Cruel Kindness

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Cruel Kindness

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Summary

How many is too many?

Hawke lay sprawled across the mattress, her wrists and ankles bound securely to the bedposts. Her long dark hair was a chaotic spill across the pillows, framing a face flushed with a mixture of anxiety and desperate longing. Her eyes were wide, tracking every movement of the man circling her.

Anders was a stark contrast to her vulnerability. He was fully clothed in his robes, the fabric rustling softly as he paced the perimeter of the bed. In his right hand, he gripped a leather crop. Every few steps, he brought the tip of the crop down against his own palm—thwack, thwack—a rhythmic, predatory sound that echoed in the silence of the room.

Hawke’s chest heaved. Her naked body was arched slightly, her breasts straining with every jagged breath she took. The anticipation was a physical weight, making her skin prickle and her core ache. She wanted it, she wanted the sting, the release, the total surrender to him.

Anders stopped at the foot of the bed, his gaze cool and commanding. He stood watching the erratic rise and fall of her ribs.

"You're too frantic, sweetheart," he said, his voice a low, steady drone that vibrated in her chest. "I can hear your heart pounding from here. You're not ready."

Hawke let out a shaky moan, her hips twitching instinctively against the sheets. "Anders... please."

"No," he replied firmly, the crop hitting against his palm again. "I told you the rules. I will not start until you level out your breathing. Control yourself, or you stay exactly like this."

Hawke closed her eyes, focusing everything on the air entering and leaving her lungs. She forced herself to stop fighting the restraints, letting her muscles go limp against the mattress. She took a deep, shuddering breath, held it for a beat, and exhaled slowly. She did it again, pushing the panic down, replacing it with a focused, simmering heat. Her breathing slowed, becoming a rhythmic, steady cadence.

Anders watched her for a long moment, ensuring she was truly centered. The silence stretched, agonizingly long, until he finally stepped closer.

Without a word of warning, he leaned over and swung.

Crack!

The crop lashed across her side, biting deep into the soft flesh of her ribs. Hawke let out a sharp, strangled cry, her body jolting violently against the ropes. The skin bloomed into a vivid, angry red line instantly. The sudden shock of pain snapped through her, clearing everything but the sensation of the strike.

Before she could even catch her breath from the first blow, Anders shifted his weight. He swung again, the leather whistling through the air before it landed with a slap directly across the swell of her left breast.

Hawke screamed, her back arching off the bed as the sting radiated across her nipple and chest. The pain was sharp and electric, sending a surge of heat straight to her pussy. She gasped for air, her eyes blown wide and hazy, staring up at him with a mixture of agony and absolute adoration.

Anders didn't let the silence linger. He watched the red welts on her ribs and breast deepen, his eyes dark with a focused, clinical intensity. He began to move again, the crop becoming an extension of his will. He flicked the leather across her thighs, then her stomach, leaving a map of burning lines across her pale skin.

Then, with a smirk, he shifted his aim.

The crop descended, the tip snapping precisely against the sensitive folds of her cunt. Hawke let out a high-pitched shriek, her hips bucking wildly. The sensation was an electric shock, a sharp sting that collided with the throbbing ache of her arousal. He did it again, a light, teasing flick across her clit, then a slightly firmer strike that made her toes curl and her vision blur. He was toying with her, treating her most sensitive nerves like a drum, alternating between the softest brush of leather and sudden, biting snaps that left her sobbing and drenched.

Just as she reached a peak of frantic desperation, Anders stopped.

He stepped back and sat on the edge of the bed. He didn't touch her. He simply sat there, his weight shifting the mattress, his presence a heavy, suffocating heat beside her. Hawke panted, her chest heaving, her blue eyes searching his face for some sign of what was coming next. The sudden absence of pain was almost worse than the strikes, the void left her craving his touch, her body humming with a desperate, unfulfilled need.

Slowly, Anders reached out and ran his fingers through her long dark hair, smoothing the tangled strands away from her forehead with a tenderness that felt dangerous. His hand trailed down her neck, over the burning skin of her breast, and down the curve of her waist. He traced the line of her hip, his palm grazing her skin, but as he reached the junction of her thighs, he stopped. He left her hovering on the edge, his hand resting just inches away from her dripping cunt.

