Change me—Malleabile

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1625.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandoms:	Dragon Age II, Dragon Age (Video Games)
Relationship:	Fenris/Anders (Dragon Age)
Characters:	Fenris (Dragon Age), Anders (Dragon Age), Justice (Dragon Age)
Additional Tags:	Consensual Non-Consent, Mind Control Device, Dom/Sub, Multiple Orgasms, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Consensual Sex, Mention of Past Abuse
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-10 Words: 16,010 Chapters: 2/2

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by barbex

Summary

That Fenris shows up in Anders' clinic is strange enough but then he kisses him and then things start to get really weird and wonderful.
But Justice doesn't approve of this distraction and keeps interrupting them. Anders may have a solution, involving a magical device that will silence Justice but also temporarily take Anders' free will away. Which would make Fenris his master. Something he isn't comfortable with. Or is he?

This is a Fenders fic with Sub!Anders and Dom!Fenris.

Notes

Written in 2020 for Fic-In-A-Box, re-uploaded here for ocean-in-my-rebel-soul to help during the AO3 downtime.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1



Anders looks up from his patient, his hands tingling with healing magic. He is tired, exhausted even, and his magic reserves are nearly used up. But someone just came through the door and he can only hope that it's just a minor injury. He doesn't have it in him to heal a large injury anymore, not tonight.

His vision is blurry and he blinks a few times to clear it but there is no mistake: Fenris stands in his clinic, looking at the beds and chairs filled with overnight patients with a sneer of... something. Anger? Disgust? Pity? It's hard to tell.

Fenris doesn't have a sword in his hand and while he doesn't need that to be a deadly weapon, Anders doesn't get the impression that he came here to fight. They recently have come to a careful state of peace between them. A rather fragile peace, but one that gives Anders plenty of opportunity to look at Fenris; which he really likes to do.

"Fenris, are you hurt?"

"No."

Anders turns his focus back to his patient, spreading the rest of his magic to knit tissue together. At last, the deep cut is healed, the rest of the wound can be treated with bandages and a poultice to heal naturally. Lilith is already at his side, holding bandages at the ready and shoos him away.

"You have to rest, Healer," she says firmly and waves his meek protest off.

"Fine, fine." Anders holds on to the table for a moment, swaying, before he finds the strength to walk over to his desk and fall into the chair. He closes his eyes, willing the world to stop spinning.

"Anders."

Fenris' deep voice has Anders snap to attention in more ways than one. Does the elf even know how amazing his voice is? Does he know how beautiful he is? Anders slowly turns his head to find Fenris standing next to him. He's looking down on Anders, a concerned frown on his forehead and he is more beautiful than anyone has any right to be.

"Sorry, what can I do for you?"

"You're not well."

"Nothing new under the sun. Not that we see much of the sun here in Darktown."

"I..." Fenris' mouth is open but no more words come out. He looks down at the small bag he holds in his hand and throws it in Anders' lap as if it's on fire. "For you," he says and turns. He's by the door before Anders has the chance to check the bag for its contents.

"Wait, Fenris, what...?"

But Fenris is already gone, swallowed up by the fog rising from the water. Anders looks at the bag in his lap and pokes at it. It doesn't move, so it's not a kitten or something like that, which is a bit disappointing. He carefully opens it and finds several small packages inside, wrapped in clean cloth. He takes one out and folds the corners back and does the same with the next packages until he has all of them spread out in his lap.

"He's bringing me food?" Anders stares at the neatly prepared slices of bread, each covered with butter, cheese and a leaf of lettuce. One package contains tiny sweet pastries that smell divine.

"Your friend knows you well," Lilith says as she walks by. "You need to eat more and we can use those linens for bandages too. Very thoughtful, your friend."

"My friend?" Anders mumbles. He has already wolfed down the first bread and now forces himself to go slower or he'll get the hiccups again. His thoughts are stuck on Fenris and him being friends. *Are they?* They haven't yelled at each other for weeks now, that much is true, and ever since Hawke visited her sister in the Circle with Fenris, he has gotten really quiet in his declarations of general mage evilness.

Anders is certainly not complaining. It gives him plenty of opportunity to nurse his crush on the elf. It's never going to happen but in his fantasy, Fenris has already brought him several kittens and they all sleep together in a big bed with clean white linens.

The thought is so absurd that he chokes on a bite of pastry.

The next day, Anders has almost forgotten about Fenris' strange visit — *no he has not, he has in fact lost sleep over wondering about it* — Fenris turns up again. This time it's later and Anders has already sent Lilith home with the few coins that made it into the basket by the door. He cleans, sending a cleansing spell over his table and putting the used bandages and linens into a bucket of soapy water. With a snap of his wrist, he throws a fireball into the bucket to bring it to a boil.

A gasp behind his back has him turn around, only to see Fenris stare at him with wide eyes.

"Oh," Anders says rather stupidly. "I didn't hear you come in."

Fenris looks at the bucket and frowns. "You shouldn't bring it to a boil like that."

Anders stops himself from rolling his eyes. "Sorry, if I'd known you were here, I wouldn't have done it in front of you. But surely you have seen people use magic like this before, it's not all just for fighting, magic can be used to cool food for storage or heat water like this. Magic has many uses and — "

"No," Fenris interrupts. He unbuckles the scabbard from his shoulder and leans the sword against the wall. "I meant that you should wash the bandages in cold water first, the blood stains will set in hot water."

Anders stares at him with his mouth open.

Fenris stares back and slowly his frown turns into a grin. It's like watching the sun come up behind dark, thunderous clouds.

"You..." Anders has trouble forming words in the light of Fenris' smile. "You're right, I... I forgot."

Fenris is still smiling and Anders is sure that he will faint if he watches that any longer. He turns away, hiding the blush that is surely showing on his cheeks. Just for good measure, he casts an ice spell into the bucket, even though it's probably too late for the bandages.

"Can I sit?" Fenris asks.

"Do you want to?"

Having Fenris here, in his clinic, is unsettling already; Anders can't wrap his head around the fact that he now wants to stay. "Uhm, here." He wipes accumulated stuff from his second chair and places it as far away as possible from his own chair by the desk.

The frown returns to Fenris' forehead, he takes off his sharp gauntlets, lifts the chair and places it closer to Anders'. He sits down, setting his bag on his lap and looks at Anders, the grin on his face clearly a dare.

Anders wipes over the operating table once more. Not that it needs it, he already cleansed it of everything organic but it gives him a moment to think. Unfortunately, he still can't make sense of the whole situation.

Anders turns to Fenris, wiping his fingers clean on a rag. "Um, why are you here?"

"I brought food." Fenris takes out a large package from his bag and unfolds the wrapped linen to reveal a whole wooden plate of cheese and ham and slices of buttered bread.

The image of Fenris standing in his derelict kitchen, cutting bread, cheese, and ham into slices, fails to take hold in Anders' head. Maybe spirits did it. But it's food and he's hungry and the whirlwind of questions in his head can wait until his stomach isn't growling anymore.

Anders takes a long step over the buckets and boxes on the floor and sits down in his creaky chair, scooting further towards his desk to give Fenris more room. Fenris frowns at that.

"Are you afraid of me?" Fenris asks.

"No, I mean, I know you're dangerous but I don't think you would just grab my heart for the fun of it... I hope." Anders takes a piece of buttered bread and a slice of ham and starts eating. No matter where this conversation will go, he'll get at least one good meal out of it.

"No, I wouldn't." Fenris stares straight ahead, his frown getting even deeper. He gestures toward the difference between their chairs. "Why this?"

Anders takes another piece of bread and some cheese and starts stuffing his mouth. He chews fast, swallows too much and, predictably, gets the hiccups. He holds his breath, patting his own chest.

Fenris steps up to Anders' chair and holds a glass of water out to him, watching as Anders takes a few hasty sips. He takes the glass back, but stays in front of Anders, his knee almost touching Anders'. He looks down to Anders, his frown slowly softening.

The way Fenris looks at him, Anders thinks he now understands how a mouse feels when a cat looks at them. He presses himself against the back of his chair, causing it to creak dangerously.

Fenris licks his lips, looking even more like a cat. "If you're not afraid of me, why are you moving away all the time?"

Anders swallows hard. "I'm just trying to give you space. You hate me, everyone knows that."

Fenris' expression softens. "I don't hate you." He steps back and walks to the operating table and then to the wall and back.

For a moment, Anders fears that Fenris is going to leave but instead he is pacing between the table and the wall. His shoulders are drawn inward and he walks as if he still carries that hefty sword on his back and expects to be attacked at any moment. He stops abruptly and turns to Anders. "I *don't* hate you."

"Since when?" Anders watches Fenris as he takes another piece of bread from the plate left on Fenris' chair.

Fenris stops his pacing and stares at the wall. "I don't know. I have come to tolerate you — "

"Oh good." The last piece of bread and cheese finds its way into Anders' mouth. "I always wanted to be tolerable."

Fenris throws his head back. "Will you let me speak, *mage*?"

Anders swallows the bread down and leans back in his chair. "See, if you're done with hating me, you could, maybe, not call me *'mage'* like that."

"Like what?"

"Like it's disgusting. Like *I'm* disgusting."

"You're not..." Fenris turns to him and the corner of his lip twitches upwards. "You're not disgusting, Anders."

Predictably, Anders feels himself blushing. Curse his stupid crush on the angry elf. "That's good to know, I'll make sure to let Justice know. Oh right, Justice, the spirit that lives in me, for which you love to call me an abomination, have you met him?"

Fenris frowns and looks anywhere but at Anders. "I am aware of your... your spirit."

"Well, aren't we all." Anders' mood has taken a deep dive into the dark, for reasons he doesn't understand. His belly is full, Fenris apparently doesn't hate him all that much anymore — he *should* be in a good mood. But looking at Fenris is like looking at a cake in a shop window that he can never have and he still keeps pressing his nose against the glass.

