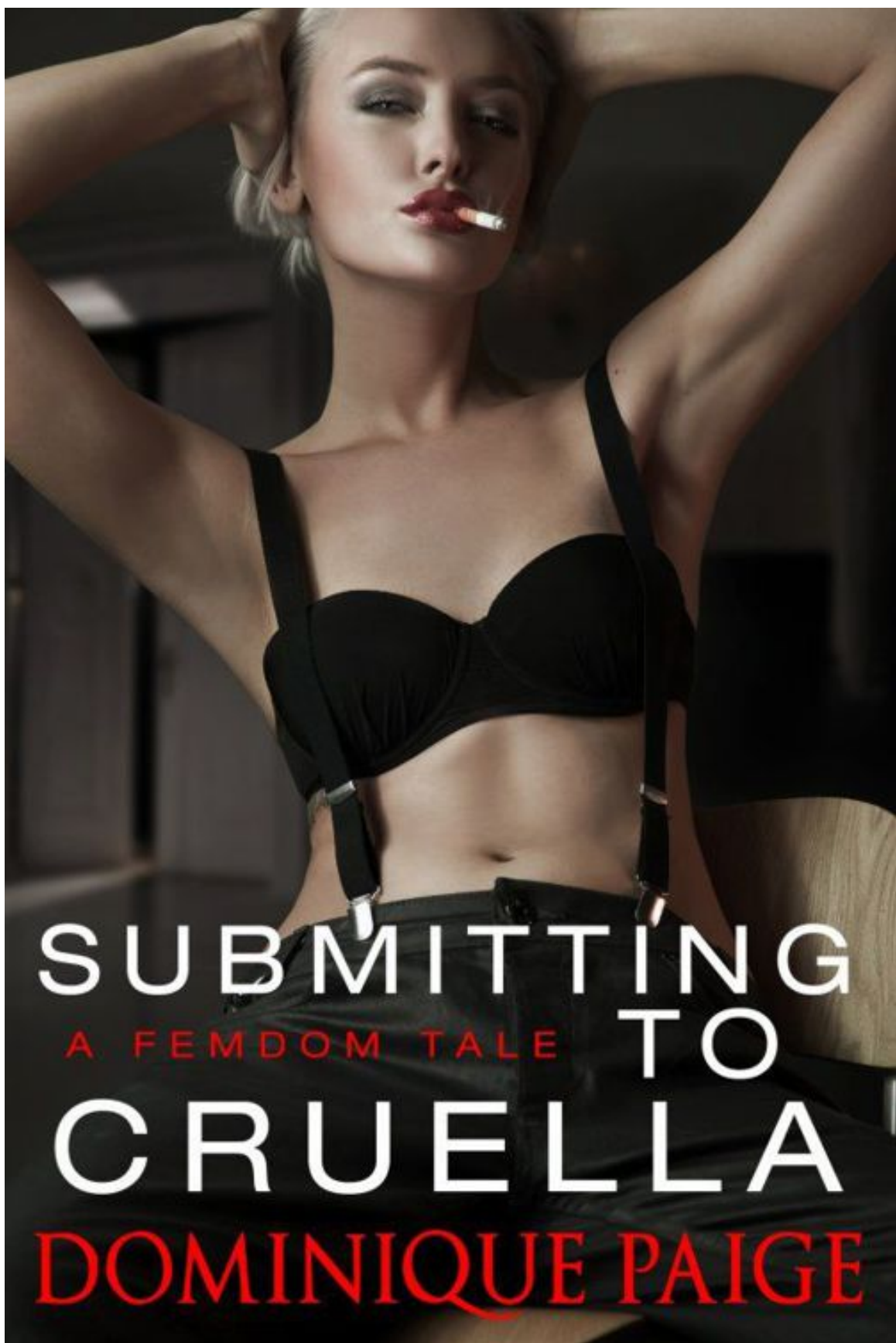


SUBMITTING
A FEMDOM TALE TO
CRUELLA

DOMINIQUE PAIGE



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Submitting to Cruella
A FemDom Tale

Dominique Paige

Cruella took a long drag of her cigarette before hanging her hand out of the car window and letting it drift into the wind as she cruised through the night. She picked up her cell phone and started dialing, the light from the screen illuminating her dangerous smile.

The phone rang out several times before a male voice answered.

“Hello? Who’s this?” He said in a tired voice.

“Cruella.”

Instantly she heard noises in the background, and he didn’t answer again for almost a full minute. She waited patiently for him to reply as she drove at a steady pace.

He spoke with a hushed tone. “How did you get this number? I’m home with my wife and kids, I can’t have you calling me in the middle of the night.”

“I’m your Mistress, and that means I take priority over everything else. You know this, Allen.”

