

Bayonetta's Abuse XIII

Paradiso

Cool autumn rain pitter-pattered on the cobblestone walkway as James hurriedly followed Bayonetta to her new lair. They jogged from the car park to the entrance of a classy looking, unfamiliar apartment building. By the time they reached the lobby their leather and latex clad bodies were glossy and dripping. It was almost refreshing after their time in the wasteland. The rain served to wash off the residual dust and grime of the desert.

The woman sitting at the front desk glanced up at them briefly and raised an eyebrow. She returned to her magazine as the couple moved to the elevator and Cereza pressed the call button. The assistant didn't seem overly surprised at people dressed in fetish gear heading upstairs. Perhaps that was a common occurrence in swanky condos like these.

The route to the city and the neighborhood James now found himself in were, likewise, unfamiliar. Bayonetta had explained their situation on the way back. Given the gravity of recent events, it was time for them to lay low for a while. Since Jeanne knew the location of the old safe house, Cereza had prepared a second one.

As the sliding doors closed, she pressed her buxom curves on James, pushing him up against the wall. They kissed long and deep as the elevator hummed and sailed upward. Their eyes remained shut as their wet bodysuits gripped and rubbed one another noisily. James' cock grew hard in the steamy latex prison as she sucked on his tongue and groped him all over.

DING

The doors re-opened and so did their eyes. Bayonetta smiled and took his hand, leading him out of the elevator and down the hallway. Their boots sank into the lush carpeting as they made their way down the dimly lit corridor. After passing several doors, Cereza stopped, extracted her key and opened the way.

The smells of fresh paint and leather hit James' nostrils as soon as they walked in. It was a giant, open air studio loft with a full kitchen and a staircase that led up to the second floor bedroom. The curtain-draped windows were large, providing an ample view of the city that would be marvelous when the weather was better.

A brand new leather couch and loveseat were present along with various other furniture that had recently been delivered. Boxes were everywhere, some opened and some not. No doubt they contained new kitchenwares, housewares, bathroom products, rubber bedding, fetish clothing, bondage equipment and sex toys. James knew Cereza's priorities well by now.

“Wow! Definitely an upgrade.”

“I'm glad you like it” Bayonetta purred, watching him stroll further into their new home. “The walls,

ceiling and floor have been soundproofed. We can make as much noise as we want, here.”

“Oh, my...” James said with a cheeky smile and a wink.

Cereza chuckled. “I'd say you've earned a shower and your choice of dinner after what we've been through.”

“Thanks. A shower sounds amazing. And as for food, how bout something Greek?”

“I'll call it in while you get clean” she responded, moving to one of the large boxes and opening it. She pulled out a fresh, black, latex gimp-suit still lined in protective plastic. Bayonetta turned and held it up for him to see. “Enjoy your freedom in the bathroom, because once you dry off, I'm sealing you in this. I have new collar for you as well. And a new armbinder to try later.”

James grinned, his cock stirring again in response to her lustful demands. “Yes, Mistress.”

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A long line of styrofoam food caskets were strewn across the coffee table; evidence of a decadent meal. James and his Mistress were lounging on the new leather sofa, relaxing with full bellies. Cereza was stretched out lengthwise, her boots abandoned on the floor. Her feet lay in James' lap, receiving a firm, soothing massage from her obedient gimp. As the show they'd been watching came to an end, James looked over and saw that Bayonetta's eyes were struggling to stay open.

“You talked a big game on the way here, but it doesn't seem like you'll be dominating anything tonight.”

The wicked Witchinatrix sighed in contentment. “Sorry, my love. I was riding high on victory. Should've known I'd be exhausted after that ordeal.”

“No worries. You need the rest and my ass could use a break.”

Cereza giggled. James released her feet and grabbed the remote from the coffee table. He pointed it at the entertainment center, navigating endless rows of streamable programming on their massive new widescreen.

“Isn't it amazing? Now that there's so much stuff to watch on-demand, people spend more time than ever just trying to decide...”

“So much **crap** to watch” Bayonetta remarked. “But you're right, it's silly how we end up scrolling endlessly. There should be a word for that.”

“There *is* a term for it.”

“What's that?”

“The Paradox of Choice.”

“Hmmm... Explain.” Cereza implored, pulling back her feet and sitting up at the end of the sofa.

