

Bloodstrider

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Bloodstrider

by [TrickRune](#)

Summary

A torn diary page:

A shame to see the young Amell cut down by templars, but surely he must have anticipated such reprisal when defending a maleficar. Granted, reason seldom has purchase where matters of the heart are concerned, and fewer things are closer to the heart than a dear friend. Still, I cannot fathom why that Grey Warden would knowingly recruit a Blood Mage, right in front of the Templars no less! Clearly he does not fear sullyng the reputation of his order more than he fears the Blight.

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A Dream for Flowers

In the shadows of the chapel they met, secreted away from the ever watchful eyes of the templars by grudging deference to the right of all to sanctity. She, a devout initiate; her face soft like the petals of a flower but her convictions resolute. He, an unsightly man, loathed among even his brethren for suspicion of forbidden practices. In the shadows of worship and reverence they stole away moments for declarations of love and hands clasped in anticipation of unions yet to come.

His breath was heavy as their lips inched closer, unsure if their forbidden relationship could still escape notice if they dared to kiss. Inspiration surged in her and she drew their joined hands to her chest, releasing their entwined fingers to guide his hands onto her breasts. His fingers rested on those soft mounds for a moment, his long fingers giving them a tender and intrigued before capturing her lips with his. It was a clumsy affair but his heart swelled as her arms encircled and embraced him.

He broke from their kiss to plant another her collar bone, causing her to gasp a soft, sweet moan:

“Jowan”

In an instant it all fell away; the chapel they were in, what remained of their robes and the trepidation that held them captive for so long. One hand retreated from its caress of her breast to snake down to his own member, and holding his hardness between his thumb and forefinger he began to guide it, pressing.

Another encouraging moan.

“Jowan”

The folds of her vagina parted at his insistence, a fresh bud opening its petals and he sighed into her neck as the warmth of her began to enfold his cock, massaging and tugging on it, drawing it deeper. They held for a moment, both panting as if they had been running for hours: overwhelmed.

She planted a soft kiss on his shoulder eliciting a rock of his hips into her; a moan, a kiss, another thrust, another moan. Finally he began to pick up pace, thrusting in earnest; the sensation of her vagina growing more intense with each thrust. He wanted to go deeper each time, even buried to the hilt, he wanted to sink deeper into her sex.

“Jowan”

Her moan was hoarse, issued between panting and squeaks.

His attention returned to her breasts as he continued to thrust, such beautiful, young breasts - the epitome of unsullied maidenhood. As he dragged his fingers tenderly over them he noticed something small, a mark? It seemed dark; almost a stain.

“Jowan”, she moaned, growing more hoarse still.

“Lily”, he finally replied, speaking that sweet name, memories of her smile blossoming in his mind’s eye.

Panting and thrusting he removed his hand to look more closely at the mark and there on her breast was his own hand print, smeared on her clear skin like sludge.

“Lily?” he cried out, his heart racing for new reasons, panic setting in as he removed his other hand finding another mark much the same.

“Jowan!” she rasped, her legs wrapping behind him and holding him fast inside her, where he continued to thrust without mind of his own. His gaze shifted from the marks on her breasts to his own hands now thickly coated in blood, and finally as a raspy moan pierced his confusion, he looked upon the face of his Lily.

Moaning and panting before him was the face of his beloved, twisted and cracked, teeth sharp and crooked and skin sallow. He knew this creature: it was Lily, and it was darkspawn. Why was he still thrusting!?

Fear and disgust filled him as he tried to pry himself free; to remove his cock from her, to free himself from the legs wrapped around him. His hands leaving more hand prints on every inch of once perfect skin as his climax began to quicken - by the Maker, why was he still thrusting into this monstrosity!?

“Jowan!”

That was not the voice of the monster or his Lily, nor even his own... a foreign voice? No, he knew it, albeit only for a time. He felt himself release into the nightmare before him and between euphoric gasps he watched streams of red erupt from the edges of the creature’s vagina. Again the new voice called out to him and realization dawned on him as the scene before him departed with the parting of his eyelids.

Alistair and Duncan were stooped over him, faces filled with concern as Jowan exhaled heavily in remorse. Alistair offered him his hand, and taking it, he rose to his feet to join his fellow Grey Wardens.

A Road Under the Sun

He had dreamed of the wondrous world beyond the tower, dreamed of escaping with Lily and living the life he had been entitled to before his mother and father had abandoned him out of fear.

The wondrous world sick with the rot of the Blight and stained with tragedy after tragedy.

His feet and back ached from trudging through the mud and grass, days spent travelling from the massacre at Ostagar to Lothering and then onwards further: unlike his companions he was not built for the road or the wilds. He was doing better today than yesterday, and with typical glibness Alistair had suggested it might have been him putting on some muscle.

He thought he might find common ground between Morrigan and himself but it was clear that magic itself was not common ground enough between them. Though it might have gained some modicum of respect from Morrigan, he dared not mention the blood magic he had once practiced lest the patience and comradery Alistair had shown him evaporate into suspicion and persecution.

Then there was Leliana: terminally delightful and caring, she seemed almost a friend on this journey to Redcliffe. In truth he wished she was a friend, someone he could talk to openly and air his past and errors. She would understand, she was the sort. It was strange that Lily and Leliana, both Sisters of the Chantry - were so alike and yet so different.

He chided himself, he had thought Lily to be many wonderful things, and she was, but she could not accept what he was - what he had been willingly to do. Why then should Leliana be any different? She was more worldly yes but was that truly enough?

Expectedly he was slower than everyone today too, and from paces behind he watched them walk, Morrigan in whatever the term was for her attire, Alistair his armor and Leliana in leather. She seemed comfortable in both the leather she wore now and the robes she had worn in Lothering, both clung to her movements with a certain naturalness.

She reminded him of Lily in many ways. He had not known Leliana long but already he found his mind wandering as it had in the Circle Tower. What lay under that leather or those robes, soft skin and supple...

He stopped himself there, he could already feel a twitch in his loins and he had little want on this journey to expend more effort on covering himself.

He sighed, apparently too loudly, as an Orlesian accent called out to him.

"Jowan, is everything all right, do we need to slow down or rest?"

"If we are going to stop for every sigh or ache we might as well lie down and let ourselves be swallowed by the Blight here and now."

Of course Morrigan had something to say, she always did. Planting one foot in front of another he barely paid attention to the banter that erupted between Leliana, Morrigan and Alistair as they debated the merits of rest.

While walking.

Was it always going to be like? A road or a path stretching onwards with an unseen chaos snapping at his heels... Jowan hadn't even considered that there might be an ending to this journey.

Slay the Archdemon? Defeat the Blight?

Maybe he'd die instead. It would be an ending.

He'd never see Lily again.

Was he ever going to see Lily again?

He knew the likely answer and lifted his gaze to his companions as they trudged ahead of him.

If he kept walking, he'd see another day, another road. He would wake to Alistair, and Morrigan and Leliana and the inconceivable task ahead of them.

Would Lily want to see him?

He knew the answer.

If he kept walking he'd see another day in this wondrous world.

Alistair's voice rang out:

"Jowan, we're going to set up camp, we're not far off Redcliffe but it will be dark long before we get there"

Leliana flashed him a sweet smile and Morrigan... she seemed as distant as ever.

He was going to see another day.

The Crossroads of Humanity

He could not forget the looks in their eyes as he cast his spell.

Alistair's distrust and mortification.

Leliana's regret.

Morrigan's tacit approval.

Isolde's courage and fear fading into nothingness.

He could not forget but that was not his concern now, the path lay before him, shifting and twisting in shape and form but clear in direction. The Arl of Redcliffe had been poisoned and in desperation his son, Connor, a mage hidden by the privilege of nobility had unwittingly reached out to a demon to save him. Now he must free the boy. He felt almost heroic, but then the lives of those he could not save the night before weighed on him.

Redcliffe was a place of tragedy too. Jowan was becoming keenly aware that the world beyond the tower begets freedom but that freedom could be cruel.

The battle to save the commonfolk of Redcliffe had been hard pressed even with Leliana's charms and Alistair's appeals rallying more fighters to withstand the siege.

The dead came in scores, not shambling or shuffling but charging like maddened beasts trying to carve and rip through anything living they could reach. The militias' arrows whistled through the air but less than half found their mark as the waves of the dead crashed into Alistair and knights. As a pair of knights fell to the onslaught, Alistair and Ser Perth began to fall back with the knights as lightning streaked from Morrigan's hands to cover them and a hail of arrows descended upon the horde.

Through the chaos a form broke through, a lone corpse streaking towards one of them militia men. He saw it coming, and took aim with his bow: a decisive shot to strike the creature down.

He fumbled and the corpse was upon him, gnashing teeth tearing into him as he screamed for help.

Leliana roared as she dove at the creature, her knives a flash in the moonlight.

Another scream came from the militia and he whirled on his heels expecting another undead but instead glimpsed one of the men running in fear towards the Chantry. They were faltering.

More screams, the sounds of swords being dropped in the earth as the dead cleared the arrows and Morrigan's barrage. Again the accursed corpses were upon the knights and Alistair but now Leliana joined the melee. She danced through them with her knives, cutting and stabbing where she found an opening before darting away.

An archer standing by him yelled and loosed an arrow as a corpse bounded towards them and though he was sure he had raised his hands to shield himself instead he felt his palms grow warm as a streak of flame lanced from his hands striking the creature squarely and knocking it to the ground where it lay motionless and burning.

Another emerged heading straight for them but before Jowan could react a familiar form darted past him. Morrigan with the grace of a cat leaped towards the creature as magic engulfed her body and her shape twisted into that of a giant spider. Jowan watched astonished as she pinned the corpse and tore open its head with her fangs.

In this moment of awe and respite Jowan's heart steadied and he surged forward into the fray, placing himself between a militia man and a corpse that had broken past the defensive line he hammered it back with an arcane blast as several arrows sunk into it.

He had faced darkspawn in the Korcari Wilds, these were but dead bodies.

Jowan pushed his consciousness outward, his mind focusing on the image of the swords wielded by the remaining knights and Alistair and then on the warmth blossoming in his chest. With a shout he reached out mind and body and their blades ignited with flames as they cut into the horde. They were not afraid of this sudden reversal. How could they be? They were facing the sum of their fears already: death rising up to meet them.

He threw another arcane blast over Leliana's shoulder, shattering the skull of an approaching creature and racing to her side he bathed more still in a stream of flame.

They fought on and many more fell before the night was over.

He pushed the memories of the previous night from his mind and in doing so found himself before the source of the madness: a demon of desire.

Drink Deep of Yearning

Jowan stood at the nexus of Redcliffe's misfortune, a dais in a realm of broken skies and stone held together by the pleas of a desperate boy who only wanted to save his father. There she stood too, a being of yearning and malice whose body curved in ways both familiar and alien

"It seems you've found your way interloper. Now what must I give you so that you will find your way out?" she spoke, her voice an echo in his mind and in the world around him. This creature was powerful.

"You can leave, or I can destroy you, c-creature. You will not have this boy or this place."

A strange confidence on Jowan's part, still rife with his quintessential sense of dread but burgeoning into something genuine.

"So you'd like to play the hero? Yes play is the right word. What if you could be a hero? Be all that you want, have all that you want?"

"W-what? Do not try to draw temptations out of me, demon. I will not be swayed by the likes of you."

The demon's tail whipped behind her playfully as she placed one clawed hand to her breast and massaged it softly.

"Not by me certainly, but I am hardly constrained by such idle concerns."

Her smile widened and blossomed into a sheet of petals that fluttered away leaving the visage of his beloved, all her sweetness and innocence intact. She approached demurely, as Lily would have, one arm covering her breasts the other her loins, a pleading look in her eyes.

"Jowan, think of what we could have together. Promise me you'll think about it?"

