Drunk on Defiance

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/928.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Misogyny, Rape/Non-Con, Systemic Oppression
Category:	Hetero (F/M)
Fandoms:	Dragon Age (Video Games), Dragon Age - All Media Types
Characters:	Hawke, Cullen Rutherford
Additional Tags:	BDSM | Bondage & Discipline; Dominance & Submission; and Sadism & Masochism, Spanking
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-01 Words: 3,173 Chapters: 1/1

Drunk on Defiance

by Blackcatttttttttttttt

Summary

Cullen doesn’t like when Hawke drinks.

The midday sun beat down on the filth of Lowtown, turning the stench of sewage and cheap fish into a thick, suffocating haze. Hawke swayed on her feet, the world tilting in a slow, rhythmic circle. She had spent the last few hours at the Hanged Man, chasing the burn of cheap ale and the numbness that came with it. She felt warm and loose, her steps heavy and imprecise as she navigated the crowded alleyways.

She didn't see the wall of polished steel until she practically slammed into it.

The impact jolted her, sending a ripple of dizziness through her skull. She looked up, blinking bleary eyes, and found herself staring at the chest plate of a Templar. Not just any Templar. The crest, the posture, and the sheer presence belonged to Cullen. He was in full plate, the metal gleaming harshly in the light, looking every bit the stern Knight Captain of the Kirkwall Order.

Hawke froze. In public, they were strangers, or at best, a Captain and a troublesome champion. Their relationship was a secret kept behind locked doors and heavy curtains, a desperate sanctuary away from the eyes of the Chantry. Normally, she was careful to avoid him when he was on patrol, but the alcohol had stripped away her caution.

Cullen looked down at her, and the expression on his face was thunderous. His jaw was set tight, his eyes flashing with a mixture of fury and genuine disbelief. He could smell the ale radiating off her in waves. He was livid that she was stumbling through the gutters of Lowtown in the middle of the day, looking like a common drunk.

Without a word, he stepped forward, his armored bulk crowding her space. He grabbed her arm and shoved her back, pressing her firmly against the rough stone wall of a nearby building. The cold stone bit into her back, but the heat radiating from Cullen was more intense.

Hawke tried to look away, her gaze drifting toward the dirt on the ground, but Cullen wasn't having it. He reached up with a gauntleted hand, his fingers gripping her chin with bruising force. He tilted her head up, forcing her to lock eyes with him.

"How many times," he hissed, his voice a low, dangerous rumble that vibrated in his chest, "have I told you to keep your drinking under control when you are in this city?"

Hawke felt a flicker of her usual defiance. Even through the alcoholic fog, she wanted to push him. She gave a small, lazy shrug of her shoulders, a tiny smirk playing on her lips. It was a challenge, a drunken dare to see just how far his patience would stretch.

Cullen's grip tightened on her jaw. He was shaking with suppressed rage. A few yards away, his squad of Templars had stopped in their tracks. They were staring, but as soon as Cullen cast a sharp glance in their direction, they suddenly found the architecture of the alleyways very interesting. They shifted their weight and looked away, desperate to avoid being the target of the Captain's wrath.

Hawke felt the heat rise in her cheeks. The shame hit her all at once, the realization that she was being handled like a disobedient child in front of his men. She was red, her skin flushing from the alcohol and the humiliation.

Cullen leaned in, he pressed his lips close to her ear, his breath hot against her skin. His voice dropped to a whisper that was meant for her alone, stripped of the Captain's authority and replaced with the raw dominance of a man who had reached his absolute limit.

"Report to my quarters," he commanded, the words sharp and absolute. "Do not leave until I arrive."

He let go of her face abruptly, his hand releasing her with a rough shove that left her head snapping back against the wall.

For a moment, Hawke stayed pinned there, breathing heavily. Once he stepped back and gave her space, she rolled her shoulders and shook her head, trying to clear the cobwebs and shake off the shock of the encounter. She glared at his armored back as he turned to lead his men away, her heart hammering against her ribs.