“It's the psychological phenomenon that, the more choices you're given, the less satisfied you'll be with any decision you make. The opportunity cost of going through all those choices and making a decision combined with your heightened expectations, due to having so many options, means that, inevitably, you'll be disappointed with the outcome. Basically, too much choice can be a very bad thing. I watched a famous professor give a great lecture about it once.”

Bayonetta laughed and nodded her head. “I like that. It explains so much about the modern world. And it tracks nicely with S&M.”

“How's that?”

“Well, if too much choice makes people miserable, it follows that being given no choice at all will lead them to ecstasy.” Cereza's eyebrows darted upward twice in rapid succession. She was being cheeky, yet there was a certain logic to it.

James grinned sheepishly and nodded. “I never thought about it like that. Definitely true for a certain segment of the population.”

“Mmmhmm. Naughty bottoms and submissive sluts like you.”

He resumed his browsing, maneuvering through long lists of movies and TV series until he found something that looked appealing. “How bout this? Wanna watch?”

When no answer came, he looked to his right and found Bayonetta gazing into the distance. She was lost in thought.

“Hellllloooooo? Earth to Cereza!”

“Hmmm? Oh, yeah, that's fine. Play that.”

“Everything ok?”

“Yeah... just a little distracted. I shouldn't worry about it until tomorrow, but my mind keeps wandering to what I'm going to say.”

“To the coven, you mean?”

“Yep. After what went down, a statement is definitely needed.”

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CerezaOnTop: Hey kiddo, you busy?

RoxTheCasbah: Never too busy for you! What up, B?

CerezaOnTop: There was a bit of an incident yesterday. You may have heard.

RoxTheCasbah: **HAH!** That's putting it mildly! Everyone who went with Alexia has been really tight-lipped and touchy since getting back. What did you do??? Give them all a spanking?

CerezaOnTop: In a manner of speaking.

RoxTheCasbah: Dammit! I never get to see the good stuff!

CerezaOnTop: Trust me, it's better you weren't there.

RoxTheCasbah: Alright, but I want all the dirt later.

CerezaOnTop: Of course.

RoxTheCasbah: What can I do for you?

CerezaOnTop: I've prepared a statement. I want it sent out to all members with no exceptions. And I need it to be untraceable.

RoxTheCasbah: Easy peasy. Is that it?

CerezaOnTop: Yes, that's all for now.

RoxTheCasbah: Send it to my home email, not my work address. And make sure it's encrypted. I'll take care of the rest.

CerezaOnTop: Understood.

RoxTheCasbah: You want it go out today?

CerezaOnTop: As soon as you can, yes.

RoxTheCasbah: Cool. I'm on it.

CerezaOnTop: Thanks, Roxy. I'm going to be off on a little getaway until things cool down. When I get back, we'll do lunch and I'll dish all the juicy details.

RoxTheCasbah: You better!

* * * * *

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

Alexia's crop lacerated her slave's ass over and over. The young man was bound on a padded spanking bench, his leather-clad body blending in nicely with the glossy black fuck-furniture. Only his ass and

head were free from constricting leather and metal. His ass flap hung open as she slashed away at his reddened flesh. It was easy to picture Cereza's face on those punished ass cheeks after what had transpired the day before.

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

“AHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The slave grunted and howled as her blows rained down. She varied the force, but few were gentle. Alexia's cock grew harder with every blistering swat into his well beaten bottom. It jutted out from the unzipped opening of her shiny, blue latex bodysuit. Pre-cum drooled from her glans and her face was flush red. Alexia was giddy with lust and control. Lately, she couldn't decide which she enjoyed more; beating him or fucking him.

After a few more particularly hard strikes she relented and tossed the crop aside. Alexia stalked around to his front, her boot heels echoing off the floor. She grabbed him by the hair and raised his head off the bench. The haughty brunette ducked down so they saw eye to eye.

“Why are you being punished, slave?”

“Because I didn't make your tea properly, Mistress!”

“How many sugars do I take?”

“Th-Three sugars, Mistress!”

“You're not going to forget again, are you?”

“No, Mistress Alexia!”

She dropped his head, seized her cock and stroked it up and down hungrily. She'd almost cum from the fear in his voice, alone. It was time to feed this bound fuck-boy his lunch. She had a half hour until her next meeting and she was going to enjoy every minute.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Alexia ceased her masturbation and turned toward the office door, already annoyed. “Fucking hell... I specifically said 'do not disturb.' **WHAT?!?**”

The door opened a crack and a voice emanated from outside. “My apologies, Chief Matron, but a matter of some importance...”