His words of rejection and conviction caught in this throat like lumps of stone as she closed the distance separating them and lowered the arm covering her breasts to reveal two perfectly pink nipples. Her hand was on his chest now, his naked chest.

He realized it then, he was already bare before her, at her will. Her other hand moved from her loins and gently grasped his member causing it to begin to swell as they sank to the floor, lips locked in a long drowning kiss.

He felt her guide him inside of her and he groaned as the soft warmth of her being as she enveloped him and began to rock slowly on his cock. Their kiss broke as she leaned back to pant and whimper for him, her beautiful breasts bouncing rhythmically with their motions.

"Oh Jowan, my love, how I have longed to be with you. Say you'll accept me, all of me."

He groaned the name of his love, Lily, but it was not her name, even as his mind clouded with perfumed thoughts he knew this being for what it truly was.

“Jowan”

This was not her speaking now but another, familiar but he could not place it.

“Who... is...” he moaned to the ether, a dozen faces flitting through his mind as he tried to place the voice, all the while Lily continued to ride him slowly. A new hand stroked his bare chest and suddenly the accent was clear.

“Jowan” she whispered, as he turned his head to the source and there lay beside him Leliana, as naked as she had been the day he had spied on her taking a bath in the river. His eyes were wide and she merely giggled at his reaction as her fingertips danced across his chest playfully.

“I knew you were watching, I did not mind. In fact it has been since anyone has looked at me like that. But don’t you want to do more than look? Don’t you want to touch?”

Leliana lifted herself up and swung one leg over him so she might kneel over him, her fingers dragging from his chest to her legs and up to her nakedness where they gently pulled apart the folds of her womanhood for him. It was a soft but rich colour with delicate lips and Jowan felt what little of his breath escape him as she lowered her pussy onto his mouth.

He suckled at her cunt, the folds kissing his own lips as Leliana sighed in satisfaction punctuated by the groans of Lily who had begun to ride his cock in earnest with faster more deliberate motions.

“Jowan, think of what could be if you set yourself to it. Did what you needed to.”

This was neither Lily or Leliana, this was the demon speaking. No, they were all the demon speaking but in this moment he did not care. His tongue lapped at Leliana’s pussy and he felt himself quickening to Lily’s pace and he moaned into Leliana’s moist cunt as he came inside his former love, Leliana’s matching both his and Lily’s moans with her own.

Although he could not see her, he felt Lily slowly lift herself off his spent member, the sensation almost unbearable and then Leliana was lifting herself from his face, her pussy dripping as she shuffled back and slid herself down onto his cock, suddenly hard and ready again.

Lily was nowhere in sight but he did not care, Leliana bounced herself up and down on his hardness with no preamble or pretence, moaning loudly. The sound of their flesh slapping reverberated in this empty place and again he came. He closed his eyes panting, spent but invigorated at the same time and felt Leliana remove herself too.

In the blackness of his own mind he lay there, trying to catch his breath, trying to remember his purpose and conviction in this place when again he felt sensation between his legs. A hand stroking his cock back to attention and he opened his eyes to look down his body and

witness Morrigan slide his length between her plump lips, swirling her tongue around the head of his cock.

She bobbed her head on his slick member as he watched, barely able to comprehend what was happening now, his body exhausted and his mind ragged and reeling. She let his cock slip from her mouth and slid her body further up his to wrap his length in the softness of her bountiful breasts, massaging it and licking his slit as his head poked through her cleavage.

It took little effort from Morrigan to coax another orgasm from him, the cum first splattering onto her tongue and face and then dribbling out onto her bosom.

Jowan was before the demon, dressed again, those moments of ecstasy whisked away to some unseen corner of reality but burned into his memory.

“Such myriad desires you have, Blood Mage. All within reach” she taunted as a feminine moan echoed from his side. He turned to see Lily again, naked on the ground, legs spread and cunt overflowing with his cum, her fingers buried deep inside the slickness. Another moan from the other side and he saw Leliana much the same and turning back to rebuke the demon he found instead Morrigan playing with the cum on her breasts, eyes sultry and predatory.

Clawed hands wrapped around his waist from behind to pull him into an embrace and cold lips pressed against his ear whispering possibilities. Jowan pushed himself free from its clutches and turned ready to strike it with magic and instead found more eyes upon him, begging for him to take control, to take them, their bodies naked and flesh excited.

Lily, Amell, Alistair, Morrigan, Leliana, Isolde and others whose names he did not know but he had seen: apprentice mages, warriors from Ostagar, the folk of Redcliffe...

“I do not know how” he whispered, scarcely believing that he dared dance this dance.

“I can show you”

“Teach me”

Dressed in Skins

Morrigan had that smug look on her face, not the usual one of self-superiority, the one where she felt vindicated and beyond reproach.

“Well, well, it seems you were capable of more than I expect of any Circle Mage. Not just a Warden but a Maleficar too. I imagine Alistair is seeing you very differently now.”

Jowan scowled, even her approval came in a backhanded way.

“Struck a nerve have I? Better than you striking a vein.” she jabbed playfully,

“Worry not, I do not think ill of you. Blood magic is but a tool at your disposal and you would be wise to not waste your tools out of concern for others opinions.”

“It has less to do with opinion and more to do with Templars wanting to skewer me on sight for being an ‘abomination’, we didn’t all have the privilege of being raised in a swamp.”

“You presume they did not come for Mother and I? They came. If you are so concerned about being discovered, why not take steps to disguise yourself?”

“Oh yes, next time we see a Templar I’ll just transform into a bird and fly away”

“You are a mage are you not? It is within your reach, I could teach you if you were so inclined.”

Jowan let the memories of his training as a Shapeshifter fade back into the recesses of his mind. He needed to maintain his focus. They had come to Lake Calenhad, to the Circle of Magi intending to plunder the libraries for knowledge on the Urn of Sacred Ashes. At the Circle Tower he was a person who would be shown no mercy even as a Grey Warden so indeed he needed to be nothing more than a Warden.

Morrigan had derided the idea of using her magic to assume the likeness of another person but for Jowan, another’s face would suit his needs as ‘just a Grey Warden’. He found he took quite easily to the practice: the shaping of flesh through magic was not unlike commanding the flow of power through blood. He pondered if Morrigan might too possess some knowledge of that practice, she certainly showed little concern regarding his abilities - though perhaps that was the bravado of an apostate who had never known confinement.

He aspired to more than bravado, his experiences in Redcliffe had instilled in him true knowledge of the power he wielded. He was so much more than spells and blood magic: he had the power to change the world around him. Now he could shape his form and in that vein he felt himself rising to the task of shaping his desires into destiny.

Desires.

Something about that word felt so strange and yet familiar to him, like a lover forgotten. He dismissed the notion as the tower came into view and he steeled himself to face the world he had once done anything to flee. He feared that they would see through his magic, discern his true face and yet he did not fear them. No, he did not fear them at all only that moment of truth.

Singing to the Night

She saw him differently now, despite his use of Blood Magic and the sacrifice of Isolde, she saw him stand tall on the behalf of the vulnerable. She saw him as the man who plucked her from the nightmare of the Sloth demon, reminding her of her purpose and place. No longer was he a lost man in need of consoling and encouragement - he was an equal.

He had faced the brokenness of the Circle, a place that had failed him and even though he had concealed his identity, he had treated those that remained with compassion. Even the templars had not been beyond him: he had used magic to soothe the fractured spirit of Cullen and fought back the demons that had sought to seize control of the tower. He had spared the assassin Zevran, given him a second chance as he had been given.

Leliana found herself growing closer to Jowan as he grew into confidence and virtue, spending their nights chatting by the fire. She understood why Alistair still held his distance but she could not doubt the intentions of the man before her. No, closer was not the right term, she knew what she had begun to feel. She knew the moment she had witnessed Zevran trying to flirt with him and found herself filled with pangs of frustration.

It was deep into the night when the others had retired that she was seized by a reckless impulse and revelation. The campfire was naught but embers and they had been inching closer for warmth.

She turned to speak but found him already looking at her, his expression obscured by darkness and barely readable. It was not his true face but the one he had been borrowing since their visit to the Circle. He had confided in her that it took some effort to maintain the transformation for days on end but that he could not afford to release the magic now that Wynne travelled with them, lest she recognize him. He had spoken of his fear that Alisair would give up his secret to the Circle mage out of just but thoughtless intentions, a concern she felt not entirely misplaced.

“The others are asleep you know, all of them and it is so dark. You could be you again...” she trailed off, not sure if she was offering the advice out of compassion or if she was requesting he undo his magic for her.

It did not seem to matter her intentions, even in the dark of night she could see his face returning to that of the man she had first met in Lothering. Not a conventionally attractive man, a little pale and haggard but one she found dear. Leliana smiled at Jowan, finally Jowan again and he kissed her in return.

She was not taken aback, in fact, she was relieved that she had not been misinterpreting the mutuality of the growing attachment she had felt. Her hand stroked his stubbled cheek, fingertips pricked by the small jagged hairs as she let herself melt into the hand that had begun to make its way up her leg and to her inner thigh.

She was not sure how he had acted so deftly, but it was mere moments before his fingers had bypassed her leather armor and were gently teasing the lips of her pussy. She gasped softly,

breaking the kiss for but a moment with the sound - it had been so long since someone else had touched her there. Jpwan wasted no time in reclaiming her with another kiss. She could feel herself getting more aroused, loosening and becoming wetter as Jowan slipped a finger into her, stroking her inner walls while never letting their long kiss end.

She was again the one to break the kiss as she let out a contented sigh and Jowan seeing this as approval pushed in a second finger began to slowly pump his digits in and out. The motions were not skillful but they were sincere and she found herself stifling small squeals of pleasure, not wanting to wake anyone else in the camp.

Jowan gently pushed her onto the ground so she could lay on her back and she instinctively spread her legs wide as he continued to slowly finger fuck her. Her own hand moved down to her loins and she began to play with her clitoris as Jowan removed his two fingers and replaced them with his tongue.

Beginning with long licks from the base to just before where her fingers danced, he then kissed her, tugging softly at her inner lips with his own. Leliana thought herself not entirely herself but the escalation of affairs was exhilarating. Her fingers left her clitoris to tangle in Jowan's hair as he began lapping and licking at her pussy, his own hands holding her legs open and up as he buried himself in her snatch.

She wanted the pleasure he offered her now and yet she wanted more too, she wanted to please him in return and to experience him fully. As if reading her mind she felt him trace a long, drawn out line with his tongue from lips to clitoris before rising up over her to push himself inside her.

He groaned in appreciation as her pussy swallowed him to the hilt without issue and he let himself stay still and buried as he stared down at her, his expression abstract but intense. She did not recall him undoing his robes but then she had been sufficiently distracted by his earlier attention. As if to chase the thought from her mind he began to slowly pull himself back withdrawing his cock from her before sliding it back in at an almost agonizingly slow pace.

His hands moved from her legs to the ground either side of her, bracing himself against the earth as he began to thrust inside her, slowly at first but then picking up speed. She wrapped her legs around him drawing him in closer, as he fucked her with fervor. She could not help herself any longer and the still of the night was punctuated with her squeals and groans, she placed her hand over her mouth to silence herself but it was not enough as Jowan continued to fuck her with silent zeal.

Jowan could feel himself nearing climax and grabbing Leliana's hand he pulled it from her mouth and kissed her with abandon as he fucked her with intentional, rapid thrusts. Leliana kissed him in return; she could do nothing else; breathless as he stole her moans and buried himself in her, releasing his warm seed inside of her.

They lay there for a time, basking in each other, clinging together for warmth in the cool air, the campfire long since expired. Eventually they parted with a kiss but without words, content to leave any declarations to the morning and retired to their respective tents.