Despite the defiance, the command had sunk in. She didn't argue. She didn't fight. She turned and began the long walk back to the barracks, her head hanging low, moving with the defeated gait of a beaten dog who knew exactly what was waiting for her behind the Captain's door.

Hawke stumbled through, the stone corridors blurring into a grey smear. She knew the command had been to wait in his office, the formal space where the Captain handled the bureaucracy of his work. But the room was spinning, and the thought of sitting upright in a hard wooden chair felt like a torture she wasn't prepared for. Instead, she slipped into his private bedroom, the sanctuary where the armor came off and the masks fell away.

She collapsed onto the bed for a moment, the world tilting violently. As the initial wave of nausea passed, a spark of drunken mischief flickered in her chest. Cullen loved his order. He loved his precision. Everything in his life was a straight line, a polished boot, a perfectly aligned ledger.

With a giggle that sounded foreign to her own ears, she stood up and began to wander. She opened his bottom dresser drawer, where his tunics and undergarments were folded with military exactness. She reached in and scrambled them, tossing the fabric into a chaotic heap, knowing it would take him days to notice the disorder but that it would drive him mad once he did. She moved to the bookcase, plucking two of his favorite texts and shoving them back in upside down.

The alcohol was still humming in her veins, emboldening her. She decided she could talk her way out of this. She could charm him, tease him, remind him that she was the Champion of Kirkwall and far too precious to be truly punished.

She began to strip, her movements clumsy. She shed her outer layers, leaving herself in nothing but a thin, white chemise and her trousers. The chemise was sheer, clinging to the curves of her breasts and leaving the pale skin of her shoulders and collarbone exposed, her

nipples faintly visable through the sheer fabric. It wasn't hot in the room, but she wanted him to see her. She let her dark hair fall in a wild, tangled cascade over her shoulders, framing her face in a way she knew he found distracting.

She lay back on the bed, propping herself up on her elbows, waiting.

The sound of the heavy door slamming shut echoed through the suite, a loud, violent crack that made her jump. Then came the sigh. It wasn't a sigh of relief, but one of profound, simmering anger. He had checked the office first. He knew she wasn't where she was told to be.

The bedroom door swung open. Cullen stood there, still in his armor, though he had removed his helmet. His face was a mask of cold fury, his eyes scanning the room before landing on her. He looked far more angry than she had anticipated. The air in the room seemed to thicken, the tension vibrating between them like a pulled bowstring.

He stepped inside, the metal of his boots clanking heavily on the floor. He didn't move toward her immediately. He just stared, his nostrils flaring.

"I can smell the liquor from the doorway Hawke," he said, his voice dangerously low.

Hawke pouted, shifting her hips on the mattress to let the chemise ride up slightly. "I am not that drunk, Cullen," she insisted, her voice trailing off into a playful lilt.

Cullen's gaze dropped to her exposed skin, his eyes darkening. "Then why are you dressed like a whore?"

The words hit her like a physical blow. Hawke frowned, her expression hardening. She loved their games, she loved the power play, but she hated degradation. The term felt sharp and ugly.

Cullen didn't soften. He stepped closer, his presence looming over the bed, blotting out the light. "I am tired of this, Hawke. I am tired of your attitude, your constant need to push every boundary, and your blatant disregard for my instructions."

He leaned down, his face inches from hers, his voice dropping to a guttural rumble that was almost a shout, though he kept it contained. "When are you actually going to listen? Do I need to beat it into you? Is that what it takes? Do I need to treat you like one of my recruits in the barracks?"

Hawke said nothing. She stared back at him, her lips pressed thin. She didn't want to give him the satisfaction of an answer, but her silence was a weapon of its own, a quiet defiance that only fueled his rage.

Cullen's eyes flashed. He didn't want a conversation. He wanted submission.

"Bend over the bed," he commanded.

Hawke froze, her heart leaping into her throat. The alcohol-induced confidence vanished in an instant, replaced by a sudden, sharp spike of anxiety.

"What?" she whispered, her voice trembling.