“Oh, Lieutenant Katherine. Please, do come in.”

The tall, blonde enforcer entered and quickly shut the door behind her. The buxom woman's latex creaked around her body as she entered. Her shoulder guards, arm guards and guns clinked with each step until she came to a stop. Katherine was no longer surprised to see Alexia with her cock out and enjoying a bound slave in her office. Such occurrences were common now, even among the Chief Matrons.

The Umbran Enforcer removed her cap and bowed before beginning. "Mistress Alexia, there's been a communication from Bayonetta you should see right away."

Alexia's look grew concerned as she strode to her desk. "A communication to whom?"

"Everyone."

The Chief Matron didn't bother to zip herself up before leaning down and checking the terminal at her desk. She found the message Katherine spoke of immediately. It was from an anonymous source, yet marked with a high priority flag.

"My Umbran Sisters,

Recently a Lumen plot was unveiled due to fateful circumstance. The activities of Father Olvey were a threat to our entire order and needed to be stopped. Stopped they were by the actions of many valiant Sisters and our dominance in this region was maintained.

I have taken the extraordinary step of speaking to you directly about this matter without the approval of the Chief Matrons. I did this because I feel every Sister needs to know what happened. This was no minor operation on their part, but a major power play. Olvey and his sages successfully summoned a demon from the Inferno for the first time in hundreds of years. Their goal was to strip us of the enhanced abilities bestowed on us by Marioch; the one we call Phalleus. Thankfully, their end game was denied.

Marioch now lies imprisoned at my breast. His power is mine to call upon when I choose. His contracts are mine to uphold or cancel. I say this not to threaten or boast, but to offer transparency. I have created a stone to rival the power of the Eyes of the World. My goal in doing so is not to rule the Umbra, but to liberate us.

We all know the price of a witch's power. The brutal and unending torment that awaits us at the end of this long road. I am no longer content to accept this as inevitable. I will harness the power of the Inferno to challenge the celestial order itself and, if need be, wipe it away completely. You may think this endeavor arrogant or foolish, but I would ask that you place your trust in me. I am doing this for all of us.

Finally, I must address the effects of Marioch's power on the Sisterhood in recent years. I don't need to tell you how it's changed us. Our lust and desire for sexual conquest strengthens and drives us, but also blinds us in many ways. It has caused some sisters to cast aside their better judgment. To sacrifice compassion and consent to sexual frenzy.

The Lumen are willing to brainwash, kill and even sacrifice themselves in the pursuit of power. They have little regard for human life beyond how it strengthens their order. If we do not wield our power responsibly, we are no better. And I will not stand idly by if I feel any of my Sisters have become like our enemy.

You may not believe this, but it was not our power, our lust or our will to dominate that saved us on the battlefield. It was love. Without the clarity that love provided at the crucial moment, we might well have been weakened, defeated or worse.

Embrace love for your submissives and nurture their affection for you. If there is no romance to be found, at least abuse them lovingly and always care for them after. If they don't enjoy our games, set them free. This is how we demonstrate the Umbra are worthy of the power we wield. That is how we prove we're better than the Lumen.

Love may yet save each and every one of us. If, indeed, we can be saved.

Your Sister in Arms,

Bayonetta”

An avalanche of emotions descended upon Alexia.

Anger that Bayonetta had enacted her own plan without consulting Umbra leadership. That she'd sent this message without the Matrons approval and left Alexia and many other Sisters in an embarrassing mess the other day.

Relief that she hadn't revealed what a fiasco the operation was or that Cereza had pretty much single-handedly saved the day.

Suspicion about her claims regarding Marioch and, even if they were true, what her real motives would prove to be. Only time would tell. Calling upon the denizens of the Inferno was a skill known by all in their order, but imprisoning a demon? For personal use? That was uncharted territory, even for the Umbra.

Alexia released her desk and straightened her back. “That will be all for now, Lieutenant. Thank you.”

The Chief Matron didn't look back at her enforcer before strolling to the window. She was lost in thought with a hand on her chin. Katherine was glad she didn't have to hide her grin. The armed blonde saluted and made her way out. The dutiful soldier was glad *someone* was re-asserting order into a coven that had grown far too chaotic.

The door shut and Alexia took stock of her bound slave. Despite Bayonetta's massive presumption, the ring of truth resided in some of her words. When was the last time Alexia had shown her slut any kindness? Asked him how he was feeling? Did more than demand his total obedience and sexual servitude? The Chief Matron couldn't recall.