Axis of Sanctity

He had passed every trial, stood before the gaze of the Guardian and he had not buckled or revealed any more than he wished to. At the base of the stairs before the Urn of Sacred Ashes stood his sweet Leliana, the surprisingly loyal Zevran and Wynne, who he kept by his side if only to stay watchful over here. The need to take the final step was all consuming, he could feel it thrumming in his veins and so he released the need; with knife to palm he drew blood and let his own life force spill unto the ashes.

The euphoria was instant, blocking out pain and extinguishing any possible regret. The sound of the Guardian, the wraiths and the temple itself waking to his defilement were also undeniable and he turned from where he stood atop the stairs to survey the situation. His companions stood between him and the spirits of this place, weapons raised.

“What - have - you done!?” boomed the voice of the Guardian in the silence of the temple, his voice like thunder shaking the foundations of the room.

“I followed my heart’s content. I have what I needed and the men outside will join me against the Blight.”

Even from where he stood he could see the Guardian’s eyes widen as realization dawned on him, the veil separating his all seeing gaze from the truth buried deep in Jowan’s blood and mind now lifting, with intention. There in the veins, vessels and thoughts between she lay, like a coiled viper, warm and content: Desire.

Then the Guardian’s eyes were upon his companions as magic welled up around him, releasing and crashing into them like a wave knocking Leliana and Wynne from their feet while Zevran seemed unphased. The Guardian’s assessment, as earlier was mostly precise.

“You are complicit but these two souls are not. You have cast a long shadow over this place but will not be allowed to leave.”

Leliana slowly rose to her feet clutching her head, the events since Redcliffe filling her mind, not just the times she remembered but the times she did not. Memories stolen away, time lost, things that had been taken but that she had not given.

“Jowan, how could you?” her question came like a sob, she had grown to love this man. Hadn’t she? That is why she had let him take her, night after night, was it not? Love!?

“Maleficar” snarled Wynne, she too came to the same conclusions though with no memories of campfire love making to accompany them.

“Jowan! Answer me, why!?” howled Leliana, her grief quickly turning to rage.

“You remind me of my lovely Lily, I think I may have a thing for Chantry sisters”

A bloodcurdling scream erupted from her as she drew her knives, trying to run up the stairs to confront him but the blades were quickly parried by Zevran. The elven assassin drove a foot into her gut and pushed her back down the stairs.

“You will fall here Abomination!”

Wynne raised her staff as dust and debris from about the room collected before her compacting with the aid of her magic to become a mighty stone which she hurled with unseen force at Jowan. The young mage dove out of the way as the projectile collided with the wall behind him, as he lifted himself from where he landed he could see Wynne preparing another spell as the Ash Wraiths began to surge along the sides of the chamber to encircle him.

Meanwhile, Zevran danced with Leliana, their blades whistling through the air in elegant arcs, though she was gaining ground on him. In no small part due to the Guardian leaping in at the last moment with cleaving blows to force the elf into a corner.

Jowan reached deep into himself, to where she lay, the cut on his hand burning like a flame as he called forth every ounce of magic he could draw from himself at a moment's notice. His blood screamed, the walls sang as he allowed the raw energy to erupt from himself.

The wraiths shuddered and writhed, paralyzed by the overwhelming force, Jowan's intentions and convictions consuming their very nature, causing them to crumble like sand. The Guardian too faltered, his mighty swing ending mid-flight, limbs shaking as Zevran slipped under his guard, driving a knife into the spirit's throat. Not a killing blow for a being such as he, normally, but Jowan's spell poured into the wound crushing the existence inside him.

Wynne tried desperately to hold onto her spell, she felt it and the spell Jowan had unleashed pressing against each other. Like two great wheels with teeth intertwined, each threatening to overpower the other and in doing so shatter -

No sooner had the thought crossed her mind then was it made manifest: Wynne's spell unravelled at her fingertips with a cacophonous boom, the resulting force peeling flesh from bone and limb from body as she was flung to the ground, a bloody stump where her free hand had been and her staff in splinters.

Jowan slumped back to the ground, exhausted, from where he lay he could hear Leliana shouting Wynne's name before her words were cut short with a gargle. He wasn't sure how much time had passed when his remaining companion: Zevran approached him and pulled him into his arms.

Deep within him, she purred.

Stretch Wide Your Wings

There had been many questions about the loss of Leliana and Wynne, about the deep wound on Jowan's hand, as to why, once Jowan was recovered they were not going to go back and recover the bodies so that they might be buried rather than left to rot. Many questions and many suspicions.

Alistair was the most forthright about it and yet Jowan knew Morrigan too had her doubts about the story: 'slain in battle with the cultists'.

Still, Jowan and Zevran had acquired the ashes so that Arl Eamon may yet be saved, and pressing on this very point he convinced them that the matter might be dropped. Lest they lose someone else vital to their cause. That did not remove the need for prudence on Jowan's part.

Jowan had sought a moment alone with Morrigan several times on their journey back to Redcliffe, and each and every time she was able to slip away from him or was nowhere to be found. Jowan had sought to be prudent, and his wariness seemed to be proven more justified with each such incident. They were but a day from Redcliffe when he finally managed to corner with the guileful witch.

There she was amidst the trees and brush, a fair way from camp, idle but alert and there he was perched in a tree, ebony and innocuous. When she finally relaxed, her shoulders lowering her eyes scanning the perimeter no longer he descended with a flap of his wings, his body twisting from that of a crow to his usual self.

"Elusive and cautious as always, Morrigan"

"I did not expect a bird, I must admit. I rather imagined you'd come stumbling through brush again as you are, or as a wolf: snapping and hungry"

"So you are avoiding me"

"Quite obvious is it not?"

He studied her, his eyes perusing her and her body, watching for any sudden movement, digging for a clue as to what she wanted to conceal or be concealed from. In truth he knew, but what he wanted was confirmation.

"I'd say it's about time we are honest with one another-" her words caught in her throat as her body seized where she stood. A few drops of blood in the stew they had shared around the campfire, it was all it took for him to exert momentary control.

Pointer finger raised to his mouth he sunk his teeth in, causing blood to blossom from the digit as he moved silently towards the paralyzed Morrigan. His other hand reached for her clothing pulling it away and open before shoving his hand down to her loins and pushed the bleeding finger inside of her, letting himself flow into her through her canal. She watched,

eyes watery with violation but soon that softened into complacency as his magic worked through her.

Not a full binding, much like Leliana and Wynne, just enough to keep her compliant but not to erase herself. Thankfully Morrigan was much like Leliana was, young and beautiful; he could take this route. He lamented the many nights he had to spend feeding Wynne more and more blood in her dinner to gain influence over her. To speak nothing of the difficulties he was having penetrating Alistair's Templar resistances.

He eyed Morrigan's plump lips and seized them with a kiss as he turned his bloody manipulations from gaining control to eliciting pleasure from her soft cunt. However he quickly found himself growing bored and removing both finger and lips he commanded Morrigan to fall to her knees before him.

Obediently she sank lower and he undid his robes to free his erection which she greedily swallowed without insistence on his part. Her lips rubbed up and down his length, making long slurping noises as she did so, occasionally stopping at his cock head to swirl her tongue around it, showing special attention to the underside.

Jowan allowed this to continue for some time, enjoying her mouth but finding himself growing no closer. With a breathless incantation he caused her to seize once more and grasping her by the back of the head began thrust into her mouth and throat with little care for her. She did not move or react as the sound of his dick sloshing in her throat punctuated the quiet of the wilderness. Growing more impatient he picked up speed bringing himself to climax, burying himself as far as he could go and squirting his warm seed down her throat.

Satisfied with achieving his original intentions and this little exercise in the strength of his magic, he withdrew himself from her mouth, a string of cum running from the tip of his cock to where it had grazed her lips.

"Return to the camp when you are ready Morrigan. We will set off for Redcliffe in a few hours."

Jowan tucked himself away and leaned down to look again into Morrigan's half-vacant eyes, his hands fondling her luscious breasts to again test that his magic was in place. Satisfied with her lack of reaction he kissed her goodbye.

Her mouth was salty with his cum.

Crowned with Vanity

“No! I will not allow it, I am drawing the line, here, and, now”

Now? After all you have witnessed? Has your sentimentality finally broken the spine of your cowardice?

“He’s dead Alistair, what does it matter?”

“What-what does it matter!? That is my half-brother, your King hanging up there, not some plaything for your magic”

Jowan scoffed at Alistair’s protests, all he had suggested was that they not bury or cremate the body of Cailan immediately as he might have a use for it. The king would see his rest soon enough and their cause would be advanced - hardly treason or blasphemy as Alistair would have it.

“I don’t know what you’ve done to convince everyone of your intentions, whether it’s magic or if they’re all just as heartless as you Jowan.” bleated his fellow Warden

“Maker knows the only upstanding people that were amongst us are gone, dead for reasons you have never seen fit to fully explain - what happened Leliana and Wynne? “

“Alistair, I told you-” began Jowan, his patience wearing thin now.

“Tell me again, but tell me the truth Blood Mage, did you suck the life out of them like you did Isolde!? Bleed them dry!?”

Jowan turned to Alistair and flung out his arm as if to cast a spell and Alistair raised his sword defiantly.

“Your true colours at last Maleficar!” he spat, overflowing with contempt and self-righteousness.

Yet no spell came from Jowan, no utterance or enchantment, he held his pose as Alistair held his stance the two at a stalemate in the cold air of the dead and gutted Ostagar. Time ground slowly onwards until Alistair he felt something smash him over the back of the head as he collapsed forward, his sword leaving his grip and clattering on the stonework.

Dark smoke slowly seeped from Jowan’s outstretched hand now, slowly advancing on Alistair, seeking him as it twisted into tendrils. Alistair lunged forward to grab his sword but another blow hammered into him this time from his side knocking him onto his back as he saw the ever smug Zevran standing over him.

Of course, Jowan’s little helper, he had been there the entire time the two had fought, he hadn’t said a word and Alistair hadn’t noticed him moving behind him amidst his

accusations. The elf placed his boot on Alistair's chest to pin him as the tendrils of smoke descended upon him. They touched him, gingerly at first leaving black and slick marks on his armor and he realized now, that this was not smoke but blood.

Having found purchase on his armor the tendrils became more excited as they crept up his body towards his mouth and as he attempted to shout in defiance they surged into his open mouth, his nose and his eyes - the taste and smell of copper suffusing his senses.

When the mist had finally disappeared from sight, having fully entered Alistair, Zevran removed his boot from the templar's chest and turned to Jowan.

"Is he yours?"

Jowan exhaled deeply through his nose, tired from forcing so much of himself and his magic into Alistair, past the man's defenses and training.

"We shall have to see... Alistair, I want to make use of Cailan's body before we cremate it, what do you think?"

Alistair pushed himself up from the ground and looked at Jowan, contemplating the question, his face twisted into a deep grimace but his voice toneless and obedient, replied with what Jowan wanted to hear:

"If that's what's best, I agree"

Jowan's mouth curled into a deeply satisfied smile, it seemed that the direct approach was always going to be the only way to pull Alistair to his side and it had worked.

"Zevran, get that body down, and Alistair.... Alistair, you should strip."

Zevran chuckled as he moved over where the limp body of Cailan Theirin had been hung on display by the darkspawn as Alistair, face still a grimace slowly rose to his feet, and then began to unbuckle and remove his armor for Jowan.

Jowan stood, his body betraying none of his intentions save his smile and his eyes glinting with unknown desires as the body of Cailan was dragged before him and Alistair removed the last of his armor, without excitement or shame.

"Alistair, your underclothes too, Zevran, the same for the body."

Zevran nodded, his own eyes full of curiosity as the royal brothers, one dead, one enslaved were revealed to the pair. Jowan studied the two of them, although limp and broken, Cailan's body was definitely the more muscular and broader of the two. His gaze travelled downward to study another aspect of the half-brothers, he almost chuckled realizing again Cailan had proved to be the superior.