He reached onto the bedside table and picked up a thick, fabric gag. He held it up for her to clearly see.

"You're going to be very loud tonight, aren't you?" he murmured, his voice dropping to a whisper. "I know you. I know you're going to cry, and you're going to beg me to stop, and then you're going to beg me to keep going."

Hawke swallowed hard, her throat tight. "I... I'll need it," she whispered, her voice trembling.

Anders leaned in closer, his breath warm against her ear. "Tonight, I want to see how far you can go sweetheart. I want to push you past what you think you can handle, Hawke. I want to see you break for me." He paused, his tone shifting to something softer, though no less commanding. "Do I have your permission?"

Hawke didn't hesitate. She nodded fervently, her eyes locked onto his.

Anders moved with efficient precision. He slid the gag into her mouth. He pulled the straps back, tying the knot with a firm, tight tug that pressed the fabric deep against her tongue and muffled her breath into heavy, nasal grunts. Hawke felt a flicker of uncertainty, the tightness was restrictive, leaving her completely voiceless but as she looked up at Anders, that uncertainty was swallowed by an absolute, blind trust.

Once she was silenced, Anders stood up again. He moved to the foot of the bed, his eyes scanning her bound form. He reached down to the ropes securing her ankles, loosening the knots just enough to shift her position. With a firm grip on her calves, he pushed her legs wider apart, stretching her open and securing the ropes again.

He stepped back to admire his work. Hawke lay there, completely exposed, her legs splayed wide and her cunt perfectly on display, glistening and raw from the crop.

Anders stood over her for a moment, his gaze lingering on the glistening, swollen folds of her cunt. He didn't rush. He wanted her to feel every second of the anticipation, to feel the weight of her own helplessness while she stared up at him.

Slowly, he reached down. He used a single fingertip to trace the outer perimeter of her pussy, circling the sensitive lips with agonizing slowness. Hawke let out a muffled, vibrating moan against the gag, her hips instinctively twitching upward, desperate for more. He ignored the movement, keeping his touch light, almost ghostly, as he teased the entrance of her.

He shifted his focus, centering his attention entirely on her clit. He began to rub it in tiny, focused circles, the pressure barely there at first, then gradually increasing.

"Pretty pussy," he murmured, his voice a low, dark rumble. He watched her eyes blow wide, her pupils swallowing the blue of her irises. "Doing so well for me."

The praise sent a jolt through her, mixing with the physical stimulation to create a volatile cocktail of pleasure. Hawke began to squirm, her bound legs straining against the ropes as she tried to grind her pelvis into his hand. The friction was building, a slow-burn heat that started to coil tightly in her gut. Every time she thought he was about to speed up, he slowed down, dragging his finger across the peak of her clit with a torturous, lingering pace.

As she neared the precipice, her breathing became frantic, coming in heavy, jagged bursts through her nose. Her body began to tremble, her back arching off the mattress. Just as she felt the first wave of a climax beginning to crest, she couldn’t take it and began to thrash, her muffled cries turning into desperate, high-pitched whimpers. To stop her from escaping the sensation, Anders slammed his free hand down onto her belly, pressing her firmly into the mattress. He pinned her down with his weight, his palm heavy and commanding, while his other hand continued to work her cunt with focused, rhythmic precision.

Hawke was trapped, crushed between the bed and his hand, with nothing but the searing pleasure of his fingers to focus on. Her breathing was a series of heavy, wet huffs, her chest heaving violently.

"Good girl," he whispered, leaning over her, his breath hot against her skin. He increased the pressure, his thumb grinding into her clit with a sudden, demanding intensity. "Cum for me. Now."

The command was the final trigger. Hawke’s body stiffened, her toes curling tight as a violent, forced orgasm ripped through her. She bucked against his hand on her stomach, her muffled screams vibrating through the gag as wave after wave of pleasure crashed over her, leaving her shaking and completely spent.

Anders didn't pull away immediately, letting the aftershocks ripple through her. Once her breathing began to level out, he finally released the pressure on her belly. He moved upward, giving her a moment of breathing room, though he didn't stop the stimulation entirely. He leaned down and captured one of her nipples in his mouth, sucking hard and then biting down with a sharp, sudden nip that made her jump. He alternated between the two breasts, his tongue swirling around the peaks before his teeth sank in again, marking her as his own.