"I better go." Fenris turns to the door to pick up his sword.

"No, I'm sorry!" Anders jumps up from his chair.

Fenris looks at him, a strand of his hair falling into his face. "I don't understand. Why are you angry?"

Anders kneads the skin of his face with both hands. "Maker, I don't even know. You brought me food, that officially makes you my favorite person."

"But you're angry with me."

Anders sighs and sits down. He leans his head back on the back of the chair and closes his eyes. Exhaustion creeps into his bones, the lack of regular sleep had to catch up with him at some point. "I'm not really angry, I think I'm just confused. I guess I can't deal with you being nice to me, it upends the order of my world."

Something touches his face, calloused fingertips brush over his cheek and Anders' eyes fly open. Fenris leans over him, stroking his face. He brushes his fingers into Anders' hair, tracing the outline of his ear and smiles at him.

"If I'm upending your world," Fenris says, his voice dangerously deep, "I should do it right." He presses his hand on Anders' cheek, holding him still and leans down. He kisses him.

For what feels like several years, Anders is frozen. His mind is white, not even Justice making a peep. Fenris' lips on his are soft but firm, caressing and demanding. Anders finds himself following that demand, opening his lips to deepen the kiss. Without thinking much, it's easy to follow Fenris' lead, to take the kiss like an offering and answer in kind.

Fenris moves away a fraction, drawing a breath in between their lips. Anders gulps in air with sudden desperation, as if he has forgotten to breathe and needs the reminder. He takes in the taste and scent of Fenris, already familiar and he wants more.

This time, Anders moves. His hand finds Fenris' neck and pulls him closer. He finally remembers how kissing works and if this is just a strange dream, he wants to take everything that he can. He opens his lips, dipping his tongue forward, licking Fenris' lips.

Fenris takes a harsh breath and then he's on Anders like a force. He straddles Anders, his armor pressing into his chest and his fingers carding through his hair. The chair creaks but Fenris keeps pressing forward, holding Anders' head in his hands, kissing him, his tongue exploring his mouth.

After the initial shock, Anders melts into the kiss. He moans, taking what Fenris is offering him, holding on as best as he can. The armor is annoying, his searching fingers only finding hard leather and metal but then his hands slip lower and he grabs Fenris' ass. The surprised gasp from the elf makes him laugh.

The chair creaks again and Anders grabs Fenris' head. "You have to get up."

As if he slapped him, Fenris jumps up and backs away. "I'm sorry, I — "

"No." Anders hurries after him, one hand up but he halts when Fenris flinches as if he expects to be slapped. "It's just the chair. The chair will break."

Slowly, the frown disappears from Fenris' forehead and he steps forward. He seems to grow several lengths as he comes closer, the tension leaving his shoulders and his body straightening from its hunched up posture. He takes Anders' hand that he still holds up, and pulls it to his face. Watching Anders with burning eyes, he places several kisses on the wrist.

Anders' knees go weak and a gasp escapes his lips.

Fenris keeps watching him, kissing softly along the inside of Anders' arm.

A shudder goes through Anders' body. "Fenris," he whispers.

Fenris stops kissing his skin, his lips hovering over Anders' arm. "Yes?"

Before Anders can say anything, his awareness is pushed aside and he can only watch blue light breaking through his skin as Justice surges forward. "You will not hurt him!"

Fenris takes a step back, hunching his shoulders again but he keeps holding Anders' hand, despite the angry lines casting blue light onto him. "I have no intention to hurt him."

Justice seems to consider that and Anders fights to get into his awareness again. But Justice isn't done. "This is a distraction."

Anders pushes hard, the annoyance at Justice giving him strength. With a rush, reality slams back into him, Justice retreating back into the hidden part of his mind. "Don't you dare, Justice," Anders spits out when he has control over his mouth again. "You don't get to destroy the one good thing happening in my life." Only now he notices that Fenris is still holding his hand. He almost doesn't dare to look at him.

But Fenris smiles. "The one good thing?"

"I..." Anders looks down on his hand in Fenris' and then back into his incredible eyes. Deep green eyes he wants to drown in. He's so close, he can see flecks of gold in them. His voice gets stuck in his throat. "I don't know what's happening but I'm not complaining."

Fenris pulls and Anders finds himself in Fenris' arms. "What do you want?" he asks.

"Could you kiss me again?" Anders asks carefully.

Fenris pulls him closer, his breastplate still an annoyance but he kisses him again and Anders forgets the meaning of time.

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"I knew it!" Isabela drapes herself over Anders' chair and grins. "I knew all that hissing and frothing was just you two having the hots for each other. Damn, I *wrote* that story!"

"I don't think I want to read that story." Anders rolls up clean bandages, most of them even white, despite his blunder with the hot water a few days ago.

"What story?" Hawke asks as she strolls in.

Anders tosses another rolled up bandage into a basket. "Is my clinic the new Hanged Man?"

Hawke waves his complaint off and steps up to Isabela's chair, kissing her.

"Be careful with that chair," Anders says.

Hawke looks over her shoulder to him. "Why? It can't take some hot kissing?"

"Well..." Anders shrugs.

"Oh!" Isabela cries out. "You fucked in this chair! In this chair right here!"

Anders rolls his eyes. "We didn't fuck."

"Oh, to be a mouse in these walls," Isabela says with a dreamy voice.

"There's too many mice there already," Anders says. "And rats."

"Come on, babe," Hawke says, pulling Isabela to her feet. "There's a dwarf outside who wants to speak to us."

"And here I wanted to hear all those juicy details..." Isabela saunters out of the clinic and they hear her greeting someone outside.

Hawke walks after her but stops at Anders' side. "You have to be careful with Fenris."

"What do you mean? You think he's dangerous?"

"No, that's not what I meant." Hawke sighs and looks at him. "When he was Danarius' slave, he was abused. He doesn't like talking about it but I think he was sexually abused. He may not..." Hawke sighs again, her voice thick with emotion. "He may not be ready for — you know — everything."

Hawke squares her shoulders and turns back to the door. Looking back, she fixes Anders with a glare. "Be good to him."

"I will, I promise." Anders watches her leave, wondering if Fenris is even aware of how much Hawke worries about him.

It has been a quiet day at the clinic and he hasn't much to clean, but he spent the day before and the morning with Hawke on Sundermount and collected as many plants as he could carry. That haul has to be cleaned now and the herbs prepared for salves and potions. It's simple busy work and his mind begins to wander.

He has only a vague idea of what life in Tevinter is like. In his youth, he even idolized it for a while, it seemed to be a dream to have a country where mages were not hunted but worshipped instead. It took several books from the Circle's library and especially Fenris' few stories of his life as a slave, to convince him that Tevinter wasn't the paradise that he wanted it to be.

What had happened to Fenris while Danarius owned him? Did he have to kneel at his master's feet? Did he have to attend to him, pleasure him whenever his master ordered him to? Anders groans quietly. There is something arousing and forbidden in that image. Not that Anders would ever wish such treatment forced on anybody, but if it was part of a game? To submit to someone, to give up his own will for a while, to only do what one is told? He isn't ashamed to admit to himself that he finds that hot.

Anders has to adjust his pants, his cock showing a definite interest in that scenario.

These are not helpful thoughts right now, their relationship hasn't come close to that yet. They've been kissing, and Fenris is a phenomenal kisser. Apart from that, they talk a lot, avoiding certain subjects. And Anders is aware that this avoidance, the way they don't talk about mages and mage rights, gives their relationship an end point in the near future. Such differences are not simply overcome by kissing.

But for now, why shouldn't he enjoy what they have, even if it isn't forever?

"Anders."

"Ah!" Anders' hands jerk at hearing Fenris' voice next to him and the bundle of herbs he was trying to hang up flies away in a great arc, spreading itself out in leaves and twigs all over the floor.

"What are you doing?" Fenris asks with an amused smile, looking at the spread of herbs on the floor.

"Obviously covering the floor with flowers for you, so that your gentle feet may never touch the dirty ground," Anders says and sighs, staring at the mess he made.

Fenris chuckles and takes Anders' chin in his hand, turning his face towards him. "I'm delighted." He smiles down at Anders and it's frankly ridiculous how beautiful the elf is.

Anders can only stare, his heart beating way too fast, his body reacting to Fenris' presence with heat that floods him from his head to his toes.

After a moment, Fenris places a kiss on his cheek and then steps back, holding out his basket. "It's still warm, we should eat it now."

"What is it?"

"Rabbit. At least that's what the butcher said, he grills them in an oven at the market."

"It smells delicious, let me just pick up these herbs." Anders slides down from his chair onto his knees, crawling forward to pick up the herbs. He hears Fenris setting the basket down hard on the table and turns to look.

Fenris' eyes are wide and he's blushing. It takes Anders a moment to realize that he's on his knees, and his face is only a handwidth away from Fenris' crotch. The crotch which shows a definite bulge right now. Anders stares at it, his mind emptying until all he can think about is tearing Fenris' leggings off and tasting him.

Anders slowly looks up into Fenris' darkened eyes. The tips of his ears twitch. With a breath, Anders leans forward, still looking into those stormy eyes, and places his open mouth over Fenris' clothed cock. He kneads the bulge with his lips, drooling over the fabric.

Fenris sucks in a breath. "Anders." Fenris' voice is nothing more than a harsh whisper.

"May I?" Anders puts his fingers on the lacing of Fenris' leggings, waiting for an answer. "Please?"

A growl rises from Fenris' chest. "Fasta vass, yes."

Never in his life has Anders undone the lacing of anything so fast. The fabric parts and Fenris' cock strains forward, right against Anders' lips. He grabs Fenris' hip to steady himself and kisses the tip of his cock, looking up to Fenris and relishes in the gasp he causes. Closing his eyes, he wraps his lips around the head and sucks.