Alistair was far from disappointing, in fact he was significantly larger than Jowan in both length and thickness, he probably would have had the largest cock Jowan had ever seen if it were not for the dead king. Where Alistair was impressive among men, what were men to horses and Cailan was far closer to the latter than the former.

Jowan began to disrobe, he noticed Zevran's eyes were on his body as much as they had been on Alistair and Cailan's. A flash of disappointment crossed his eyes when Jowan's soft cock was revealed, a pale shadow to the two royals, but Jowan knew Zevran's voyeurism would be rewarded soon.

He advanced on the body of Cailan, the eyes of his two companions on him as he kneeled down before it and began to place his own naked flesh on top of it. He stretched out his body, torso to touch Cailan's torso, hand to meet Cailan's hands, his feet parallel to Cailan's.. He inhaled deeply ignoring the smell of death that had set in as the veins under his skin twitched and pulsed as something of his self reached out to the body of Cailan, stirring in the corpse the last vestiges of its blood. A faint pulsing emanated from Cailan's chest and Jowan set his own heart's pace to match it as the world melted away, letting the fingertips of his magic run rampant over both of their bodies, tracing every groove.

When Jowan finally rose from where he had lain spread eagled on top of the dead Cailan, he rose with muscles now swelled, broad and tall, a pendulous cock and balls hanging between his legs. He had become the mirror image of Cailan save for his face.

Zevran let out a low gasp and Jowan watched as Alistair's eyes widened in horror, cognisant of what had happened despite the thralldom that was etched into his blood. Jowan now approached Alistair and standing before him looked deep into eyes. Such fear and horror and reflected in them his new visage, brimming with satisfaction.

Alistair did not move or resist as Jowan began to tug on his cock with little care, unable even to wince at the forceful motions and unable to express the shame he felt as his cock began to stiffen at the mage's beckoning. An unseen force tagged Alistair's gaze down to see his hard cock and next to it the hard cock of his half-brother, worn by the mage, dwarfing it.

Alistair was unable to look away as Jowan released him and instead wrapped both hands around Cailan's cock. Stroking it with abandon he let out a guttural sound as he drenched Alistair's cock in thick white seed.

Jowan turned from Alistair to Zevran, his cock still half hard, a string of cum dangling from the slit, and motioned for the elf to bring him his robes, hoping they still fit.

An Attractive Plumage

He had felt the Crow's eyes on him for some time now, drinking in his form, both old and new, but always from the shadows or afar. The elf had ventured with minor flirtations towards Jowan but had always been rebuffed yet this did not dissuade him. His attempts at seduction had only grown in intensity since Jowan had taken his new body from Cailan.

Jowan did have to concede that elf was quite attractive with full lips and olive skin, lithe, defined - the picture of supple athleticism. He noted that he had not truly considered what difference there was between man and woman. Obviously there was the noticeable extremities or lack thereof and that it was indeed natural for a man to desire a woman. Little thought given was exactly the nature of it: he had spent so long focused entirely on his Lily that his activities with Leliana and Morrigan now seemed like branches on a tree rather than desires in their own sort.

It was these ruminations that led him on this night to smile back at Zevran when he caught the elf eyeing him up. The gesture was not lost on the assassin nor was the fact that Jowan retired shortly thereafter but left the opening of his tent ajar.

Jowan did not need to wait long as Zevran had followed him to his tent and found the mage reclining on his bedroll, naked with his enormous cock stiff in hand. Zevran sank to his knees before the sight of Jowan's rigid member, though having seen it before it was no less breathtaking.

The elf's plump lips descended upon Jowan's erection, engulfing its head and sliding down as far as he could in one swift motion before drawing back and letting the cock pop from his mouth. It swung pendulously in the air as he did so before coming to a stop, rock hard and unyielding yet again.

"You've teased me with tales of your proficiency as a lover Zevran, don't tell me that was it?" joked Jowan and elf smiled deviously in response.

"You wound me my dear Warden, and is it not you that has been teasing me?"

Zevran grasped the cock, his elven hand not able to fully encircle its girth before lowering himself back onto it; kissing and sucking as his other hand began to gently fondle Jowan's engorged balls. Jowan's pelvis instinctively slid forward, relaxing into the pleasure of Zevran's touch as he threw his head back and let out a hearty groan.

With each moment Zevran seemed intent to slide more and more into his throat and mouth, and while the sound of sloppy ministrations filled the tent there was nary a gag. Jowan was impressed though not enough to reward Zevran with any warning of his encroaching orgasm.

Skillful fingers teased his balls, coaxing them as the wetness of Zevran's mouth pushed Jowan closer to the edge. With a thrust upwards that pushed the head of his cock to the back of Zevran's throat, Jowan relinquished his control. He relished in the sound of the Crow gagging and choking on the torrent of cum that slammed into the back of his throat. The elf

fell away coughing and sputtering and Jowan simply laughed in amusement but without malice.

When he had finally regained composure and taken a moment to breathe, Zevran turned to Jowan looking a little sour.

:You could have warned me”

“When has that ever been the nature of this beast?” joked the mage.

“....but I will consider doing so next time”.

Zevran arched an eyebrow, intrigued. He had expected his flirtations to instigate a dalliance at best: a satisfaction of Jowan’s curiosity and baser instincts.

Gold Flecked Black and Red

Ever since he had brought Alistair under his thumb Jowan had made it a point to inquire deeper into the man's past and secrets. He was not inclined to accept any more surprises like that of Alistair's lineage.

In fact it was the nature of Alistair's convoluted family that had gripped his attention for many of these inquiries. Not because it was anything particularly interesting or fantastical but rather because it could be best described as messy. The bastard almost made him feel better about his own lot in life, well the lot he had once held anyway.

He was quite done with the person he had been before, and his new life had yielded many unique opportunities. His current engagement being no exception.

Goldanna panted hoarsely, her eyes ever tilting upwards into her skull as she hung limply against his body. He could not blame her, this would have been intense had it just been the cock of Cailan Theirin filling her tight snatch, but alas for her poor womanhood Jowan had insisted his companion also partake.

He rocked his hips into her again, his thrusts slow. By contrast the other cock occupying her cunt pounded it with vigor. It was an incredible feeling, his cock engulfed by her pussy, wet and welcoming as another man's cock ground against his inside that same cunt.

He pushed Goldanna's head to the side so he could watch the expression of his groaning companion, the young bastard gripping his half-sisters hips as he thrust into her over and over. Past a haze of red that filled Alistair's mind, Jowan could see the man inside, cognisant of his actions, horrified but not resistant.

Hopelessness?

Or perhaps the horror was nothing more than grandstanding to obscure how much he actually enjoyed what he was doing?

Jowan did hope for the latter, they could have so much more fun if Alistair proved to be a more complicit companion.

Jowan stroked the stubbled cheek of the prince and watched as those glassy eyes slowly raised to meet his own, his body however continuing its dutiful pounding of Goldanna. Jowan pulled Alistair forward and kissed him. Though the man offered no kiss or passion in return the mage did feel him cum deep inside his own half-sister. Jowan's cock was slick with Goldanna's fluids and Alistair's cum, her hole squelching as her half-brother continued to fuck her despite beginning to grow flaccid.

The sensation almost drove Jowan over the edge himself but he stayed his own orgasm and willed Alistair to slow himself and withdraw himself from her. Jowan followed suit and

pushed the spent Goldanna to the side where she collapsed, her mind still in shock from how the pair had abused her pussy.

With Goldanna out of the way Alistair lowered himself to the floor and then much to Jowan's surprise, lay on his back and lifted his legs into the air, exposing his fuzzy hole to the mage.

Odd, Jowan mused. He hadn't issued any compulsion to the man beyond kneeling. He had merely wanted to make the bastard swallow his seed and yet this act of supplication... it compelled him.

Jowan knelt down and pressed his engorged cock against Alistair's tight asshole, even slick as it was with Alistair's cum and Goldanna's juices he struggled to press past the muscle. Reaching deep into Alistair he sang to the blood and slowly the muscles relaxed granting him access as he laboriously pushed his monstrous cock inside the prince.

Alistair squeaked as Jowan pushed deeper, Jowan himself barely noticing, focusing instead on mustering all of his self control to prevent himself from cumming from the tightness of Alistair's hole alone.

After what felt like an eternity of inching forward Jowan finally found himself buried to the hilt inside of Alistair, the prince panting as if he had just run a mile. Jowan stayed there a moment: sheathed entirely in the prince, letting the man's ass adjust to the length and girth of his cock.

Alistair's cock twitched between them, returning from the flaccid state it had been in to a half hard erection as fresh precum began to dribble from it. Encouraged, Jowan began to slowly rock his hips, making quick shallow thrusts inside Alistair's depths, each impact eliciting monosyllabic sounds of uncertain pleasure from Alistair.

Jowan's plump testicles bounced against Alistair's skin as his pace intensified, the young prince moaning as his own cock moved from half mast to full erection. The two groaned and panted as Jowan fucked Alistair's ass, the sounds of pleasure and flesh echoing in Goldanna's shack of a house, as she lay not far away, still catatonic.

With a guttural grunt Jowan pushed himself into Alistair with one final thrust and felt his cum surge through his cock like lightning, erupting and filling Alistair's ass. Alistair let out a shocked cry at the feeling as his own cock began squirting cum onto his own chest.

Jowan stared down at the man he just fucked. His first in fact. He had let Zevran play with him and suck his cock several times now but he had never taken things this far. Alistair looked back up at Jowan, eyes wide and unsure.

Rot Amongst the Leaves

Jowan's advance upon the Dalish had been swift, the hulking forms of the werewolves carving a bloody path through their ranks with the Lady of the Forest at the head. Once upon a time Jowan may have sympathised with the elves as a people distrusted for simply existing but that rang more true for the wolves. After all, the werewolves had been twisted by circumstance beyond them and caricatured as monsters - and more than that he admired their strength and ferocity.

It was in the vein of this admiration that inspired him, the already impressive flesh of Cailan's body swelled further as it erupted into fur and fang. He had swatted aside Zathrian's staff as the Keeper sought to confront him and ended the man's incantations by crushing his skull between the palms of his claws. The spectacle only served to spur on the wolves, the pack baying a new name:

"Bloodstrider".

Yet Jowan was not without mercy, those elves who had begun to turn from the curse were of course spared so that they might join his ranks but even among the healthy he spared some. His intention was not to end the people of this tribe but to win the aid of the Lady and her wolves and to this end they were made to bend by blood.

Jowan reclined on furs laid out on the floor of a Dalish aravel he had claimed as his own, watching contentedly as a ginger haired beauty bounced enthusiastically on his massive cock. The sight of its length disappearing inside of her and then emerging again in all its glory made his blood sing: he had grown to love the sight of himself as much as he did the feeling of her hot pussy sliding on and squeezing his length.

"Gheyne" he cooed, bringing her foggy eyes to meet his own as she panted and ground her sex into his, "is quite the lithe beauty, don't you think?" he mused to the elf on his right.

Mithra giggled in response, her mind bucking at even this compulsion. Though for naught as she found herself pressing her breasts into Jowan's body as he hooked his fingers in her cunt and bade her rock her pelvis to their bidding.

"I think that's a yes, well I certainly know you agree" he mocked, turning to the thick lipped man on his other side. The elven lad's eyes were wet as if he were about to cry but could not and were this entire situation not entirely of Jowan's concoction, the kiss the mage planted on the lad's lips might have been mistaken for compassion. Jowan's free hand slid up the lad's thigh to his soft cock; he had let the boy keep his will here, if only for the satisfaction of breaking it. His penis was small and unassuming, but Jowan found it quite cute, making soft circles on the underside of the head with a finger tip. With each complete circle the speed of Gheyne's movements increased as he bade her body bring him to climax.

