What She’s Good For

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Summary

Every time he pulls her apart in a way she isn't ready for, she tells herself she'll say no next time.

Then he cups her jaw or murmurs good girl, and there isn't going to be a next time. There's only this. Only him.

Hawke returned to Cullen’s quarters not with the confidence of a rogue, but with the defeated posture of a dog that had been kicked. She slinked through the door, her shoulders hunched and her gaze fixed firmly on the floor. The memory of the previous day, the ropes, the crop, and the way he had called her a whore clung to her like a second skin, leaving her in a state of perpetual simmering anticipation and shame.

Cullen was waiting for her, standing with his arms crossed, his expression stoic and unreadable, watching her approach with those eyes that seemed to strip her bare even through her clothes.

"How was your day?" he asked. His voice wasn't jovial or warm, but there was a genuine curiosity beneath the authority, a quiet check-in that served only as a formality.

Hawke paused, her voice small. "Fine... it was fine."

Cullen stepped forward, closing the distance between them. He reached out, sliding his hand upward toward her face, his fingers hooking firmly between her collar and her jawline. He didn't squeeze, but the grip was possessive, forcing her to tilt her head up and look at him. He stroked her cheek with his thumb.

The silence stretched for a moment, the tension thick enough to taste. Then, without a word, the tenderness vanished. Cullen’s hand shifted, his palm pressing firmly downward.

It wasn't a violent shove, but it was an absolute command. Hawke didn't resist, she sank to the floor, her knees hitting with a soft thud. She settled there, looking up at him from her lowly position, her green eyes wide and shimmering with an eagerness she couldn't hide. She knew exactly what he wanted, and the desire to please him overrode any lingering embarrassment.

Cullen didn't waste time. He unfastened his trousers, his cock springing free, thick and already semi-hard.

Hawke leaned in, her breath hitching as she took the head of his cock into her mouth. She was desperate, her tongue swirling and sucking. She wanted him to feel how hard she was trying, how much she craved his attention.

As she worked, Cullen’s hand found its way into her hair. He threaded his fingers deep into the strands, gripping her hair tightly to control the rhythm of her head. He pulled back sharply, forcing her to take him deeper, her throat tightening as she gagged slightly on the length of him. She dedicated herself and took him as deep as she could, closing her eyes as she struggled.

Suddenly, a sharp crack echoed in the room.

Cullen delivered a light slap to her cheek. It wasn't meant to cause injury, but the sting was immediate, a jarring reminder of who was in control.

"Look at me," he commanded.

Hawke froze, her eyes snapping up to meet his. Even with his cock filling her mouth, she forced herself to maintain eye contact, her pupils blown wide.

Satisfied now that she was looking, Cullen tightened his grip on her hair, pulling her head back and forth at a rough pace. He groaned, his hips beginning to thrust forward, driving himself deeper into her mouth.She tried to keep up, she continued to suck and lick, her muffled moans of submission vibrating against his skin.

After several minutes of that, Cullen let out a long, breath. He pulled out, as he rarely finished in her mouth. His hand stroking her head in a touch that would have otherwise been tender.

"Good girl," he murmured, his voice thick. It was a rare piece of praise, and it sent a jolt of electric heat straight to her cunt.

Taking her elbow in his grip he helped her up and steered her toward the door of his private bedroom adjacent to his office.

As she stepped inside, the atmosphere shifted, His bedroom was a sanctuary of sterile perfection. It was pristine. The large bed was made with military precision, the sheets taut and devoid of a single wrinkle. A massive bookcase lined one wall, every volume aligned perfectly, not a speck of dust to be found on the polished wood. There was no clutter, no personal chaos, just an immaculate, order that mirrored the man himself.

"Strip," he commanded.

Hawke obeyed instantly, her fingers trembling as she shed her clothes. Once naked, he pointed to the edge of the bed. She sat, her thighs pressed together, looking up at him. Obedient, waiting.

Cullen stepped into her space, reaching out to cup her face. His fingers firmly under her chin, tilting her head back.

"Do you trust me?" he asked.

Hawke swallowed hard, her throat tight. She nodded slowly. She did trust, but a flicker of genuine apprehension sparked in her chest. He was so controlled, so absolute. He wouldn't actually hurt me, would he? She wondered.