He stared at her with a cold, unwavering intensity that made the air in the room feel heavy. He didn't repeat the order. He didn't have to. The silence that followed was a threat in itself, a promise that if she didn't move now, the consequences would be far worse.

Hawke felt a shiver of genuine fear race down her spine. The alcohol was still in her system, but the haze had been burned away by the sheer force of his anger. Slowly, her movements stiffening, she pushed herself off the mattress. She stood for a moment, looking at him, searching for a flicker of the soft, hesitant man she knew in their private moments. She found nothing but the Knight Captain.

Reluctantly, she turned away from him and bent over the edge of the bed. She gripped the linens tightly, her knuckles turning white, her chest pressing against the mattress. The position left her backside thrust up and exposed, the thin fabric of her trousers offering little protection.

Cullen stepped closer, the heavy clank of his armor sounding like a death knell. He tore her pants down roughly, exposing her bare ass.

"You will count every stroke," he commanded, his voice a low, dangerous rasp. "You will take it without moving, and you will thank me for the lesson. Do you understand?"

Hawke swallowed hard, her throat tight. She nodded once, a small, jerky movement. He had hit her before, yes, but those moments had been fueled by passion or lighthearted play. He had never used his hand as a weapon of discipline. He had never looked at her with this kind of clinical, focused rage. This wasn't a game.

The first blow landed with a sudden, violent crack.

Hawke let out a sharp yelp, her body jerking forward from the impact. The pain was immediate and searing, a shock that radiated across her cheek. She forgot everything, the rules, the counting, the gratitude. She just gasped, her breath hitching in her throat.

"Count," Cullen barked.

The authority in his voice snapped her back. Tears pricked her eyes as she gasped out the words. "One... thank you, Ser."

The second blow came faster, harder. Crack.

"Two... thank you, Ser," she sobbed, her voice trembling.

He didn't give her time to recover. He established a rhythm, each strike landing with a heavy, stinging force that left her skin throbbing. By the fourth and fifth hits, the heat in her backside had turned into a deep, pulsing burn. She was no longer trying to be defiant; she was simply trying to survive the onslaught.

As he hit the sixth stroke, Hawke began to struggle. She tried to shift her hips, instinctively trying to pull away from the pain, her fingers clawing at the bedsheets.

"Stay still!" he commanded, his voice booming. He gripped her hip with a gauntleted hand, his metal fingers digging into her flesh to pin her in place.

The seventh blow was the hardest yet. Hawke let out a loud cry, her body shuddering under the force of it. The pain was overwhelming, blurring her vision. She felt small, exposed, and utterly dominated.

"Eight... thank you... Ser," she whimpered, her voice breaking.

By the ninth strike, the dam broke. Hawke was crying openly now, heavy sobs racking her chest as she buried her face in the mattress. The skin of her backside felt like it was on fire, the raw sting of his palm leaving her breathless. She was terrified of him, terrified of the power he held over her, and yet the sheer intensity of his control left her feeling completely undone.

"Nine... thank you, Ser," she wailed, her voice a pathetic, broken sound.

She waited, trembling violently, her heart hammering against her ribs, dreading the final blow.

The tenth blow was not a single strike. Cullen shifted his weight, bringing both of his heavy palms down simultaneously, one on each of her burning cheeks. The impact was a thunderous, synchronized crash that drove the air from her lungs and slammed her pelvis deeper into the mattress.

Hawke let out a piercing scream, her body arching violently from the sheer force of the punctuation. The pain was an explosion, a white-hot flash that eclipsed everything else. She collapsed against the linens, sobbing and gasping for air, her voice a broken wreck.

"Ten... thank you, Ser... thank you!" she wailed, the words tumbling out in a desperate rush.

The alcohol in her system made her movements clumsy and erratic. Shaking violently, she tried to move, but her legs were unsteady. She crawled forward on the bed, dragging her throbbing backside across the sheets, whimpering as the friction aggravated the raw skin. She curled into herself, pulling her knees toward her chest in a fetal position, trying to shield her pain.

