If You Wrong Us, Shall We Not Revenge?

by Geekygirl24

Summary

Iron Bull and Dorian, along with their son Gideon, were very happy. They were together, Gideon was even going to start learning magic.... until Halward ruins it all. Now that Dorian had been taken by his Father and entry into Tevinter is blocked, Bull finds it difficult to bond with Gideon, who is determined to enact his revenge. As Gideon grows in power, the rift between him and his Papa grows.

Once they were allowed back into Tevinter, Bull is delighted to see that Dorian is alive and himself.... but Gideon is still consumed with revenge.

Notes

Okay, so this is my story written for the Adoribull Write up challenge/Big Bang. I’ve never written any Iron Bull/Dorian before, but I have been a part of the fandom for a while now.

This story will focus on the adopted child of Dorian/Iron Bull, with a lot of angsty plot… hopefully.
Please read, enjoy and review

The artist was cateranllama (wonderful, wonderful artist), and the work can be found here: https://imgur.com/a/tSBFj
Startled awake by a sudden weight descending on his midsection, the Iron Bull shot into a seated position (hearing a squeal and a thud as he did), his eyes wide in shock. “What the- “

Frantically, he began to glance around, hand reaching for the axe that he kept by the bed. However, he soon stopped in his tracks when he spotted his son peek his head over the end of the bed, beaming at his Papa as he clambered back on.

“Get up!”

The child turned his attention to a still-sleeping Dorian, preparing to bounce on his Dad. As he leapt, the Iron Bull grabbed him mid-air and pulled the giggling child against his chest (whilst making sure that the blanket covered any evidence of last night’s activities).

“Woah there!” he chuckled, “What’s the hurry kiddo?”

He and Dorian never really intended to have children, until they travelled through Tevinter and found a baby on the side of a dusty road. Having been abandoned by his biological parents at six months old, Iron Bull and Dorian initially took the baby in, intending to find him a new family… only to decide that they were his new family. At five years old, their son was a bundle of hyperactivity and excitement, practically quivering in excitement as his Papa tweaked his nose.

After a fair amount of bickering and arguing, the pair had named him Gideon Felix Pavus…. Yes, Dorian won that argument.

“The sun isn’t even up kiddo…” Bull sighed, tightening his grip as the child lunged to jump on Dorian again, “… surely you’ll be happier going back to sleep?”

“No!” Gideon giggled, “Daddy promised me that he’d teach me some magic! Proper magic!”

“This early in the morning?”

“Yeah!”

Iron Bull didn’t believe him, keeping a firm hold on Gideon as he gently shook Dorian awake.

“Wha- Hmmmm?”

His eyes still clouded in sleep, Dorian rolled over and pushed himself into a seated position (as Bull made sure that the blanket kept him covered).

“Fasta vass…” Dorian muttered, rubbing his eyes wearily “… what time is it?”

Taking time to scan his lover from head to toe, smirking at the sight of Dorian’s rumpled moustache and his bedraggled hair, the Iron Bull shrugged. “It’s around five…. In the morning.”

“Fasta vass.”

“Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!” exclaimed Gideon in glee, finally wriggling free from his Papa’s arms and clambering onto Dorian, “Come on! You promised to teach me magic! You promised!”
“I believe what I said was…. When the sun is up, then I will teach you. Look outside, is the sun up?”

Slowly, Gideon glanced over at the window and frowned at what he saw. “…. No.”

“No. Which means?”

“…. Which means no magic.” Gideon pouted at this, crossing his arms and falling back against the bed, staring up at the ceiling.

“Exactly. Let me and your Papa sleep for a couple more hours, and then you and me can go for a walk.”

Gideon seemed as though he was going to protest, before catching his Papa’s eye in his peripheral vision, noticing how the older man frowned and shook his head in warning. With a deep, put-upon sigh, he nodded and slid off the bed, shuffling towards the door and leaving.

“Well that was… fun.” Chuckled Iron Bull, “Imagine if he’d manage to dislodge those blankets?”

Dorian flushed at the thought, knowing that the evidence of last night’s activities would have raised uncomfortable questions. “Yes well…” he cleared his throat, “… thank goodness for your quick thinking I assume?”

“Hmmmmm, I think you should make it up to me.”

As he rolled over, pinning Dorian to the mattress, Dorian rolled his eyes and groaned. “I’ve just scolded Gideon for waking us up too early…. Please don’t make me a hypocrite.”

Despite Dorian trying to go back to sleep, Bull continued with his administrations… until Dorian cracked.

“Fine!” he exclaimed in exasperation, relaxing into the mattress and trying to put a stern look on his face as Bull smirked at him, “Do your worst!”

Bull chuckled at this, “Oh don’t you worry about that Kadan… I plan to do just that.”

Almost two hours later, just when the sun was peeking over the horizon (and Dorian felt as though he couldn’t sit up, let alone go for a walk), the door to their room flew open once again and Gideon leapt onto the bed.

“Sun’s up!” he announced, jumping up and down, “Come on Daddy! Sun’s up!”

In mid-leap, Bull reached out and caught his son, pulling him close and laughing. “You heard him Dorian…” he chuckled, “… the sun’s up.”

Dorian groaned and pushed himself up, wrapping the covers around him as he sent Bull a glare for the ache that seemed to spread throughout his entire body. “Okay…” he muttered, “… let me get dressed first, then we can get some breakfast, and then we’ll go for our walk.”

“Okay!”

Once again, Gideon raced out of the room, his tiny feet slapping against the cold stones. Hearing his son whooping down the corridor, Dorian groaned. “I know my childhood was harsh… possibly cruel, but I don’t recall ever ‘whooping’ down the corridor.”
Neither can I… and yet I’m glad Gideon does.”

“Oh?”

“It tells me that his childhood is happier than ours was. He has more freedom to be himself, with no stern Fathers or guardians to tell him how to behave or what to say.”

Dorian smiled softly at this, pushing himself out of bed and walking over to the dresser, pulling out an extravagant white outfit with gold trimming, that seemed to be more buckles and belts than actual fabric.

Bull enjoyed those outfits… it was opening his very own Yule present every single night.

“Stop it.”

Plastering an innocent smile on his face, Bull simply raised his eyebrow and smirked. “What?”

Dorian was clearly unconvinced, but chuckled anyway. “You know what. Don’t act innocent… I’m hoping me and Gideon will be back by mid-day. It’s not a good idea to push him so early on.”

“Do you really think he has the ability?”

“He almost set his room on fire a few weeks ago when he refused to go to bed, so yes, I think he could be quite powerful. The sooner he learns how to control it, the better.”

Bull nodded in understanding, before he smirked. “Sometimes, even the most experienced mages can lose control and set things on fire though.”

“If you’re going to use your tongue in that way, then you should expect some casualties…. And those curtains were hideous anyway.”

As he buckled the last belt on his outfit, Dorian turned to head out the door, grabbing his staff as he went. “Will you be joining us for breakfast?”

Bull nodded, stretching out on top of the covers (and smirking at Dorian’s appreciative glance). “Sure. It’ll take you a while to get Gideon dressed, so I’ll meet you down there.”

Wincing when he realized that Bull was right, Dorian sighed. “Ah yes… maybe this will be the day he dresses himself without putting up a fuss?”

“I wouldn’t count on it.”

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“I thought you wanted to go on this walk today?” Dorian sighed, tugging the clothes onto Gideon’s body as the five-year-old whined, “You are learning nothing without proper clothing.”

“But Daddy-“

“- No buts. It’s just one more belt and then we’re done, alright?”

Gideon frowned, finally standing still as his Dad tightened the last belt buckle. “I wanna wear what Papa wears.”