Cullen’s face remained unchanged. "Everything you are... every inch of your body... belongs to me," he stated, his voice a low rumble.

He paused, his eyes dropping to her lap before returning to hers. "I am going to put it in your ass."

Hawke froze. The air seemed to leave the room.

"It is going to hurt," he added, his tone matter of fact, devoid of any apology or hesitation. "But you are going to be a good girl, and you are going to take it for me."

The bluntness of his words hit her like a mace to the chest. The mention of pain wasn't a warning, it was a decree. A certainty. Hawke felt a surge of genuine fear. She looked at him, searching for a hint of a joke or a flicker of doubt, but found only the unwavering resolve of a captain giving an order.

She didn't feel like she could say no. The power dynamic had shifted from the erotic play she was used too into something heavier, something that felt inevitable. She was trapped by her own desire to please him and the sheer weight of his authority. She remained frozen on the edge of the bed, trembling slightly, her body instinctively bracing for the pain he had promised.

"Yes... yes, Ser," she breathed, the title a reflexive acknowledgment of his rank and the absolute authority he held.

Cullen gave a single, sharp nod of approval. He moved to the center of the bed, sitting back against the pillows and patting his lap. The gesture was an invitation, but the look in his eyes made it a command. Hawke hesitated for a moment, her mind racing. She wasn't entirely sure how he wanted her, or what the protocol was for this.

"Come here," he ordered.

She crawled toward him on all fours, as she reached him, he reached out, his large hands gripping her hips to guide her. With a firm, practiced motion, he maneuvered her body, flipping her over until she was draped face down across his lap.

The position was utterly compromising. Her chest was pressed against his muscular thighs, her face turned to the side, and her rear was hoisted high in the air, presenting her tight asshole directly to his gaze. She felt small, exposed, and completely at his mercy, bent over his knee like a child being prepared for a spanking.

She was panicking, her heart pounding now against his legs, her fingers clutching at the pristine sheets of the bed. She could feel the heat radiating from him, the sheer size of him looming over her backside.

Cullen didn't rush. He seemed to recognize the tremor in her limbs, and for a moment, his touch shifted. He began to rub her back, his palm broad and warm, smoothing over her spine in a slow, grounding rhythm. Then, his hands drifted lower, his fingers splaying across the fullness of her cheeks. He kneaded the soft flesh, squeezing and molding her ass with a possessive grip that reminded her exactly who she belonged to and why she had come here.

He began to tease her, his thumb grazing the sensitive rim of her ass. He didn't press in immediately, but the mere contact made Hawke jump, a small gasp escaping her lips. He circled the opening, rubbing the tight muscle, prepping her and gauging her tension. Every

time his thumb brushed the center, she shivered, her thighs trembling as she tried to instinctively close her legs, only for him to hold her open wider.

"Relax for me," he murmured, though his voice remained stern.

Then, she heard the distinct clink of a glass bottle being uncorked. Hawke stiffened, her eyes widening.

Cullen tilted the bottle, and suddenly, a thick, warm stream of oil began to pour. He poured it generously, the viscous liquid cascading down the center of her ass crack. It felt heavy and slick, coating her cheeks and pooling around her hole, the oil glistening under the room's soft light. The sensation was overwhelming, the warmth of the oil contrasting with the cool air of the room, signaling that the preparation was over.

He spread her open with his thumbs, exposing the glistening, oil-coated pucker of her asshole. For a moment, he simply looked at taking in the sight of her. She was exquisite.

Then, without a word of warning, he pressed the pad of his index finger against the tight ring of muscle.

Hawke whined.

He didn't slow down. He didn't stop to ask if she was alright. He pressed forward, his finger sinking into her with a slow, deliberate insistence. The oiled muscle resisted at first, clenching instinctively around the intrusion, but Cullen was patient and unhurried. He maintained a steady, unrelenting pressure until his finger slid past the initial ring and pushed deeper into the tight canal of her ass.

The sensation was foreign and strange, not yet painful but a thick, rigid presence where nothing had ever been before. Hawke's mouth fell open, her breath coming in shallow, un even pulls. She could feel every inch of him as he advanced, the stretch uncomfortable, the fullness unnatural.