Jowan's tongue forced itself into Cammen's mouth as he deepened his kiss with the lad, his own pelvis thrusting upwards as he emptied his seed into Gheyne's waiting womanhood. She cried out at the heat and he felt Cammen's own cock twitch in delight at the sound.

Gingerly, Gheyne raised herself letting Jowan's slick member pop free, still hard and twitching despite the voluminous load he had sprayed inside her. Her knees quivered as she did, collapsing on the furs beside them shortly after. Jowan grabbed Cammen by the back of the head and turned his head to face Gheyne as he commanded her to spread her legs and present her cum filled cunt to them.

He could feel the hurt in Cammen, like a lump of iron in his gut, yet he could also feel the shameful arousal of the lad. He pushed the boy forward towards Gheyne's pussy, bending him forward and driving his face into it.

Mithra mewled in discontent at the lack of attention, grinding her breasts on Jowan's back as she reached around to rub his cock, still firm and ready for action. Not to be deterred Jowan compelled the elven boy to open his mouth and lick at Gheyne's sex and then to begin to suck and drink his cum from inside her. He watched with cruel fascination as Cammen ate out his former girlfriend's cummy pussy all the while Mithra's strong hands, slick with his cum and Gheyne's juices slid up and down his meat.

He eyed Cammen's pert ass, two bouncy orbs raised up in the air, almost like perfect little breasts. Ever since his exploration with Alistair and Zevran he had begun to notice the appeal of certain body parts more. He moved forward to rub his cock tip against Cammen's hole breaking the connection between himself and Mithra, as he smeared precum on the elven boy's entrance. Mithra however was not to be denied and snaked between them, grabbing his shaft and directing the tip away from Cammen's ass and into her own mouth.

Jowan would have been annoyed if not for the hungry way she suckled at his tip and tongued his slit, her eyes determined to have what she wanted. Or rather what he demanded she wanted. Loosening his shackles on the former couple slightly he pushed them to enact their own satisfaction as he lay back down and closed his eyes, allowing Mithra to mount his waiting member.

In the darkness he could hear Gheyne's moaning begin anew as Cammen's cute little cock began pounding her slick hole in a steady rhythm

Exalted Are Those Who Seek

Greagoir had been suspicious of the mysterious Warden who had suddenly appeared at The Circle, poised to solve all their problems. This much was obvious at the time but Jowan's suspicion was confirmed as he pried it from the mind of witless templar. The fool had been easy enough to lure into letting his guard down, after all Jowan had seen how he had ogled Morrigan at the docks of Lake Calenhad.

Carroll had, to all his knowledge, been sent to investigate the Warden and been lucky enough to run into the dark haired woman from the docks. He had stammered out something to her which seemed to please her and now he was burying his face in her soft pink pussy, barely able to believe he had managed to win her affection.

His disbelief was warranted and were he able to recognize that his veins were singing to him a song of delusion he might know that this was not the dark haired Morrigan at all. Jowan licked his lips as he stared down past his navel to the templar between his legs rimming his asshole, one hand on the man's head as he drowned him in the illusion and tore more from his memories of the mission given to him by Greagoir.

Still, despite the ease of this success Jowan had another problem: the other templar Greagoir had sent was Cullen who had proved, even in the chaos of the tower, to be quite difficult to turn. Currently Alistair was keeping the man occupied with tales of their journey, much abridged, and fanciful lies of the Warden Mage from Weissaupt who had survived Ostagar with him but this would not suffice. Soon the princeling would ply Cullen with food and drink tainted with blood but if he were anything like Alistair himself this would only be the beginning.

Content with Carroll's efforts and having plundered his mind for the last dregs of relevant knowledge Jowan pushed him to stillness. He found his cock leaking heavily, precum dripping from the tip and pushed it into the templar's warm mouth, wiping it on his tongue and withdrawing before the warm sensation could arouse him further.

There was work to be done, they were to be upon Denerim soon, vying to win the hearts of lords and common folk alike in anticipation of the Landsmeet.

Watchful Eyes and Needful Hands

Zevran had estimated the hostility of the elves of the Alienage with eerie precision but had gauged that their simmering hatred of the nobles could make them allies. In lieu of the disregard and distrust the nobles had already shown Jowan and his party, he was inclined to agree with the assassin's assessment. For every elf on the street, there were two of their kin in the houses of the lords and ladies, privy to whispers and boasts alike, matters best left concealed from their peerage.

Who better to tie together these webs of intrigue than the alienage elves who in their fury had assaulted a local lord, seeking to prevent injustice against them. True they were no longer agents of their own will, but that was true of many who Jowan needed to serve his ends. Many elves had been lost to the Tevinter slavers, more still to the blood rite that now further empowered Jowan. The community sought leaders as it fragmented further and those Jowan selected to lead had fed them his truth.

‘The death and slavery were acts of cruelty visited upon them by the aristocracy. Yet, there were still those who did not believe this was the world as it should be and it was these revolutionaries that Jowan and his party represented.’

He wondered how far the circumstances and responsibility of being Warden would stretch his ambitions. If an outcome was desired should he not continue to strive for it and then beyond? Was that not the nature of desire?

He sighed and shook his head, tired of being consumed by his own pondering, especially when his two community elects were putting so much effort into pleasing him. Gazing down he smiled at Shianni and Soris, one either side of his erect length, gently suckling and licking at his engorged nuts. The shacks they lived in were a far cry from the Arl of Redcliffe's estate but afforded a convenient amount of privacy for rendezvous such as these.

Curiously, while Shianni should have been the more natural talent, it was Soris who had taken to the task with more zeal; he wasn't sure if he needed to exert any true control over the man's actions. As if to prove the point the ruddy haired elf detached himself from Jowan's cock and moved onto his back, spreading and lifting his legs to expose his ass to the mage.

Jowan watched as Shianni moved to join Soris but rather than presenting herself, she slicked her fingers with a kiss and pushed them inside her fellow elf. Jowan's hands gripped his cock as he pumped it slowly as Shianni removed and drove her digits back into Soris making the man gasp.

It had been a while since Jowan had gotten to enjoy an elven ass, his duties in Denerim keeping him far from the Dalish. He moved to where Soris and gently pushing Shianni aside he replaced her fingers with his pulsing member, pushing it into the waiting ass of Soris. Were Jowan's cock even remotely appropriately sized this may have elicited a gasp but for Soris the magnitude seemed to push the air from his lungs entirely as his eyes rolled up into his head and mouth went agape. Jowan ground into Soris' limp form, feeling the tightness of

his hole gripping and encircling him, the man's body rocking in time. Soris squeaked and bucked as grinding turned to earnest but short thrusts, confirming to Jowan's relief that his cock hadn't killed the elf. Shianni quickly silenced Soris by smothering his face with her sopping womanhood moaning as he began to suck at her cunt reflexively. As Jowan's pace quickened he dragged Shianni from Soris' face with his magic, casting her to the side as he pressed his and the male elf's bodies together.

The young man's face reeked of Shianni's sex, and Jowan licked her juices from Soris' face, tasting her arousal as he moved to Soris' mouth and pushed his tongue inside to taste more. The young man kissing back pushed him over the edge as he felt his pendulous balls tighten and cum surge through him and into Soris' ass.

Beneath the Boughs

Pining eyes gazed up at him, expectation and imagination dancing behind them as Jowan gripped the enormous cock he had inherited from the late Cailan. Those desperate eyes followed its path back and forth as he swung it past the elf's face again and again. Thick, kissable lips parted just slightly reminding Jowan of an engorged and waiting pussy and the mage brought his cock down upon them, slapping the head of his erection on those lips repeatedly never leaving it there long enough to let the elf suck on it.

He ceased and held his cock above the elf's face again eliciting a disgruntled mewl and he smiled as he stroked a tattooed cheek with the back of his free hand. A quick twist of his wrist and now his hand grasped the other's face squeezing his cheeks and forcing those luscious lips to pucker. With his other hand he guided his monstrous cock forward to smear precum on the elf's lips before pushing forward and into the elf's mouth. Releasing his grip on both his cock and the elf's face he filled the elf's mouth with his member causing his cheek to bulge as his length pressed against the side. Jowan stared down his navel at the sight before him, marvelling at his manhood as he grabbed the elf by the forehead and pushed him back. His cock revealed itself inch by inch, slick with spit, thick lips caressing his length as he did so. It finally released itself from the elf's mouth causing it to spring forth and land with a wet slap on the elf's face.

The elf beamed up at Jowan past the engorged prick that lay on his face, loose tongue caressing the underside and balls much to Jowan's delight. Still this was not enough, to go further and do more.- Such was the nature of Jowan's desire.

Jowan's weight bore down upon the elf as he brought both of them down to ground and without command or hesitation the elf's legs spread and wrapped around Jowan's waist, making the elf's own desires quite clear. Jowan would do him no favors and slid his cock inside with little care, the elf's ass stretching around his thickness as the other man gasped in pained delight. The elf's arms hooked themselves around Jowan's neck and brought him lower still so their lips could meet as Jowan began to thrust in a steadily increasing rhythm, kisses interspersed with gasps and moans.

Jowan's hand snaked between them to grasp the elf's own dick and pumped it in time, the panting quickening as did his own motions as they grew closer. The elf came first, semen wildy exploding from the tip and spreading across his abdomen and Jowan's hand as Jowan himself increased his speed more. He bucked wildly into the elf's ass, the elf's back arching off the ground as Jowan's seed sprayed inside him.

As Jowan collapsed onto him, Zevran thought to himself that this may just be love. A certain kind of love anyway.

The Root of Kinship

The roots that encircled her loins began to twitch and draw back as he continued his sensual ministrations, the absence of nipples on the spirit's breasts leaving the area no less sensitive to his touch. Cupping her breasts he gently massaged them, placing kisses on each, back and forth as she sighed in appreciation and confusion. Physical pleasure was not known to the realm of spirits, especially not one's such as her; and thus the sensations were alien and yet alluring.

Jowan kisses began to dip lower, passing from chest down to her navel and abdomen where the roots that once bound her in modesty had now departed. The rich green of her skin gave way to a surprisingly pinkish womanhood, lips full, flush and moist. Pressing his face between her thighs he inhaled deeply, the scent was earthy but not unappealing; like the deep woods of the Brecillian. His tongue stretched out to explore her flavours. The smell was but a hint of her nature as the impression of wild blossoms danced across his tongue and her juices, immediately reminded him of honey.

Looping his arms under and around her legs he gripped her and pulled her closer as he kissed and sucked at her folds seeking more of her. Like following a stream he chased the flow of pleasure and he felt the wetness on his tongue, lips and beard.

The Lady of the Forest was a new lover and new to love, though he was not sure if she was truly capable of such a thing. She guided the wolves not out of empathy but because that was who she was; like a tree in the forest she cared not for the weeds but knew their place all the same. Such a wild thing could not be tamed; Zathrian's attempts to control her and the fates of the wolves only spurred her onward and Jowan knew he could not bind her.

Demons sought to be embodied and yet even clad in oak and flesh their nature drove them to further experiences.

"My Bloodstrider," he voice echoed in unnatural tones, "My withered sister, strangled by bile and blackness, and yet you are here still."

Jowan ceased and gazed up past the navel of the Lady.

"Speak plainly My Lady, what is it you desire to say?"

Her black eyes flickered, pensive and searching; did she herself not know?

"I... desire to know you as the elves do."

Jowan rose from between her legs, climbing forward to press the tip of his already stiff manhood against her entrance. A lilting sigh escaped her as he gently pressed against her, the lips of her pussy parting to welcome him as he allowed himself to be slowly enveloped by the spirit.

When at last he found himself as deep as he could go, he began to draw his hips back and in an equally slow motion withdraw his cock from her until the tip slipped free of her. She stared down at his cock and her vagina with fascination as Jowan rubbed the tip against her lips, drawing awkward and uneven attempts at circles on her flesh.