She slowed down and pulled up next to a driveway, parking the car and stepping outside as he responded.

“Yes, I know that. I’m your most faithful slave and I will always submit to you. But I have a wife! I’m a married man, and I want that part of my life to stop as soon as I get home.”

“What part of your life? There’s no ‘part’ of your life, there’s only your life. So who are you really faithful to, me or your wife?”

He paused before answering. “Listen, I’ll make it up to you. I swear to God.”

“Tsk ts. That’s not the answer I wanted, and you’re going to have to be punished for that later tonight. You really fucked up.”

“I can’t come out tonight, my wife will notice if I’m gone all night.”

“Who said you had to leave? I’m in your driveway right now, meet me at the garage side door.”

She laughed softly to herself as she hung up and headed towards the side door, glancing at the windows to make sure nobody was looking outside. In no time Allen opened the door and started whispering in a panic.

“What are you doing here? I can’t do it. I want to, I swear, I just can’t. My wife’s upstairs, I have a family and...”

She stopped him mid-sentence with single finger placed on his lips.

“You have two options. One, I go upstairs and tell your wife about our affair. That was your decision to make, and I didn’t even know you were married until you were my plaything for weeks. Or two, you let me punish you right here in this garage. If you don’t want to be my slave any more that’s fine, I’ll just clear things up and be on my way. It’s up to you.”

Allen felt a rush of adrenaline and fear. He knew that there was no way he could let his wife find out about his secret affair, but it would also be much worse if she caught him in the act. As he stared at Cruella pleadingly, he found himself moving backwards as if he was caught in a trance. It was a familiar feeling that he always had around her, and with a sigh he realized he would have to play her game.

“Fine. I’ll do it.”

Cruella waved her hand, indicating that she wanted him to undress. There was never any doubt in her mind that he would obey her.

He quickly undressed, getting goose bumps from the cold night air. He prayed that his wife wouldn’t wake up and decide to come downstairs as he pulled down his boxers and kicked them off, leaving him completely exposed to Cruella.

She stepped forward with her head held high and a slight smile on her face, looking him directly in the eye as she reached a hand forward and grabbed him by the balls. She squeezed slowly,

enjoying his pained expression. As her grip tightened he began to whimper, and she held her hand in position for a moment as she leaned in closer.

“Shhhh. We wouldn’t want you to make any noise any wake anyone up, would we?”

With that she squeezed as hard as she could, forcing a muffled groan out of him.

“You’ve been a very, very bad boy. Now put your hands on the wall and get ready to be disciplined.”

Allen obeyed, pressing his hands up against the hard concrete as Cruella paced around.

“What should we use here, I wonder?” She picked up an extension cord and swung it around. “No, this is too weak.” She dropped it and browsed around some more, picking up a hammer. Allen’s eyes widened and Cruella burst out in laughter. “Don’t worry, I’m not quite that mean.” She placed it down and picked up a tennis racket.

“This should be perfect.”

Twirling it in her hands as she approached, she felt a rush of power. She had been exerting complete control over Allen for months now, but this was the true test of her power. She was finally dominating him in his own home, blending his two different lives once and for all.

She traced up his legs with the racket, running it over his balls and through the crack of his bare ass. Positioning herself to the side of him, she placed one hand on the small of his back to steady him, and with the other she brought the racket down as hard as she could.

“Ooow!” He yelped involuntarily, and quickly put a hand to his mouth to try and stop himself from yelling out. She continued without pausing, using less intense spanks for several minutes until his ass was sore. Despite using less force, the more she spanked him the more he whimpered, and soon he couldn’t stop making noise with each smack of the racket against his ass.

“You need to shut the fuck up.” Cruella said mockingly, reaching under her skirt and hooking her thumbs into her panties, pulling them down and picking them up off her high heel before shoving it roughly into Allen’s mouth.

“That should help, I think. Let’s find out.”

She brought the racket down hard, causing his ass to ripple from the force of the impact. She kept going long past the point she normally stopped, making sure that his ass would be sore for weeks.

“How’s my little slut feeling now, are you going to say sorry for being disobedient earlier?”

His reply was muffled by the panties stuffed into his mouth. “Yes. I’m sorry.”

“That’s what I thought.” She drew the racket back and trailed it softly on the inside of his legs. “I was very, very disappointed when my own plaything didn’t obey. Sometimes I think you forget who the fucks in charge!”

She brought the racket up swiftly, hitting him square in the balls. His teeth clamped down painfully on the panties and he stumbled backwards, sitting down on the cold concrete floor reflexively from the pain as it washed over him.