"Ser—" she started, but the word dissolved into a whimper.

Cullen's other hand settled on her lower back, his palm pressing flat and warm against the base of her spine. He rubbed slow, grounding circles into her skin, a gesture that might have been soothing if not for the finger currently forcing its way deeper into her.

"Deep breath," he said. Not a request.

Hawke tried to focus on her breathing. In through the nose, out through the mouth. She forced herself to match the rhythm of his hand on her back, each exhale a conscious effort to unclench, to soften, to let him in. It was uncomfortable, a dull, heavy ache that radiated from her depths, it hurt, but it was a bearable kind of hurt. A hurt she could endure, if she focused.

Once his finger was fully seated inside her, buried to the knuckle, Cullen paused. He held still, letting her body adjust to the intrusion. Hawke could feel him inside her, the width of his

finger, the slight curl of it as he tested the give of her walls. It was deeply, profoundly strange, and she bit her lip to keep from making any more embarrassing sounds.

Then, slowly, he drew out. The retreat was almost worse than the entry, the drag of his finger against her walls sent a shiver through her, her hole fluttering and clenching as if trying to hold onto him. He pulled back until only the tip remained inside, and then he pushed back in hard.

He was teaching her body to accept the motion, to recognize the stretch and release, to stop fighting him. Each time he pressed back in, he went a little deeper, a little more firmly, and each time Hawke's did her best to strangle the scream she wanted to make.

His other hand never left her lower back. The steady, circular rub continued, a grounding counterpoint to the pain in her ass. It was almost sweet, that touch, a reminder that he was taking care of her, in his way , even as he opened her body for his use.

Hawke squeezed her eyes shut, She remained focused on her breathing. In. Out. In. Out. She focused on the warmth of his hand on her back. She focused on anything other than the finger sliding in and out of her ass.

A few short minutes passed, maybe three, maybe five, she couldn't tell. The discomfort had faded slightly, her body beginning to begrudgingly accept the rhythm. She was just starting to think she could handle this, that it wasn't so bad, when Cullen withdrew almost entirely and she felt a second finger press against her already-stretched opening.

Her stomach dropped.

"Wait—" she blurted, her voice cracking.

But his hand on her back pressed down firmer, a silent command to stay, and his two fingers pushed forward together.

This was where it started to hurt.

The stretch went beyond uncomfortable and into genuine pain. Her body was being forced wider than it had ever been, the tight ring of muscle burning as it struggled to accommodate the added width of his second finger. Hawke cried out and her whole body went rigid over his lap.

Cullen didn't stop. He continued to press forward, his two fingers sinking into her slowly, relentlessly, stretching her out with a patience that was almost cruel. She could feel herself being opened, the walls of her ass forced apart, the burn intensifying with every fraction of an inch he gained.

"Ah—ah—it hurts, Ser, it—" Hawke's voice was thin, her fingers clenched.

"I know," Cullen said, his voice low and steady. His hand on her lower back resumed its slow, circular rub. "Breathe through it. You can take this."

She wasn't sure she could. The pain was sharp and immediate, her body screaming at her to clench, to push him out, to run. But she was pinned over his knee, his hand holding her down, and she had already said yes, Ser. She had already agreed to this. To all of this.

So she breathed the best she could and Cullen's two fingers pressed deeper, stretching her open, preparing her for his cock.

Cullen did pays and held his two fingers buried inside her, letting her adjust to the stretch for a moment, not out of mercy, but practicality. He needed her body to accept the width before he could continue.

Then he began to move again. Not just in and out this time. He rotated his wrist, changing the angle of his fingers inside her, pressing first toward one wall of her rectum, then toward the other.

Hawke whimpered. The shift in angle sent a fresh spike of pain through her, sharp, and her legs kicked feebly against the bed.

"Ser, please—it hurts—"

"Enough."

The word fell like a door closing. Flat. Final. No room for negotiation, no room for protest. Cullen didn't raise his voice. He didn't need to. The single word carried the weight of his absolute authority.

Hawke's mouth snapped shut. Her throat worked around a swallowed sound, and she pressed her face harder into the mattress, her jaw clenched tight. She was still making noise, small, involuntary whimpers that escaped with each exhale as he stretched her open but she no longer voiced her complaints. She bit down on the sheets instead, muffling herself.