Fenris keens and slides his fingers into Anders' hair. His fingers clench, scratch, pull at his hair in delicious tension and Anders follows the pull, moving closer and taking Fenris deeper. He slides the tip of his tongue around the head as he slowly works his way down. He gets about halfway before he hits the back of his throat and he covers the remaining length with his hand. The pressure on the back of his head keeps him there, gently pressed against Fenris' crotch and he moves his head and hand up in a slow slide and even slower back down again.

A tremble goes through Fenris' body, Anders feels it in his hand and on his tongue. A slew of words falls from his lips, words that Anders doesn't understand but then —

"Anders!" Fenris cries out and comes.

Oh, how Anders loves to hear his name like that, with that voice, with that rasp of pleasure in it. He swallows what Fenris gives him, greedily, and then moves his lips back up, gently

massaging Fenris' cock a few more times before he sits back on his haunches to look up to him. He can't help but grin, proudly.

Fenris opens his eyes and stares for a moment. Then, with an almost angry growl, he falls to his knees down between Anders' legs and presses a bruising kiss on his lips. Anders has to plant his hands on the ground behind him to hold against the force of Fenris' weight.

He kisses like he fights, is the one thought holding in Anders' brain. He demands, pushing forward, taking whatever Anders can give. His arms go weak and they fall backwards, crushing the herbs under Anders' back. The smell of elfroot and embrium mixes with the distinct smell of lust and desire as Fenris presses against him.

"This is a distraction."

Anders frowns at Justice's voice in his head. The spirit is usually not so forward. He tries to focus on Fenris again but Justice keeps pressing into his mind, reminding him of what he has to do. Mages die or are made tranquil every day and he wastes his time here, with this *distraction.*

Sensing Anders' loss of focus, Fenris lets go of his lips, slowly moving back. He sits up, one hand resting on Anders' thigh, and looks at him. "What is it?"

"I'm sorry," Anders says and wipes his face.

Fenris is up in a flash, tying his laces. "It was a mistake."

"No!" Anders scrambles to get up and pulls Fenris back by his arm before he can grab his sword and run out. "It was not a mistake, please, don't leave."

"But you..." Fenris makes a vague hand gesture that means nothing and everything.

"I know, but it's not like that." Anders wipes over his face again. He finds a drop of Fenris' spend sticking on his cheek and takes it off with his finger. Watching Fenris, he puts his finger into his mouth and licks it off.

Fenris stares. His eyes go from Anders' mouth to his eyes and back several times. At last he frowns at Anders and grabs his hand. Anders' finger leaves his mouth with a pop. "I don't understand — " he stares at Anders' hand "— this."

Anders grins helplessly. "It's not you, it's me? Is that an expression you know?"

Fenris' frown turns darker, if that is even possible. "If you're toying with me, if I disgust you —"

"Maker, no!" Anders shakes his head and uses the hand that Fenris holds to touch his cheek. "Andraste's arse, don't you know how amazing you are? You're smart, educated, principled, articulated. And you're so hot, it's wholly unfair."

"Then why don't you want to kiss me?" The scowl has disappeared and Fenris has never looked more vulnerable as now, staring at Anders with wide eyes.

"But I do!" Anders puts both his hands on Fenris' cheeks and pulls his head closer, pressing a soft kiss on his lips. "I want to kiss you all the time, everywhere. I want to taste you, feel you." Another kiss, this one turning urgent when Fenris opens his lips and Anders finds his tongue with his own, sliding softly against him. His hips begin to grind against Fenris'.

Anders pulls back for a breath. "And I want to suck you off, so bad, I want... I want everything, I just want you."

"A distraction."

"Ugh," Anders groans, throwing his head back in frustration. "Damn you, Justice."

"It's your demon," Fenris states. "Your spirit."

"Yes, spirit, thank you." Anders sighs and lets his hand slide down Fenris' arm. "Can we sit while we talk?"

Fenris nods and pulls the chair closer before he sits down. The heavy smell of embrium hangs in the air, the crushed herbs still spread on the ground between them. Anders sits down opposite of him and takes his hands in his.

"It's not just Justice." Anders takes a deep breath and stares at Fenris' hands. "Believe me, it frustrates me too. I'm a Warden, we have stamina for days, I could... But my mind goes a mile a minute all the time, I have so much to do, so much to think about."

Anders absentmindedly strokes over Fenris' knuckles with his thumbs, feeling more than hearing the song of the lyrium in his skin.

"Without this clinic," Anders says, "people die down here like flies and nobody cares. When I'm not here, some child will die of an infected toe because these people have nothing. And my fight for mage rights is not just a silly thing to waste time on. The templars kill mages or make them tranquil every day and again — nobody cares. Every day I don't find a way of raising awareness, of changing this, more get killed or get their personhood erased. Justice keeps reminding me of that and that can be annoying but it's not just Justice."

He looks up to catch Fenris' eyes and loses his train of thought. "Maker's breath, you're so beautiful."

Fenris' ears perk up and the tips turn deep red. "You're distracted. But you were not distracted when... when you sucked me off." He scowls for a moment but then a grin spreads on his face.

Anders laughs out. "No, by the Maker, I was not distracted then and it was wonderful. You're wonderful." He can't look away from his eyes, mapping every single golden fleck in all that green to his memory. "You're wonderful and I loved doing that for you and I want to do it again and you don't have to reciprocate. That's not what this is about."

"But..." Fenris looks away and his hands tighten on Anders' arms. "You're not my slave."

"That's not —" Anders halts, looking at Fenris. "Is that what *he* did?"

Silence stretches between them but Anders waits.

"A slave's pleasure is not the master's concern," Fenris finally says.

Anders steps closer, moving his arms to free them from Fenris' iron grip. He puts his hands on Fenris' face, wiping his thumb over his lower lip. "There's no slave and no master here. I wanted to make you feel good and I'm glad I could and it made me feel good too. I'm sure Justice will get used to it, to *us*, in a little bit and then..."

Fenris opens his lips and kisses the pad of Anders' thumb.

"I... I...," Anders stammers and his gaze goes from Fenris' lips to his eyes. "I forgot what I wanted to say, please kiss me."

Fenris shoves his hand into Anders' hair and holds him by the scruff of his neck. He kisses him with the same single-minded dedication that he does everything with, thoroughly taking his words away.

Anders melts into him, moaning as their tongues slide against each other. He breathes him in, clinging to him like a man drowning and maybe that's what he really does, drowning in Fenris. He forgets to think, to wonder, he lets himself drown in this moment with Fenris.

Chapter 2

Fenris closes the door behind the last two dwarves who drag out carts with corpses and debris. He turns around and has trouble believing his eyes. The mansion looks like a completely new building without the magically preserved corpses and piles of destruction. Madam Lusine had recommended this crew for thorough cleaning and discarding of questionable objects and they have been worth every coin he paid them.

The floors and walls are scrubbed clean, everything has been dusted and wiped off and even the handrail of the stairs has been fixed. The dwarf Felton promised to send someone over to fix the roof next week but the rest of the house looks more liveable than it has for the entirety of his stay in this dreadful town.

He walks through the great foyer, bathed in light by, admittedly, a hole in the roof, but it gives the place the atmosphere of a ballroom. Fenris twirls on the balls of his feet once, chuckling to himself as he adds another sidestep and twirl before he arrives at the kitchen.

Taking a fresh rag from a pile of astonishingly neatly folded pieces of cloth, he wipes down the kitchen counter in preparation for cooking. Midmotion he halts, frowning. It's a habit, this wiping down the counters or tables he uses before and after use, a habit installed in a slave who has learned to never leave a trace behind that could be used as a reason for punishment.

He isn't a slave anymore but it makes sense to wipe down the counter, even if this was originally a slave habit. He begins to cut carrots as he mulls this over.

Recently, Anders had been asking careful questions about his life as a slave and what he had to do. It has been strange to talk about it. How Danarius had treated him, how the separation between his bodyguard duties and his duties as a pleasure slave kept him sane. How Danarius breaking that separation was what made him find the strength to escape.

Fenris looks critically at his carrot cuttings. Cooking has never been part of his duties but Geraldine the butcher assured him that all he had to do was to throw the carrot pieces into the pot of stew she sold him and then stir it while it cooked.

Cooking, he finds, requires a level of patience he is not used to, but it gives one plenty of time to think. And these last weeks with Anders have given him plenty of things to think about.

Falling for the mage has made his life stranger and richer at the same time. For the longest time he had fought against the attraction, tried to see everything that was wrong about mages in Anders, pointed out all his shortcomings whenever he could, only to find himself thinking about him all the time. When he finally admitted his feelings to himself, it still took him several weeks to build up the courage to go to him.

Now, every other night, he prepares bread and other things for them to eat and carries a basket to the clinic. And he kisses Anders. He kisses him and Anders kisses him back and he finally understands why people do that.

Stirring the pot, his thoughts play out what usually happens after they kiss. The way Anders angles his head and goes so soft in his arms, how he moans into his mouth. How he closes his eyes and just touches him with such reverence.

Those touches are what undo Fenris every time. The soft caress over his cheeks, the stroke over the shell of his ear, all the way up to the tip, Anders' fingers at the nape of his neck, gently curling into his hair. That intake of breath, when his hands slide down Fenris' body, when his fingertips find one lyrium line and he follows it, that tiny gasp — he wants to hear it forever.

Not that he minds what follows after.

Except...

Anders has never come. He has brought Fenris to climax every time, sometimes twice, by taking him in his mouth or in his hands, and as far as Fenris can judge his sounds and reactions, he's always thoroughly enjoyed it. But everytime Fenris wanted to do the same for Anders, the spirit pushed Anders' mind away and took his body over, shouting at Fenris.