“It’s ‘want to’ not ‘wanna’… and over my dead body. I’m afraid to say that your Papa has very poor fashion sense.”
“He says that Tevinter clothes are silly though!”

Dorian frowned at this, “Oh really? Well, I’m sure your Papa didn’t mean it…. Or he better not have done.” he muttered the last part under his breath as the pair headed to the Herald’s Rest for breakfast.

Upon walking into the tavern, Gideon raced over to the rest of the Chargers and climbed onto his Papa’s knee, quickly grabbing a piece of bread off of his plate.

“Hey!” Bull scolded, gently snatching the bread back, “There’s plenty for everyone, I can get you your own breakfast.”

As he quickly asked a barmaid to fetch another couple of plates of food, Dorian joined them at the table. Before he could scold his son for running off, Gideon started talking.

“But Daddy’s gonna teach me magic! So, if I finish breakfast fast, then we can go sooner!”

Dorian sighed at this, nodding his thanks to the barmaid. “And what about me Gideon. You have to wait until I have finished my own breakfast”

“So… eat quickly!”

“I shall eat at whatever pace I wish to, thank you very much.”

“Daddy!”

“Gideon!”

As his lover and son bickered, Bull simply chuckled, shoving the rest of his breakfast into his mouth. “Come on kiddo…” he mumbled, mouth still full as he bounced the child up and down on his knee, “…less whining, more eating.”

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“Okay! We’re done, we’re done!” exclaimed Gideon as he jumped down from Bull’s knee and began to eagerly tug on Dorian’s robes, “Daddy! Daddy please!”

Despite the outward appearance of being annoyed and tired, Dorian was secretly thrilled that his son was so eager. Before all the tension with his own Father, Dorian had very fond memories of showing Halward what he had learnt that day.

Finishing off the last bite, Dorian sighed, rolling his eyes. “Alright… I think we can leave now.”

As Gideon began to bounce up and down in excitement, Dorian leaned over to kiss his lover. “I’ll see you in a few hours Amatus… if Gideon doesn’t burn down the forest.”

“It’ll be an interesting story to tell his future lovers if he does manage to do that.”

“Hmmm, at least there’s a silver lining.”

Bull chuckled, slapping Dorian on the arse as the mage walked away. “Have fun.”

Giving Bull a mock glare, even as a red flush slowly came over his cheeks, Dorian shook his head and smirked, sauntering out of the tavern behind his son.

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“I’m so glad I chose white robes for you…” Dorian muttered sarcastically, carefully stepping over a tree branch as his son just stomped through the mud and clambered over it, “… do you realise how hard it is to removed mud from that material?”

Gideon just laughed, racing towards a nearby clearing and spinning around to face his Dad. “Come on! Come on!”

Once Dorian made his way to the clearing, carefully checking over his clothing to make sure that there weren’t any rips or stains, he gently smiled at his excited son. “Alright, alright… first we have to go over a few basic points. Where does magic originate?”

“The Fade!”

“And because of this, what have you got to be careful of?”

“Demons!”

“Exactly. Which is why I don’t want you practicing without me alright?”

Quickly sensing how serious the conversation was, Gideon wiped the smile off his face and nodded.

“Good… now let’s start with some basic spells. You seem to have a… talent for fire.” Dorian teased, “Maybe we can use that to our advantage.”

Encouraging his son to sit down, Dorian seated himself opposite him and held his hands out, palms up. “Now, I want you to imagine your magic and try and hold it in your hands.”

Gideon frowned, copying his Dad’s position and intensely focusing on his open hands. Several minutes passed before Gideon snarled in frustration. “It’s not working Daddy!”

“You’re not focusing hard enough. Try again.”

“I thought we were learning magic!”

“We are… you need to learn how control your basic instincts and therefore, your magical core. Then we’ll actually learn some spells.”

“But- “

“- We could stop right now if you want. Go back home?”

Gideon shook his head violently at that, moving back into position and trying again…. And again… and again.

Finally, on what seemed like the hundredth time, a small ball of green light appeared in between Gideon’s hands.

“Daddy! Daddy look!”

Dorian couldn’t help but beam at the sight, clapping his hands together as Gideon stared at the light in amazement. “Excellent. Now, I want you to see how long you can hold it before you get tired. Even just a little tired, alright?”

Nodding, Gideon focused intensely on the green ball of light. He managed to hold it for around 30 more seconds, before pulling his hands away and making the light disappear.
“Can I do it again?”

“I want you to rest for a minute, then yes, you can do it again.”

The next couple of hours passed quickly, with Gideon managing to hold the ball of light for longer and longer. The bright green light also seemed to get brighter and brighter, until it could have blinded someone.

As the sun rose high in the sky, indicating that it was noon, Dorian pushed himself to his feet and lifted Gideon into his arms, shifting him to one arm as the child yawned in exhaustion. Gently rocking from side to side, Dorian began to walk back to Skyhold.

As Gideon dozed against his shoulder, Dorian took advantage of the rare silence and listened to the sounds of the birds in the trees, the wind brushing against the leaves…. And the approaching hooves of horses.

Glancing around, he darted behind some bushes, crouching down low as he listened out for any hints as to whether or not the riders were friend or foe. It took several minutes before any voices could be heard… and when he did, Dorian could practically feel himself grow pale.

“Spread out…” ordered the familiar voice, “… he’s around here somewhere.”

Dorian resisted the urge to growl…. Halward Pavus…. His own Father.

“How do you know your son is here Sir…” asked a lowly follower, “… surely he’s at Skyhold.”

“… Didn’t you see that green light? Dorian…. I know you’re here Dorian.”

Hunching down further, Dorian’s grip tightened on his son, silently willing the child to stay asleep…. But to no avail.

At the increased grip, Gideon stirred awake, quickly catching sight of the tense look on his Dad’s face. As he opened his mouth to ask what was the matter, Dorian gently placed a finger over his lips, sshhing him as the hooves got closer.

“You might as well come out now Dorian…” Halward sighed, “… Unless you really want to see this forest go up in flames… maybe I’ll do the same to Skyhold and all your new… friends.”

Feeling Gideon shudder against him, Dorian knew he had to do something. Slowly, he lowered Gideon to the ground and silently gestured for him to stay where he was.

Despite the fearful look in his son’s eyes, Dorian straightened up and got to his feet, revealing his position to his Father.

“Father…” he drawled, “… I wish I could say it was nice to see you, but Mother always said that lying was wrong… to family anyway.”

Halward seemed amused by this, remaining on top of his horse as he sneered down at his son, “I had hoped your little… tantrum would have passed by now. I see not.”

“It’s been over eight years Father. I decided not to return home less than a week after I left.”

“Hmph. It still amazes me how a grown man can still be so childish…. It’s time to come home now Dorian.”

“No.”
Once again, Halward was amused by this. “No? I’m afraid you’re under the impression that you have a choice in the matter.” He clicked his fingers and gestured for his minions to grab his son.

Tensing in preparation, Dorian resisted the urge to wince when he saw several of the guards take up familiar mage positions. “You were very serious about this, weren’t you Father…” he chuckled, trying to keep his voice calm, despite the circumstances, “… although, some may consider it desperate.”

“Needs must.”

Just before the mages could leap forwards, there was a rustling behind Dorian seconds before Gideon burst through the bushes and stepped in front of his Dad, arms outstretched wide as he tried to protect the older man.

“Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!”

Halward sneered at the sight of the child, his face wrinkling in confusion for a few brief seconds before the look vanished entirely.

“I see you’ve got you and your… thug have got yourselves a little pet.”

Dorian wasn’t sure what he was meant to be more annoyed at. Bull being called a thug, or his son being referred to as a pet…. Sadly, Gideon made that decision for him.

“Papa is not a thug!” yelled the child, his fists clenching in anger, “He’s not!”