Cullen resumed his work.

He scissored his fingers apart inside her. The burn was immediate and fierce, the muscle screaming as it was pulled wider than it was ever meant to go. Hawke's whole body jerked over his lap, her back arching, her toes curling, but she didn't cry out. She'd been told enough, and so she was silent, or tried to be.

He held the stretch for a long, agonizing moment, then relaxed his fingers back together. Scissored them apart again. Relaxed. Scissored.

He changed angles again, curling his fingers slightly upward, pressing against a spot that made Hawke's breath hitch in a different way, not entirely pain this time, though she clearly didn't know what to make of the sensation. Her hips shifted involuntarily, a tiny, confused movement that she immediately stilled, as if embarrassed by her body's response.

Cullen noticed. Of course he noticed, he always fucking knew. He pressed against that spot again, harder, holding there while his fingers remained spread wide inside her. Hawke made a

sound into the mattress, something between a gasp and a moan, muffled by the fabric she was biting down on.

Then he withdrew slightly and changed angles again, this time pressing downward and outward, stretching the lower wall of her canal. This was pure pain again, no confusing sensation, just the raw, burning ache of being opened too wide, too fast. Hawke's fingers tore at the sheets and a whine leaked through her clenched teeth despite her best efforts to stay silent.

His other hand had been on her lower back this whole time. That steady, grounding pressure. The one small comfort she had left that he afforded her.

It left.

Hawke felt the absence immediately, the warmth of his palm lifting from her skin, leaving her back exposed and cold. For a panicked moment, she thought he was going to reach for something else, something worse, and her breath came faster.

But his hand simply moved to her right ass cheek, his fingers digging into the soft flesh, and he pulled. Spread her open wide, holding the cheek aside with his grip, affording himself an unobstructed view of his work.

Hawke couldn't see it, but she could feel it, the way the air hit her exposed hole, the way the position made her feel even more obscenely open. She knew what he was looking at. Her asshole, stretched tight around his two fingers, the muscle straining and glistening with oil. The way it clung to him when he pulled back, the way it pushed inward when he pressed forward. The slow, visible evidence of her body being dismantled, taken apart piece by piece.

She burned with shame. Her face, already flushed, went hot and blotchy. She wanted to disappear into the mattress, to cease existing entirely, but instead she simply lay there, face down, ass up, held open and examined like an object.

Cullen watched his fingers work inside her, He scissored them again, watching the way her hole stretched around the gap, watching the muscle flutter and clench. He pulled back until only the tips remained inside, studying the way her opening gaped slightly now, still tight, still resisting, but undeniably looser than it had been when he'd started. Progress. Good.

He pushed back in. Both fingers, all the way, spreading wide as they went. Hawke's thighs trembled against his lap, and a strangled, high pitched sound escaped her before she could stop it, her hips bucking.

She realized her mistake immediately. Stiffened. Held herself perfectly still, as if freezing in place might retroactively undo the movement, maybe he’d forgive her.

He didn't.

Cullen's hand left her ass cheek. The withdrawal was swift, no warning. One moment his fingers were digging into the soft flesh of her plush asscheek, holding her open. The next it was gone.

The crack landed instantaneously.

Hard. Open handed. The sound of it split the air like a gavel, sharp and flat and loud in the quiet room. The impact drove her hips forward against his thigh, the force of it rippling through the flesh of her ass in a wave that didn't stop for what felt like a very long time. The skin where his hand had connected went white for an instant before flooding red, the outline of his fingers blooming across her cheek.

Hawke's whole body seized. A sound tore out of her, high, startled before she could swallow it down. Her fingers clawed at the sheets, her toes curled tight, and fresh tears spilled from the corners of her eyes.

He didn't say a word.

No enough. No reprimand. No explanation. He simply struck her, let the silence settle heavy and absolute, and then his hand returned to her ass cheek, gripping the reddened flesh now, making the fresh sting burn as he pulled her open again.

She knew why. She knew exactly why. The whining. The flinch. Both at once, compounding into a single offense that required a single, wordless correction. He didn't need to explain it. The pain spoke clearly enough on its own.