Quickly walking over to him and pressing his chest backwards with her high heels, she gave him a few more light kicks to get him in position before kneeling down. She straddled his face, lifting her skirt up over his face and pulling out her panties from his mouth. She tossed them to the side and lowered herself until her pussy was inches from his mouth, grabbing him by the hair as she lowered herself down.

Allen stuck out his tongue and ran it over her pussy, swirling it around her clit like she had taught him to. As he ran his tongue over her warm, wet slit he began to forget that he was lying on the floor of his garage as he got caught up in the moment. With the skirt covering his head he couldn’t see, and was lost in the taste of her juices and her beautiful aroma that he had been trained to revere.

Minutes passed as he obediently ate her out, Cruella occasionally thrusting her hips against his eager mouth as she could feel her own orgasm building. Nothing turned her on more than complete control.

As her juices ran down his chin, she felt his body shaking slightly, and looked behind her to notice that he was stroking his cock fast as she heard soft moans coming from under her skirt. Just when she was about to punish him for touching himself without permission, there was a sound from inside the house.

“Hellooooo? Allen? Where the hell are you?”

Cruella felt a thrill of adrenaline as she realized that his wife must be downstairs already from how close her voice was. She knew that there would be no time to get Allen dressed. Quickly lifting herself off him, she reached down and gave him a sharp slap.

“What are you waiting for? Tell her you’re working on a project in here and not to worry!”

Allen felt sick to his stomach, but didn’t stop masturbating as he racked his brain for a response.

“Don’t worry honey! I couldn’t sleep so I’m just working on a few projects in the garage! Go back to bed!”

The next response from her was from much closer. Allen’s hand stopped as he realized she was just outside the door.

“What kind of projects babe?”

Allen looked at the door in a panic, unable to stand up without making a sound since Cruella was sitting on his chest. It was the worst possible position to be found in and his adrenaline kicked in.

“Don’t come in!” He yelled. “I’m spray painting! You’ll get it all in the house. I’m spray painting the door, I’ve been meaning to do it for a while now.”

“Spray painting the door? What color? What the hell?”

“Same color, I’m just touching it up. It looks good, trust me I’ll show you later. Now go back upstairs!”

They heard a loud sigh, and the sound of her footsteps walking towards the staircase. Cruella let out a soft laugh as she flipped her skirt back over his face and lowered herself.

“No, we should stop now, I mean,” his sentence was interrupted by her perfect pussy being shoved in his mouth roughly, “we can’t... she’ll find out...”

Cruella didn’t even bother to answer, just pressing herself into him further until he stuck his tongue out and licked obediently. His hands roamed her body freely, squeezing her bare ass and her breasts through her shirt, moaning helplessly as the thrill of nearly being caught and his incredible lust combined to drive him mad.

Cruella let his hands roam, reveling in her new control of him. She felt her orgasm approaching as her hips gyrated, and soon she arched her back and let out an audible moan as she came, her flowing juices coating his face. Her hand gripped his hair hard from the intensity, and she sat down completely on his face until her orgasm subsided, rocking her hips and depriving Allen of air until she felt ready to stand up.

As she got to her feet, she laughed at the sight of him lying down on the hard concrete floor.

“Get up, bitch.” She commanded.

He did so obediently, his cock hard as rock.

“Is that it?”

Cruella just laughed. “Is that it? Are you being serious? Just because you have a wife and kids upstairs doesn’t mean you can neglect your responsibilities down here. Get on all fours, now.”

“Listen, she’ll find out if I don’t – AHH!” His sentence was cut off by a hard slap to the face.

“Listen to me you pathetic loser. You and I both know you’re going to do whatever I want, so I suggest you fucking co-operate. Get on all fours and brace yourself for the ass fucking off a lifetime. You’re not

allowed to touch yourself while I peg you, and I'm not stopping until you cum onto the floor like the cunt you are."

Desperately horny, he dropped to all fours and kissed her feet.
"Please."

"That wasn't a request, don't try and negotiate."

With that she walked over to her bag and pulled her skirt down, kicking it to the side so that she was naked from the waist down. She reached into her large purse and pulled out a strap on, quickly fastening it and squirting it with lube.

"I'm pushing it straight in with no build up, so it might hurt a bit. Try not to scream, you'll wake your family up."

She laughed and gave his ass several slaps, grabbing the base of the strap on and pressing it up against his ass. She pressed in slowly, grabbing him by the waist to hold him in place after easing it in slightly.

She continued to put on a constant pressure, and Allen had to bite his hand to stop from screaming out as his ass was penetrated ruthlessly. He felt like his ass was being split in two as she forced it into him all the way to the hilt, pulling out slowly before easing it back in again.

Thanks to the lube she was able to keep a steady pace, working back and forth fast as he moaned and whimpered. She went hard with no regard to whether or not it was too much for him, her waist slapping hard against his ass with every thrust.