The minions all chuckled at the sight of a five-year-old trying to make himself seem tougher and stronger. Dorian, however, couldn’t even think about laughing, moving from his defensive position in order to pull Gideon behind him.

“Gideon…” he hissed, “… get back to Skyhold. Go and get Bull and the rest of the team.”

“No!”

“That is not a request!”

As the pair bickered, Halward chuckled. “I’m glad to see you’re having troubles with your own child. Like Father, like son.”

“Yes well, I can assure you that I won’t turn to blood magic to get him to obey.”

“That was my last resort…. It is unfortunate that you forced my hand in the matter.”

“Ah yes…, I forgot how much I begged you to use blood magic to change how I thought and acted. How could I have been so foolish to run away?!”

Choosing to remain silent at this, Halward simply straightened up on his horse and narrowed his eyes at his son. “Come quietly Dorian…” he sighed, “… I would hate to do something I would regret.”

At first, Dorian wasn’t sure what the older man meant, but as soon as Halward glanced towards Gideon, he knew immediately.

“You will not touch him.” He hissed, not even caring that this show of anger could be seen as a possible weakness.

“No, we won’t touch him…. So long as you comply.”
Before Dorian could say anything, the guards took advantage as one of them summoned a large gust of wind, that propelled the small child towards him, enabling him to take Gideon hostage.

“Daddy!” Gideon cried out, reaching out for Dorian as the guard grabbed him by the arm, “Daddy!”

Though it pained him to do so, Dorian remained stone-faced and kept his eyes on his Father. “Let him go.” He ordered, “It’s not him that you want.”

“No…but maybe he’ll be easier to deal with. I need an heir… I’m sure we can tell everyone that he’s an unfortunate consequence of a brief night between you and some whore.”

“I don’t believe I have ever been that drunk.”

Halward shrugged, “No matter. With enough convincing, the council will believe it…and then I’ll have the heir I want.”

There was a tense silence for a few moments, before Dorian shook his head. “I won’t let you take my son away.”

“Then you know what you have to do.”

Dorian nodded, slowly bending to the ground and placing his staff on the ground, before straightening back up with his hands up in surrender.

“Daddy!” Gideon sobbed, as he watched more guards tie Dorian’s hands behind his back, “Daddy!”

“It’s alright Gideon… everything is going to be alright.” Softly trying to reassure his son, Dorian couldn’t help but wince at the sensation of having his arms pulled into an uncomfortable position, “It’s going to be alright.”

“Daddy!”

As Gideon continued to struggle and call out for his Dad, Dorian turned his attention to his own Father and glared at him. “Let him go.”

There was a tense silence as Halward silently gestured for the guards to tie Dorian to his horse, before urging the creature to move forwards. He then turned to the two guards holding Gideon;

“One we’ve left your sight… kill the brat.”

At this order, Dorian frantically struggled against his ties, the rope scraping against his wrists as he rubbed them raw. “Father, Father no!” he begged, “Father, please!”

“Daddy! Daddy!”

Halward remained unsympathetic to his son and grandsons pleads as he continued to urge the horse forwards. “And do it quickly.” He ordered, ignoring everyone, “Bury the body and then follow us.”

“Father! Father no!”

Unable to cast any spells, Dorian could only watch in horror as he was dragged away from his son.

“Gideon! Gideon!”

As his Dad faded from view, Gideon increased his struggles. “Daddy! DADDY!”
“Shut up brat…” grunted one of the guards, keeping an eye on the horizon until Halward and Dorian were far enough away and Dorian’s cries couldn’t be heard anymore.

After around 10 minutes of waiting, the guards decided that they were far enough away and turned their attention to Gideon, with one holding the child still as the other prepared for the killing blow.

“No, no, no, no!” Gideon exclaimed, his voice raising to a scream as the guard came closer.

He needed to get away.

Squeezing his eyes shut, Gideon tried to hunch into a defensive position, desperately begging for the guard to stop. A hot feeling began to rise up his body, starting from his feet until it reached his head.

“LET. ME. GO!” he screamed at the top of his lungs, trying to push the hot feeling out.

Dimly, he heard someone scream as the grip on him loosened… unfortunately, he couldn’t dwell on it for too long as blackness crept up on him and he slumped to the ground in unconsciousness.
Dorian and Gideon were late.

Staring at the plate of food in front of him, Iron Bull rolled his eyes. “Typical…” he chuckled, “… why eat, when you can practice magic.”

“Boss, there’s been-“

Turning to face Krem, Bull shrugged and smirked. “I should have expected this. As soon as Gideon showed some skill in magic, Dorian was so happy. He didn’t say it, but he was just as excited as Gideon for these lessons.”

“Boss, you need to-“

“- Maybe I should start Gideon on weapon’s training and-“

“-BOSS!”

Bull stopped, startled by the annoyed and scared tone in Krem’s voice. Now that his boss was silent, Krem took a deep breath. “We need to get to the woods now! There’s a huge fire!”

Now this got Bull’s attention, as he shot up from his seat and raced out the door. Staring in the direction of the woods, he could see smoke rising into the air…. And lots of it.

“Get everyone you can!” he ordered Krem, “Get them to bring water! We need to get that fire under control before it reaches any houses!”

However, as they got closer to the source of the flames, it became very clear that they weren’t spreading to the rest of the woods. Instead, it seemed as though something was keeping it contained, an invisible force that was unconsciously saving a lot of people.

Cautiously, Bull poked at the invisible barrier with his axe… only for it to go straight through.

“All right…” he muttered, “… we can get in, but the fire can’t get out.”

“Is it planned?” asked Krem, “Maybe this is one of Pavus’s lessons?”

Bull shook his head, “Whoever or whatever’s doing this is powerful. Dorian wouldn’t push Gideon this far…. He just wouldn’t”

“So what’s- BOSS!”

Without waiting for Krem to finish, Iron Bull charged forwards, covering his mouth in order to protect himself from the smoke. Whilst flames seemed to have affected almost everything within the protected area, they weren’t spreading…. They just burned in one place.

Hearing Krem behind him, Bull continued to move forwards until he reached a clearing… and then saw the body of his son.

“GIDEON!” he screamed, racing forwards and dropping to his knees beside the crumpled body. Gideon was pale, with traces of ash smudged on his face and hands. His clothes were ripped and stained with the same ash that fell from the skies and covered the ground.

Gently lifting Gideon into his arms, Bull held him close to his chest, shaking with despair. However,
he soon felt soft breaths on his exposed skin.

Before he could get too excited, he felt Krem pat him on the back in order to get his attention. As Bull glanced up, Krem gestured to their surroundings, his face pale in worry.

Upon looking, Bull could see why.

The fire seemed to be acting as a shield, surrounding them, and yet not burning… but it had taken some victims. Lying near some burning bushes, were the charred remains of two, humanoid individuals.

“Do you think one of them is- “

Before Krem could finish, Bull shook his head. “No… neither of them are Dorian.”

“How do you know?!”

“…. I don’t know. I just do.”

Pushing himself back to his feet, keeping a tight hold of Gideon, Bull shook his head. “What do you think happened Krem… where’s Dorian?”

Silence.

“Krem?”

Spinning around, Bull frowned when he saw Krem kneeling, his back to him as he examined something in the bushes. “What is it Krem?”

There was the sound of rustling as Krem pulled something free… and when he turned around, Bull felt his heart sink to his stomach.

Dorian’s staff.

Unburnt, and yet abandoned.

“We need to get Gideon to the healer’s…” sighed Krem, “… he’s the only one who knows what happened.”

“… We should search for Dorian.”

“Chief. If he isn’t in this clearing, then he’s far away by now…. Once the fire is out, then we’ll search. You need to get Gideon to the healers.”