Hawke was still humming with the remnants of her orgasm, her skin hypersensitive. She felt him shifting again, his body sliding down the bed. She watched him with wide, trusting eyes as he moved between her splayed legs once more.

He leaned in, his warm breath ghosting over her raw, over-sensitive cunt, before he pressed his mouth directly against her clit, his tongue flicking out to taste her.

As his tongue first made contact with her clit, Anders let out a low, guttural groan of pure satisfaction. The taste of her, salty and sweet hit him like a drug. He devoured her, his tongue broad and flat as he pressed it firmly against her swollen folds, drinking in the overflow of her arousal.

As she began to shake he began to eat her out with a focused, hungry intensity. He used his tongue to lap at her entrance before swirling it upward, circling her clit with a rhythmic, wet suction that sent electric shocks straight to Hawke's core. She was already raw, her nerves screaming from the previous orgasm, and the sudden, wet heat of his mouth was almost too much to bear. She began to thrash more, her bound wrists straining against the ropes, her muffled cries echoing through the gag as she tried to arch away from the sensation.

Anders didn't budge. He gripped her thighs, digging his fingers into her skin to hold her steady, his mouth never leaving her. He increased the pace, his tongue flicking rapidly against the peak of her clit, alternating between soft, teasing licks and hard, demanding pressure.

The build-up was violent. Because she was already so sensitive, the pleasure didn't just climb, it spiked. Hawke felt the tension coil in her lower belly, tighter and tighter, until it felt like a wire about to snap. When the orgasm finally hit, it was a crash. She came so hard it almost fucking hurt, a blinding explosion of white light that ripped through her entire body with a muffled scream.

She bucked violently, her hips slamming against his face, her body fighting against the overwhelming intensity of the peak. She tried to fight him, to push him away, her muffled

screams turning into desperate, sobbing whimpers behind the gag. She needed it to stop; the pleasure had crossed the threshold into something agonizingly sharp.

But Anders didn't stop.

He felt her muscles clenching around him, felt the violent tremors of her release, and it only made him more desperate. He wanted to push her further, to drag her deeper into the abyss of her own pleasure. He pressed his face harder into her cunt, his tongue working with a relentless, punishing speed, refusing to give her a single second of reprieve.

For Hawke, it was torture and heaven combined. The friction was now so intense that it actually hurt, a searing, over-sensitive burn that made her squirm in agony but beneath the pain was a pleasure so profound it felt almost spiritual. She was trapped in a loop of sensory overload, her brain unable to distinguish between the sting and the ecstasy.

Tears leaked from the corners of her eyes, soaking into the mattress as she sobbed into the gag. She was completely undone, her mind fracturing under the weight of the forced stimulation. She wanted to scream, to beg him to stop, and to beg him to never let go, all at the same time. She was hovering on the jagged edge of another orgasm, the sensation so overwhelming that she could only shake.

Anders didn't let up. While his mouth remained locked onto her clit, he also slid two fingers deep into her drenched pussy. He hooked them upward, finding the ridged texture of her G-spot and digging in with a firm, demanding curl.

The combination was catastrophic. The simultaneous suction on her clit and the aggressive rubbing of her G-spot sent Hawke into a violent convulsion. She came so hard her entire spine arched off the bed, her bound wrists snapping taut against the ropes. It was a shattering, agonizing peak, her nerves were so fried and over-sensitive that the pleasure felt like a physical assault. She sobbed into the gag, her body racking with tremors as the orgasm ripped through her, leaving her gasping and completely broken.

As the peak subsided, Anders finally pulled his mouth away, though he kept his fingers hooked deep inside her, feeling the rhythmic pulsing of her vaginal walls. He looked up at her, seeing the tears streaming down her cheeks and the way her blue eyes were glazed with a mixture of exhaustion and sensory overload. He recognized she was at her absolute limit.

Softening his approach, he leaned down and pressed a series of tender, lingering kisses along the inside of her thighs, occasionally nipping the sensitive skin with his teeth. It was a momentary reprieve, a gentle contrast to the violence of the last few minutes, but he didn't withdraw. His fingers remained crooked inside her, maintaining a steady, firm stroke against her G-spot that kept her on a low, humming simmer of arousal.