"Now remember, you're going to stay like this until you cum. You're not allowed to touch yourself, either. You've orgasmed just from being fucked before and you're going to do the same today. By the way how the hell are you going to explain the spray paint thing to your wife? You've never really been good under pressure, have you?"

She laughed and gave his ass a few slaps as she continued to penetrate him and tease him mercilessly.

“So is your wife good looking? Is she nice? What is it about her that makes you want to cheat, hmmm?” After a brief moment of silence she spanked him, reminding him to respond. “She is, it’s just I can’t help it. I want to stop but I can’t help being your obedient plaything. Fuck my ass please, Mistress. I love it when you take control.”

A grin spread across Cruella’s face at his words.

Finally, this little bitch is learning to open up to me. It was obvious anyway, but it’s nice to hear the little slut say it himself. She thought to herself.

“I know you can’t help it, and how could you? You’re a pathetic, useless man and I’m a perfect woman. You shouldn’t be expected to do anything besides drop to your knees in my presence and beg to do whatever I want. Isn’t that right?”

Feeling generous, she reached under him and gave his throbbing cock a few quick strokes, before pausing and giving him another few some seconds later.

Allen groaned as she worked his cock expertly, teasing him. He knew that he would have to beg her to stroke it, or she would continue until he came from prostate stimulation only, which could take hours. He knew he had to try and stop that or else his wife might get curious and come down again.

“Please Mistress. Please jerk my useless, unworthy cock and until I cum all over the floor. I would do anything to feel your beautiful hand stroking it. I love you Mistress, more than anyone or anything. Make me cum like the little bitch you know I am.”

Smiling to herself, Cruella reached down and gave him a few more strokes, as well as a slap on the ass. She was going to speed up the process a bit, but she wasn’t going to let him off that easily.

Almost a half hour passed as she penetrated him relentlessly, occasionally reaching a hand down to give him a few strokes to keep him constantly on the edge. She had studied him for weeks now and knew exactly what to look for when he was close to cumming, and she would slow down until it went away before picking up again.

“Good God, Please! Just let me cum. I’ll do anything.”

She didn’t respond, instead she just spanked him hard over and over, causing his ass to wiggle and squirm under her constant slaps on his bare ass.

“You’re going to cum for me right now, you stupid slut. Cum.”

To his surprise she didn’t reach down to stroke him, instead she just continued to peg him hard. As soon as she commanded him to cum however he felt his orgasm approaching.

Cruella laughed slightly as a soft moan escaped Allen’s lips. She had trained him so well that his body would respond to her command to cum, given the right conditions.

“That’s a good slut, cum all over the floor while I spank you. Then I want you to return upstairs to your wife, and fuck her while you think of me. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress, I’ll do anything for you.”

“Good. Now first, I want you to fucking CUM!”

She spanked him one last time before his hips bucked forward and his balls clenched, as he shot load after load of semen onto the floor. He moaned loudly and shamelessly, completely forgetting about anyone or anything that wasn’t Cruella.

“That’s a good plaything.” She said softly as she pulled out, and walked over to a bin in the corner to throw the strap on out. Allen’s eyes followed her hazily, and he stumbled to his feet, still dizzy from the intensity of his orgasm.

“What, you didn’t expect me to put that back in my purse did you? Yuck. Now it looks like you have a lot of cleaning to do, and a lot of explaining to do to your wife.”

Her eyes roamed the room and she paused for a moment, before collecting her clothes and getting dressed.

“That will be all for now, but remember what I told you. After you’re finished cleaning up here, I expect you to go upstairs and wake your

wife up. Then you're going to eat her out and fuck her brains out like I know you haven't done in years, and the entire time I want you to think about me. In fact, you need to call her by my name as you cum, you'll think of an excuse later... or not, I don't really care. Just make sure you do it."

With that she headed out the door, intentionally closing it as loudly as she could to try and wake his wife up. She smiled as she walked down the driveway and got in her car, speeding off.

When Allen got dressed and reached the top of the stairs, his wife was awake.

"What was all that noise? Did you drop something?"

He looked around nervously; glad it was dark so she couldn't see his expression.

"Yes honey. Now I need to take a shower to wash this spray paint off."

When he was finished, he did exactly as Cruella commanded him to. He felt guilty and humiliated the whole time, but he could no more disobey Cruella than he could cut off his own arm. He fantasized about her as he ate his wife out and fucked her hard, and when the moment came for him to cum for a second time that night he kissed her deeply, looked into her eyes and told her "I love you..." As he let out a loud moan and spurted cum deep inside her, he whispered in a much lower voice "... Cruella."

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