

of love and of loss

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Summary

"Her queen had personally assigned Lieve'tel to assist them, to assist Vox Machina. And yet it was not her who convinced her to fulfill the mission. In the end, it was not the words of her goddess that drove her. Probably never would."

Out of awe, she keeps her head down, merely hears the footsteps as her counterpart walks towards her. She does not dare to look up, but she knows who is standing in front of her. No matter where she goes she would always recognize him. Her hand, still feeling numb, wants to reach for him.

Lieve'tel, the new name given to her feels unfamiliar and quite strange, almost as much as the lack of his warmth and yet she knows her hand can no longer touch his. Not in the way she is used to, not with the usual sense of comfort. Her former physical form had been that of a serpent for so long, she had almost forgotten what it felt like to touch another being with actual fingers.

However, she had changed alongside him as soon as Vax'ildan had given everything but his name to the Raven Queen.

His sudden closeness now could only mean one thing: He had come to say goodbye. From now on she was, once again, part of his former world. Their former world. At least for a few more hours, maybe even days or weeks. No one was able to say how long her assignment would lead her away from him. Back to the world of the living.

Once there, she would not be able to hide the truth. Her memories might still be weak, yet his departure was one of her clearest. The pain throbbed in her chest as consistently as the heartbeat which had never been as clear as it was now.

It was not a lie that his death had threatened to tear her apart. Or that his death felt like a part of her had been dying besides him. But he was not gone, not in the way his companions mourned him.

Thus, Lieve'tel had agreed to accompany them. For that she had chosen to hide her true name in verity.

Even if she had been offered one, she still would have had no choice in the matter. Without looking up, she had felt his pain. The grief for those who they both loved so dearly, the ones neither one of them could earnestly reunite with. A part of her missed them painfully.

Still, while she knew what to her felt as if it were only a small part of her being mourning the ones they had lost, his heart had to burst with sorrow at the mere thought of them. Instead he had pushed on like he always did, unwilling to let even her or his sister see his true emotions.

Without saying so much as a word Vax'ildan had gently brushed his fingers through her hair then. So similar to his or his sister's. Neither one meeting the other's gaze, while she remembered the familiar gesture. One of many she had seen him do whenever he was around the people he had given his life for. It was one of his nervous habits, not only to calm down others but also himself whenever he could not think of an alternative solution. He did not want to let her go and neither did she want to leave him.

Finally he had stepped away, and Lieve'tel had politely kept her head down so as not to let him face her with tears visible on both of their cheeks. One last time he kept plucking at her

collar, slightly ruffling the feathers, artfully adorning it, in the process. She had been too afraid to ask then, to ask what he thought of the only remnant of her former nature. Apparently a garment now, at least to outsiders. For her it was so much more than just that. The obvious hidden in the inconspicuous.

Nonetheless, the ones she vowed to aid and protect would not recognize her. Not even the ones who were of her own kind. She was as much part of them as she was not. Upon meeting their family she would seem somewhat familiar at best.

Before stepping forward so as to announce her mission, she would have little to no chance of saying goodbye to him regardless. Not that it mattered now, if she was being honest with herself, she would not have been able to face him either way.

During their farewell she had kept her silence, just like Vax'ildan. His pain was hers, and so was his joy. Lieve'tel could not look him in the eye while their connection was almost completely severed, it felt wrong. It hurt to not share his thoughts and emotions as clearly anymore.

But as soon as she was with them, their family, she felt her connection to him stretched to the utmost. It was still there somehow but it felt more like a faint memory than an actual connection. However, the pain was part of their bond. It had always been that way and was surprisingly acceptable compared to everything else.

Her queen had personally assigned Lieve'tel to assist them, to assist Vox Machina. And yet it was not her who convinced her to fulfill the mission. In the end, it was not the words of her goddess that drove her. Probably never would. A being of her kind was not bound to gods or driven by their intent and yet her other half was.

The champion, her champion, would never plead or beg to see his loved ones again. He was too aware of his own promise. In exchange for his family he had made an alliance to which he had to comply. Like Lieve'tel did now. And just like Vax'ildan had done before her, she was doing so out of her own free will.

It was comforting knowing she would see him again. At the end of her time, he would stand there waiting, ready to reach out and join them all once more. But until then it was up to Lieve'tel to protect his as well as her own family in his place.

Where he now lingered the laws of life were different. His constant companion was long gone and equally alive. Surely, nobody would dare ask a cleric of the Raven Queen about her daemon. Thus, nobody would notice that she did not have one.

When both of them had vowed to be obedient to the Raven Queen, Vax'ildan gave her not only his life but also his soul. Her own champion, her Vax'ildan. From his birth on, Lieve'tel had been part of his soul and he of hers.

He had once called her Simon, when she did not have any wings yet that would allow them both to explore the sky together. Back then, she had asked why he had chosen that name, Simon.

Later on, when their wings as well as her changed physique confirmed his pledge of servitude, they had not spoken of her true name again. To her it had always been just close enough, if not in the name itself then in its meaning.

Now he had finally given Lieve'tel back her true name. Smiling, she had reminded him that Simeon had been her name from the beginning of her existence. It had always been a matter of time to come true in the end.

Now it was on her, to live and to tell as well as to loose, and always to hear and actually listen. She would miss him and yet they were not separated. Not forever at least. She would see him again.

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