I told you enough. You moved anyway.

Hawke pressed her face into the mattress and breathed through her nose. In. Out. In. Out. She didn't make another sound.

Cullen resumed his work.

Her body fought him. The muscle clenched and fluttered around his fingers, trying desperately to close, to push him out, to return to its natural state. It couldn't, of course, his fingers held her open from the inside, and his grip on her ass kept her spread for his inspection but it tried anyway.

He reached for the oil.

Hawke heard the slick sound of him pouring more into his palm, a noise that made her stomach clench with dread. Then his fingers withdrew from her, and the oil followed a moment later, cool and slick against her burning entrance. He pressed his fingers back in slow, and this time the slide was easier. The fresh oil coated helped, easing the friction, dulling the sharpest edge of the burn.

It didn't eliminate the pain entirely. The stretch was still there, the fundamental, unavoidable ache of being opened wider than her body wanted to be. But the oil smoothed the worst of it, turning the raw, scraping burn into something she could almost breathe through. Almost.

She felt a flicker of something that might have been gratitude, and hated herself for it.

Cullen worked the oil into her thoroughly, his fingers sliding in and out with a wet sound that made her want to die of shame. He scissored them again, and this time the stretch was

smoother, the muscle still straining, still resisting, but giving more readily now, sliding rather than on the brink of tearing. He pressed deep, curled his fingers, found that spot again, the one that made her breath catch in a way that wasn't entirely pain and held there for a moment, feeling her body clench and release around him in confused, involuntary spasms.

Then he pulled his fingers out.

He watched her snap shut, tight, swollen, and stubborn. He exhaled through his nose, a slow, controlled breath, and wiped his hand on the sheet beside her hip.

She heard the shift of fabric as he moved behind her.

Then his hand settled on the small of her back, warm, heavy, possessive and stayed there.

"You can cry."

His voice was low. Even. Not unkind, but not soft either. The voice of a man stating terms.

"You can whine. I don't care if you sob into that mattress until you can't breathe."

His thumb traced a slow circle against her spine. Almost gentle.

"But you will not tell me to stop. You will not tell me to slow down."

A pause. His hand pressed firmer. Waiting.

Hawke's face was buried in the mattress. Her hair had fallen across her neck and shoulders in a tangled mess, sticking to the sweat and tears that coated her skin. She could feel her own heartbeat in her asshole, pulsing, throbbing, swollen and raw from what he'd already done to it. And he wanted to..

Maker. He wanted to put his cock in there. Fuck.

His cock, she loved it. But there? She'd felt it in her mouth, in her cunt. Cullen was not small, she didn't even think he was average. He was thick and long in a way that made her jaw ache when she sucked him and made her cunt feel like it was being split in half when he fucked her properly. And her cunt was built for that. Her cunt stretched for that, wet and willing and designed by biology to accommodate.

Her ass was not.

Her ass was a small, tight, stubborn space that had already been pushed past everything it wanted to give, and it was screaming at her, and he wanted to put his cock in there, and..

She was going to die. She was genuinely, certifiably going to die on this bed with her face in the sheets and his hand on her back and his cock buried in her ass.

"Hawke."

Not a question. Not a prompt. Just her name, spoken with the quiet authority of a man who expected an answer and would wait exactly as long as he chose to wait and not a moment longer.

She wanted his praise.

The thought cut through the panic like a blade. Sharp and clean and undeniable. She wanted him to tell her she'd done well. Wanted him to stroke her hair and call her good girl and look at her with something that wasn't cold appraisal. She wanted to be good for him. She wanted him to like her. She wanted it more than she wanted the pain to stop, more than she wanted to go home, more than she wanted anything else in that moment, anything in all of Thedas.

She wanted to be his good girl.

So she nodded.

Her forehead grinding against the mattress, her fingers clenched in the sheets, her whole body trembling with the reality of what she'd just agreed to. She nodded, and she was fucking scared and he could see it, could see the way her shoulders shook, the way her breath came in short, shallow gasps, the way her hole clenched and fluttered involuntarily at the thought of what was coming.