It was hard not to call him a demon after all that.

"What has the poor soup done to you?" Anders leans against the door frame of the kitchen and smiles at Fenris. Some of his hair spills out of his ponytail, dipping against his shoulders like a golden frame to his face. There is a light in his eye that makes Fenris' heart jump.

Fenris relaxes, he can't help but smile when he sees Anders looking like that. "It's a stew, at least that's what Geraldine called it."

"And why were you looking at it as if you were trying to kill it with your eyes?" Anders saunters over, putting his chin on Fenris' shoulder and pressing a kiss on his ear.

Fenris shudders, leaning against Anders' cheek. "Something I want to talk about with you."

"Oh," Anders turns and sits down at the kitchen table. "That's never a good start for an evening. And here I wanted to compliment you on the state of your mansion, it looks wonderful."

"Felton, the carpenter, will have the roof fixed too in a few days."

"I already love the kitchen. The kitchen is always the best place in the house."

Fenris picks up the pot and places it on the table. He finds two bowls and spoons in a cupboard and hands them to Anders. He searches through the cupboards and boxes for a ladle but he can't find any and gets increasingly nervous.

"Hey." Anders' hand is on his arm, stroking down to his hand to wrap his fingers around it. "What's the matter?"

"There's no ladle."

"No worries, we can use a mug." Anders picks a cup with a large handle and dips it into the pot, filling the bowls with it. "See? It works fine."

They sit down opposite each other to eat. Anders blows on the stew, frustrated that he can't eat it right away, until he's had enough and flicks a small ice crystal into the bowl. As he stirs, he looks over to Fenris. "Sorry."

Fenris raises an eyebrow but is pleased to note how little he cares about Anders' casual use of magic. A few weeks ago, he might have reflexively grabbed his sword at the sight of magic. But as he's come to spend so much time with Anders, magic has become a normal part of everyday life. Magic is part of Anders, it whispers on his body whenever they touch, it dances over his skin when he's aroused.

Anders helps himself to a second bowl and finishes it just as Fenris finishes his first bowl. Grabbing the makeshift ladle, Fenris fills his bowl again and watches the chunky pieces of vegetables and meat drop into the stew. This food is nothing compared to the meals he ate in Tevinter, unless Hadriana had him locked up and starving, but it's good food, simple and hearty and better than anything he ever had because he can eat it here, with Anders.

"Now that I've eaten," Anders says, waking Fenris from his thoughts, "I wonder what you wanted to talk about with me. I hope this was not the break up meal for sending me away?" He laughs but his eyes are dark.

"No, that's not — no." Fenris looks up. "Please don't leave."

"I don't intend to." Anders watches him with a careful smile.

"When we..." Fenris takes a breath. "When we have sex, you never reach satisfaction because of Justice. But I want you to, I want to make you feel good too."

"Fenris." Anders breathes out, a rough pinch in his voice. "Please believe me, you make me feel so good."

"But not like that."

"I know, it's complicated." Anders discreetly wipes over his eyes. "Justice doesn't understand and I can't focus. But I love doing this with you, I love hearing you, seeing you, bringing you to that point where your voice does this thing — "

Fenris pushes his chair back and steps around the table, presses his knee between Anders' legs, leaning over him. He takes his head in his hands, angling him up to look at him. "I want that too, I want to hear you moan and scream and beg and — "

"Beg?" Anders interrupts. His pupils are dilated and his cheeks flushed. He looks more beautiful than ever.

Fenris stares at him, not daring to move. "I don't know why I said that."

Anders moves his head closer, his breath playing over Fenris' lips. "But you would like that?"

"I don't know..." Images play out in his mind, of slaves begging to be allowed to come, locked in chastity devices every day. They were used, and some even seemed to enjoy it. He recoils at how much that arouses him, how this image has his lower body throb with desire.

"Fenris." Anders' voice is soft, pleading. "Please." He lays his head back, baring his throat to him.

The soft expanse of pale skin draws him near. He kisses Anders' throat, feeling his pulse quicken under his lips and a shiver under his hand on his chest.

"Yes, please." Anders whispers as Fenris kisses along his throat up to his chin. "Yes..."

Abruptly, Fenris moves back, keeping his hand on Anders' chest and pressing him back into the chair as he tries to follow Fenris' movement. His eyes go wide and a whimper escapes him. Fenris can only stare, failing to grasp the onslaught of emotions and desire rushing through him as he looks into Anders' eyes.

Several breaths later, Fenris still leans over Anders, holding him pressed into the chair with his hand. He can't deny how aroused he is, his cock straining against its confinement and a glance shows him that Anders feels the same.

"I think," Anders says, slowly, "we have to talk about this and what we both want. But I would rather do that in your bed."

He can only nod, stepping back to give Anders room to get up. Anders takes his hand and leads him up the stairs into the room he has declared as his own. This room has also been scrubbed, the bed has fresh linens and a few pieces of coal still glow in the fireplace.

Anders throws off his clothes and shoes and lies down on the bed wearing only a shirt, watching Fenris expectantly. Fenris undresses but he can't lie down, he's too worked up. He has no framework, nothing to compare to, to make sense of the whirlwind of emotions in him and he paces in front of the bed.

"Can I say something?" Anders asks.

Fenris laughs out. "Fasta vass, yes, please make sense of this all."

Anders chuckles and lies back on the bed, speaking up to the ceiling. "I can try. The thing is, everybody has preferences, things they like in the bedroom or not, but you, you never had a chance to find out what you like. You had to do what that asshole wanted." He sits up to lean on his elbows and looks at Fenris. "You were forced to submit to him but I think you're not a submissive person at all. You want to dominate someone but you never could."

Fenris stops his pacing and fixes Anders with a stare. "And you?"

Anders grins. "In case it wasn't obvious, I love to submit. I love being vulnerable with someone I can trust, I want to beg and be denied, I want to be ordered to please you and not allowed to think about my own pleasure."

Fenris sits down on the bed with his back to Anders. "In Tevinter, body slaves are everywhere. They are trained to please, to bring their masters to satisfaction. They are used whenever the master wants but not allowed to take their own pleasure." He takes a breath, letting the memories rise unhindered. "It's a normal thing to see. To hear a slave begging to come is rare, they should not be heard, but some are so desperate... stimulated for so long, not allowed to touch themselves or come without command. Some could not come at all, they were locked in chastity devices all day and night."

Anders moans and when Fenris looks over his shoulder, Anders is touching himself through his smallclothes. "Fuck that's so hot." He looks at Fenris and clears his throat. "Those were slaves and that's wrong. The difference is that I want it, that I consent to give myself to you like that. And that it's not permanent, it's a play we act out."

Heat rises up Fenris' back. "A play?"

Anders nods, his eyes straining to the hard bulge in Fenris' smallclothes. "And if something doesn't feel right, we'll have a word to call the play off."

Fenris can barely hold on to his senses. He has never wanted anyone or anything this much. "What word?"

"How about Canticle?"

Fenris breathes in, taking in Anders' scent. "Is that your word?"

Anders' eyes go wide, his mouth falling open as he whispers, "Yes."

Fenris stands up to take off his pants and sits back down on the edge of the bed. He closes his eyes, giving himself one more breath before taking this step that might change everything he knows about himself. He sets his feet apart and says without looking behind him, "On your knees, in front of me."

Anders gasps and scrambles off the bed, kneeling between Fenris' knees in no time, staring up to him with unashamed excitement. "Tell me what to do."

"Lick me."

Anders lets out a throaty sound and dives forward, licking a long, slow path up the underside of Fenris' hard cock. He twirls his tongue around the tip, pressing a kiss to the top. He looks up to Fenris through his lashes and smiles widely, before he trails kisses down his shaft.

Fenris moans, throwing his head back. Anders licks up again, humming as he does. He twirls his tongue again and Fenris leans forward, shoving his fingers into Anders' hair. "Kaffas, I want your mouth."

"Yes," Anders hisses and wraps his lips around Fenris' cock.

Fenris watches him, he can't tear his eyes away. Anders looks delicious on his knees like that, his eyes closed in worship, his lips red and wet, wrapped around his cock in a velvet embrace. One of his hands strains towards his own cock that is tenting his smallclothes.

Fenris growls and tightens his fingers in Anders' hair. "Don't touch yourself. Put your hands behind your back."

Anders whimpers and does as he's told, grabbing his hands behind his back. He sucks, hard, and Fenris can't help but moan from deep in his chest. It feels incredible and it's even better when he looks at Anders, watching his cheeks hollow and the muscles on his neck strain to get a better angle.

The pleasure is about to overwhelm him when familiar lines break out in blue light on Anders' skin and he staggers backwards as if pulled by strings, Fenris' cock springing from his mouth. Blue glowing eyes stare at Fenris. "This is not right," comes from Anders' mouth in Justice's deep and hollow voice. "No human should be a slave. I will not allow it." The blue light in his eyes flickers once and recedes.

Anders cries out in frustration. "Damn you, Justice. Andraste's ass, damn you."

Fenris pants, his arousal painfully hard, his cock leaking against his stomach.

"I'm so sorry," Anders says and comes back to him. He kisses him and wraps his hand around Fenris' cock. A few steady tugs later, Fenris spills over his hand, sighing into Anders' mouth.

"I'm sorry," Anders says again.

"Fenhedis," Fenris snarls. His lyrium markings glow, anger burning under his skin. He balls his fists, itching to strike against something, anything. "Control your demon, mage!" he spits out between clenched teeth.

Anders' eyes go wide and he stands up wordlessly, grabs his clothes from the floor and runs out of the door.

Fenris moves to follow him but by the time he reaches the door to the room, he hears the main door falling shut. Finally his anger explodes, the lines on his fist glowing blinding white and he drives his hand through the wall, wood splintering apart like an ice spell in the glow of his markings. Someone screams and it takes him a moment to realize that it is himself.