Frustrated, she stalked back to the bondage bench and parked herself in front of him. She put her hands on her hips, her cock now hanging half-flaccid below.

“Slave, I'm going to ask you a question and I want you to tell me the unvarnished truth. Do **not** tell me what you think I want to hear. Just answer honestly. You will not be punished regardless of what you

say. Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress.” His body wiggled in its bonds, his anxiety evident.

“Do you enjoy being my slave?”

“Yes, Mistress. Very much so.”

'You already knew the answer to that one. Be more precise.'

The Chief Matron thought a few moments before speaking again. “If you could change anything about our arrangement, anything at all, what would it be?”

“Oh... Ummm, it would be nice if I didn't have to sleep in the cage all the time.”

Alexia smirked and her eyes narrowed. *'I lined it with leather just for you.'*

“And maybe I could pick what we have for dinner once in a while?”

The Chief Matron seized her girthy unit and resumed stroking it. *'What, your birthday dinner isn't enough?'*

“...Perhaps we could cuddle from time to time?”

Alexia shoved her cock in his mouth, silencing him instantly. Her hips pressed forward and she burrowed her fleshy sausage in deep until the glans hit the back of his throat. His straining eyes peered up at her, confused by the sudden shift in tone. Regardless, he took up his task obediently, sucking away on her meaty shaft. She took hold of his head and started thrusting into his sucking lips eagerly.

The brown haired Goddess sighed. His baby blues kept peeking up, pleading with her as she fucked his mouth.

“I'll think about it. Now suck me off, bitch.”

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It was a beautiful day on the Bora Bora Islands, but then again, it seemed almost every day was gorgeous in this place. James had learned a bit about the region from promotional pamphlets available on their flight. The temperature rarely deviated above eighty five degrees or below seventy five. The dry season ranged from June to October. The rest of the year had lovely days like these broken up by periods of monsoon rain. The island's economy was mostly tourism. If heaven existed on Earth, this might be it.

It had only been a matter of days between Cereza unveiling her “Bayonetta & James Go Tropical” plan to finding himself in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. They had a lovely villa many times bigger than a couple could possibly need, a private beach and many other accommodations within walking distance or a short cab ride from their island hideaway.

It was strange being in French Polynesia, a place that was as far as you could get from France where people spoke only French and assorted native languages. Stranger still that his first day in such a lovely place was being spent getting buried. Only James' shoulders and head remained visible above the white sand. It had taken almost an hour to dig a hole big enough for him to fit in. Cereza had spent the last ten minutes filling it in around him; packing down the sand and making sure he couldn't budge.

James looked up at his beautiful Goddess as she finished the job; sweeping more sand over his shoulders and upper chest. Leave it to Bayonetta to wear leather and latex to the beach. Her shiny, black latex bra barely contained her massive milkers. The garment almost passed as the top half of a two piece bathing suit, but not quite. Her leather skirt ran snugly down to her knees. The bulge in its front grew more prominent by the minute as Cereza sealed her slave in sand below her.

She pushed a few more mounds of the sparkling silt over his shoulders and around his neck, packing them down tightly. The deed was done. James was entombed in the Earth, aside from his protruding head. He couldn't budge a millimeter and that put a mischievous smile on Bayonetta's face. She collapsed beside him to rest a few minutes before enjoying his predicament to the fullest.

“We could be seeing the sites right now, scuba diving, deep sea fishing... but your priority was burying me in sand and fucking my mouth.”

“Shush, Cheshire. There'll be time for all that. This is a fantasy I've had for a long time and I wasn't going to wait another day to indulge.”

“Fair enough. Did you bring any sunscreen?”

“You won't need sunscreen in a minute when I'm plowing your face.”

“True...” he snickered. “You know, it was weird hearing you speak French earlier. I'm so used to your British accent. I like both, though. I bet you could make any language sound sexy.”

“Thank you, darling. I hope my French wasn't too out of practice.”

“I wouldn't know. I don't speak a word.”

“Yes, especially when you have a giant cock in your mouth.”

James chuckled. “My god, you're even hornier than usual! I'm in trouble these next two weeks, aren't I?”

“You have no idea.”

Bayonetta rose, unzipped her leather skirt and tossed it aside. She stepped into view and turned to face him; her shadow casting over James' head. Her thick cock was at full attention and her weighty scrotum hung below it. Her full, hairless package gleamed with a light sheen of sweat, appetizing as ever to James' covetous eyes. The fat, meaty length that he'd serviced so many times before was ready for another round of debauchery. Cereza closed the distance to him and lowered to her knees in the warm, soft sand.