She reached out and grabbed at Jowan's penis, shimmying her pelvis closer as she guided the head back into her, begging with her movements to be filled again. Jowan had no reason not to comply as he slid his girthy length into her once again and began making short thrusts inside of her.

With each movement she demanded more, pushing into his thrusts as his movements became longer and rougher, the sound of his balls slapping against her as he ravaged this woodland goddess. Suddenly his orgasm was upon him, so lost in the mutuality of this rather than the usual domination he did notice its arrival, and with a cry his cock spasmed inside of her, short pants punctuating each squirt of cum he emptied inside of her.

When he was done he gingerly withdrew herself from her, as she lay back in the aftermath, her feelings inscrutable as ever. Jowan descended once more to between her thighs, thick with the smell of semen as rivulets of his sperm dribbled from her.

A knock at the door drew his attention away from the spectacle as he righted himself and stood, his cock still hard and slick. He approached the door and opened it with little care, coming face to face with Deygan. Instinctively the elf's eyes followed the nakedness of Jowan's chest to his manhood, past him to the Lady and then back to the mage's face.

"My Lord Bloodstrider, Gheyne and Mithra have been settled in the quarters you arranged for them and Cammen is with them now."

The forests and camps were no place for two pregnant women after all, especially with the Darkspawn horde sweeping across the land. The hospitality of Redcliffe Castle would not be forgotten even though some persuasion had been required to obtain it for the Dalish.

"Thankyou Deygan. You may join them, the Lady and I have concluded our business, you will not be required."

A flash of disappointment in those yellow eyes, strangely lupine, though Jowan was not sure which role the man had hoped to play in this affair.

"My Lord, there is one more thing..."

Jowan nodded and bade him speak.

"Morrigan has requested you, she says it concerns the battles to come."

Bearer in Black

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Ah, you have come, are you done sowing seeds? Though I fear these will not take as others have...” jested Morrigan, a small smile creasing her lips. Over time Jowan had relaxed his influence; dominion was no longer required as compliance had burrowed deep within: for Morrigan, for the elves and even Alistair.

Though there were still moments he had blotted from their minds so as to not incite rebellion.

“Even I have limits, and I am not certain if I would be a good father to a forest.”

She chuckled

“But a father you will be, soon enough.”

“They have bedded others...”

“You truly think Cammen is virile enough to overpower your contributions? He has pluck and little else.”

Jowan sighed and shook his head, her words did not stray from the truth.

“However, even if they are not yours, you may yet be a father.”

Jowan’s body tensed.

“You see there is a reason I was sent with you. A role I can play in your future, sit and let me tell you of Darkspawn and Archdemons.”

Secrets that of those present only he, Alistair and Riordan should have known spilled from Morrigan’s lips as easily as her usual unrepentant scorn. What followed however was a possibility, a way for those wardens gathered to cheat death. There was no guarantee Riordan would be the one to slay the Archdemon, no guarantee which of them would make it to face the beast; and he was in no way willing to sacrifice his own life or that of his Alistair.

Jowan pushed Morrigan down into the bed as his loins stirred to attention, no less energetic for his prior activities. He could not recall how many times he had bedded the witch before, and his magic guaranteed that neither could she.

Jowan fucked her with steady thrusts: there was no foreplay. This affair was something else entirely. Despite her coy smile and the way she caressed his body this was not love making or even sex, this was magic and ritual. With a gasp he emptied his seed inside of her as she groaned, a mix of enjoyment and discomfort at the flood of hot semen spilling into her.

Chapter End Notes

The Battle for Denerim had been hard fought, for all the soldiers, mages and wolves Jowan had amassed to fight, the Darkspawn seemed to have another three. Countless lives lost and yet countless saved, the gates held by a coalition of dwarves led by Jowan's own companion Oghren. The warrior had somehow managed to join the fray sober, despite being so drunk at every other occasion Jowan had scarcely ever needed to bend his will or cloud his memories.

The soldiers spoke both in awe and hushed tones about the mysterious Grey Warden and his closest companions who led the charge.

Flanked by werewolves the newly crowned King who scythed through the Darkspawn ranks and carved a path to the Archdemon. A dark sorceress and a contingent of Redcliffe knights who annihilated the Darkspawn that threatened the Alienage while a handsome elf directed a small force of mages to bombard the Marketplace, devastating the enemies that had gathered there.

Few were present to bear witness to the Archdemon's final moments but all accounts reported the same. From amidst the chaos the Warden had bounded forth, his flesh swelling and twisting as he became first a hulking werewolf, and then shifting again into the mirror image of the Archdemon itself, tearing it apart with fang and claw, rending flesh and soul alike.

Authority and Temperament

“Well Your Majesty, I can see you wasted no time in attending to your kingly duties” joked Jowan as he clapped the king and his fellow warden on the back. With no one of any political import around to disapprove he could act as he pleased.

Alistair smirked at Jowan, he could keep precious little secret from the mage, after all they were friends. They were friends? Was that right? Something pressed at the corner of his mind momentarily but the sensations of the present situation cast it adrift from his conscious thoughts.

Jowan stared down at the pathetic woman before them, a would-be queen, cunning and malicious, but it was her eagerness to betray them in pursuit of power that had led her here. With one hand she worked the length of Alistair’s girthy cock as she slid her lips over the tip making loud slurping sounds as she did.

“She seems quite practiced, Your Majesty.”

“Ohh yes, once she learned- that I had survived the battle and that there were those still calling for her execution....” he groaned as she slid him deeper into her mouth, “..she became quite eager to please.”

Jowan laughed.

“I suppose you’re not the first kingly man she has bed, eh?”

Alistair’s eyes shone with interest at the thought, that it had not occurred to him already was surprising, or it would be, had he not a penchant for being an occasional dullard.

The king’s hand reached over to his friend and gave his cock a gentle squeeze through his robes.

“Shall we put it to the test?”

Jowan marvelled at the man Alistair had become; was it something in his blood or was it the blood of the kings? For all his practice in the mysteries of blood magic, there were still sanguinous secrets he was yet to uncover.

He fiddled with his robes, loosening them and delighting in how Anora’s eyes widened at the sight of his engorged member. He wondered if she recognized it.

Alistair pulled her head from his own slick cock and pushed it towards Jowan’s as she tentatively tried to engulf the mage’s hard on.

“I’d say you’ve proven me wrong Your Majesty, you are her first king. Her skill appears to simply be a result of her being a whore.”

Jowan moved his cock away from mouth, her attempts to pleasure him leaving him wanting, choosing instead to slap her face with his enlarged dick, hard. She recoiled from the impact, placing her hands between them as if that would achieve anything. He kicked at her, knocking her onto her back as she heaved a sob, frightened and distressed, the mage circling around to stand behind her as Alistair lowered himself to the ground and pried open her legs.

“My Queen-”

“Whore Queen” interjected Jowan

Alistair cleared his throat, “My Whore Queen,” he announced in his most imperious voice, “-as your King, I decree it is time you pay penance for your treason and offer your services to the realm.”

Jowan watched excitedly as Alistair guided his cock inside Anora as she choked back a pained squeal. He stroked himself in time with Alistair’s increasing thrusts, the new King caring little for Anora’s wellbeing or the journey, apparently seeking only climax.

Alistair came first, his eyes fluttering as he emptied himself into Anora, his moan closer to a bellow driving Jowan closer. The mage picked up the pace of his masturbation as his own cock erupted, spraying cum forward, striking Alistair in the face and open mouth and leaving a path of stray semen along Anora’s body where some spurts had failed to make the distance.

The two men basking in their afterglow was but a brief respite for Anora as it became apparent from Jowan’s erection standing strong that he was far from spent. Alistair withdrew from Anora’s cum soaked cunt and Jowan quickly filled his absence stretching her wider still, revelling in the mixture of juices and cum that her womanhood massaged his cock with.

Like Alistair he cared not for this woman and his thrusts seemed only intent on bringing himself to orgasm again, as he drowned out her pained whimpers. Grabbing her by the hips, he roughly hoisted her up to rest on his thighs as Alistair squeezed in behind her and began to rub the tip of his cock around the edges of her already overfilled pussy.

Before she could protest, Jowan forced his lips upon hers, muffling her words and stuffing his tongue deep into her mouth as Alistair continued to press against her, her lower lips finally beginning to yield. Jowan moaned into Anora’s mouth as he felt Alistair’s length slide against his own, Anora’s eyes widening in pain as Alistair’s girth inched inside her, the two dicks stretching her beyond belief.

The two men’s thrust became shallow, more akin to grinding as they competed for what little space there was in Anora’s tight cunt, her wetness and their precum doing little to alleviate the situation as they frothed inside of her. Jowan withdrew his tongue from Anora, leaving her coughing and spluttering, she gasped for air between pained whinnies. Jowan and Alistair leaned forward towards each other, the pair panting like dogs, but a breath away from one another.

As their grinding intensified Jowan grabbed Anora’s hips again pulling her closer and tighter as Alistair grabbed her breasts from behind, squeezing and kneading, eliciting shrieks from her. The pair groaned as they began to flood her insides with more of their seed, their

grinding losing none of its pace as the copious loads of cum they had deposited in her began to be squeezed out by the motions, running down their sacks and onto the floor.

Again Jowan's cock spasmed and fired another spurt of semen inside of Anora, Alistair gasping at the sudden movement, his own cock quivering in response as his yearning lips stole a single quick kiss from Jowan. Moving his hands from her bruised breasts he grabbed Anora by the wrists, pulling her arms back and arching her back as he began to try and buck into her. She cried out as he forced long strokes into her trying to turn that quiver into another climax as Jowan matched his pace, the pair's cocks sensitive, nearly to the point of pain, fighting against exhaustion for one last orgasm.

With her cunt stretched wide, having been forced to accommodate two huge dicks, Anora could do little but wait for the men to finish. With one final gasp they bucked again, the tips of their manhoods twitching and releasing one last spray. Their balls emptied and bodies spent, the men finally ceased their movements and silence fell upon the three.

Seat of Civility

He had received the summons while he had been patrolling the perimeter of the Keep, seeking any signs of Darkspawn activity. Their presence in the Amaranthine was becoming more prevalent by the day and the Keep was not yet ready to withstand an assault should it come to that. They could not afford a single Darkspawn scout to escape their notice.

Strange was it then, that he should be called back to the Keep by Jowan while conducting this rather important duty. A duty Jowan himself had assigned to the rogue that very morning. Upon entering the Throne Room, any strangeness regarding the request was dispelled and yet magnified all at once.

There upon the throne of Vigil's Keep, upon what was once his Father's throne, was both the Warden Commander and his sister and neither a sight fit for public display. Heaving and huffing like a farm girl, she bounced on Jowan's sizable cock as he sat there, his attention focused on what appeared to be a letter in his hand.

As the Warden-Commander of Ferelden it was necessary that you be named and known to the people, however there are those among the Circle and Templars calling for you to be expunged from the Wardens.

It seems heroic deeds are wasted on the reputation of a maleficar. They will not act openly, but they will seek to undermine you using any pretense. They have already won the interest of some nobles.

Stay vigilant - V

Jowan smirked and placed the letter on the arm of the throne, the presence of Nathaniel in the room finally catching his attention.

“Ah, Nathaniel, my friend and fellow Warden. I was just getting acquainted with your sister, after all, the introductions the other day were woefully brief, especially for a beauty such as her.”

Jowan reached around to cup the former noblewoman's ample breasts, giving them a tender squeeze, inciting further groans as she continued to slide up and down on his slick member.

Nathaniel's blood boiled, and sang and soothed, his head swimming with thoughts of fury towards Jowan for this disrespect of him and his sister but also with a queer curiosity for the spectacle as something stirred in his own loins.