When he turns away from the door and the hole in the wall, his eyes fall on the boots in the middle of the room. Anders left without his shoes and unlike Fenris, he isn't used to walking barefoot. Muttering every Tevene swear that comes to his mind, he puts on his clothes, breastplate, and sword and grabs the boots to bring them to Anders.

The walk through the many levels of Kirkwall with its ridiculous amount of stairs clears his head. By the time he reaches Darktown, his anger has evaporated and has made room for a gnawing worry. What he saw in Anders' eyes when he left was real fear and also determination.

He knows what Anders went through in the Circle, he has seen the scars on his back from lashings and he remembers the same determination in his face when he spoke of his escapes. If Anders has decided to leave him, he won't come back. He can't let that happen.

Darktown is quiet, at least as much any area in Kirkwall ever is. Fenris knows that he's being watched, but so far nobody has attacked him. He still keeps to the shadows, orienting himself by the light of the few torches and by the change of smell that comes with the fresh air from the docks. He almost misses the door to the clinic, the lantern is unlit and the moonlight doesn't reach this far.

Fenris takes a breath and knocks. He knocks twice more, to no answer and when he rattles the doorhandle, the door doesn't budge. He could kick it in but breaking the clinic's door hardly seems to be a good start for a conversation. And they do need a conversation.

Peering through the gap between door and frame, not even his lyrium enhanced vision can see any movement inside. Anders isn't here. He turns around, staring dumbfounded into the darkness around him, as if Anders could walk towards him at any moment. But he is alone. Apart from rats scurrying around suspicious looking piles of rubble, no one is here.

The gnawing worry in his gut rises up, sitting like bile in his throat. Where did Anders go? Did he run, not watching his steps, barefoot and alone, and bump into roaming bandits? He is a powerful mage but he doesn't even have his staff with him. What would bandits do with a mage who couldn't quite defend himself? What would templars do?

His worry turns into real panic now, he has to press his hand against the wall to steady himself. What if Anders ran into a templar patrol, what if they saw him fight with magic, defending himself? He could be on a boat to the Gallows right this moment, shackled and dosed with magebane to be locked up for the rest of his life, he could be made tranquil and the next time Fenris sees him at the Gallows' market, his eyes would be empty under the burn mark of the chantry sun.

Fenris runs before the image of Anders' face with the tranquil mark on his forehead manifests fully in his mind. His calves burn as he rushes up the stairs, his fingers digging into Anders' boots under his arm. By the time he reaches Hightown, he can't breathe fast enough, his vision blurring. He reaches Hawke's door, banging against it with his fist, not enough breath in his chest to even call out her name.

Hawke opens the door herself, looking like she had been in bed before. She lets him into the hallway but not further, blocking him from coming into the main hall. Her eyes are hard as she looks at him. "What is it?"

Fenris gasps for breath, pressing his hand to his chest against the unknown pain there stabbing him. "Anders. He left. He... " he takes a shuddering breath, which does nothing to stop the pain in his chest. "He left me, he isn't at the clinic, he's alone, he could be — " he closes his eyes against the mental image of the burning chantry sun. "He's alone, he doesn't have his staff, he doesn't even have shoes on." He holds out the boots in his hand, the leather wrinkled and bent from his grip. "Please, you have to help me, we have to find him, the templars — "

Hawke steps to the side, letting him see past her into the hall. In front of the fireplace on a pile of cushions and blankets, cast in golden light by the flames, sits Anders with his legs crossed. He has his head in his hands, curled up on himself as if he's taking a beating.

Fenris runs towards him, stopping a step away from him and falls to his knees. "Anders, thank the Maker."

Anders looks up, catching his eyes but quickly looks away again, staring ahead into the flames. Fenris doesn't fail to notice that his eyes are red rimmed and wet with tears.

Fenris opens and closes his mouth several times to find something to say. "I'm sorry," he says, instead of everything else.

"Don't be," Anders says. His voice sounds so hollow, as if he's already been made tranquil. "It was just a matter of time."

"No," Fenris breathes out.

Anders lets out a bitter laugh. "I will always be a mage, I'll always have a spirit in me and I'll always fight for the right of mages to be free. We'll never agree on anything and keeping the illusion alive will only postpone the pain. It's just the irony of my life that Justice was right all along."

Fenris' voice is stuck in his throat and pain tightens around his chest like an iron band. "But..." He doesn't know the words to express what he feels, he's barely learned by now to allow himself to feel.

"Enough." Hawke's voice has that stubborn undertone that she always takes with the Arishok. "I'm gonna stop you two emotional disasters right here before you break something."

"It's no use," Anders says bitterly.

"Oh, it's plenty use," she huffs.

Anders shakes his head. "That doesn't make sense, Hawke."

"You know what else doesn't make sense?" Haske glares at Anders and then at Fenris. "The two of you right here. I don't know what happened between — "

"Don't you see?" Anders throws his hands up. "It doesn't matter what happened, it's only a delay of the inevitable. Fenris hates what I am, who I am, he can never trust me. He wants to lock all mages up and I want them to be free."

"Fenris?" Hawke turns pointendly to Fenris.

This isn't the first time he is here, in this mansion, talking about Anders and mages in general. He always turns to Hawke when he can't make sense of his world. The way she listens, it's like a strange power, almost like magic. Occasionally she asks questions but mostly she just listens, until he finds a way through the labyrinth of his thoughts and understands a bit more about himself.

"I do not," Fenris says, watching his own hands clench and unclench around the leather of Anders' boots in his hands. "I do not hate what you are and I do trust you."

Anders looks from him to Hawke and back. "Since when?"

Hawke lets out a small laugh, "He kissed you, didn't he?"

"Yes, but — "

"Listen boys," Hawke holds her hand to her mouth to hide a yawn. "As much as I would to love to hear all of this, I'm tired and I think this is something between the two of you. Stay here as long as you like. Fenris, how about you tell Anders of the mages we met at the coast and Anders, why don't you tell Fenris about that device?" She smiles at both of them and then raises her hand as she turns and climbs up the stairs.

They hear the door to Hawke's bedroom close and they are left alone in awkward silence with each other. Fenris loosens the buckles of his scabbard and breastplate and puts the heavy things to the side. He picks up Anders' boots again and holds them out to him. "You forgot your boots."

"I noticed. How can you walk without shoes in this town? Two lengths out of your door, I already stepped in something." Anders takes the boots from Fenris hands, his fingertips brushing against Fenris. A spark jumps between their hands, and the lyrium in Fenris' skin pulses.

Anders looks at the boots in his hands, wiping over the leather. "What mages did Hawke talk about?"

Fenris thinks back to the mission that Hawke dragged him on a few weeks ago. "Three mages that had escaped from the Gallows with a raft. They drifted with the currents along the coast until their raft fell apart or they crashed into one of the islands at the Wounded Coast, I'm not sure. It was pure coincidence that we ran into them as Tal-Vasoth captured them."

"How many mages did you kill?" Anders asks bitterly.

"We helped them."

"You mean Hawke did."

"No, *we* did." Fenris looks at Anders. "They were young, teenagers and they all looked like..." He waits until Anders raises his eyes to him, he wants him to see that he is sincere. "They all had such fear in their eyes, like slaves."

Anders just stares at him.

"It's not right," Fenris continues, "I understand your fight, at least some of it."

Anders laughs helplessly but it sounds like he's on the verge of crying. "You're not making this easy. Here I'm trying to break up with you and you get all understanding."

"Please don't," Fenris says. "I'm sorry for yelling at you and your Spirit."

"You had every reason to do that, Maker knows I wanted to punch him in the face too."

"I know he only tries to protect you, he's part of you."

"Sometimes I wish... sorry, Justice." Blue light ripples over Anders' skin as if in answer.

They sit in silence, the crackling of the fire and the snoring of Hawke's mabari the only sounds in the house. Fenris watches Anders. The fire spills shadows over his face, dancing around the freckles on his nose. He notes the angles of his face, his stubborn chin, his strong nose. He maps everything to memory, as if he needs to draw his face. His eyes travel down over Anders' strong arms to his hand clenched into the fabric of his coat. He reaches out, putting his hand on his and waits.

Anders sits still, rigid, staring at Fenris' hand until something seems to break in him. Tension falls off his shoulders, he turns his hand and wraps his fingers around Fenris' hand. His voice is barely a whisper when he says, "Fenris."

"You know I want you," Fenris says. "I'm happy with you."

Anders gives him a sheepish smile. "I want you too." He takes another breath and his fingers tighten around Fenris' hand. "I've been doing some research..."

"Is this about the device that Hawke mentioned?" Fenris watches Anders carefully.

"I found an old text at the market, a merchant from Lydes showed it to me. He traded with an Avvar tribe and they gave him a scroll with several pages of drawings and inscriptions. He thought it wasn't worth much, he gave it to me for a health potion."

"You can read avvar script?"

"Not at all, no," Anders says. "But it wasn't Avvar, it was Elvhen and I can read that, some of it at least."

"And?"

"It's about a spell to construct a device that..." Anders halts, looking anywhere but in Fenris' eyes.

"What? What is it going to do?"

"You're not gonna like this but please listen first." Anders digs into the pocket of his coat and pulls out a folded piece of paper. He smoothes it on his leg, showing a drawing that he apparently made himself of a jewel fixed to a band or a chain. Several notes were written all over the page, scattered sentences, arrows pointing to other notes, all in Anders' messy handwriting. Anders puts his finger on the drawn jewel. "If someone wears this on their forehead, and it's activated, it puts them in a state of euphoria and... they will do whatever the activator tells them to."

Anger lights up in Fenris' chest so fast, he feels like a living flame. "No."