SLAP

A playful smack struck his left cheek before she seized his head with both hands.

“You're buried in the dirt and I'm going to fill your bitch-made stomach with cum. What do you think of that, slut?”

“Sounds like a wonderful afternoon.”

“You *would* say that, filthy cock whore...”

Her drooling tip was pushed to his mouth and he opened it obediently. She pressed the glans between his soft, sucking lips and inch after inch of her hefty shaft followed. Her body shifted forward, Cereza's knees plunging into the sand on either side of his head as she held him with a firm grip. She tunneled into his mouth, her bulbous rod of musty flesh sinking into his succulent, wet hole.

“Ohhhhhhhhh! **YESSS!** Good slut!!! Take it all!”

As her pubis and pendulous cum-sack grew close to his mouth, Bayonetta sprawled out her body. Her legs shot back into the silky sand. Her torso extended forward and her arms, likewise, glided into the warm embrace of the beach. Her fingers dug into the loose sand as her latex-clad breasts pressed into the earth. With a blissful moan, she hilted her cock in her imprisoned beach bitch.

Bayonetta pulled her hips back slowly. A third of her glorious length extracted from James' throat, his lips sucking her shaft all around. Delightful slurping sounds escaped the seal of his mouth as he wagged his tongue along the bottom of her cum pipe. Her oral slave took a quick breath through his nose and Cereza sank her cock home. The glorming sound of fat dick plowing into a slick throat sputtered from his stretched lips along with small bubbles of spittle and pre-cum.

The sun glared down on Bayonetta's back, tanning her naked body aside from the latex straps holding her enormous bra across her chest. Her hips slowly increased their pace as she established a gentle rhythm of steamy face fucking. It was a motion that would become much more brutal and demanding in time.

“Gonna fuck your face for hours, bitch! And you'll love every minute... **WON'T YOU?!?**”

“MPPPPHHHFFFGLLLLLRRRRRMMMMM!”

It was the only answer he could offer as her increasingly sloppy length pistoned in and out of his mouth. James' arms and legs pulled instinctively as she assaulted his oral passage, but his limbs found no passage in the cool, packed earth.

Bayonetta's pubis became wet with the cummy secretions of his nose. Her scrotum dripped with sticky saliva the more it slapped into his chin. They had barely begun and Cereza was already lost in pure bliss. Her hips pumped faster and her hands dug even deeper into the soft silt of the beach.

“**YESSSSSSS!! SUCK IT!!! TAKE MY COCK YOU WHORE!!!**”

Bayonetta's grunts and screams sailed into the salty air. Her wails of pleasure cascaded down the beach

as she emptied her balls for the first of many times that afternoon.

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James and Bayonetta sat at the dinner table inside the swanky, rented villa. They enjoyed glasses of Cabernet Sauvignon following an exquisite catered French meal. Leftovers of the succulent duck breast in cherry sauce, peas and carrots salad with goat cheese and the decadent chocolate mousse lay sprawled across the table between two lit candles.

In the background, the sun was beginning to dip below the horizon. The view was breathtaking and practically surrounded them through the large pane glass walls and sliding glass doors that led to the deck and the ocean outside. Streaks of red and purple were painted across the sky as another wonderful day gave way to night.

The warm breeze gusted against the glass as the waves rocked and sloshed against the shore outside. They were snug in their latex attire once more; Cereza in her shiny Umbra bodysuit and James in his gimp suit, sans hood. They were more than comfortable as the air conditioning hummed throughout the bungalow. They'd been enjoying the view and the light jazz playing in the background as their meals digested. After long stares at the slowly dimming sky, Bayonetta swirled her wine glass and broke the silence.

“So, have you thought about what we discussed a few weeks ago? Finding some new hobbies to enjoy other than your videogames and wasting time on the internet?”

“Yeah, I've been contemplating getting into stamp collecting.”

Cereza paused in the middle of her sip, one of her eyebrows shooting up in the classic *'really?'* pose.

James laughed. “I'm kidding. I think I may do some writing.”

“Cheshire the writer? Really? And what would you write about?”

“They say you should write what you know.”

“Hmmm, so you'll be writing smutty stories about naughty, submissive slut boys then?”

“And gorgeous, insatiable Dominas.”