Hawke was shaking her head frantically from side to side, her muffled whimpers sounding like a plea for mercy. She was spent, her body vibrating with a lingering, electric ache that made every touch feel like a spark.

Anders shifted, his voice a low, commanding murmur against her skin. "Just one more, my love. Just one more for me."

Hawke shook her head again, a desperate no expressed through the frantic movement of her dark hair across the pillow. She couldn't take any more, the mere thought of another peak felt like it would actually break her.

But Anders was confident. He knew exactly how much she could endure, and he wanted to see her completely undone.

He moved his body, sitting heavily across her thighs to pin her legs down, using his weight to ensure she couldn't buck or squirm away from him. He was an immovable weight, trapping her in a position of absolute vulnerability. With one hand, he began to rub her clit in fast, circular motions, while the other hand remained hooked deep into her pussy, his fingers relentlessly hammering against her G-spot.

Hawke began to sob in earnest, the sound muffled and heartbreaking behind the gag. She tried to squirm, tried to twist her hips to escape the onslaught, but with Anders pinning her down, there was nowhere to go. She was a prisoner to his touch.

The stimulation was brutal. Because she was so over-sensitive, the friction felt like fire, a searing heat that blurred the line between agony and ecstasy. She was crying, her chest heaving, her mind screaming for it to stop, but her body was betraying her, responding to the expert precision of his hands that knew her body so well.

He pushed harder, faster, his fingers curling aggressively into her while his fingers ground into her clit. He was ripping the orgasm out of her, forcing her body to climb a mountain it no longer had the strength to scale.

The final break was violent. Hawke’s body stiffened, her muscles locking in a rigid, agonizing spasm. The orgasm hit her like a physical blow, a painful, explosive release that tore through her over-stimulated nerves. She wailed into the gag, her eyes rolling back as the forced climax ripped through her, leaving her sobbing and shaking uncontrollably beneath him, utterly conquered.

Anders remained still for a moment, his weight still pinning her down as the aftershocks of the forced orgasm continued to ripple through Hawke’s exhausted frame. He looked down at her, his expression a mixture of intense pride and deep affection. She had pushed past her limit, endured the agony of over-stimulation, and delivered exactly what he wanted. She had been perfect.

"You’re such a good girl Hawke," he whispered, his voice thick with satisfaction. "You took that so well for me."

He shifted his weight, sliding off her thighs and moving up the bed. With a gentle touch, he reached behind her head and untied the knot of the gag. As the fabric fell away, Hawke’s jaw dropped open, her breath coming in ragged, desperate gulps. She gasped, her chest heaving as she tried to reclaim the oxygen her body had been craving.

Anders leaned in, capturing her lips in a kiss that was the polar opposite of the demand from moments before. It was sweet, slow, and tender, a soft apology and a reward all in one. Hawke kissed him back with a weak, trembling intensity, her lips brushing against his as she fought to synchronize her breathing with his.

As the kiss deepened, a strangled, broken sound escaped her throat, a low moan that carried the lingering echo of the pain and the shattering pleasure he had just ripped from her. It was the sound of a woman completely undone, physically and emotionally spent.

As the adrenaline began to fade, the reality of her physical state set in. Her pussy felt swollen and raw, throbbing with a heavy, aching soreness from the aggressive finger-work and the intensity of the multiple climaxes. Every muscle in her body felt bruised and stiff, as if she had been fighting a war.

She leaned her head back against the pillow, her eyes misty and glazed, looking up at him with absolute devotion.

"Thank you..." she whispered, her voice raspy and faint, barely audible over the sound of her own slowing heartbeat.

Anders smiled, a soft, genuine look of love crossing his face. He began to work on the ropes, his fingers nimble and careful as he untied her wrists first. As the restraints fell away,she let her arms fall limp, the red marks of the rope contrasting against her pale skin.

He moved down to her legs, slowly loosening the binds that had held her open and vulnerable. As her legs were finally freed, she curled up in the sheets shivering slightly as the cool air hit her damp skin.

Anders didn't leave her side. He pulled her close, wrapping his arms around her shaking body and drawing her into his chest, holding her tight as she drifted in the warm, hazy afterglow.

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