"Please, listen."

"No, that's a slave, worse, a mindless slave." Fenris can barely stop himself from jumping up and running out of the door. He grabs Anders by the collar of his feathery coat and forces him to look at him. "I will not do that to you, not ever — "

"Please hear me out, that's just a side effect!"

A breath leaves him, and another, before Fenris can register what Anders says.

"I knew you wouldn't like that, that's why I said it first. Justice said the same." Anders holds his gaze, a soft smile on his lips. "The point of the device is to calm the host and the spirit. The Avvar know things about spirits, it's part of their culture and religion to let spirits join with a host. I don't know if that was the original purpose of this device but it seems they adapted it."

"To make you lose your own will." Fenris knows that his voice sounds biting and he instantly regrets it when he sees Anders flinch.

"To make me happy," Anders says very quietly.

Fenris opens his mouth and snaps it shut again. He has to think, think hard before he destroys what he has with Anders. The fear of losing him tightens around his chest like a vise. "You're not happy?" he asks carefully.

"No! Yes. No, I'm happy with you, I am!" Anders assures, grabbing both of Fenris' hands. "I just... just once I'd like to have sex with you without interruptions by you-know-who." Blue light ripples over Anders' body but Justice doesn't come forward.

"And this device will help with that?"

"Yes, the text says it will silence the spirit."

"And Justice agrees with that?" Fenris braces himself for the light of the spirit breaking out but it stays quiet.

Anders sighs. "It took some convincing. I explained to him that it will be a break from each other for both of us and... I don't think he really understands what that means, but he's agreed to try it."

Fenris tries to order his jumbled thoughts. Anders smiles at him, careful and guarded. He doesn't like the guarded look, it's almost like fear and he never wants to be someone who Anders fears. "And then you..."

"The spell will make me euphoric and agreeable."

"Agreeable." Fenris can't stop a sneer at the word. "Obedient you mean."

Anders puts his hand on Fenris' cheek. "Only for you, Fenris. Only for you."

Fenris stares at him. The roof of his mouth feels very dry.

With a smile, Anders brushes over Fenris' cheek with his thumb. "For you alone, I'll be obedient, docile, wholly devoted to you. I'll do whatever you tell me to do and I'll love it."

Fenris swallows against the dryness in his throat. Anders is on his knees, looking at him through his lashes. The idea of ordering him to do anything, to claim him, to make him *moan*, it calls to some deeply hidden part of him that he could never live out. "How long will it last?"

A hopeful smile spreads on Anders' face and he moves a bit closer. "For as long as I wear the jewel on my forehead."

"And afterwards you'll be normal again?" Fenris' voice scratches like gravel in his throat and he stares at Anders' lips, so close to him, so tempting.

"Yes." The word is just a breath, hanging between them.

Fenris closes the distance, pressing a kiss on Anders' lips. "How long will it take you to make this jewel?" he mumbles against his lips.

Anders' eyes never leave Fenris' as he digs into the pocket of his coat and pulls out a slim band of braided leather with a blue-purple jewel on it. "I already did."

"And the spell?"

"Just one word." Anders looks at him with tears glittering in his eyes. "You'll do it? Really?"

Fenris has to close his eyes, the raw emotion in Anders' eyes burning him. "Yes, for you. And this... I think I might enjoy it."

The whole weight of one happily laughing mage tackles him over and Anders kisses him with wild fury. Fenris pulls him closer, desperate to hold him in his arms and never let go again. The dread of almost losing him, how close they were to losing this love, still looms in the back of his mind and he buries his nose in Anders' neck and breathes in until his heart calms down.

He kisses along the elegant curve of Anders' freckled neck, feeling his pulse vibrate under his lips. Anders presses against him, a collection of gangly limbs that seems to wrap around his body like vines on a tree. Fenris can feel his arousal press hard against his own and he pushes himself off the floor, sending Anders tumbling.

"My mansion, now," Fenris growls.

Anders' surprised expression changes into a wide grin and he trips over the hem of his coat as he hurries to get up. He slips into his boots and catches up with Fenris at the door, wrapping his arms around him again from behind, making it impossible to walk straight.

"You infuriating multi-limbed demon will make us trip and break something," Fenris huffs, not quite as annoyed as he sounds. He doesn't dare to name the feeling in his chest but it makes his heart miss a beat whenever Anders presses his lips against Fenris' ears.

"I'm just so happy that you're willing to try this," Anders says, letting go of him and walking up to his side.

Fenris looks up to him and the glowing smile on Anders' face takes his breath away. "Anything for you," he whispers quietly, his voice drowned out by the forever howling winds in Kirkwall's streets. Rain begins to fall and they run to get to the mansion. Fenris grabs Anders' hand and pulls him behind him, up the stairs into the room they left just a while ago.

The fire has long gone out, and it's cold in the drafty room. Fenris doesn't care, he grabs Anders by his coat and presses him against the wall next to the door. He kisses his neck again, revelling in the soft gasp from Anders as he grazes his teeth over the muscles.

"I can light the fire," Anders says carefully. With magic. He doesn't mention it but Fenris knows.

"Do it."

Anders stretches his hand out and shapes the air with his fingers into a swirling ball, lights it on fire and flicks it into the fireplace on the cold wood. It lights up in sparks, spilling warmth and golden light into the room. The vibrations of Anders' magic prickle over Fenris' skin, the lyrium in his markings singing with it.

He breathes hard. Every sense of his is focussed on the man before him. He wants Anders, take him, fuck him, and he wants him now. Fenris puts his hand on Anders' chest, his fingers curling into the fabric of his shirt. "One thing."

"Yes?"

"Don't call me master."

"What should I call you then?"

"I'm not sure..."

Anders grins, leaning down to nibble along the shell of Fenris' ear. "I'll call you Lord then."

Fenris shudders and can't determine if it's from the feeling of Anders' breath on his ear or the prospect of the game they are about to play. "Are you ready?"

Anders catches his lips to kiss him once more, hungrily devouring his mouth. At last he ends the kiss, lingering a bit on Fenris' lips. "I'm ready," he whispers.

Anders pulls the leather band out of his pocket, putting the jewel in Fenris' outstretched hand. It glows with a blue light and feels warm to the touch. Anders leans down so that Fenris can slide it over his head, placing the jewel in the middle of his forehead. It still glows softly in its core.

Anders lifts Fenris' hand, stretching his finger out in his palm. His hands tremble. "Place your fingertip on the jewel and say 'Malleabile'. Repeat after me: Mal-leh-ah-bee-leh."

"Malleabile," Fenris repeats.

Anders shakes his head. "Perfect. I keep forgetting what a genius you are. To end the spell, just take the jewel away from my forehead."

Fenris nods, suddenly nervous. He presses his finger on the jewel but he keeps watching Anders' eyes. Those beautiful eyes, full of hunger. But also a softness he never expected to see in the mage's expression.

"Do it, please," Anders says and he presses his erection against Fenris' hips. "Make me yours, make me scream, make me *beg*."

A surge of powerful lust goes through Fenris' body, focussing at his swelling cock. He looks up to the jewel under his finger and slowly says, "Malleabile."

Blinding light flashes from the jewel and then turns into a purple glow. Fenris nips at the jewel but it seems stuck to Anders' skin. He slowly removes his fingertip, feeling the magic hum in the air around it. The light from the jewel spreads out over Anders' face, Fenris' markings glowing in answer and Anders' eyes shine with the same purple light.



A smile spreads on Anders' face. "Yes," he breathes out. He holds on to Fenris' shoulders, swaying as he keeps smiling at him.

"Do you feel well?" Fenris asks carefully.

Anders laughs, his cheeks blushing beautifully. "Yes, yes I feel so good, so wonderful! Thank you, thank you."

Fenris brushes his thumb over Anders' lips and gasps when Anders draws him into his mouth to suck on it.

"Please," Anders says, resting his lips against Fenris' thumb. "Tell me what to do."

Fenris clears his throat but his voice doesn't quite return. "Undress yourself." He lets go of Anders and walks to the bed to sit down and watch.

Anders has already dropped his coat and now fumbles with the laces of his trousers until they drop to his boots. At last he pulls the shirt over his head, and kicks off the boots, standing naked in the light of the fire. He still smiles, his cheeks blushed, and he's hard, his penis jutting out from a nest of blonde curls. The jewel shines on his forehead, purple and blue light making his eyes glow as he looks at Fenris.

"On your knees,' Fenris says. "Crawl over to me."

Anders moans as he drops to his knees and crawls until he reaches Fenris' legs and leans his head against it. He looks up to him, a dazed look on his face but so thoroughly happy.

Fenris swallows, saliva collecting in his mouth at the sight. "Undress me, with care."

"Yes, my lord."

The honorific goes straight to Fenris' cock, he can't believe what a rush it is to play this part. "Use your teeth."

Anders leans forward between his legs and unties the laces of Fenris' trousers with his teeth, mouthing at his cock at the same time. It is unbearably good, and Fenris is too impatient to wait. He pushes against Anders and yanks off his trousers, freeing his desperate erection. "I want your mouth on me, now. Keep your hands on your back."

Anders lets out a happy cry and surges forward, licking and kissing Fenris' cock until he is covered in saliva and then takes him into his mouth. The sensation is almost overwhelming, Fenris clenches his teeth to control himself. No, this will not be a night of just one orgasm, far from it.

He watches Anders, his beautiful lips puffy and red and wrapped around his cock. Anders licks and sucks with a revering smile, looking up at Fenris. Fenris searches for something to say, swallowing against a hint of unease. "You're so pretty, Anders, such a pretty boy for me."

Anders lets go of his cock, keeping his lips pressed against the tip. A blinding smile spreads on his face and he shudders with obvious pleasure. "Please, my lord, I want to be good for you, so good. I want you to use me."