Cullen didn't give her time to recover. He stood over her, his presence looming and oppressive. He began to strip away the bulk of his armor, the metallic clatter of plate and leather echoing in the room. He shed the heavy pieces with a focused, predatory efficiency, leaving him in his gambeson and breeches, his muscles tense and ready.

He reached down and grabbed her, he hauled her backward across the bed, dragging her body until she was once again bent over, her chest pressed flat against the mattress and her reddened ass thrust high into the air. To ensure she didn't move an inch, he wound a fistful of her hair tightly around his hand, yanking her head back to expose the nape of her neck and lock her in place.

"You will learn," he growled, his voice vibrating against her ear, dark and devoid of mercy. "You might learn the hard way, but you will learn."

Hawke, completely undone and trembling, nodded frantically and leaned into him. She just wanted the pain to end.

"good girl," he murmured, the sudden softness of the praise contrasting sharply with the violence of his grip.

Without another word, he lined himself up and thrust into her with a brutal, singular force. He drove his cock deep into her pussy in one hard, punishing motion, bottoming out against her cervix. Hawke strangled a moan, the sound catching in her throat as her eyes blew wide. The sensation was overwhelming, a mixture of the lingering sting on her skin and the sudden, filling stretch of him inside her.

He didn't ease into it. He began to fuck her with a relentless, rhythmic aggression, his hips slamming against her sore cheeks with every thrust. The sound of flesh hitting flesh filled the room, a wet, slapping cadence that mirrored the punishment he had just delivered.

As he hammered into her, Cullen reached forward, forcing his fingers past her lips and deep into her mouth. Hawke didn't hesitate. She opened for him, her tongue swirling around his fingers, sucking on them with a desperate, needy hunger. She took him in deep, her muffled moans vibrating against his skin, acting like the obedient bitch she had become under his hand.

Cullen released his fingers from her mouth, he shifted his grip, slamming both of his hands onto her hips. His fingers dug deep into her flesh, bruising the skin as he anchored her firmly in place. He began to fuck her with a renewed, savage intensity, his hips driving forward with a rhythmic, jarring force. Every thrust was a heavy blow, his cock hammering deep into her pussy, stretching her wide and filling every inch of her.

The sound of their bodies colliding was loud and wet, a constant slapping noise that echoed through the room. Cullen was breathing hard now, his chest heaving against her back. A thin sheen of sweat coated his skin, making him slick and hot where he pressed against her. He was exerting himself fully, his muscles straining as he pushed her to her absolute limit, treating her body like something to be conquered and claimed.

Hawke was lost in the sensation. The friction of his cock inside her combined with the throbbing heat of her raw, red ass created a sensory overload. She moaned loudly into the mattress, her fingers clutching the sheets, her body shaking with every deep, punishing plunge.

Suddenly, Cullen groaned, his movements becoming frantic and desperate. He gave one final, deepest thrust, bottoming out completely, and stayed there for a moment, his body rigid. He let out a low, guttural sound as he came, filling her deep inside with hot, thick loads of cum. He shuddered against her, his grip on her hips tightening until it was painful.

As the aftershocks of his orgasm faded, he pulled out of her with a wet pop, the sudden absence of him leaving her feeling cold and empty. Without warning, he shoved her forward, pushing her body away from him across the bed.

Hawke slid across the linens, her chest flat against the bed, her legs splayed. She lay there panting, her breath coming in ragged gasps. She looked back over her shoulder. It had hurt, a searing, pulsing ache that radiated through her lower half, but as she looked at Cullen, she felt a surge of dark satisfaction.

She saw him standing there, chest heaving, sweat dripping from his brow, his composure completely shattered by his need for her. He looked undone, his disciplined Templar facade stripped away by the raw lust and anger she had provoked. Despite the pain, Hawke felt a smug sense of victory. She loved this, the way she could push him, provoke him, and ultimately break his resolve until he was nothing more than a man driven by the need to dominate her. She had won, and the burning of her skin was a trophy of his surrender to his own desires.

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