“You.. wanted to see me? Commander,” growled Nathaniel.

“We did, actually. Although Delilah here has refused your offer to live at the Keep I believe there is no reason she could not enjoy our hospitality for a time. I had thought to surprise you with her visit but you responded to my summons quicker than anticipated.”

“Well I’m certainly surprised, that’s true”

Narrowed eyes and bared fangs, Nathaniel would have made a superb werewolf.

“Aren’t you two going to say something to one another? I didn’t request your presence so we could sit here in relative silence.”

Jowan squeezed Delilah’s breasts again, hard.

“W-well met, ugghh, brother.”

“Delilah...”

Satisfied, Jowan released his grip on Delilah’s breasts and slid his hands down her body to her hips where he urged her into a rocking motion.

Nathaniel approached the throne tentatively, his eyes flitting between Delilah’s face replete with ecstasy, her breasts bouncing freely, Jowan’s smiling countenance and his enormous prick as it appeared and disappeared into his sister’s sex. Ascending the small steps before the throne he brought himself close. Close enough to reach out and touch them; the scent of their activities assailing his nostrils.

“Commander, perhaps I should return to my duties, as you two appear quite occupied. Perhaps you could send for me again when you are less... engaged.” he offered between gritted teeth.

“Forgive me Nathaniel, I’ve been so focused on being a good host, I’ve neglected your interests.” replied Jowan, his voice carrying a tone that suggested ulterior intentions.

Jowan slapped Delilah’s hips with a resounding smack as he began to thrust upwards into her with increasing speed. Nathaniel watched with a mix of awe and disgust as Delilah’s moans became stuck in her throat escaping only as half formed gasps, her fingers slipping down to her womanhood as she rubbed her clitoris with abandon.

She cried out, lifting herself upwards and off Jowan's dick. With her pussy no longer plugged by its girth there was nothing to stop the voluminous spray of juices that erupted from her and squirted onto Nathaniel's face and torso.

Not to be outdone, Jowan gripped his slick cock as it stood erect between her legs and pointed the tip at Nathaniel. Pushing himself over the edge with rapid strokes, he fired thick globs of ejaculate upwards, adding to the mess on Nathaniel's face and armor..

As Delilah sagged back down into Jowan's lap and the throne, breathless and spent, Jowan cheekily fondled one of her breasts while admiring what they had done to Nathaniel.

Well, I'd say Albert the storekeep is a very lucky husband, wouldn't you agree?"

Nathaniel's face, wet with both Jowan and Delilah's fluids, could only grimace.

The Pitiless Path

'Strip' demanded the man in front of her, though he did not use words, no, it was his foul blood that commanded her with such profane authority. It had been a ruse to capture the apostate Anders who had been taken in by the Wardens and granted safe harbor. No, that was untrue, it was the Warden Commander - a maleficar who had chosen to steal Anders from her and his due justice.

A ruse that had gone far more than awry, her fellow conspirators, a pair of templars: dead.

The Warden Commander and Anders had bathed them in a sea of lightning and fire. They had shown no mercy the moment she could not be convinced to leave them alone. For all their training they had done to resist the power of Mages, they could not weather the onslaught and then as she stood alone the Warden Commander had sliced open his palm and called forth his blood, sending it through the air and pouring into her.

The moment the coppery taste hit her tongue her movements and mind dulled, reduced to a mere observer by this *blood magic*. Her eyes flitted between the two smoking corpses of her allies, there must be something she could do.

Again the command came 'Strip' and slowly her limbs moved to begin unbuckling and removing her armor piece by piece, that bastard, the Commander coming to her "aid" with some of the more difficult pieces. Without a shred of outward resistance she had disarmed and rendered herself naked before these two apostates.

Anders looked perplexed, he understood what was happening and why it was happening but why was it happening?

Internally Rylock scowled at the blonde's gawking, shame causing her to become flushed or at least it should but her body did not yield any reaction.

"She's been hounding you for quite some time Anders, don't you think it's only fair you get to vent yourself a little?"

Something nudged Anders in the back of his mind; was Jowan insinuating what he thought he was? It'd be wrong... but so was what she was trying to do... wouldn't this be.... Justice?

The blonde mage stepped forward and reached out to Rylock, grabbing one of her large nipples between his fingers and tugged on it, Rylock yelping at the pain or at least she tried to make a sound.

No response. He frowned. He reached for the other nipple and tugged on both at once, squeezing tighter with his fingers and pulling further.

“Does she feel it?” questioned Anders, her stony face revealing none of the thundering profanities she was issuing forth at these two perverts.

“Oh she is, but we don't want to draw too much attention to ourselves. I'm sure there's too many good Chantry going folk in the streets who would come to her rescue.”

Anders released her nipples and stood before her hands on his hips, pensive and ruminating on how best to get about this.

With a flick of his hand Jowan commanded her to lower herself to her knees before Anders and reach for his groin, cupping him through his robes.

“Hmm?” queried Jowan, testing Anders' interest.

Rylock could feel him stiffening at her touch but was perplexed when he stepped away from her grasp and shook his head in Jowan's direction. The other mage merely shrugged as Anders turned to face her again.

She did not have to wonder at his intent for long as he extended his hands before him and from each hand a single finger emitted a spark of lightning that struck out at her nipples, her body quivering involuntarily at the act.

Clearly curious he repeated the act, once, twice, thrice, her nipples stinging, the lightning never lasting long enough to injure, only torment.

Intrigued, Jowan presented Anders with a new opportunity; commanding Rylock to lean back and push her hips forward. Hands reaching down to pull apart the lips of her cunt and expose it to Anders.

His fellow mage quickly caught the hint and Jowan watched with excitement as he conjured another spark, this time shocking the templar's clit, her body bucking with disregard for Jowan's control. Rylock's eyes watered as Anders shocked her clit again with a stronger jolt causing something to squirt forth from her cunt onto the wooden floor, and with that his desires were aroused.

Descending on the immobilized templar he undid and parted his robe, his hard cock barely exposed for a moment before he jammed into her waiting hole. Rylock's eyes widened as she felt the mage enter her, fucking her like a rabid dog seeking naught but climax.

Maker, would the indignities visited upon her by these apostate bastards never cease?

Her question received an answer quickly as the blonde mage huffed and groaned and she felt his hot seed pour into her, his body quivering and shuddering.

Just as quickly as it had begun it had ended, Anders withdrawing his cock from her, still oozing cum from the tip, a string of the abominable fluid linking her lips and his tip. Tucking his manhood away he rose again, and in the moment he turned to Jowan it was although something in him snapped: his eyes suddenly no longer cold and distant but wide with worry.

“What, what have I done!? She’s a templar; once we leave she’ll report this to her superiors- they’ll send more.”

“Anders, calm yourse-”

“Why did we do this...? Why did I do that!? What am I becom-”

Jowan pressed his lips to Anders’ own leaving his fellow mage momentarily stunned, and pulling back he hushed Anders and stroked his stubbled cheek comfortingly.

“Fret not, she will trouble you no more, go enjoy your freedom, such as it is.”

Again Anders felt a nudge at the back of his mind as his racing heart and mind settled as Jowan ushered him from the building and back into the bustling streets of Amaranthine but soon returned to the captive Rylock. Still bound to Jowan’s will, Rylock returned to her feet at his direction, the Warden Commander dressing her once more, ensuring her armor was as it was prior to Anders’ fun. Seemingly content with his handiwork he moved her next to the bodies of her fellow templars.

In her soul she screamed as she was consumed by Jowan’s conjured flames, when his magic finally abated there was nothing left of her but charred flesh and smoking armor.

Bounty of the Arbor

“Jowan, I saw some women in your quarters, they appeared to be Dalish, why are they here at the Keep?”

“I am their keeper, Velanna”

Her eyes narrowed in clear disapproval and disdain.

“Choose your words carefully, shem.”

Undeterred by her wounded pride Jowan offered her further explanation:

“I do, their clan was decimated by Zathrian's hubris and now I carry and keep their dreams. If you doubt me you may ask them yourself.”

“Perhaps I will do just that. ” she sneered

“Allow me to spare you the effort” came a familiar voice, two elven men approached the Commander and his Warden and although they were not known to Velanna, they too were Dalish.

“”Aneth ara, sister, I am Deygan and this is Cammen, much like Mithra and Gheyne, we are among those elvhen Lord Bloodstrider has kept in his heart.”

“Lord?” she replied incredulously, “Bloodstrider?” she continued.

Clearly it was beyond her that one of the Dalish, her people, would willingly submit themselves to the lordship of a shem, let alone refer to such a person by a curious title.

:What spell have you woven over them, Jowan? These are not the ways of my people.”, an accusation a little too close to reality for Jowan’s liking.

“Ah, but they are the ways of *my people* .” retorted the Commander coolly, infuriating the female mage further.

Deygan nodded assertively: “Let us show you why, sister.”

Cammen’s eyes glimmered at Deygan’s suggestion but Velanna simply shook her head in disbelief.

“Show me? What could you possibly show me?”

Suddenly Cammen’s hands were upon her, grasping at her breasts through her robes.

:What- Are you- Doing!?” she screeched, turning to snarl at Cammen, not noticing Deyan making his move as he grabbed her by the wrist before she could swat at Cammen, his other

hand sliding between her legs and rubbing her through her clothing.

“Commander! Help get these disgusting vermin off me!” she yelled only for Jowan to place his hand over her mouth, her pupils widening as she slipped away.

Velanna awoke to her own moaning, her surroundings were familiar but not her own quarters... Was this Jowan’s bed? Why did she feel so good and who were these forms beside her?

Turning her head to either side she identified the men; Cammen and Deygan, both naked and kissing her flesh. She could feel them touching her elsewhere too, hands on her breasts and thighs and something else inside of her. Casting her gaze down past her navel she discovered the source of her sensations: the cocks of the two men sliding in and out of her pussy in uneven rhythms.

Why was she letting these men have sex with her? She remembered them offering to show her why they followed Jowan and then... then she said she’d love for them to show her... and they brought her here. She must have lost consciousness momentarily from the pleasure...

She moaned loudly, as the twin cocks thrust into her the men panting into her skin as they lay more kisses upon her. But where was Jowan? Was not this display meant to show her his worthiness?

“D-Deygan, the Commander, should he not be here too?” she questioned between gasps, eliciting a chuckle from the elven man.

“You do not recall? He bedded you first.”

Velanna reached back into the haze of her memories, images shifting into view momentarily.

The two elves escorting her to Jowan’s quarters and removing her garments.

Jowan standing at the foot of the bed where she lay naked, large cock erect as he looked at her hungrily.

The sensation of being filled completely and utterly, Jowan’s muscled body pressed against hers.

The feeling of something incredibly warm spreading inside her as her vision faded.

“It’s okay Velanna,” soothed Cammen, “the first time Lord Bloodstrider took me my wits abandoned me. He is truly incredible.”

“And you too Deygan?” she questioned, chest heaving as the two men’s pace quickened, her pussy overwhelmed by the constant pounding of their manhoods.

“My Lord Bloodstrider has not yet seen fit to bed me, I can only hope one day I am in his favor.”

“You are in his favor Deygan, he has entrusted you with pleasuring Velanna alongside me.”

Cammen reached across Velanna’s body to grasp Deygan’s forearm, rubbing it comfortingly as their pace quickened further, escalating as the two men cried out and again Velanna felt something spill inside of her.

As the men basked in their afterglow, Velanna found herself reconsidering the nature of her superior: he could not be Lord Bloodstrider to her, but perhaps the Warden Commander was deserving of more than respect: he was to be admired and... adored?

Debts Paid in Pride

“To think I’d find myself at the mercy of your goodwill again.”