Making sure that his tone was firm in order to get through to Bull, Krem kept a tight hold of Dorian’s staff. He knew that there were ulterior motives for getting Gideon to the healers.

Without Gideon, they wouldn’t know what happened to Dorian… and without Dorian, who knows what would happen to Bull.

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“Papa?”

Bull stirred to consciousness at the small voice, rolling his shoulders as he stretched out his aching muscles.
Upon getting Gideon to the Healer’s, they had informed him that Gideon’s magical core was almost depleted and that they were lucky to get to him when they did… or something may have taken advantage of the child’s weakened state.

The child had been unconscious in his bed for nearly three days now, which meant that Bull had been in this chair for that amount of time as well.

“Papa?”

After hearing the voice once again, Bull quickly turned his attention to the bed and smiled softly at the five-year-old. “Hey…” he whispered, “… how are you feeling?”

Gideon winced, tears in his eyes. “My head hurts Papa.”

Suddenly, something seemed to occur to the child, prompting him to shoot into a seated position, a look of fear on his face. “Daddy! Where’s Daddy!”

Knowing that his son was probably still exhausted, Bull gently encouraged the child to lie back down, trying to give him a reassuring smile. “Well…. I was hoping you could tell me kiddo? What happened out there?”

Gideon frowned, lying back against the pillows as he desperately tried to remember. “W-we were learning magic…” he whispered, “… And Daddy was really happy, because I could make the green ball of light! B-but then I got tired, so Daddy said it was time to go home. A-and then…”

Bull frowned at the pause, brushing his son’s hair away from his face as the child’s eyes began to fill with tears.

“T-there were t-these men…” the child blurted out, clear fear in his voice, “… Daddy called one of them F-father!”

Halward.

Clenching his fists in anger, Bull turned away from his son and tried to relax, He couldn’t show anger in front of Gideon, in case his son thought it was directed at him. “What happened next?”

“… Daddy told me to hide. And I did! I swear I did! But they were gonna hurt him, so I tried to help…. Daddy’s Father called you a thug.”

Smirking at the displeased frown on Gideon’s face, looking so much like his Father, Bull couldn’t help but feel his heart sink…. He knew where this was going.

“Daddy told me to go back to Skyhold…. But I didn’t. I didn’t wanna leave him!”

“I know, I know… Then what?”

“Then some nasty men grabbed me and Daddy put his staff down…. They took him away.”

“Where?”

Gideon shrugged, “I dunno… I was trying to get free of the nasty men. Daddy’s Father said that the guards had to… kill me.”

Kill a small child… Halward had really lost his mind this time.

“Daddy was screaming and trying to get free, but he couldn’t… and then he was g-g-gone!”
As his son started to sob, Bull gently lifted him into his arms and held him close, rocking him back and forth in an effort to soothe him.

“I-I-I wanted them to stop!” Gideon sobbed, burying his face into his Papa’s chest, “I was screaming and everything g-g-got really hot! I just w-w-wanted everything to stop!”

Gently stroking his son’s hair, Bull sighed. Gideon had started the fire in an attempt to defend himself. That explained the magical properties of the fire… but not why Halward had suddenly come back after all this time.

The Inquisitor needed to know about this… Immediately.

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“What do you mean we can’t do anything?!” Bull exclaimed in disbelief.

“Exactly that…” The Inquisitor placed a document in front of Bull, “… we received that a few days ago. The day before Dorian was taken specifically.”

Scanning his eye over the official-looking document, Bull frowned. “An act of war… is this serious?”

“Yes. According to a unified decision, made by the magisters of the Imperial Archon, if I or anyone associated with me and my group enters Tevinter Imperium, then it will be seen as an act of war…. We can’t afford to risk that.”

There was silence for a few moments, before Bull gripped the paper tightly, scrunching it up as he gritted his teeth in anger. “He planned this…” he growled, “… Halward planned this. Ban us from Tevinter and then grab Dorian, knowing that we can’t do anything!”

“I know… we’ll find a way to get him back Bull.”

“Before or after Halward makes him Tranquil?”

Everyone turned pale at this, knowing that there was a chance that Bull was right. If they couldn’t get to Tevinter in time, then Dorian might be lost to them forever.

“Papa?”

At the sudden interruption, everyone turned to the doorway, to see Gideon standing there. Clutching a blanket, Gideon shuffled further into the room as Bull quickly rushed over, lifting the five-year-old into his arms. “You’re meant to be in bed, resting!” he scolded, “What are you doing?”

“I want to come.”

Bull frowned, “Pardon?”

“I want to come to Tevinter with you!”

Glancing back at the Inquisitor, Bull sighed wearily when the other Qunari shook his head silently. “I’m sorry kid…” he muttered, stroking Gideon’s hair away from his face, “… but we can’t go to Tevinter.”

“But, what about Daddy?!”

“… Your Daddy’s strong. He’ll be fine until we can do something…” Bull tried to smile, “… As
soon as we can enter Tevinter, we’ll be there. All of us okay?”

Gideon’s eyes filled with tears, his bottom lip trembling as he buried his face into his Papa’s chest. “I want Daddy…” he sobbed, “… Papa, I want Daddy!”

“So do I kiddo… so do I”
“Has anyone seen Gideon!” Bull called out, as he raced through Skyhold, stopping all those he passed if they had seen his son.

“GIDEON! GIDEON!”

“Bull.”

Bull spun around to see the Inquisitor standing in the doorway of a nearby room, a sympathetic look on his face.

It had been five years since Dorian’s kidnapping and everyone in Skyhold could see that Bull was struggling slightly. It was hard being a single Father to a child with mage abilities, especially as Gideon had taken to hiding away in the library, spending more and more time learning how to be a mage…. Dorian’s staff was never far from him.

“I saw him heading towards the training grounds.” Sighed the Inquisitor, “… Do you know if anyone’s been teaching him spells?”

Bull frowned, “No… I’ve taken over his normal education and taught him how to fight a little…. But nothing about spells.”

“Really? Because he was taking Dorian’s staff to the training ground… as well as an elemental spell book.”

His eyes widening in alarm, Bull quickly realised what Gideon was intending to do. Nodding his thanks to the Inquisitor, he raced towards the training grounds, almost knocking people down in his rush to get there.

As he entered the courtyard, he saw a large crowd gathering around the training ring…. He assumed the worst.

“No, no, no…” he muttered desperately, shoving past the crowd, “… please no.”

However, his suspicions were unfounded as he pushed his way to the front. There, standing in the middle of the ring, was Gideon…. Fire dancing around him.

With almost every move that the ten-year-old made, flames seemed to shoot out of the staff and his hands and feet…. It was hypnotic.

Gideon’s movements and incantations grew faster and faster until, with one swift movement, the staff was sheathed in the back harness and Gideon fired a large ball of fire at the target.

Once the smoke and dust cleared, Gideon let out a tired whoop and collapsed to the ground, staring up at the sky and laughing.

“What are you doing?!” exclaimed Bull, racing into the ring and pulling a startled Gideon to his feet, “When did you learn all this?!”

“I—I’ve been reading and practicing!” stuttered Gideon, flushing as he realised that everyone was watching his Papa pat him down, checking for injuries, “I need to get stronger as a mage if I’m going to rescue Dad.”
“What?!"

Gideon straightened up and looked his Papa in the eye. “I need to keep practicing. I need to get stronger as a mage. When I am strong enough, I’m going to go and rescue Dad.”

Feeling as though his heart was now in his stomach, Bull remembered that they had an audience. Lifting Gideon into his arms (ignoring his protests), he carried him towards the tavern.

After ordering food for the both of them, Bull turned to his son, a serious look on his face. “Why are you doing this?”