Cullen watched her agree. Watched her shake. And something in his expression shifted, not softening, never softening but settling. Satisfaction. The particular, quiet satisfaction of a man who had just been given exactly what he wanted.

"Good."

The word hit her like a drug. A single syllable, barely above a murmur, and her cunt throbbed in response, a fresh wave of wetness slicking her inner thighs not that it would do any good where he was going. She hated herself for it. Hated that one word could make her body respond like that, could make the fear recede just enough to let something else in.

He moved her.

His hands gripped her hips and shifted her up the bed where she was completely at his mercy. The movement dragged her swollen nipples across the sheets, sent fresh friction against her oversensitive skin, and she bit down on her lip to keep from making a sound.

He spread her legs. Wide. His hands on her inner thighs, pushing them apart with firm, deliberate pressure until she was open and exposed and utterly vulnerable. The cool air of the room hit her slick, oil-coated and sore entrance.

She heard him reach for the oil again. Heard the wet sound of it being poured, more this time, a generous amount and then the slick, obscene noise of him coating himself. She couldn't see it, positioned as she was with her face away from him, but she could hear it. The stroke of his

fist along his length, the squelch of oil on skin, the steady rhythm of a man preparing himself to take something that belonged to him.

Then his fingers returned to her. Two of them, pressing into her hole without preamble, pushing the fresh oil deep. She winced, the muscle was sore, swollen, tender from the stretching and the brutal finger-fucking he'd subjected her to but the oil was cool and slick and it did help, easing the worst of the rawness.

And then the bed dipped behind her. Fuck.

Cullen positioned himself between her spread thighs. She could feel the heat of him, the solid weight of his body, the brush of his thighs against the backs of hers, the press of his cock against the cleft of her ass as he settled into place. He was big. She could feel the size of him even without penetration, the thick, rigid length of him resting against her, hot and hard and real, and her breath caught in her chest.

His hand gripped himself. She felt him angle down, position the head of his cock against her entrance. The broad, blunt pressure of him against her swollen ass, already too much, already too big, and he wasn't even inside her yet.

He pressed. Slow. Steady. Constant. The kind of pressure that didn't negotiate, didn't retreat, didn't give her body time to clench and recover before pushing again.

The pressure increased and then her body lost. The muscle surrendered, not all at once, but in a slow, grudging yield, the head of his cock pushing through the tightest part of her entrance with a pop that she felt in her fucking teeth.

Hawke's vision went white.

The pain was bad, she didn't have words for it. It wasn't the sharp, bright sting of the crop. It wasn't the deep, aching burn of his fingers stretching her. It was something else entirely. Something huge, something that filled her up from the inside in a way that her body was not designed to accommodate. The head of his cock was inside her and it felt like she was being split open, like something fundamental was being broken, and she couldn't breathe, she couldn't breathe..

She made a sound. A high, whine that escaped her throat before she could stop it, her fingers tearing at the sheets, her toes curling so hard they cramped. Her back arched and her hips bucked and her body tried desperately to move, to get away, to escape the impossible pressure.

But she didn't tell him to stop.

She didn't tell him to slow down.

She'd promised.

Cullen held still for a moment. Just the head inside her, her sphincter clamped desperately around him, fluttering and spasming as it tried to adjust. He could feel her, every clench,

every involuntary contraction trying to push him out. She was tight. Tighter than anything he'd ever felt, tighter than her pussy, tighter than her throat, tighter than anything. The pressure around the head of his cock was almost painful in its intensity, her body gripping him with a desperate, frantic strength that said no, no, no, you don't belong here.

He reveled in it.

His hands settled on her hips. Gripped hard and held her in place, not that she was going anywhere, but the gesture mattered, the weight of his hands on her body a reminder that she was his, that this part of her was his, that he was taking it because he wanted it and she was letting him she knew it.

Then he pushed deeper.

Slow. Steady. Without mercy.

The shaft followed the head, inch by inch, stretching her open in a way that made his fingers feel like nothing. She could feel every ridge, every vein, every millimeter of progress as he sank into her, the broad head advancing deeper, the thicker shaft following behind, her inner walls forced apart around him in a long, continuous stretch that didn't stop, didn't pause, didn't give her time to adjust.

Hawke sobbed.