“Please, I’d hardly compare this to that cell you were in” scoffed Jowan as his red headed companion laughed and nudged Jowan’s thigh with his knee. At the foot of the bed on which the pair sat was Nathaniel, kneeling with one hand massaging Jowan’s shaft, or at least the parts of it he could wrap his hand around and the other hand stroking the cock of their guest.

“I must say your idea of making amends for Rendon Howe’s crimes against me is quite unique, and I’d never have imagined his son would be so amenable to... reconciliation.”

Nathaniel leaned forward, tongue outstretched to lap at the base of the man’s cock before taking one of his balls into his mouth and suckling on it softly eliciting a satisfied purr from the noble.

“Nathaniel understands the crimes of his father were not his own but that they must be answered. But what of you, Vaughan? Your letter of warning was much appreciated but I have done much more than give you freedom.”

“I am wholly indebted to you and the King for your assistance in reclaiming my place among the nobility, yes.”

“And ensuring that elves of the Alienage would do you no harm, provided you desist from antagonizing them.” added Jowan pointedly, his thoughts crossing to Shianni and Soris.

Vaughan’s lip curled at the mention of the elves, clearly his distaste ran deep despite his oath to make relative peace with them. Jowan could have willed him to speak the absolute truth as to whether this oath had been upheld, but he had confidence that Vaughan had not broken his word.

The moment passed with a little aid from Nathaniel as he released Vaughan’s testicle from his mouth and began to trace a line to the top of the man’s cock with the tip of his tongue. A sigh escaped Vaughan’s mouth and it was unclear whether it was born of contentment or defeat as the red head leaned over to place his lips on the top of Jowan’s hard prick. His lips spread over the bulbous head as he sought to engulf it in his warm mouth, though he was clearly unpracticed at such things.

Jowan rubbed Vaughan’s upper back through his red and gold shirt in an attempt to encourage the man as he began to swirl his tongue around the cockhead that filled his mouth. Meanwhile Nathaniel had begun to try and satisfy Vaughan in earnest, having finished with his teasing tongue, his head now bobbing up and down on the nobleman’s prick.

The pair worked at an uneven pace, Nathaniel trying to bring Vaughan to climax, and Vaughan himself still finding his way around the very premise of the act itself. Jowan lamented that this was a problem of his own making; he had spent some time playing with Nathaniel following his encounter with Delilah. His fellow warden had become quite

enamored with swallowing Jowan's copious loads after witnessing the Commander ravage his sister's womanhood. Meanwhile Vaughan was but a novice at servicing him; having never lain with him or another man it seemed; likely having only ever been concerned with his own pleasure at the hands of women prior to this moment.

Jowan felt Vaughan huff around the head of his cock, groaning as his hips rocked into Nathaniel's waiting mouth, depositing a healthy spray of cum, the rogue swallowing it deftly without gagging. Vaughan ceased attending to Jowan's cock and stared at Nathaniel as the Howe slowly dragged his lips over the length of Vaughan's cock, sucking up any remaining cum before letting the noble's rapidly deflating prick slip from his mouth.

"I hope you are pleased with the hospitality of the Wardens, my lord, and with the apologies of the Howes." spoke Nathaniel coldly, Vaughan nodding slowly in response.

"Well that's good isn't it, I suppose all that remains is your contribution to this affair, Vaughan." spoke Jowan, reminding the redhead that his orgasm was no excuse for stopping. Vaughan turned back to Jowan, speechless as he examined the monstrously large cock before him again and gulped deeply, leaning back in only to have the now standing Nathaniel push him away from it and back onto the bed.

Jowan pivoted from his sitting position and hoisted Vaughan's naked legs into the air exposing his ass, the mage commander climbing on the bed and pressing the head of his cock against Vaughan's crack.

"What? No! I didn't think this was part of our bargain!" shouted Vaughan, his cheeks flushed and eyes wide. From beyond where he could see he could hear Howe rustling around as he felt something wet and slender slide up his crack and past to where his virgin hole was. He attempted to protest further but found the words would not come as something pushed into his ass spreading the wetness into his insides as the redness in his cheeks deepened.

He felt something else slide into his hole and move about stretching him wider, and then again as Jowan stared down at him, smiling all the while. The more he stared into the mage's eyes the more he felt his ass relax and accept the invasion, the edges of his vision blurring. A hand wet with some sort of clear slime reached around from behind Jowan and began to smear the substance up and down the length of the Commander's dick. When it was done Vaughan felt whatever was inside his ass withdraw slowly and watched as Jowan shuffled back and spread Vaughan's ass cheeks with his hands and pressed the tip of his enormous member against his hole.

He wanted to protest, it was too large: It couldn't! He couldn't!

The air left his lungs in a tumultuous exhalation as Jowan pressed his way inward and began to sheath his rigid cock inside the red headed nobleman. The distance between their bodies closed once more as Jowan buried himself in Vaughan's insides, the noble struggling to reclaim his breathing as he panted his way through the sensation until finally the cock inside him stopped moving deeper and he could feel Jowan's pendulous balls touching his skin.

It was not long before the sensation changed again, as somewhere at the periphery of his asshole he could feel something else poking, seeking a gap that it could slide into and he felt

himself stretch wider still as another dick, long and slender move inside him to join Jowan's girthy monster.

The familiar hands of Nathaniel Howe wrapped themselves around Jowan's abdomen as the rogue placed his chin on the shoulder of his commander and pressed their bodies together.

Nathaniel began to fuck him first, moving in and out, and then when he moved in Jowan would pull back and slide back as Nathaniel would move out. It was a slow and grinding movement as the Howe panted into Jowan's neck.

Vaughan's hands clutched at the bed sheets, his mouth clenched as he whined through his teeth at the sensation, the pair repeatedly brushing against something inside him that sent jolts up his spine. His own cock, spent as it was from Nathaniel's earlier servicing now limping its way back to an erect state.

Jowan released Vaughan's legs and leaned forward out of Nathaniel's embrace and pressed himself onto Vaughan, hands either side of him as his grinding turned to thrusting, his massive length sliding in and out of Vaughan's ass. The redhead could feel a pair of hands on his ankles now, likely Nathaniel's, as his legs were pushed further into the air, bending his back and as the rogue too increased his speed. The two having lost their early rhythm, Jowan's thrusts steady and forceful while Nathaniel's were quick and darting.

Vaughan clawed at the bed sheets first and then at his own shirt, rubbing his chest through the material as he fingers dug into it, pulling at it in a desperate attempt to remove it and expose his bare flesh to the cool air. His cock twitched and quivered with every motion, every brush against that spot inside him that seemed to rival an orgasm in itself.

Vaughan watched as Jowan closed his eyes and let forth a guttural growl and felt the mage's enormous prick slam into him as deep as it could as the insides of his ass warmed with the other man's spilling seed. Nathaniel feeling Jowan's the cum of Jowan's climax fill Vaughan's insides, matched Jowan's previous rhythm gasping with each thrust until he too stilled as his seed sprayed squirted forth into Vaughan.

A moment passed as the pair gathered themselves and gingerly removed their cocks from inside Vaughan, who now lamented how empty he felt when not filled by another man. His cock still twitching, he reached for it, tender as it was his recent orgasm and stroked it rapidly, coaxing thin dribbles of cum out of it and onto his shirt as he chased a fleeting and tired climax.

March On With Disregard

Jowan would not necessarily be considered a cautious man, but he was cautious where it was due. Such was the case with Justice.

From the moment he met with spirit at Blackmarsh he could tell the spirit was aware of the magic he had woven into his fellow Wardens, and of the remnants of her that lingered on his skin. For this reason Jowan had focused some time on strengthening his grip on the people around him and condemned the walking corpse to live in the dungeons of Vigil's Keep. Under the pretense of consideration for the occupants of the Keep, of course.

Full glad was he of taking this course of action especially at moments such as this where the spirit would surely object to what was to come and the perversions of will he was to enact.

“...Rylock's disappearance has not gone unnoticed and her quarry is in your company, you must realize how the Templars see this.” argued Cullen, clearly exasperated that the Warden Commander did not seem to care about the aspersions cast upon him by Greagoir and several members of the nobility. Jowan's attention snapped back to the conversation at hand.

“Of course, but that's why you'll find all suspicions regarding my character are without merit, after all Carroll seems quite approving of Anders...”

The befuddled Cullen stared at Jowan unsure what to make of this comment until he heard the pitched moaning from behind him. His fellow Templar, sent to assist him on yet another investigation of the mysterious Warden, fingers tangled in the blonde hair of an apostate who appeared to be felling him. Opening his mouth to object to this clear dereliction of duty and sense, instead the good templar found himself moaning squeakily as Jowan reached around from behind and rubbed the length of his erect cock.

He could not recall when he had removed his armor let alone his underclothes, or where Carroll had disappeared to on arrival only reappear here now in... these bedchambers? Were they not to meet the Warden Commander in the Throne Room?

Blood Magic.

The thought formed on his for a moment before bleeding away into Jowan's touch. Jowan guided the templar to his knees as he peered deep into the man, bidding him to watch Carroll and Anders as he searched the man's mind for clues. The templar's blood sung a story, not entirely his own but what he glimpsed was enough to affirm Jowan's suspicions; this was no minor conspiracy any more. A plan was brewing to oust him and his retinue from the throne of Vigil's Keep and execute him as an Apostate and Maleficar. This inspection was nothing more than an attempt to scout for advantages that could advance the stratagem of the nobles.

Carroll shouted and his body quivered as he unloaded himself and filled the mage's waiting throat with his cum. Having satisfied his charge, Anders quickly abandoned the young

templar to his euphoria and kneeled with Cullen before Jowan. Grabbing Cullen by the hair, Anders joined their lips as he fed Cullen his fellow templar's cum with a kiss, Cullen swallowing obediently.

Jowan watched vacantly as Anders then rose to his feet and presented his own stiff member to the templar who leaned forward to engulf it with his mouth with abandon. The blonde sighed, eyes closed in bliss as Cullen's lips worked their way up and his cock, rocking his hips into the other man's mouth. Cullen's hand drifted to his own penis which he began to stroke in rhythm.

Jowan was certain Cullen and Carroll would find no fault with him or reason to try and apprehend Anders, though he knew that was only a temporary solution. The nobles wanted blood and it was only a matter of how they would have the Commander expunged, not when. His thoughts were with the Dalish under his care and the rule of his good friend Alistair.

Cullen quickened his pace as Anders began to cry out in satisfaction, the mage shooting ropes of thick cum at the behest of the templar's eagerness with Cullen's own orgasm following moments later.

Jowan could scarcely bring himself to decide on a course of action yet, thoroughly distracted and now barely paying attention to the events before him despite having taken pains to arrange them.

With a wave of his hand he bid Cullen to use his tongue to clean up the mess he made of the floor as he departed.

Running With The Wolves

In the year that followed the Darkspawn assault on Amaranthine, Jowan departed Amaranthine, abandoning the body and plate of Cailan in favor of a form more inconspicuous.

The contents of his study suggested that his goal may have been to seek a solution to the Taint.

He was followed only by Cammen, Gheyne, Mithra and Deygan; the two women leaving their newborns in the care of Vigil's Keep.

Although no body was found, several witnesses attested to the death of Velanna at the hands of the Darkspawn that assailed Vigil's Keep and that she was not among the Dalish that followed Jowan.

Seeking release from Kristoff's body for Aura's sake, Justice struck an accord with Anders and the two became one.

This union tore Anders and Justice free from the invisible chains that Jowan had bound them with, and now in full possession of themselves they abandoned the Wardens.

To prevent these desertions inciting discord, Nathaniel assumed custodianship of Vigil's Keep and his governance of the local Wardens was supported by both Sigrun and Oghren.

Alistair was quick to provide his blessing to Nathaniel at the urging of Vaughan.

Jowan and his elves resurfaced only momentarily to conspire with the witch Morrigan on some unknown affair before vanishing again.

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