“I told you, to- “

“- to save Dorian, I know.” Bull felt his heart ache when he said Dorian’s name. Even though it had been five years, it still hurt, “But we don’t know if he’s even still alive remember?”

“I know he is! And you do to! Otherwise you’d be coming back to your rooms with every bar-maid who batted her eyes at you!”

Bull flushed at this. Whilst it was true he hadn’t been as… sexually active as he had been before even meeting Dorian, it wasn’t something he thought his son would notice. “Gideon, I- “

“- I know that we can’t go to Tevinter!” interrupted the 10-year-old, “But we will one day, and I want to be ready!”

“You make it sound like you’ll be coming with us?!”

“Because I will be!”

“Says who?!”

“Says me! And says you once upon a time!”

Resisting the urge to groan aloud, Bull threw his hands up in the air in exasperation (not for the first time, wishing that Dorian was here to help deal with the pre-teen years). “You are not in charge!”

“Fine!” yelled Gideon, “When I’m ready, I’ll go on my own! Then I really will be in charge!”

“You are not going to Tevinter on your own!”

“Try and stop me!”

Bull rolled his eyes, and took one step forwards, intending to try and calm the situation down…. But Gideon didn’t see it that way.

Muttering a quick incantation under his breath, Gideon slid his foot back and jerked his hand towards his Papa, sending a medium-sized rock flying towards him. It was only due to Bull’s quick reflexes, that he was able to pull out his battle-axe and shatter the projectile.

The tavern fell silent as everyone stared at the pair in shock. Gideon was a beloved member of their community, and to see him react in such a way to his own Papa, stunned them to their very core.

Bull’s eyes were wide in shock as Gideon glared at him, breathing heavily. “Gideon, I- “

“- leave me alone!” interrupted the pre-teen, backing towards the door, “You can’t stop me from doing this! I will get better and I will save Dad!”
Before Bull could say anything, Gideon stormed out of the building, slamming the door behind him.

As the conversation within the tavern slowly picked back up, Bull turned towards the table and slammed his hands down, holding back his strength enough so that the table didn’t shatter.

“Oh Kadan…” he whispered, burying his face in his hands, “…. I really wish you were here right now… because I don’t know what to do.”

As the years passed by, the rift between Gideon and Bull grew, and everyone could see that.

From the edge of the training ring, Krem often watched Gideon grow stronger and stronger…. Looking more and more like Dorian everyday despite not being his biological son.

Today, it was seven years to the day, since Dorian had been taken away. 12-year-old Gideon was combatting against the spring sun, ice and snow twirling around him as he reached out towards the straw target, the ice and snow freezing it solid.

With one elaborate twirl, Gideon unsheathed the staff and struck the target, shattering it into millions of tiny pieces.


“I’m assuming you have a reason for just standing there…” stated Gideon, moving back into a relaxed position, “… let me guess. Another talk about how I should talk to Papa.”

“It’s seven years today kid…” sighed Krem (ignoring how Gideon growled “I’m not a kid”), “… don’t you think you owe him a conversation. Just a little talk?”

“Why? So we can get into another argument?”

“Well-“

“- No. I have too much to do…. I’ll speak to him at dinner.”

“Will you… or will you just grunt at him like you usually do?”

“Fasta vass! Festis bei umo canavarum!” yelled Gideon in Tevene, striding away from Krem in anger, “Will everyone just leave me alone!”

“I wish you hadn’t done that…” groaned Bull later on that evening, “…. Things are strained enough between us, he doesn’t need to think that I’m pushing my friends towards him.”

“Things need to change!” Krem exclaimed, “Varric spotted him practicing some lightning spells a couple of weeks ago!”

“Can he do it?”

Krem shrugged, “Apparently he can only shock people a little. Nothing as extreme as summoning lightning storms or seriously shocking someone…. but that’s not the point! You need to speak to him, he needs to be a kid!”

“… I’ve tried.” Taking a large gulp of ale, Bull shook his head, “I don’t think anything will be the
same between us.”
Chapter 4

“Papa….”

Bull barely stirred as he heard a familiar voice above him.

“Paaaaapppppaaaa… PAPA!”

“I’m up! I’m up!”

Twisting around in the bed-sheets, Bull stared at the figure beside his bed. “Gideon? What’s going on?”

At eighteen years of age, Gideon had grown into a fine young man. With dark brown, almost black wavy hair that was shaved on one side, letting the other side grew long (reaching cheek length) and stormy grey eyes, the young man was the envy of other young men in the area… with every young woman trying to get his attention.

Not that he ever really noticed.

“We can go!”

Bull frowned, causing Gideon to roll his eyes.

“To Tevinter Papa…. We can enter Tevinter!”

It took Bull a couple of seconds, before his eyes widened in glee and he pushed himself out of bed (quickly covering himself as Gideon cried out in alarm). “How?! When?! HOW?!”

“Something about the magisters. I didn’t get all the details before I came to find you.”

Hurriedly grabbing some pants and shoving them on, trying not to fall flat on his face as he did, Bull raced out of the door, closely followed by his son.

“Where’s the Inquisitor?!”

“Throne room!”

“Got it!”

It only took them a couple of minutes, before Bull crashed through the door. “Is it true!?” he questioned, racing into the room and scanning over the maps that the Inquisitor and the rest of the team were looking over, “Can we really go to Tevinter?”

The Inquisitor frowned, “How did you- “He caught Gideon’s eyes and sighed, “- Never-mind. Yes…. We can, but it’s slightly…. It’s though a bit of a loophole.”

“I’ll take it! What do we have to do?”

With Gideon standing in the doorway to the Throne Room, the Inquisitor explained how a minority of the magisters, who were worried about a current problem in Tevinter, had gathered the votes of the more powerful families (ones that weren’t magisters of the Imperial Archon) and decided to allow the Inquisitor’s group into the country.
Halward was probably fuming.

“So, what are we waiting for!?” exclaimed Bull, “Let’s go!”

“We need a plan of action Bull, we can’t just run in there, weapons held high!”

As the large group began to discuss what they were going to do, Bull noticed how his son shuffled closer to the table, trying to appear innocent as he listened in. Whilst Bull didn’t really want Gideon coming along with them (they did want Halward alive after all), he knew that any attempt made by him would only push the teen to follow.

The Inquisitor made that decision for him.

“Thank you for informing your Father Gideon…” he stated, keeping his voice firm as Gideon straightened up, “… now, I’m sure you have lessons you need to attend and- “

“- and I’m coming with you.”

“… No. You’re not.”

Before Gideon could say anything, the Inquisitor held up a hand, “And it’s not because I don’t think you’re capable enough. Many members of this group were going on missions at your age… but in terms of your emotional state, that’s another matter entirely.”

“My emotions? I’m not sure- “

“- You’re angry. You have been for years now, and that’s not someone who can promise that they won’t hurt anyone.”

There was a brief silence before Gideon sighed and nodded, “You’re right… I’m angry, but don’t I have the right?! Halward captured my Dad right in front of me and then told someone to kill me! He deserves what’s coming to him!”

“And that’s precisely why you’re not coming…. We don’t need a war starting in Tevinter because someone has killed one of their magisters.”

“I wouldn’t kill him!”

“I don’t believe you….” The Inquisitor sighed, “… I’m sorry Gideon. But I can’t allow this.”

Frantically, Gideon glanced around, hoping to see some support from any of the others…. He was disappointed. He then turned his attention to his Papa, his eyes wide and pleading.

“Papa… please. Don’t you remember what you said when Dad was first taken? You promised me that, when we’d find a way to get into Tevinter, we’d all go together…. Remember?”

Bull winced at this, “I know kiddo…. But you’re not the same son you were at five. You’ve grown up… you’ve grown up angry.”