It tore out of her, a raw, broken sound that was half cry and half moan, her face pressed into the mattress, her whole body shaking. She tried to control her breathing. Tried. In through the nose, out through the mouth, just like he'd told her before. But the pain kept stealing her breath, kept interrupting the rhythm, kept turning each inhale into a gasp and each exhale into a whimper.

It hurt. Maker, it hurt. It hurt in a way that she couldn't have imagined, worse than he promised , a deep, internal ache that radiated outward from her core and filled her entire body. She felt him in her stomach, felt like he was pushing against organs that weren't meant to be pushed against, rearranging things inside her that shouldn't be rearranged. The fullness was unbearable, the stretch was unbearable, the size of him was unbearable, and he just kept going, deeper and deeper, and she didn't know how much more of him there was but she couldn't take it.

She was crying. Properly crying now, not the silent tears from before, but full, heaving sobs that shook her shoulders and wet the mattress beneath her face. She was a mess, a wreck, a sobbing, shaking, terrified girl with a cock buried in her ass, and she couldn't stop crying, and he'd told her she could cry, and she was using that permission, and she hated every second of it.

And Cullen,

Cullen was in bliss.

The tightness was extraordinary. Her ass gripped him like a fist, hot, slick, impossibly tight. Each sob sent a fresh wave of contractions through her, her body clamping down on him rhythmically, and each clench was a small burst of pleasure that radiated up through his spine.

The resistance was constant, her body fighting him with every inch, and the friction was perfect, the oil just enough to let him move without tearing her but not enough to dull the grip of her walls around his cock. He could practically feel her heartbeat.

He owned her. The thought settled into his mind with the weight of a truth, simple and absolute. He owned her mouth, her cunt, and now this. This last, stubborn, resistant part of her that she'd given him not because she wanted to but because she wanted to be good. Because she wanted his praise. Because she would endure anything for his affection, pain, fear, the feeling of being split open, anything at all it meant he would look at her afterward and tell her she'd done well.

He pushed deeper. Watched himself disappear into her, inch by inch, her reddened entrance stretched white around his girth. The visual was obscene, her small, flushed hole distorted around the thick shaft of his cock, the oil glistening on both of them, the way her body yielded around him despite every instinct screaming at it to resist.

He bottomed out.

His hips pressed flush against her ass, his cock buried to the hilt inside her. She made a sound, she hadn’t stopped really and her whole body went rigid, every muscle locked tight, as if she was trying to hold herself together through sheer force of will.

He held there. Let her feel it. Let her feel the full length of him inside her, the impossible fullness, the way her body had been forced to reshape itself around him. Let her feel that he was in her, completely, irrevocably, and that he wasn't going anywhere until he decided he was done.

"Good girl."

The words were quiet. Spoken into the silence of the room like a benediction, and Hawke sobbing, shaking, impaled on his cock with her face in the mattress felt something warm in her chest despite it all.

She was good. She was taking it. She was good.

She didn't tell him to stop.

Cullen held still for a long, agonizing moment, letting her feel every inch of him buried inside her. Then, slowly, he withdrew.

Hawke gasped as the friction sent sparks of pain racing through her nerves. The relief of him pulling out was fleeting, she could feel her sore, stretched rim clinging to his shaft as if reluctant to let him go, the skin raw and burning. Before she could catch her breath, he pushed back in.

A strangled whimper escaped her. "Nnnh—"

He set a rhythm. Deliberate measured thrusts that drove the full length of his cock into her over and over, each one bottoming out with a heavy, wet slap against her oiled skin. Hawke's face was pressed sideways into the mattress, her tears soaking into the sheets.

Her whimpers came freely now, small, pathetic sounds that she couldn't have stopped if she'd tried. "Hhh—ah—nnh—please—" She caught herself. Don't tell him to stop. Don't ask him to slow down. She bit down on the sheet, muffling her cries, her body jerking forward with each thrust.

Cullen's breathing grew heavier. He watched himself disappearing into her, watched the way her small hole stretched around him, the way her pale flesh rippled with each impact. His jaw tightened. He shifted his weight, leaning forward, and his left arm slid beneath her.

She felt the crook of his elbow settle against her throat.

