Losing Game

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Summary

The lesson has been learned. The game is over and Cullen had won.

Notes

Non-con. Pay attention to the tags.

Cullen sat behind his heavy desk, his posture a rigid line of disciplined steel. His eyes, cold and focused, were fixed on the woman sitting across from him.

Hawke had claimed the chair across from him with an easy confidence, her legs crossed and her mud-caked boots resting firmly on the polished surface of his desk, right atop a stack of official reports. She looked at him with a smirk. Testing, always testing.

"The Circle is a cage, Cullen. I know you know that." she said, her voice dripping with a casual, biting disdain. "Tell me, does it ever get tiring? Being the boot that presses down on everyone?"

Cullen didn't blink. His jaw tightened, a small muscle leaping in his cheek, but his voice remained a flat, controlled monotone. "Your sympathies for the apostates are well-documented, Hawke. But you are currently in a Templar stronghold. I suggest you remove your feet from my desk and mind your tongue."

Hawke emboldened by his irritation, leaned back further digging the heel of her boot deeper into the paperwork, smearing dirt across the page. She let out a short, mocking laugh.

"What's the plan, Captain? Throw me in a dungeon? You’re just a glorified guard dog on a very short chain, and I'm the only one who knows how to make you heel. Tell me, does it burn? Knowing I'm the one holding the leash?"

The silence that followed was heavy, vibrating with a sudden, dangerous shift in energy. Cullen’s hands, resting flat on the desk, slowly curled into fists. The stoic mask was beginning to crack, the disciplined soldier warring with a simmering frustration.

"Enough," he said, his voice lower now, a warning rumble.

Hawke’s smirk widened. She shifted her weight, tilting her head as she looked him up and down with blatant disrespect. "I don't think I'm finished. I think I actually enjo—"

"I said," Cullen snapped, the sound like a whip crack in the small room, "enough."

She made the mistake of laughing at him.

He surged forward, the heavy chair screeching violently against the stone floor. In one explosive movement, he cleared the distance between them, his hand shooting out to seize her by the throat. He slammed her back into the chair, his fingers digging deep into the soft flesh of her neck, cutting off her air and her arrogance in a single brutal motion. Hawke’s heart pounded against her chest. She had pushed him, poked at every single one of his insecurities, expecting him to snap but the sheer, raw violence of his reaction had caught her off guard.

As his hand tightened around her throat, cutting off her air, a primal surge of panic and rage flared in her gut. Without even thinking she reacted. With a sharp, explosive movement, she drove her knee upward, aiming straight for his groin.

Thud.

The contact was solid. She felt the impact vibrate through her own leg, and she saw Cullen’s face contort, a guttural grunt of pain escaping his lips. For a split second, she thought he would recoil, that the pain would force him to let go. But he didn't. He didn't even flinch, not truly. He just tightened his grip, his knuckles white.

Hawke’s eyes burned with a fierce, blinding defiance, but as the seconds ticked by, the world began to blur at the edges. Her limbs felt heavy, the lack of oxygen turning her muscles to lead.

Cullen leaned in, his voice a low, dangerous growl that vibrated against her skin. He loosened his grip just enough for her to gasp in a ragged, desperate breath, but he didn't let go.

"Enough," he spat, the word dripping with contempt. "You are so fucking disrespectful to everyone you meet. It’s juvenile, Hawke. It’s pathetic."

The word pathetic triggered something deep and jagged inside her. The feeling of a man’s hand around her throat, the overwhelming strength pinning her down. It ripped open old scars, bringing back memories of helplessness she had spent years trying to bury. The anger returned, hotter and more volatile than before.

She fought back with everything she had. One arm strained against his chest, trying to shove him away, while her other hand gripped his forearm, pulling with all her might to wrench his arm from her neck. She was a fighter, the Champion of Kirkwall, and she refused to be subdued.

As she struggled, she lashed out with her legs, kicking wildly at his shins and thighs. Cullen handled her movements with the practiced efficiency of a Templar, he shifted his weight blocking her strikes, his movements economical and crushing.

In the chaos of the struggle, the heavy wooden chair tipped.

Time seemed to slow as the center of gravity shifted. With a loud crash, the chair went backward, sending Hawke sprawling onto the hard stone floor. Her head hit the ground with a jarring thud, not enough to knock her unconscious but enough to send a ringing vibration through her skull and leave her momentarily dazed.

Before she could even blink, the light was blocked out.

Thump.

The heavy, leather sole of a Templar boot slammed onto her chest, right on her sternum. Cullen had leaned his full weight into it pressing her deep into the cold floor. The air was forced out of her lungs in a sharp wheeze, her chest compressing under the crushing pressure of his boot.

Hawke looked up at him, her hair splayed across the stone, her chest heaving under the weight of his foot. Despite the pain, despite the terror clawing at her throat, the defiance

remained.