It took a few seconds for it to sink in, but eventually, Gideon seemed to realise what Bull was saying and his fists clenched in anger. “Vishante kaffas…” he muttered angrily, glaring at the group, “… Fine. Be that way. But know this… when you get back, I won’t be here. I’m fed up of this shit!”

“Gideon!”

Gideon ignored them, storming out of the room, and slamming the door behind him…. Leaving Bull
to sigh wearily. “I know we’re making the right decision…” he muttered, “… But Dorian was his Dad as much as he was my Kadan.”

“We know…. But this is the best way to ensure his safety. It also, may be the only way to prevent war with Tevinter.”

“I know. It doesn’t make it better though.”

It took a couple of days, but eventually, the Inquisitor rounded up a large group, that would support them in Tevinter. Many of them were volunteers, desperate to work with the Inquisitor and gain a little bit of honour and a new story. Some were loyal followers that had been there since the beginning and an even smaller group were the Inquisitor’s trusted friends.

The actual journey to Tevinter didn’t take overly long and soon, the group were entering the country, riding over the border… as they greeted by Tevinter military police.

“Shit…” muttered the Inquisitor, immediately tensing at the sight of the armed men “… I don’t think Halward is pleased with our presence.”

“I don’t give a shit.” Bull growled, “Halward must be either stupid or brave to believe that nothing will happen to him if he chooses to meet us face to face.”

The Inquisitor pursed his lips at this, choosing not to say anything as they were led to a large building, and into a golden hall, lined with fine art and jewels. Seated in a chair at the other end, was Halward Pavus himself, cockily smiling at the group as they were directed to the steps that led up to him.

But Bull didn’t care about that.

Glancing to the side of the chair, Bull felt his breath catch in his throat. Chained to the wall, head resting against the solid surface with eyes closed…. Was Dorian.

He still looked as gorgeous as ever…. Yes, there were several greyer hairs on his head and his face was lined with the stresses of the years he’d spent in captivity…. But he was alive and that was all that mattered. The clothing was simple (for a Vint anyway), but it still showed off Dorian’s slim, muscular form.

Judging by the runes decorating the chain collar, Dorian’s magic was being blocked, and probably had been since getting captured all those years ago.

“Dorian…” Bull whispered, only held back by the Inquisitor’s gentle hand on his arm, “… Dorian.”

Despite whispering, the name echoed throughout the hall as though Bull had cried out at the top of his lungs.

Dorian’s eyes shot open… to meet Bull’s.

“Bull?” he croaked, a confused frown on his face, until realisation dawned on him and a sad, desperate smile appeared, “Bull!”

The chain rattled as Dorian pushed himself to his feet and attempted to get closer to his lover… only to be stopped by his restraints.
Kept at a distance from each with the use of chains and guards, Bull and Dorian couldn’t keep their eyes off of one another, taking in everything about each other as though it would be the last time they would ever see each other… and it very well might be.

Whilst it might have seemed like hours to them, in reality, less than a minute had passed…. And Halward had grown tired of the exchange.

“Don’t say I never allow you anything…” the older Pavus chuckled, “… one last look at your barbarian lover as your gift. Then again… you weren’t grateful when I allowed you some final moments with your brat all those years ago.”

At the reference to Gideon, Dorian seemed to deflate, tears welling in his eyes as he turned his face away from Bull.

“I’m sorry Bull….“ He whispered, “… I’m so sorry!”

Whilst Halward was clearly pleased that the ‘death’ of Gideon was still a heart-breaking subject for Dorian, Bull couldn’t help but feel a certain sense of glee at the prospect of out-witting Halward.

“It’s alright Kadan…” he answered, darting a glance at Halward before smiling at Dorian “… because Gideon is alive.”

Halward’s face went pale at this, even as his son’s brightened up.

“H-he’s alive?!”

“Eighteen years old…. And clearly your son.” Bull laughed, ignoring how Halward’s face seemed to be gaining some colour back (even if it was bright red), “His sense of style’s improved, his magic is…. Amazing…. He’s your son.”

Noticing the careful wording, Dorian frowned slightly. However, before he could say anything, Halward took control of the situation again.

“ENOUGH!” He shot to his feet and glared at the group, “The point is this Inquisitor…. You are not welcome in Tevinter, no matter what those insolent parasites believe. Now, you can either leave quietly or I will have you escorted to my cells…. And you shall all be put in your proper place.”

At this, Halward glanced at Bull, not even bothering to hide his smirk.

Before anyone could say anything, one of the volunteers stepped forwards, hidden in a cloak and hunched over as they shuffled to the front.

“I sense you’re not as popular anymore Inquisitor…” sneered Halward, “… especially if you’re allowing men like this to help in your desperation.”

“Anyone is welcome to join our cause…” the Inquisitor stated, moving forwards and attempting to pull the volunteer back.

However, with a strength that he didn’t think possible of the figure, the man pulled his shoulder out of the grip and stepped forwards, ignoring how the guards all tensed.

Before anything could be said, the figure whipped the cloak off…. To reveal a familiar young man.

“Hello Grandfather…” Gideon sneered, a sly smirk on his face, “… you’re looking old.”

Halward, once again grew pale, at the sight of the teen…. Living proof that the boy was alive. “H-
“- How did I survive despite you telling your lackeys to kill me once you were out of sight?” Gideon shrugged, “Let’s just say their ashes are scattered around that forest…. Or did I only manage to make blackened skeletons of them?”

To hear his son speak so casually about killing those two guards (even if it was in self-defence), caused Bull to wince slightly. Thankfully, everyone else was so focused on the confrontation between Gideon and Halward, so no-one noticed.

“I see you’ve claimed Dorian’s staff…” sneered Halward, “… still a little boy playing pretend and dying to be a mage.”

Gideon only smirked at this, pulling the staff out of its sheath, and slowly dragged the end of it across the tiled floor, burning it as he drawled something in Tevene…. Keeping his eyes on Halward at all times.

Personally, Bull couldn’t understand a word of it, but Dorian and several of the guards that surrounded them grew pale and tensed up. It wasn’t until Halward’s next words, that Bull understood why.

“Clear the centre of the room. If the boy wants a fight to the death, then it would be rude for me to deny him such a request.”
“Clear the centre of the room. If the boy wants a fight to the death, then it would be rude for me to deny him such a request.”

“No!” exclaimed both Bull and Dorian at the same time, as the guards started to push the Inquisitor’s group to the edge of the hall and Dorian’s chain was shortened slightly.

“Father please!” begged Dorian, “You can’t do this!”

Halward chuckled at this, getting to his feet and heading down the steps, “Now, now Dorian. If your son wants to act like an adult, then let him.”

Remaining calm, Gideon watched as his Grandfather removed his outer cloak/coat, leaving him in a tunic and pants. The older man held out a hand for a guard to place his staff in his hand.

“I’m sorry it has to end this way boy.” Halward sneered, spinning the staff in circles.

“No, you’re not.”

Without answering Halward cast the first attack, sending a large blast of ice at the younger man. Conjuring up a similar wall of flames, Gideon easily deflected the ice shards.

In quick, fluid motions Halward sent icy blast after icy blast at the teen.

Backflipping into the air, and twisting his body round, Gideon held out his hands and muttered another incantation, which caused the walls to rumble as pieces of it shot out at Halward.

As the older man was forced to shield himself, Gideon took a chance and used a Flame Blast attack, hoping it would break through the shield.

Instead, Halward dodged…. Ensuring that his chair met a nasty end.

“You weren’t hoping to sit on that were you?” chuckled Gideon, moving back into a defensive stance as Halward’s face grew red with anger.