Bayonetta chuckled as she set her glass back down. “I think that's a fine idea.”

A few more moments of silence passed and James downed the rest of his wine. He summoned the courage to re-posit the question she'd dodged so long ago. He didn't want to ruin a perfect evening, but he couldn't put it off forever.

“It's about time, don't you think?”

“For another romp? No rush, darling, we have the whole night.”

“To talk about the price of your powers.”

Bayonetta's gaze shifted down as melancholy entered her voice. “Oh. That...”

James hated that sad look, but he didn't relent. “I've seen you channel impossible strength. Move fast enough to dodge bullets. Fire guns from your boots. Infiltrate a heavily guarded base like it was nothing. Fight wizards, witches and creatures from some terrible nightmare. Any one of those things would be unbelievable, but I've seen too much to believe my eyes were fooled. You say you've lived for hundreds of years and I don't doubt you. My question, once again: What is the price for all this power?”

Cereza traced the outline of her wine glass a few times with a single finger. Finally, she looked up.

“The price is... eternal damnation.”

“What?!? Like, fire and brimstone?”

“Yes” she nodded solemnly. “When one of us eventually dies, we have a one way ticket to the Inferno. No exceptions, no pardons, no reprieves. Ever.”

“You're serious?!?” James folded his arms defensively. “No, that's crazy...”

“You saw Marioch emerge from a portal to the Inferno. You still don't believe it exists?”

He wished he could argue, but there was no denying it. The thought of the one he loved being tortured for time immemorial was too much to bear. James' teeth gritted as he grew frustrated. “But, **why** would anyone **ever** agree to that?!?”

“Because...” Bayonetta explained, staring back at him with ice-cold calm. “When you've seen enough of your people butchered, raped, beaten, drowned and burned alive, you already live in hell.”

James' eyes went wide. His arms slid back down to his sides as he looked away.

“The witch hunts claimed most of my kind. The Umbra were almost extinct. We did what we had to. We forged pacts with demonic entities. To survive. To revenge our fallen Sisters and secure our future. Everything I've done, I'd do again, gladly.”

He sighed. “Still, how could that possibly be worth *an eternity* of agony?”

“Eternity? Nothing lasts forever, Cheshire. Not even the Heavens or the Inferno. One day, ages from now, even they will disappear into the ether. But they'll fall a lot sooner, if I have anything to say about it.”

James was perplexed. “They'll fall? What do you mean?”

Bayonetta picked up her wine glass and leaned back in her chair. “I've been planning, for some time now, to take drastic action. Once an Umbra witch is dead, she can do nothing, but while we're still alive there are options open to us. The rest of the coven probably thinks I'm crazy, but I'm going to do everything I can to overturn the celestial order.”

“To destroy heaven and hell? How?”

Bayonetta pointed to the dazzling red stone fixed in the amulet just above her right breast. “With this. It was always my intention to begin claiming denizens of the Inferno for my own. Meeting a slutty boy who happened to be at the center of a heinous Lumen plot forced me into action sooner than I expected.”

Cereza finished her wine and set the glass down before continuing.

“I was not fully prepared to face Marioch. I didn't even know his real name until recently. Somehow the Lumen knew more about him than we did. We accepted his power without fully grasping its true nature. That was foolish, and that's why he had us dead to rights once he crossed into this plane. But just when things were looking really bad, and I expected my ticket to hell had been punched, the love of a young man saved me.”

She smiled. James' mouth hung open.

“Now I have a new weapon in my arsenal. The first demon of my very own. And I will use him to take down the next one. I will use those two to take down the third. And the next one. And the one after that. And so on. I will **empty** the Inferno if I have to, until there is nowhere left for my Sisters to burn.”

Light jazz music and a beautiful sunset had never felt so inappropriate. The weight of their conversation made the relaxing setting almost comical. James could scarcely believe the massive events he found himself in the midst of. It seemed that was just his luck since the day he met his beautiful Dominatrix.

Bayonetta watched him process it all, an amused grin spread across her lips. “What's the matter, slut? Cat got your tongue?”

* * * * *

It was their fifth day on vacation and Cereza had promised him a “special treat.” After a brief cab ride, James and Bayonetta found themselves at a luxurious spa. Upon entering the facility his Domina went to the counter and announced they had an appointment for a mud bath. Based on the wide-eyed looks from the proprietor and her employees, they didn't get a lot of people dressed in latex looking to get muddy.