"You... fucking... asshole," she hissed, the words strained and breathless, her eyes still spitting fire at him.

Cullen looked down at her, his chest heaving, his face a mask of cold, concentrated fury. He wasn't a man who enjoyed brutality, and he had spent his entire career adhering to a strict code of conduct. He didn't hit women. He didn't lose control. But Hawke had spent the last hour systematically dismantling every shred of his patience, poking at his pride and mocking his authority until there was nothing left but a raw, pulsing need to break her.

The fact that he was crossing his own moral line didn't make him hesitate; it only fueled the fire. The internalized rage, the shame of his own loss of control, twisted into a violent urge to dominate the woman beneath him.

"You just don't know when to shut your fucking mouth, do you?" he growled.

As he spoke, he shifted his weight, grinding the heel of his boot deeper into her sternum. Hawke gasped, her body arching instinctively, and in that moment of vulnerability, he ripped his foot away only to seize her by the hair. He yanked her head up with a brutal jerk, forcing her to look at him.

Hawke didn't cow. She snarled, her hand flying up to claw at his face. "Get off me! STOP!" she screamed, the panic from her past colliding with her current rage. She fought him in earnest now, thrashing her body against the stone floor, her limbs flailing in a desperate attempt to throw him off.

Cullen’s response was instantaneous and harsh. He slammed his palm across her cheek, not a blow meant to break bone, but a sharp, stinging slap that echoed through the silent office.

The crack of skin on skin silenced her for a heartbeat in shock more than pain. Her head snapped to the side, the sting blooming across her skin in a hot, red welt. Before she could recover, his hand was back, his fingers locking around her throat in a crushing grip that pinned her head back against the floor.

"I told you," he hissed, his face inches from hers, "ENOUGH."

He squeezed, cutting off her air once more. Hawke’s eyes widened, her hands grasping at his wrist, her nails digging into his skin, but he was an immovable wall of muscle. He watched the defiance in her eyes flicker into primal terror, and the sight of her struggling for breath sent a surge of dark heat straight to his cock.

He didn't waste another second. With one hand still maintaining a suffocating grip on her throat, he used the other to seize the waistband of her pants. He gripped the fabric and ripped them downward with a grunt, practically tearing the seams of her trousers to clear her hips. He yanked the ruined fabric down her legs, exposing her bare skin to the chilly air of the office.

As he shoved the remnants of her pants aside, his fingers brushed against her, and he felt the slick, hot evidence of her body's betrayal. Despite the fighting, despite the choking and the slap, she was soaking wet.

"Look at you," he sneered, his voice dripping with disgust. "Fighting me, screaming for me to stop, and yet you're dripping like a fucking whore."

Hawke tried to shake her head, tried to scream another insult, but he tightened his grip on her neck, stifling the sound into a pathetic whimper.

Cullen freed his other hand only to unfasten his trousers, his cock springing free, hard and throbbing with a need for conquest. He positioned himself at her entrance and drove forward with one singular, violent thrust.

Hawke let out a muffled shriek, her back arching off the floor as he buried himself deep inside her. The entry was rough, almost punishing, stretching her tight walls without mercy. He didn't give her time to adjust. He began to fuck her with a rhythmic, brutal intensity, each thrust slamming her head back against the stone.

He was relentless, his movements devoid of any affection. He treated her body like a piece of equipment to be used and discarded, his hips hitting hers with a wet, slapping sound that filled the room. Every time she tried to twist away or push him off, he tightened his grip on her throat, reminding her exactly who owned her in this moment.

"You wanted my attention, Hawke," he groaned, his voice a guttural rasp as he hammered into her. "Now you have all of it."

He shifted his grip, moving his hand from her throat to her face, pinning her cheek against the floor while he continued to drive into her, his cock hitting her cervix with every deep, punishing stroke. He could feel her internal muscles clenching around him, her body reacting to the violence of the act even as her mind fought it. He fucked her with a focused, hateful passion, determined to grind every ounce of that bratty defiance out of her.

Cullen’s increased his pace , the sight of her struggle only made him more aggressive. He was hammering into her now, his cock sliding through her slickness with a wet, rhythmic thud that echoed off the walls of the office. He looked down at her face, flushed, eyes wide, lips parted in a silent gasp and a surge of pure, contempt washed over him.

He pulled back slightly, just enough to gather saliva in his mouth, and then he spat. The warm, viscous liquid landed squarely across her cheek and the corner of her mouth.

Hawke flinched, the indignity of the act finally breaking something inside her. A sob escaped her throat, a jagged, broken sound, and tears began to spill over her eyelids, carving tracks through the grime and spit on her face. She wasn't fighting him anymore,she was shaking, her chest heaving under the weight of his body, his hand on her throat and the crushing reality of her situation.