Summoning a huge bolt of lightning, Halward used it as a whip and sent it crashing down towards Gideon. At the large show of strength, Gideon’s face went a little pale, but he managed to remain calm, using another Earth-based spell to pull the floor up around him as a shield.

Whilst the rock and tiles of the floor cracked under the force of the lightning, Gideon remained safe…. Now it was his turn to go on the offensive.

Sending another Flame Blast attack towards a panting Halward, the fight took on a new ferocity and speed.

The crowd watched as Halward, who wasn’t a young man, raced towards the teen, sending fireball after fireball at Gideon. Using the rubble all around him, Gideon morphed it all together and used it to propel himself into the air, which then led him into a forward somersault, summoning his own lightning whip and aiming for Halward.

Another miss.

Sweat was now pouring down everyone’s face as the temperature in the room rose to practically
For a couple of minutes, Gideon was forced to summon a shield in order to block the oncoming attacks, hoping that the reprise would give him a chance to catch his breath.

As soon as Halward paused, Gideon struck.

Twirling his staff around in the air, Gideon suddenly dipped to the ground, rolling forwards and swiping his staff to the right, sending the ice attack towards an oncoming Halward’s legs instead of his head (like Halward originally anticipated).

Unprepared, Halward fell forwards and skidded across the floor slightly, grunting in pain.

“I’m ashamed of you Grandfather…” panted Gideon, taking advantage of Halward’s shock, “… I did expect more of a challenge. Especially from someone who once claimed to master every Elemental Lightning spell.”

“Oh, I’ll show you lightning brat!” snarled Halward, moving his staff in a series of complex movements and muttering the incantations, as lightning started to gather all around him. Gideon braced himself for the attack…. But Halward had clearly changed his mind about the intended target.

Spinning around, he aimed the strike directly at Dorian instead, knowing that his son wouldn’t be able to block the blow.

“NO!” screamed both Bull and Gideon at the same time, with the latter racing towards his Dad (using a Haste charm to speed himself up, so that he could get there in time). Seconds before it struck Dorian in the chest, Gideon dived in front of him and desperately tried to conjure up a shield.

He could only manage a partial one.

Whilst it took the edge off the spell, the impact of it still propelled Gideon into the stone wall behind him.

“GIDEON!” screamed Dorian, attempting to crawl over to his son…. Until a bolt of lightning stopped him in his tracks.

“Now, now, now Dorian…” scolded Halward as he strode over, “…. No interfering.”

Waving his hand, the chain attached to Dorian’s collar shortened, dragging him right up to the wall, a little over an arms distance away from his son.

“I didn’t want it to be this way Dorian…” sighed Halward, “…. We could have been a happy family.” Grabbing Gideon by the front of his tunic and lifting him into the air, Halward threw the teen away from Dorian.

“You’re looking a little pale there boy…” drawled the older mage as he slowly made his way over to the groaning teen, who was hunched over a pile of rubble, attempting to pull himself to his feet.

His staff was still over by his Dad.

“… Maybe I should put you out of your misery.”

Just as Halward came within an arm’s length of his Grandson, Gideon suddenly twisted around and slammed a large piece of wood into the older man’s face, the home-made weapon cracking against Halward’s cheek and sending him to the ground.
From the side-lines, Bull knew he was staring at his son in amazement, his mind flashing back to a lesson between the pair of them almost three years ago.

**Flashback**

“You need to learn these basic survival skills…” lectured Bull as his fifteen-year-old son rolled his eyes at him, “… what if you find yourself low on energy- “

“- mana.”

“… Mana… and you need to actually use your hands to fight and defend yourself?”

Gideon groaned, “That’s not going to happen, because I’m not going to let myself get to that state!”

“Humour me!”

Whilst Gideon clearly wanted to walk away, he eventually relented and seated himself by the training ring, raising his eyebrow in a silent request for Bull to continue.

Ignoring the pang in his chest at how much Gideon looked like Dorian when he did that, Bull turned to Krem.

“Okay, let’s go through some basic self-defence.”

As the hours passed, Bull was sure that Gideon wasn’t paying attention, but continued on anyway, hoping that something would get through to the teen.

“You just need to remember one thing kid…” sighed Bull, when he eventually realised that Gideon would rather be anywhere else but here, “… anything can be used as a weapon. And if you can trick someone into coming close, a sudden attack usually always knocks a bastard out. Understand?”

“…. Yeah, can I go now?”

“… Fine.”

**End Flashback**

“Anything’s a weapon….”

Startled out of his thoughts by the quiet statement, Bull turned his attention back to the fight, just in time to catch Gideon turning away from him and limping around a groaning Halward, heading straight for Dorian.

He didn’t make it.

Whilst his cheek was obviously broken and his entire left side of the face was swelling and bruising, Halward wasn’t down just yet. After struggling to his feet, he managed to splutter out another lightning incantation, sending a bolt straight towards his grandson.

It was only due to good hearing and relatively quick reflexes, that Gideon was able to move his head slightly to the side…. Meaning that the bolt didn’t hit the back of his head and only scraped his ear.

Despite the pain, with the blood dripping down his neck and staining his tunic, Gideon span around and spat out an incantation, holding his hands out as the ground rumbled. Before Halward could even think about reacting, thick vines and branches broke through the shattered tiled floor and impaled him through the arms and lower mid-section.
“AAAAARRRRRRGGGGGHHHHH!” Halward screamed as blood spurted from his mouth. The pain meant that he was unable to do anything but groan, and the following ice spell that froze his legs ensured he wouldn’t be going anywhere for a while.

It was over.

There was no way Halward could retaliate as the vines prevented him from making any hand movements, and the pain stunted his voice.

Realising this, Bull rushed into the make-shift arena, pushing past any guards who tried to stop him and racing towards Dorian.

“Dorian…” he whispered, placing his hands on the younger man’s cheeks and resting his forehead against the mage’s, “… Dorian, my Kadan.”

“Amatus!”

Before Bull could say anything more, Dorian pulled him into a desperate kiss, keeping a tight hold of his horns as Bull wrapped his arms around him. For a time, it was only them in the world.

“GIDEON NO!”

At the Inquisitor’s shout, Bull and Dorian separated and twisted around to see what was happening. It wasn’t good.

Having downed a health potion and tossing the vial aside, Gideon was standing in front of his Grandfather, staring at him as his right hand clenched in anger…. In the other hand, there was a knife.

The Inquisitor seemed unwilling to get any closer, for fear of setting the younger man off, but he was clearly trying to persuade Gideon not to act irrationally.

“Gideon…” continued the Inquisitor, “… if you do this, there’s no going back for you! You will be haunted by this for the rest of your life!”

Gideon didn’t seem to hear him.

“Gideon…”

Bull darted a glance at Dorian, who didn’t even have to raise his voice for Gideon to register that fact that his Dad was speaking to him. The teen slowly angled his head in Dorian’s direction, but didn’t take his eyes off of Halward.

“…. Don’t do this Gideon.” Sighed Dorian, “I know you want to… I’d be lying if I said I didn’t want you to. But killing someone changes you…. Don’t throw away your childhood like this.”

“I stopped being a child when I was five…” whispered Gideon, slowly moving the knife up to Halward’s neck, “… because of him.”

“Gideon- “

“- I was so angry.” Gideon hissed, “And yet, that made everything easier. Learning how to summon and control fire was easier when I felt rage…. Ice spells were made easier when I shut myself off from emotions… earth spells were easier when I felt afraid…. And lightning….” Here Gideon chuckled, pressing the knife into Halward’s neck (barely breaking the skin), “… lightning was easier
when I thought back to that day in the forest and how I felt afterwards. How much I wanted to kill him.”

“… You were five!”

“AND HE’D JUST TAKEN YOU AWAY FROM ME!”

Silence fell over the hall, broken only by Halward’s harsh breathing.