The couple were escorted to a private spa room and told to use the phone on the wall if they needed anything. The smell of warm, earthy gunk assaulted James' nose as they got closer to the heated pool of brown, sticky mud. Bayonetta looked *beyond* excited, her cock creating a longer, thicker outline in her bodysuit than James could remember seeing in a long time.

“Bringing back any memories?” She asked with a wicked smile.

“A few” he answered cheekily.

“Good ones, I hope.”

“Not gonna lie. I was terrified during the first half of our romp in the mud. But after you saved me from the pit, I was shocked how much I enjoyed it. How good it felt to get that dirty and be completely at your mercy. Pretty sure that's the day I fell in love with you.”

Bayonetta emitted a hearty, bemused chuckle before giving his ass a shove with her foot. “Get in there, bitch.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

James stepped to the edge and followed the short staircase down into the spa bath. The sizable pool contained a full four and a half feet of gooey, warm mud. His latex encased feet squelched into the steamy gunk and after that every step forward was a chore. He slogged on, his rubberized body sinking in deeper with every step until his feet felt the bottom. The mud came further up his chest as he got to the center of the pool. Already, he could barely move without monumental effort.

Bayonetta followed him in eagerly. She moaned in satisfaction as her thick thighs sang into the luscious, hot, sucking muck. She caught up to James quickly, her powerful legs pushing through the thick filth with greater ease. She gave his upper back a gentle push.

“Keep going, slut. Right up to the edge and grab hold.”

James grunted and pressed his body forward. He slogged a few more feet to the end of the tub. The sweat poured from his body, coating the inside of his latex suit as the hot sludge sucked away at his second skin. He placed his hands on the edge and pushed his legs far apart. James not only knew what was coming, he wanted it bad. Being ensconced in warm filth brought his submissive tendencies to their peak. His stiffening penis was plastered against the inside of his gimp suit as his pucker twitched in anticipation.

Cereza didn't make him wait long, delving through the muck and unzipping herself below. Her long, rock-hard club of flesh and heavy balls were unleashed into warm, sticky clay and the well hung Goddess bellowed in pleasure. Even before seizing her length, the sensation was overwhelming and her cheeks turned a giddy red.

She thrust her hand down into the hot sludge and fumbled, looking for James' zipper. She found it quickly and yanked it down. A nanosecond later James felt her tip at his backdoor and she speared into him powerfully. They let out cries of ecstasy together as Bayonetta glided her muddy flesh into her compliant cock sleeve. Her hot, clay smeared phallus was pumping in and out of the latex bitch boy in record time.

In all their months together, James doubted either of them had ever felt this aroused. He relaxed in the muck and surrendered himself to her completely. His well hung Goddess seized his hips as best she could with slick, muddy, latex hands and shafted him with vigor. Their body suits slapped together wetly as the mud slurped and bubbled around them.

Bayonetta's mighty hips drove home her bulging cum pipe hard and deep. James felt her in the deepest part of his body. He gasped and moaned as her thick cock pulsed with lust and glided through his welcoming depths. She pummeled his ass hungrily, reminding her gimp she was forever in charge of

their love making.

“YEAH! You like that, don't you, slut? Being my little **mud bitch.**”

“AHHHHHHH!!! Y-Yes Mistress.... Please don't stop!”

“Of course you do. Fucking **PERVERTED SLAVE!**”

She removed one hand from his hips just long enough to feel him below. Her hand glided through the warm mire to trace his hard cock, outlined nicely in the latex of his suit.

“Pffft, have you **ever** been this hard in your life?!? Figures, a filthy bitch like you enjoys taking it up the ass in the mud!”

James muttered nothing but pleasure-racked gibberish as she grabbed him with both hands and pounded his soft, welcoming hole with even more force. Bayonetta's scrotum rocked back and forth through the silky muck as she bottomed out in her moaning gimp bitch. Her sack churned with an enormous load, ready to fill her slave with hot glue. Cereza's emissions were thick enough to match the sticky clay they were chest deep in.

“Wherever we settle down for good, we're getting one of these tubs for our home. I'm going to fuck you in the mud whenever I damn well please! What do you think of that, slave?”

“I... I think that's a wonderful... idea, Mistress.” James was hanging on for dear life as she smacked his body powerfully with each thrust. James' shiny, filth smeared form jolted in the muck as she plowed him over and over. The slaps into his body grew harsher and more painful as Bayonetta reached the verge of climax. His smarting ass and the sounds of muddy thrusting just made him moan louder as pre-cum dribbled from his trapped pecker.

