile decorates tanned skin hoping that she appears approachable despite their obvious visual differences. And he startles, though perhaps not because of her appearance but Aranwen's sudden unannounced debut.

"You are the first I have seen! An elf! I almost thought that I was the only elf here." Her approach flaunts a new bounce in each step, enthusiastic and utterly trusting. Open whereas before she was not before with her accommodating interrogators. His expression does not change except for the attentive glint in his eye, still contemplative but not unkind, back straightening as she approaches.

"Yes, there are few elves here, save of the servants." Aranwen blanches at the mention of servants and this does not go unnoticeable though it does go unaddressed. The elven man continues, now a smile tugs at the corner of his lips, seemingly please by her evident dislike of sparsely compensated serfdom. "They are, morosely, good at keeping out of sight. I am sure you will see
more however, given the interest the Seeker and Nightingale hold for you."

"What do you mean?"

"Not unlike the so-called Herald of Andraste, I suppose." That's a new phrase, Aranwen notes but lets him continue without interruption, saving her query. "Most, albeit reluctantly, view you as another extension of her will. How the two of you have shaken their faith." A laugh rushes past his lips; more of a sharp exhale of breath, soft smile still in place.

"I've come to shake no one's faith." She protests, confusion evident and ever-growing. "I do not even know who this.. Andraste is. I'd ask myself to be excuse from this inclusion but by the stares I've received, I doubt I will be relieved of this position easily."

"You do not know of Andraste?" Brows quirk, subtle interest expanding. "Where, if I may ask, are you from? Given your... Appearance, I would attest you were not from... Around."

"Well... You'd be right. But forgive me for my distrusting nature. I'd rather not disclose that information right away. At least until I know I'm safe."

"It is good to be cautious but I can assure you... Should you divulge, I would not betray that trust. But I would give you your privacy. I will not pry further." He quickly drops the subject, realization dawning. "Ah, but where are my manners? I am Solas. A mage, agreed to staying to help seal the breach that plagues the sky. As you may observe."

Golden eyes follow the gesture of his hand to the very same sickening wound in the sky she had observed before. Aranwen's nose scrunches in disgust, and maybe a bit of unease, as she watches the swirling amass of green. It looks like the work of Hermaeus Mora and she halfway excepts to see his many eyes bubbling through the thickness. Something pushes her to look past the green, tugging and begging deep within her, calling to her fiery soul; as if to pull her essence into it. Then falling, wistful and... Sad? Tears well in the corners of widened, glazed eyes - Horror, regret, sickness, death. Emotions that swarm, pushing against her heart. Effervescent in her very being like her Thu'um. Like a Shout.

"Are you alright?" Solas's question dislocates her from distant thoughts. Somehow, she feels his magic against; prodding against her, searching for something deep within. Like a hand caressing the very core of all emotion. It feels intimate. Too familiar and proverbial. Wrong for strangers, at least. A force bubbles up from within, strong and defiant, pushing his intrusion back. Unsure of the events, Aranwen looks to him incredulously, pale and uncomfortable. Concern does not twist his brow though Aranwen knows no better. Thinking his expression one of worry whereas that was only a small percent of the real reason his expression had turned so unnerved. Her uncertainty gives way to doubt. Did that really happen or had her disgust given way to panic along the way of staring into the breach? Clearing her throat, embarrassed by her seemingly unprompted show of emotion, her hands raise to wipe away the sudden wetness that had befallen her cheeks. Thankful the chill of winter air cools the redness that usually dapples her cheeks after a cry.

"Um, yes... I think so. I'm not sure what happened. Gods, I'm a mess. I suppose I'm a little overwhelmed by this all. I can promise I'm not usually this moved to tears. But this breach, you mention. You would close that... Thing? It looks infinite... And glassy. I have, never in my life, seen anything as disconcerting. Or felt. And I have seen and felt many things. Oh, I'm Aranwen, should there be introductions."

"Felt... Yes. I can understand. No need to feel ashamed of your feelings. I imagine everyone is having a difficult time coping with the circumstances given. But please, do not let me take up more of your time. You have places to be, do you not? Given your new admiration and esteem."
"Oh. Yes. Not sure about esteem but I am supposed to retrieve my things from the smith. Would you know where he is?"

"Indeed I do. Make your way to the gates. Turn to your left and you will see the stables. Besides them, the smith will be awaiting you."

Aranwen nods, thanking him in a silent bow of her head. There's nothing more she feels should be spoken. The lingering affects of their deeper connection still lingering and unnerving her - Though still, she doubts the connection ever happened, skepticism plaguing her foregone conclusion. Before she turns to leave him, Solas catches her attention once more, voice light though grave with clandestine connotation.

"I'm certain we will be seeing more of each other, Aranwen. We must all work together to seal the breach. I do hope you intend to stay, Aranwen. I'm sure you'll be a great asset to this budding Inquisition. Though the choice is, of course, your own. Farewell."

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