Cullen let out a short, sharp huff of a laugh. He found it pathetic. This was the "Champion" of Kirkwall, the woman who had spent the last hour disrespecting him, mocking his vows and

spitting on his authority. Now, she was sobbing beneath him.

The irony wasn't lost on him. She had spent so much time scheming, pushing his buttons, playing a dangerous game of power and provocation just to see how far she could bend him. She had wanted to see the monster beneath the armor, and now that she had found it, she was playing the victim.

"Look at you," he breathed, his voice a low, dangerous rumble. "The great Champion, reduced to tears because things didn't go according to her plan."

He shifted his grip, his hand slamming back onto her throat again. He didn't squeeze enough to black her out, but he applied enough pressure to keep her pinned, his fingers digging into the soft tissue of her neck that would surely bruise. He began to fuck her with a renewed, savage intensity, his hips slamming against hers.

He leaned down, his chest pressing her flat against the stone, and began to pant hotly into her ear. The sound of his labored breathing, the smell of sweat and leather, and the feeling of his hard cock stretching her to the limit created a suffocating atmosphere of shame and submission.

Hawke went quiet. The defiance was gone, replaced by a crushing weight of shame. She felt the heat of her own arousal clashing with the humiliation of her position, and the realization that she had craved this in some way maybe, that she had pushed him until he broke her. The thought made her feel sick with self-loathing. She lay there, limp and broken, accepting every punishing thrust in a stunned silence.

Cullen felt her give in. He felt the exact moment her spirit snapped, and it drove him over the edge. His movements became frantic, his breath hitching as he reached his peak. With one final, deep, violent lunge, he buried himself to the hilt and groaned loudly against the sensitive skin of her neck, his body shuddering as he pumped his hot cum deep inside her.

He stayed there for a long moment, heavy and panting, his cock still pulsing within her. The silence in the room was absolute, broken only by the sound of their synchronized, ragged breathing.

Slowly, he withdrew, the wet sound of his exit punctuating the end of the act. He didn't help her up. He stood over her, adjusting his trousers with a cold, clinical efficiency, looking down at the ruined woman on his floor.

Hawke struggled to catch her breath.

"Get up," he commanded. The voice wasn't the roar of the man who had just fucked her into submission, it was the voice of the Knight Captain. Cold. Absolute.

Hawke flinched, a small pathetic whimper escaping her throat. She tried to push herself up, but her arms felt like lead, her muscles failing her. She looked up at him, and for the first time, she didn't see a challenge, she saw a threat. She shrank back, her shoulders hunching as if to protect herself from another blow.

Cullen stepped forward and reached down, Hawke instinctively recoiled, her eyes widening in panic, her breath hitching in a sob. He didn't care. He grabbed her chin with a bruising grip, forcing her head up so she had to look into his eyes. His fingers dug into her jaw, reminding her that he could still crush her if he chose to.

"You think your status protects you from the consequences of your mouth, Hawke," he murmured. His thumb brushed harshly against the spit still drying on her skin, the gesture devoid of any tenderness. "You think you can play these games with me, push me to the brink, and then hide behind your title when the monster you summoned finally bites."

Hawke tried to speak, to offer some shred of a retort, but her voice was gone, stolen by the pressure of the hand that had been on her throat. All that came out was a broken, wet gasp. She trembled under his touch, her body reacting with a traitorous, primal submission born of pure fear.

Cullen saw the genuine fear in her eyes, the way she had finally stopped fighting and started shaking. He liked the fear. He liked knowing that the "Champion" was now nothing more than a terrified girl in his presence.

"Clean yourself up," he ordered, releasing her chin with a dismissive flick that sent her head snapping to the side. "And when you walk out that door, you will remember exactly how it feels to be powerless. You will remember the taste of my spit and the stretch of my cock. Every time you feel the urge to challenge me, every time you think you're the one in control, I want you to feel the ghost of my hand on your throat."

He turned his back to her, returning to his desk as if the brutal encounter had been nothing more than a routine. He sat down, the leather of his chair creaking, and began to shuffle through his papers, completely ignoring her existence.

Hawke stayed on the floor for a long minute, staring, her chest heaving. She was terrified to move, terrified that any sound might provoke him again. Slowly, she crawled toward her bottoms, her movements sluggish and desperate. As she dressed, her fingers trembling so hard she could barely fasten her gear, she could feel his seed leaking out of her, a warm wet feeling and it sickened her.

She didn't look at him as she left. She didn't say a word. As the heavy door of the office clicked shut behind her, the silence of the hallway felt deafening. She walked with a slight limp, her body aching and her spirit crushed. She didn't feel like the Champion, she felt disgusting. She knew that while she might still be the hero to those in the city, in that room she had been stripped of everything, and she was now nothing more than a thing under his boot.

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