Not a chokehold. Not quite. His arm wasn't pressing hard enough to cut off her airway entirely, but it was firm,m and as he straightened his torso, he pulled her upward with him. Hawke's back arched sharply, her chest lifting off the bed, her spine curving at an angle that was deeply uncomfortable. Her hands scrambled for purchase, finding nothing but air and linen.

The new position changed everything. The angle of his thrusts shifted, and suddenly he was driving into her from below, each stroke hitting deeper, the pressure against her inner walls changing from painful to unbearable. Her thighs trembled violently, her knees barely touching the bed anymore as she was suspended partially by his arm and partially by the cock impaling her.

And then he fucked her hard.

The measured rhythm shattered. Cullen's hips snapped forward with brutal speed, pounding into her asshole with a wet, slapping staccato that filled the room. Each thrust jarred her entire body, her breasts bouncing, her teeth rattling. The arm around her throat kept her pinned in that awful, beautiful arch, her head tilted back against his shoulder, her mouth open and gasping.

"Ah—ah—ah—" The sounds were punched out of her with each stroke. Not words. Just noise.

She could feel him inside her so deeply that she swore he was pushing against something he shouldn't be. The pain was a living thing now, a fire that radiated from her ruined asshole through her lower belly and down her thighs. She couldn't tell if she was still clenching around him or if her muscles had simply given up, gone slack and useless.

Tears streamed freely down her cheeks, dripping from her jaw onto his arm. Her nose was running. She was a mess, sobbing, whimpering, her body jerking like a ragdoll in his grip. She couldn't think. She couldn't breathe properly. Each thrust knocked what little air she had left out of her lungs.

Cullen's pace grew erratic. His breathing turned ragged, harsh grunts escaping him as he drove into her faster, harder, chasing his release. His free hand gripped her hip hard enough to bruise, yanking her back onto his cock with each forward thrust, doubling the force of the impact.

Hawke felt him stutter. Felt the way his cock thickened inside her, stretching her even further and she whimpered loudly.

Then he buried himself to the hilt and held.

His groan was low, guttural, almost pained. She felt the pulse of his cock inside her, once, twice and then the hot, obscene flood of his cum filling her. Spurt after spurt. The sensation was sickeningly warm and slick, and she could feel it pooling inside her.

Cullen held her there against him, his chest heaving, his arm still hooked around her throat. His cock twitched inside her, spending the last of his release. For a long moment, neither of them moved.

Then, slowly, he released her.

Hawke collapsed forward onto the mattress like a puppet with her strings cut. Her face hit the sheets, still wet with her tears. She felt him withdraw, slowly, agonizingly and the sensation of his cock sliding out of her abused hole made her whole body shudder. She felt open. Empty. Her ass gaped slightly, too stretched to close properly, and she could feel his cum leaking out of her, trickling down her thigh. Humiliating.

Thank the Maker. Thank every god. It's over.

She lay there, panting, her face a mess of tears and sweat. Her entire lower body throbbed with a deep, aching pain that pulsed in time with her heartbeat. Her asshole felt like it had been flayed open. She was fairly certain she wouldn't be able to sit down for a week.

Slowly, shakily, she turned her head to look at him.

Cullen was sitting back on his heels, his cock softening, glistening with oil and his own release. His hair was damp with sweat, his chest still rising and falling. And his face, maker his face.

He looked happy.

Not smirking. Not mocking. Genuinely, deeply satisfied. There was a warmth in his amber eyes, a looseness to his jaw that she had never seen before. He looked like a man who had taken exactly what he wanted and found it thoroughly, completely fulfilling.

Hawke stared at him, her green eyes red rimmed and swollen, her hair a tangled mess plastered to her wet cheeks. She looked wrecked. She looked destroyed. And he looked happy.

Something twisted in her chest. Not resentment. Not anger. Something smaller and more pathetic. It was worth it. The thought came unbidden, settling into her bones. He's happy. I

did that. I took it, and he's happy.

Her ass was still hurting. Aching. Burning. She could feel his cum still leaking from her, cooling on her skin. She would be sore for days. She would feel this every time she moved, every time she sat, every time she walked.

But he was looking at her like she was his. Like she had proven something, like she was worth something.

And Maker help her, that look was worth every tear.

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