Relief has Fenris breathing out slowly, this he can do, he knows how to play this part. It won't be like his memories because this is Anders. He strokes his hand over Anders' head, tangling his fingers in his hair. "Oh, I will," he says, tightening his grip in Anders' hair. "We have plenty of time."

Anders draws him back into his mouth, his tongue stroking along the underside of Fenris' cock. He looks like he's lost in a dream, licking, slurping, swallowing and smiling at the same time.

Fenris moans, heat pooling in his stomach. "Keep your mouth on me. You told me about your Warden stamina, that means you could come multiple times tonight, is that correct?"

Anders' eyes are glassy when he looks up and he nods as best as he can with his mouth full of cock. Fenris leans forward to look at Anders' cock, hard and red between his legs but neglected. He grabs Anders' hair tighter, pushing his cock deeper into him. "You will get me off and yourself. You will come when I fill your mouth."

Anders groans in answer, his hands flying to his own cock as he works even harder at Fenris' cock. He hollows his cheeks, sucking hard as he moves up and down, his hands moving in the same rhythm on his own cock. An especially skillful tug and draw has Fenris moan and he idly wonders where Anders has learned to do this so well. Blood rushes in his ears and that familiar draw in his stomach has him throw his head back.

With a shout, he spills into Anders' mouth, feeling the vibrations of Anders' moan around his cock as he comes too, just like Fenris told him to. When he leans forward again, Anders has his eyes closed and leans against Fenris' leg, lazily licking at Fenris' cock, his own spend splattered on his stomach and dripping down his still hard cock.

It takes Fenris a moment to find his voice again. "You look wonderful, my pretty boy."

"I feel so good." Anders' voice is drowsy, like he had a bit too much to drink. "I love feeling like this, it's so good."

Fenris' head swims, he did this, he made Anders feel like this. "You're lovely like this."

Anders hums, kissing along the inside of Fenris' thigh. "You're so wonderful, my lord," he murmurs. He looks up to Fenris, pure adoration in his gaze. "I need you so much."

"I know, my sweet mage." Fenris takes off his jacket and shirt and just looks at Anders for a bit. He is still too thin but he has a strong frame, surprisingly muscular and he is so breathtakingly beautiful. He definitely needs pampering and they have time tonight. "Crawl to the carpet at the fireplace and kneel there," he orders.

Anders' eyes open with a snap and he turns around, crawling slowly towards the fire. Fenris watches him, how his delightful ass swings from side to side and how his hard cock points straight ahead. Once Anders has settled on his haunches, the fire spilling light around him like a halo, his heart skips a beat.

He grabs a tin of mild skin ointment and follows him to the carpet. Kneeling behind him, he scoops a generous blob of cream out of the tin. "Give me your hand." He spreads some of the greasy ointment on Anders' hand and then lays his hands on his back, spreading his fingers wide over Anders' shoulder blades. "I want you to touch yourself, work yourself up. You will tell me when you're close, and you won't come without my command."

"Yes, thank you my lord," Anders says softly. He wraps both his hands around his cock, rubbing slowly up and down, a blissful smile on his face.

Fenris watches him over Anders' shoulder, dizzy with the rush of power. To command Anders, to own his pleasure like this, is incredible, he has never felt anything like this. The power, *his* power, wraps around him like a coat, reducing the world to just his and Anders' pleasure. He has to take a deep breath to calm himself, the intoxication threatening to overwhelm him.

Fenris digs his fingertips into Anders' back, grounding himself with the contact until he can think clearly again. He begins to massage Anders' back, working the ointment into the scars, watching the play of his shoulder muscles as Anders tugs on himself. Anders practically purrs under his touch, bending his back like a cat. Soon he is panting, his whole body trembling. Fenris can feel his magic vibrate under his fingers and his own markings tingle pleasantly in answer.

"I'm close."

"Stop. Put your hands away."

Anders lets out a whine, but obeys the order, putting his hands to his sides, his fingers clenching.

Fenris strokes slowly over his back, kneading down his shoulders. "You're being so good."

"Please, please," Anders whimpers.

"Be patient, sweet thing." He waits, continuing his massage, listening to Anders' breathing until he calms down a bit. He chases the magical vibrations in Anders' skin with his hands, letting the tingles travel through his own markings. "How do you feel?"

Anders sways, his hands still clenched at his sides. "I feel good," he says, his voice fraying at the edges.

"Touch yourself again."

Anders wraps his hands around his cock, tugging hard, throwing his head back with a moan. Fenris leans forward and kisses his throat, nibbling at that point where Anders' pulse beats frantically. "Are you close?"

"Yes, yes, so close," Anders babbles, "please, please!"

"A little longer, sweet thing." Fenris presses his hands on Anders' shoulders, feeling his magic whisper in his markings.

Anders is shaking, his back arching. "Please!"

"Come for me."

Anders cries out, shuddering as he paints his stomach and chest with his spend. His hands slow down and he breathes out but Fenris whispers into his ear, "Don't stop, bring yourself up again."

"Thank you, my lord," Anders whispers, taking up the steady movement of his hands again. Up and down, his fingers forming a ring around his cock, spreading his own seed over it.

"How do you feel?" Fenris asks, massaging Anders' shoulders.

"Like you love me as much as I love you," Anders says with his eyes closed, stunning Fenris into silence. Obviously the jewel does more than just make Anders agreeable, apparently it also makes him just say things.

"I *do* love you," Fenris says quietly. He's sure that Anders won't remember it.

Anders leans his head back and Fenris scoots closer to him until his erection rubs against Anders' back.

"I want to be so good for you," Anders says.

Fenris wraps his arms around Anders' torso and strokes over his nipples, circling them with his fingertips. Anders draws in a breath, whimpering again.

"You are," Fenris says. "You are so good for me." He keeps caressing Anders' nipples, listening to his breath coming faster. "Tell me when you're close again."

"Almost there." Anders moans again, stroking himself faster. "Will you fuck me? I need you."

"Soon, be patient." Fenris watches how Anders' cock starts leaking again and he feels his magic prickle along his lyrium lines again.

"Oh, I'm close, so close," Anders sighs in a sing-song voice.

"Stop."

"No," Anders cries out, his hands snapping to his sides. He whimpers as Fenris kisses along his neck and strokes over his arms. His skin is flushed pink all over, little beads of sweat glistening in the pores.

Fenris places another kiss on Anders' neck and gets up, taking the pot of greasy cream with him. He rests his hand on Anders' head for a moment. "Don't move." Anders whimpers again but doesn't move a muscle.

He leaves him there, kneeling in front of the fireplace, his hard cock silhouetted against the light of the fire, and fills a glass of water at the table. As he drinks, he watches Anders, sitting absolutely still, breathing hard against his own desperation, his fists clenched at his sides. Fenris catalogues his own reaction with some astonishment as his own arousal makes his blood rush in his ears. Watching Anders like this, under his control, obeying his every wish, has him desire him even more.

He fills the glass again and turns back to Anders. "Come here, sweetling," he says, watching with wide eyes how he crawls towards him, his own cock swelling even more. Fenris lowers himself on one knee and holds the glass to Anders' lips. "Drink." He watches him swallow, dipping the glass slowly until it's empty. The whole time, Anders looks at him in adoration and it feels like a physical touch to Fenris. "Now, get on the bed," he says, his voice hoarse.

Anders hurries to the bed, climbing up and getting on all fours on top of it.

"No, sit on the edge," Fenris says, still crouching on the floor. Anders looks surprised but does as he's told, setting his feet on the floor. Fenris steps between his legs, tilting Anders' head up with his fingertips. "You're so sweet for me, you deserve a reward before I take you."

"My lord, please," Anders says breathlessly, looking at Fenris as if he is his whole world. "Please, make me yours."

Fenris chuckles and leans down to Anders' lips. "I don't need to do that because you're already mine." Maker, he wants this man so much.

"Yes," Anders whispers against his lips, closing his eyes. "I am, I'm yours."

Fenris shudders, the intensity of his feelings threatening to overwhelm him. He moves down, trailing his lips over the curve of Anders' neck that he loves so much, scratching his teeth over his collarbone. Anders sucks in a breath, his hands straining for Fenris, his fingertips brushing over his chest. The stimulation is too much for Fenris, he can barely hold onto his control as it is.

"No, hold your hands at your sides."

Anders whimpers, curling around Fenris as much as he can with his arms pressed to his sides, using his cheeks, his mouth, his nose, to touch Fenris.

Fenris gently pushes him back with a hand on his chest. "It's alright, I'm not going anywhere," he says, kneeling down to kiss Anders' chest and stomach. "Just relax. Let me take care of you." He presses a kiss to the tip of Anders' cock and relishes in the whimper he makes. Settling down on his knees, he wraps his lips around it and slowly draws him into his mouth. He licks and sucks, vaguely remembering how he had done this before, resented it. But this is different, so very different. This is for Anders, for giving him everything he needs and deserves and he wants to do this, he has never wanted anything more.

He bops his head up and down, taking Anders as deep as he can, twirling his tongue around his shaft and the tip as he moves up. Precum drips from the slit and he licks it off with the tip of his tongue. "You taste so good," he mumbles, trailing kisses along the underside of Anders cock. "You're so wonderful, so perfect."

He raises himself up to look in Anders' face as he spreads grease over Anders' cock, pumping him with his hand in a slow rhythm. "Do you know how perfect you are? How beautiful?" Fenris slows his tugs, watching his face. Anders is flushed pink, panting hard and his hands are clenched. Fenris takes one hand in his, smoothing the tensed muscles with his fingers until Anders interlaces his fingers with his. "Put your other hand on my shoulder."