“… And he’d just taken you away from me.”

Sensing that Gideon’s decision could be tipped either way, Dorian made a last attempt to convince the teen to lower the knife. “I know he’s a bastard… I know it more than anyone. But do you really want to be like him? Do you really want to lower yourself to his level?”

Nobody spoke, holding their breaths as they watched Gideon closely.

They all knew that even if Gideon did kill Halward, nothing could be done in the eyes of the law…. It was a fight to the death after all, and Halward had lost the fight…. But morally, they were against it.

“… I don’t want to be like you…” they heard Gideon hiss at his Grandfather, “… I’ve never wanted to be like you.” Lowering his blade, he took a step back and turned away, “And yet, by letting myself be consumed by anger and revenge, I am already halfway there.”

As the vines slowly removed themselves from Halward and the ice melted, Gideon turned back around and placed a health potion slightly within Halward’s reach. “We’re leaving…” the teen stated, “… and Dad’s coming with us.”

As Halward grabbed the vial, blood still dripping from his mouth, everyone watched as he slowly nodded, lowering his gaze and curling into a ball.

Having officially won the match, choosing not to kill his Grandfather, the rest of the Inquisitor’s team raced towards Dorian, running past Gideon in their excitement to see their friend. As they babbled and chattered at him, Dorian couldn’t help but laugh, sighing relief when Bull and the Inquisitor broke his chain away from the wall, and then set to work on the collar.

“Damn, this thing is tough…” muttered the Inquisitor, “… I think it’s going to take a little more than brute strength to open this.”

Bull nodded in agreement, glancing around, until his eyes fell on Gideon…. Who was standing apart from the group and staring as the guards helped Halward out of the room.

“Kid.”

Gideon startled slightly, spinning around with wide eyes as Bull beckoned him over.

“You got any spells that could get this off?”

Gideon, not quite meeting Dorian’s eyes, knelt down and examined the collar closely. There was silence for a couple of minutes, before Gideon cautiously nodded. “I-I can probably freeze it. That should weaken it, making it easier to break…. But you’ll have to do it quickly. If it says on for too long, it’ll burn the skin.”

Bull and Inquisitor nodded in understanding, holding the collar as Gideon summoned up enough
strength to cast a simple freezing spell. As soon as the collar started to turn blue and cracked, Bull and the Inquisitor wrenched at it with all their strength.

They didn’t need to.

It only took a little bit of pressure, before the collar cracked in half and a bright orange light flooded the room as everyone was thrown away from Dorian. Once the light cleared and everyone blinked away the white light in their eyes, they could see Dorian pushing himself to his feet, green sparks dancing around his fingers as he laughed in glee.

“Yes!” he cheered, spinning around to face Bull as the Qunari rushed forwards and lifted the younger man into his arms, twirling around as the pair kissed each other passionately.

As the other members of the Inquisitor’s team whooped and whistled at the pair, the Inquisitor kept his eye on Gideon, who was pressing himself back against the wall, a sad smile on his face.

Eventually, Bull and Dorian separated, daft smiles on their faces as they stared at each other. As the Inquisitor opened his mouth to order everyone to re-group so that they could deal with the original threat, Dorian twisted around to face his son.

“Gideon…” he held out his hand for the teen to take.

Gideon stared at the hand for a few moments, before finally taking it…. And then yelping when Dorian pulled him into a hug.

“I can’t believe it…” muttered Dorian as he held Gideon out at arm’s length and scanned him up and down, “… look how much you’ve grown…. I told you you’d get used to Tevinter clothing.”

At Dorian’s teasing, Gideon clearly flushed (causing everyone to stare at him at the rare show of emotion), trying to hide behind his half-fringe. “Dad….” He groaned, “…. Please.”

“But what’s with this hairstyle? It seems a little…. Rebellious.”

Bull chuckled as the flush got deeper, “That’s Gideon…. A little rebel.”

“Hmmmm…. It actually suits you Gideon. I think I can grow to appreciate it.”

There was only silence from Gideon, as Dorian smiled sadly.

Before anything more could be said, the Inquisitor cleared his throat. “We need to get going…. The problem we were brought in to deal with shouldn’t be too difficult…. And then we’re going straight back to Skyhold.”

Everyone else nodded in agreement as they left the hall…. Whilst avoiding the large piles of rubble that seemed to be the only thing keeping the room together.

Tactfully, no-one commented on how Bull and Gideon kept close to Dorian, their bodies tense even as they left Halward Pavus behind.

……………………………………………………………….

The original problem that they had been called into Tevinter to deal with was simple enough, and very quickly, they group were on their way home.

After commandeering a wagon, Bull had gently encouraged Dorian to rest in it. Having his power returned to him was probably affecting him by now.
With Gideon sitting at the front of the wagon, directing the horse, Dorian was asleep within minutes.

“Gideon…”

The teen glanced over at his Papa, a knowing look in his eye as he sighed.

“… You know what I want to talk to you about.”

Taking a deep breath, Gideon nodded, straightening up instinctively. “You want to know if I would have killed Halward if Dad hadn’t spoken up.”

“What? No!” Bull sighed, “I think I already know the answer to that question…. And I don’t think I really want to know the answer for sure. No, what I want to know is…. W-why did you act like you hated me for all those years?”

This seemed to come as a shock to Gideon, who twisted around to stare at his Papa, “Is that what you thought?” he whispered, “That I hated you?”

“Kid, you treated me like shit, and you’ve been doing it since you were about ten…. What was I meant to think?!?”

“I didn’t think you’d think I hated you!”

“Then why treat me like that?!”

“Because I was angry!”

Startled into silence, Bull frowned as Gideon sighed wearily.

“I was angry. It seemed like no-one but me seemed to care that Dad was being held captive or possibly dead.” Before Bull could argue against this point, Gideon held up his hand, “I know this wasn’t the case, but it felt like it. I felt like you’d betrayed me and Dad.”

“… That wasn’t my intention kid, I hope you know this.”

“I know…. But I was angry, and I-I’m sorry that you thought I hated you. But I will be honest with you on this…. I always respected you, even if I wasn’t happy.”

Bull couldn’t help but grin at this. “I figured that by the nifty move you used on Halward. Anything can be used as a weapon, huh?”

“You taught me well Papa…”

The pair stared at each other, both unwilling to look away in case the other was going to say anything else.

“Fasta vass…” grumbled a voice from the back, as Dorian peeked his head through the curtains, “…this conversation is painful to hear. Bull, your son doesn’t hate you and probably never has. He’s a teenager, they’re always grumpy. Gideon, show your Papa more respect from now on. Both of you, shut up so that I can rest in peace.”

At the alarmed look that the pair shot him, Dorian rolled his eyes. “Calm down. It’s a figure of speech…. It better not be like this when we get to Skyhold. I expect everything to get back to normal. I’ll read in the library, Bull will train his Chargers, Gideon will…. Well, I expect Gideon will probably be joining me.”
Gideon couldn’t help but nod in agreement, a small smile appearing on his face at the thought of learning with his Dad, the way it should have always been.

“And then, I expect me and Bull to break the bed…. Several beds if possible.”

Gideon’s face immediately went bright red as he buried his face in his hands in mortification. “Mercy…” he begged as Bull chortled, “…. Please, never say anything like that around me again.”

“What’s the matter kid…” Bull chuckled, “… I thought you wanted to be an adult.”

“I’ll be a child for as long as I want, if I never have to hear you two talk about… that again.”

Dorian and Bull both laughed at this, with Bull reaching over and ruffling Gideon’s hair. “Hey kid…. Do you remember when you used to come in and jump on us in the morning?”

“Yes?”

“.….. Best not to do that anymore.”

“Ugh!”

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