***SCHLLLORRRPPP SCHLUURRPP SCHLOORRP SCHLLAPP SCHLOORPP
SCHLLLOOPP SCHLUURRP SCHLLORRRPPP***

“NNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

James' insides flooded with a river of creamy sperm as his own dick shot its load in unison. Steamy cum splurged all over the inside of his sweaty, clingy, latex suit as he stood, surrounded in sucking mud, and Cereza deposited her hot load in his warm, wet depths. She grunted and wailed repeatedly as ounce after ounce of thick nut fired into her quivering slave. Her scrotum clenched, her eyes rolled into the back of her head and her hilted cock bulged and twitched as the stream of scalding batter felt like it would never end.

When at last her massive emissions were spent, she slumped forward. Her filth speckled, latex-encased breasts rested on her muddy, trapped gimp. They leaned against the wall of the spa, breathing deeply and enjoying the euphoric glow of wet and messy climax. She reached below the surface of the muck and felt James all over, eager to touch him still. Her cock remained hilted in his ass as she rested for several minutes and her orgasm faded to a light, blissful resonance.

Eventually, she raised her head and spoke into his ear. “You want more, you filthy slut?”

“Yes, please, Mistress...”

She reached forward and brought her muddy, latex fingers to his mouth. He opened it obediently and she fish-hooked him with both hands, pulling on his cheeks fiercely. The tastes and smells of clay and rubber overwhelmed him as his lustful Goddess began sawing her cock in and out of his ass once more. Her half-deflated schlong sprang back to life, stiffening to fleshy steel in little time and filling his cum-strewn insides anew.

“Good. Because you're about to find out just how long I can go.”

* * * * *

The moon cast its light across the shimmering waves. Bayonetta and James lay in bed watching the light dance on the water and reflect off the glass. On the deck, their latex suits hung from a clothesline, slowly drying off. The mud-caked garments had required a thorough rinsing with the hose before their shine returned.

For once, Mistress and slave were together with no rubber or latex to speak of. No fetish bedding or sex toys. No bodysuits or bondage. Only the leather collar around James' neck remained. Tonight, it was just the naked bodies of two lovers pressed warmly against each other amid the lovely satin sheets.

They were both still exhausted and content to stare out at the ocean after a long, rapturous day in muddy nirvana. It was quiet except for the gentle swish of the sea.

James eventually turned to gaze at his raven haired Domina. A final, burning question lingered in his heart.

“So, how does this work? You stay forever young. Eventually, I turn old and gray, and then...”

“Shhhhhh...” Cereza brought a finger to his lips. “Silly Cheshire. None of us is guaranteed tomorrow, let alone another forty years.”

“No, but...”

“BUT” she interrupted him. “I plan to live a very long and fulfilling life. And you're going to be there with me.”

“How's that going to work?”

Bayonetta propped herself up on one elbow. Her glistening eyes pierced through the darkness. “You've seen for yourself that men can learn magic. It's not necessarily *a good idea* that they do, but there are exceptions and I think you're one of them. In time, I will begin to teach you.”

James was taken aback. “Is that allowed? By the Umbra?”

Cereza's mischievous chuckle was a good enough answer, but she elaborated. "Officially, no, but I've never been big on the coven's rules. I use my own judgment in these matters. Besides, I've walked this world for many lonely years without a proper lover. I don't intend to lose you."

All of James' worries melted away. His owner and Mistress had confided in him fully. Their trust was as total as their love for each other. For the first time, he looked forward to the next chapter of his life with no apprehension or regret.

"Well then, I suppose you'd better instruct me."

Bayonetta tossed aside the sheets to reveal her full, naked body. Her ample breasts, wide hips, luscious legs and flaccid cock were outlined by the pale glow from the windows.

"Worship me. Every part of me, top to bottom. When I feel refreshed, I'll tie you down and we'll have one more go tonight."

He crawled toward her eagerly, his eyes filled with longing. "With pleasure, Mistress."

They embraced in a long, deep, passionate kiss. When their lips finally parted, James began to work his way down her immaculate curves.

♪ Fly me to the moon
And let me play among the stars
Let me see what spring is like on
Jupiter and Mars
In other words, hold my hand
In other words, darling kiss me

Fill my heart with song and let me sing forevermore
You are all I long for
All I worship and adore
In other words, please be true
In other words, I love you ♪

Fin.