Saturated

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1043.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Systemic Oppression
Category:	Hetero (F/M)
Fandoms:	Dragon Age (Video Games), Dragon Age - All Media Types, Dragon Age II
Relationship:	Hawke X Cullen Rutherford
Characters:	Female Hawke, Cullen Rutherford
Additional Tags:	Watersports | Piss Kink, Degradation Kink, Orgasm Denial, Obedience
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-02 Words: 763 Chapters: 1/1

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by Blackcatttttttttttttt

Summary

Cullen decides to punish her lack of discipline with a lesson in total submission.

Hawke was on her knees, her breath coming in ragged gasps, her thighs trembling from the intensity of the fuck that had preceded this.

Cullen stood over her, his expression stern, his eyes cold with a disciplined kind of fury. He hadn't forgotten. During the heat of it, when he had her pinned against the desk, she had begged to come. He had given her a sharp, commanding no, demanding she hold it, demanding she stay on the edge for his pleasure. But she had broken. She had spiraled into a messy, uncontrolled orgasm right against his hip, sobbing into his shoulder as she peaked without his leave.

Now, he was making her pay for that lack of discipline.

"Open," he commanded, his voice a low, dangerous rumble.

Hawke obeyed instantly, her mouth parting as he guided his thick, pulsing cock toward her lips. She took him in, her tongue swirling around the head, sucking him with a desperate intensity. She wanted to make it up to him; she wanted to feel him release inside her mouth, to taste the salt of his climax as a sign that he had forgiven her.

As he began to thrust deeper, his hips snapping forward, Hawke felt the tension in his body reach a breaking point. She could feel the twitching of his shaft, the tell-tale signs that he was about to blow. She instinctively started to flutter her eyelids, preparing for the blinding heat of his cum.

Suddenly, his hand clamped firmly onto the back of her neck, his fingers digging into her skin, forcing her head still.

"Eyes open, Hawke," he barked, his voice devoid of its usual softness. "Do not close your eyes. Keep your mouth open. If you blink, if you flinch, the punishment will be far worse. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Captain," she whimpered around his cock, her eyes wide and locked onto his.

He pulled out of her mouth with a wet pop. Hawke remained frozen, her jaw dropped, her tongue instinctively poking out, waiting for the white heat of his seed to splatter across her cheeks and tongue. She looked up at him, her gaze pleading and expectant, the picture of a devoted pet.

But the sensation that hit her wasn't the thick, rhythmic bursts of semen.

It was a sudden, searing torrent of hot liquid.

Hawke’s eyes nearly bulged out of her head. The stream hit her square in the face, the warmth shocking and overwhelming. It wasn't cum, it was a heavy, steady flow of piss. The pungent, salty scent hit her nostrils instantly as the golden liquid splashed across her forehead, her cheeks, and directly into her open mouth.

She choked, a reflexive gag hitting her throat as the warm brine flooded her tongue and slid down her throat. For a second, panic flared hard, he had never done this. The sheer audacity of it, the absolute degradation had sent a jolt of electricity through her spine and directly to her cunt.

He stood there, completely relaxed, watching her with a look of possessive triumph. He watched her struggle, watched her eyes widen in shock, and he didn't move an inch. The stream shifted slightly, moving from her face to soak into the skin of her chest, drenching her breasts and running down her stomach in hot, steaming rivulets.

"Since you couldn't hold your own release," Cullen murmured, his voice dripping with a cruel sort of irony, "I decided I couldn't hold mine either."

Hawke was trembling, her skin glistening with his urine. She should have been repulsed. She should have pushed him away, screamed, or wiped her face in disgust. But as the hot liquid soaked into her, a dark, forbidden thrill surged through her. The humiliation was absolute. He had stripped away the Champion of Kirkwall and left only a soiled, dripping thing at his feet.

She loved it.

As the stream began to taper off, turning into a few heavy drops, Hawke leaned forward. She deliberately stuck her tongue out, catching the final, warm droplets of his piss, her eyes locked onto his with a shameless,m devotion. She looked up at him like a common whore, offering herself up for whatever further filth he wanted to heap upon her.

Cullen looked down at her, seeing the desire in her gaze, the way she embraced the degradation. A smirk touched his lips, his possessiveness flaring. He reached down, grabbing a handful of her wet hair and yanking her head back to expose her dripping throat.

"Good girl," he whispered. "Now, clean me up."

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