Anders' eyes snap open and when his hand settles on Fenris' shoulder, a smile spreads on his face again. Fenris keeps pumping his cock, keeping the rhythm excruciatingly slow. "Hold onto me, I got you." Anders' fingertips press into Fenris' shoulder and his other hand clenches around Fenris' in the same rhythm that he tugs on Anders' cock, up and down, up and down, slowly, so very slowly.

"How do you feel?" Fenris asks, tightening his hand around Anders' cock but still rubbing him so very slowly.

"I feel, I feel... I feel so much," Anders whimpers, tears dripping from his eyes but he still smiles. "I feel so much, so good, please, don't stop, please, my love." Tears flow freely now, he trembles and then a sob breaks out of him.

Fenris lets go of his hand and wraps his arm around him, pulling him to his chest as Anders crumbles onto his shoulder. He keeps his other hand on Anders' cock, not daring to stop the agonizingly slow tugs. Whatever did it, something has to break out from Anders and he will keep it up for as long as he needs. "You're so good, so perfect," he whispers into Anders' ear. "So good, my love, so wonderful."

"I'm sorry," Anders presses out between sobs. "I'm sorry."

"No." Fenris stops his hand moving but leaves it on Anders' cock. "You have nothing to be sorry about." He waits for Anders to react and when he doesn't, Fenris orders him to. "Look at me."

Anders straightens his back and his gaze snaps to Fenris' eyes, the purple glow around his pupils shining bright.

Fenris puts his hand on Anders' cheek and draws soft circles with his thumb. "I know you don't know your own needs and wants right now but *I* know them. I know you need this, I know you need to let go."

"Yes," Anders whispers, the tears still flowing. "I need this."

Putting his hand on the nape of Anders' neck, he pulls him back to his shoulder and continues his slow tugs on Anders' cock. "You can cry as long as you want. You will not come, you will just feel. I'm here for you, I won't let go. Just feel."

Anders lets out a sob and sinks into his shoulder, tension seeping out of his body. He stops shaking, his breath slows down, even though his cock remains hard and precum keeps leaking from the tip.

Fenris continues to whisper sweet words into Anders' ear, stroking over his neck and his back, until his breaths are coming out hard but even. "You're so good, my sweetling, you could never disappoint me."

Anders hums in answer, Fenris can feel his lips resting against the skin on his shoulder, his mouth open and relaxed. He might have lost the ability to speak in this relaxed state and

Fenris isn't going to force him. He turns his head to press a kiss on his cheek, to a delightful whimper from Anders. "I want you to lie on the bed now, on your back."

Anders sinks back like a sack of grain. Fenris chuckles as he has to arrange him like a puppet, his long limbs boneless and heavy. "Pull your knees up, my sweetest, I'm going to prepare you."

A happy purr comes from Anders, his cock twitching but everything else about him is completely relaxed. He pulls his knees up, pulling his thighs to himself with his hands and Fenris' mouth waters. He pushes a pillow under Anders' arse and searches blindly for the pot of grease, flips the lid off and coats his fingers generously. Anders whimpers and Fenris hurries back to him, touching him despite his greasy hands to soothe his fear. "I'm here, I won't leave."

Kneeling in front of Anders' arse, he trails his finger down his cleft, until he finds the tight rim of muscle and works the grease into it. Anders moans, his lower body straining towards the touch. Fenris' first finger slips in with surprising ease and when he gets his second finger in and curls it upwards, Anders cries out, his hips humping against Fenris' hand

"So eager, my mage." Fenris pumps his fingers in and out, with his other hand greasing up his own straining cock. He pulls his fingers out and lines up with Anders' entrance, pressing against the rim with the tip of his cock. He's aching for this man, this mage, *his* mage. This kind and funny man, who shows him that he can be so much more than he believed.

His voice is rough when he leans forward and growls, "I'm gonna take you now."

Anders moans loudly, his fingers digging into his thighs as he holds himself open. His voice is hoarse and his speech slurred when he manages to cry out, "Please, please!"

Fenris pushes forward, gently rocking his hips to ease the tip of his cock into Anders. He takes his time, giving Anders a moment to adjust. Looking at Anders' face, desperation and lust painting his face, he has to swallow hard. "You look so gorgeous, my love, so wonderful."

"My love," Anders whimpers. He moans and it turns into one low and hoarse growl as Fenris thrusts in, pressing into Anders' tight hole.

Fenris halts, a hand on Anders' hip, biting his lips, fighting for control at the onslaught of sensations. He feels Anders tighten and tremble around him and slowly begins to thrust deeper, bit by bit, until he fills his pliant body completely.

Fenris holds himself still, breathing hard to calm down. He leans forward and caresses Anders' chest, circling his fingertip around his nipples. "You are wonderful, so good for me. You will hold out for me?"

"Yes, for you, forever," Anders breathes out. "Please, take me, my lord, I need you."

Fenris chuckles. "I will. I'll take you and make you mine. I will fill you with my seed and you won't come before I tell you." He doesn't wait for Anders' reaction, he pulls out until only the

tip sits at the rim and then thrusts back in hard.

Anders moans and arches his back as Fenris repeats his action, his stomach muscles tensing, his cock leaking onto his stomach. But Fenris wants to see him, wants to see the pleasure play in his face.

With a frustrated grunt he pulls out. "Sit back against the pillows at the headboard."

Anders scrambles to scoot backwards and leans back against the solid headboard of the bed. Fenris shoves the pillow back under him and aligns himself again. He waits, watching Anders until he looks back at him.

"Now I can see you," he says and thrusts back in.

The noise Anders makes, something between a laugh and a moan, almost has Fenris come there and then. He holds himself still for a moment, stroking softly over Anders' waist, watching him. Anders' face is still alight by the purple shine from the jewel but the way he looks at Fenris feels real.

Fenris' heart beats in his throat. "I see you," he says under his breath.

Anders' eyes are clear when he looks at Fenris. "I see you too."

With a groan that comes from somewhere deep in his chest, Fenris thrusts into Anders, holding onto him and taking his pleasure from him. He draws him closer, desperate to feel more of him, all of his body on his skin.

"Wrap your legs around me."

Anders' long legs tighten around his waist and his hands settle on Fenris' shoulders. Every thrust from Fenris is met with a thrust from Anders, angling his hips to take him deeper. Breathy moans fall from Anders' mouth and Fenris can't stop himself from moaning either.

"Please, please, my lord, make me yours," Anders babbles, his face drawn tight in ecstasy.

Fenris moans at the rush of power and pleasure. Never has anything felt this good. Anders giving himself to Fenris like this, pure and vulnerable, pushes him rapidly forward into a spiral of blinding lust. Fast, much too fast, he reaches the edge of his control, every thrust into Anders' willing body tightening a spring inside him until the tension becomes impossible to hold.

"Anders," Fenris cries out with the last threads of his control, "come for me, now!"

Anders' hand flies to his cock, barely touching it and he yells, his entrance tightening around Fenris cock and long ropes of spend shooting on his chest as Fenris crashes into his own release, filling Anders' body for an impossibly long time. As he comes and comes, his hips snapping forward, he reaches out to Anders' forehead, grabs the jewel and rips it off his head.

"Fenris!" Anders cries out, a shudder going through him as he spills again, more seed dripping down between his fingers.

Finally, Fenris cock stops convulsing and with the last remnants of his strength, he manages to slip to the side to collapse next to Anders and not on top of him. His breath leaves him in one gush.

Arms wrap around him, pulling him close to the mage whose magic sings with his markings. "Maker, Fenris, that was... incredible!"

Fenris scrapes for the rest of his awareness and raises his head. "Do you feel alright? Are you *you* again?"

"Yes," Anders says with a long sigh. "I'm me."

Fenris puts his hand behind Anders' neck and pulls him towards him until their lips meet. He kisses him, opening him up until Anders takes over and ravishes his mouth, pressing his body against him. "Yes," Fenris says when they both catch their breaths, "you are you."

Anders laughs out. "You can tell that by kissing me?"

"Yes, I can."

Fenris stares into Anders' eyes, now back to their golden colour, his heart beating too fast in his chest.

Anders brushes hair out of Fenris' eyes. "You know," he says, drawing the pause out. "I love you too."

Fenris swallows. "You heard that."

"Yes. I heard it and remember it." Anders strokes over his cheek up to Fenris' ear. "I remember everything. It was incredible, I never felt so safe and loved."

Fenris pushes his doubts away and lets his thoughts spill before he can think of an excuse not to. "I really love you, not just when you are like that." He takes Anders' hand, ignoring how sticky it is. "I know you will change the world and I want you to know that I'm with you. Because you are brave and strong and smart and I love you."

"Maker, Fenris," Anders cries out. "You just says these things and I — "

Blue light breaks out in Anders' eyes, spreading from his face over his body like fault lines. Fenris leans back on instinct but he tightens his fingers around Anders' hand.

"I understand now," comes from Anders' mouth in the booming voice of Justice. "I understand that this isn't slavery. I will not interfere anymore." Anders' mouth snaps shut and the blue light dies down.

Anders sighs. "Not just a cockblock, now also a romantic declaration block."

"He said that he understands now, he won't stop us anymore."

Anders stills, looking thoughtful for a moment and then smiles brightly at Fenris. "Look at you, you're so incredible, you even fucked Justice into submission."

Fenris groans, not sure if in annoyance at the joke or in exhaustion. Anders scoots down and wraps his arms around him.

"Should we get up and wash?" Anders says, his voice already drowsy with sleep. "We'll be all sticky later."

"I don't care," Fenris says, turning to lay his head on Anders' chest.

"But I could— "

"No." Fenris pulls Anders closer and grabs his hand, interlacing their fingers. "Don't leave."

Anders lets out a breath and nuzzles into Fenris' neck. "I'm not. I'm not going anywhere."

End Notes

Forever note: All my em-dashes are handcrafted. Fuck genAI.

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