

Submit to me, Percival

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by [nonbinary_name](#)

Summary

Over an hour had passed since Vex had ever-so innocently stopped by. She carried herself with such a casual and open air that it verged on apparent disinterest, when she leaned over him- busy at his workbench- and told him to make himself ready for her. She whispered her instructions into his ear and he still felt the burning sensation of those words now.

Vex had left straight away, leaving him to scramble to put away his tools and current project. He had hastened a quick trip to the washroom to ensure he was presentable and had stripped and folded his clothes neatly on a nearby chair.

Then, all he had to do was kneel with his hands gently held behind his back and wait for his wife.

And, gods, was she ever good at keeping him waiting.

Notes

This is based on art by [@fragariavulpes](#) on Twitter!

Shout-out to everyone on the discord server!

- Inspired by [Submit to me, Percival](#) by [@fragariavulpes](#)

Percy was kneeling naked on the stone floor of his workshop. The magic torches on the wall were dimmed, but there was still light enough for him to see. Though not overpowering, the chill in the air was giving him goosebumps on his arms.

His heart was pounding in his chest and he hated himself for it.

Over an hour had passed since Vex had ever-so innocently stopped by. She carried herself with such a casual and open air that it verged on apparent disinterest, when she leaned over him- busy at his workbench- and told him to make himself ready for her. She whispered her instructions into his ear and he still felt the burning sensation of those words now.

Vex had left straight away, leaving him to scramble to put away his tools and current project. He had hastened a quick trip to the washroom to ensure he was presentable and had stripped and folded his clothes neatly on a nearby chair.

Then, all he had to do was kneel with his hands gently held behind his back and wait for his wife.

And, gods, was she ever good at keeping him waiting.

This was part of her game, of course, and it was *working*.

He was staying dutifully untouched, but already his dick was stirring with arousal. This was aided by the fact that his knees were absolutely killing him against the stone floor. He was getting too old for this and they both knew it, but the pain was what he wanted.

It kept him grounded in the present moment, literally aching for Vex'ahlia, and he also knew that Vex wouldn't leave him like this for much longer.

She always took care of him.

She was taking care of him now by letting him feel this pain- the sweetest suffering, where patience became its own reward.

However, it was then when he was pulled out of his introspection and reverie.

A sound caught his attention that caused his breath to catch- the unmistakable *Clack! Clack! Clack!* of heels against the hardwood flooring just outside his door. He shuddered at the noise and the promise it made him of what was yet to come.

Percy was faced away from the doorway. The slight creak of the hinges was the only tell that his beloved now stood in the entrance, watching him.

They kept still- the both of them.

Percy did his best to regulate his breathing. It wouldn't do to give away just how much of an effect Vex'ahlia's dominance was having on him before she had even set foot in the room.

Oh, but his cock was fully hard now already. It was his only tell, but there was no way he could hide it.

Maybe she could even see from where she stood. Maybe his *weakness* was in full view while he remained barely in her presence.

It was a humiliating prospect but it only made him more excited.

“Well?”

Vex’s voice cut through the tension that hung, constricting and close in the air.

“Have you been good for me, pet? You may *look* like you’ve been behaving yourself but I know how wicked you can be when left to your own devices.”

Percy held his tongue. This was a test, and although her assessment of him was spot-on as always, tonight he wanted to be on his best behavior.

“*Speak!*” she spat at him sharply.

Percy shivered, biting his lip so no moan would escape him unbidden before replying.

“Yes, Mistress. I have been good for you- only for you.”

The sound of heels once again filled the room, closer now, and the same creak of the door signified its closing before it finally caught in its latch.

He listened to Vex’s approach; it was circuitous and painfully slow.

She appeared to have developed a sudden and keen interest in all of his shelves and workbenches and storage lockers- basically in everything his workshop had to offer *except* for his very naked and desperately wanting body. To her credit, though, she never stopped outright.

She literally dragged her heels, scuffing them lightly against the stones before picking them up for each new, torturous step.

“I can tell you’ve been good for me, you know. If you were *lying*, I would know in an instant.” She punctuated her words with each footfall, going deliberately from heel to toe.

“You can’t hide from me when I have you like this, Percival.”

He fought the urge to turn, to look at her. But, gods, how desperate he was to see her- beautiful and divine as always. She must have sensed his struggle because finally, *finally*, the sound of those heels made their way to him directly.

Vex walked around his kneeling form, as though trying to stay just out of his periphery for as long as possible- until suddenly, she was directly before him.

Crouching down, she used just the tips of two fingers to lift his chin up to face her.

“Hello, darling.” Her eyes were bright with her smile. She looked upon him dotingly- her utterly smitten fool.

She ran her fingers through his hair, lightly scratching at his scalp.

“Are you comfortable like this?”

He nodded.

“In pain? Surely, you must be by now.”

Again, another nod.

“If it becomes too much or if you need to make an adjustment, you will tell me, won’t you? Speak, love.”

“I assure you: I will most *definitely* let you know, Mistress.”

His assertion left no room for doubt or question.

She would look after him completely.

She was in full control because he was in control. She was trusting him to speak or signal as needed and he would not let her down- not only because failure to do so would come at the expense of his own safety, but because the thought of failing or disappointing Vex’ahlia was unbearable to him.

Her expression turned warm and soft, and she pressed a palm against his cheek.

“You do realize you’re still wearing your glasses?”

Oh, so he was.

They had completely slipped his mind in his hurry, and he was so accustomed to having them that their presence went unnoticed. With nothing much to look at from his kneeling vantage point, he hadn’t recognized the lack of blurry and fuzzied edges to the world around him.

Vex toyed lightly with the frame of one of his smaller lenses before her smile darkened.

“Good. I want you to keep them on tonight.”

Her words dripped with a sinister edge and Percy felt his dick throb between his legs.

She stood up, and as though breaking from a trance, Percy only now registered what she was wearing.

Her breasts were supported in a black lacy bra, gently lifted and looking as luscious as could be expected. Not that he had grown bored with them. He would sooner be struck down than have that thought even enter his mind! In fact, he was all the more grateful now that he was permitted to keep his glasses and admire their beauty as they deserved.

However, they were fighting for his attention with Vex's other fashion choice of the evening- her harness. A strap-on cock of noteworthy size was secured and waiting for him, he knew.

And to his immense relief, Percy could see Vex'ahlia practically dripping already. Clearly their game was affecting her, too, and he allowed himself a self-satisfied smirk.

"Oh, laugh it up while you can, Percival."

Her words carried no ire nor scorn as she walked back around him. She was enjoying their minor break before slipping back into character.

She pressed her heel into Percy's back.

"Now, then. I think those poor knees of yours have had enough, don't you?"

Vex pushed and he became pliant under her pressure as she gently guided him down, down, down- until he was lying flat and sprawled out on his stomach.

"I want to hear you tonight."

She dug her outer sole into his shoulder blade and he moaned wantonly, as at last all of his pent-up desire was allowed even this minor release.

Vex'ahlia hummed, clearly pleased with his display. She pushed his thighs open, spreading him apart. His dick was leaking onto the cold, stone floor, and his glasses had gotten pushed up to the top of his head, resting among his messy curls.

She would play like this with him- nudging and poking and toeing and prodding at him until she finally thought he deserved his true relief. Only then would she open and ram him, bent over the workbench he had already spent hours at that day. It was her way of making sure he took a little extra pleasure in his work.

And did he ever!

Vex'ahlia would look after him as only she did, as only she could.

He was at her utter mercy and he felt the bliss of his submission to her wash over his features- leaving him smiling and happy.

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