

Bayonetta's Abuse XII

Inferno

The temperature gauge drew closer to the red line. A large trail of dust billowed behind Bayonetta's GTO as it raced down the long dirt road. They passed an occasional stretch of trees or patch of dry grass, but vegetation was increasingly rare as they proceeded into the badlands. If the pattern held, soon there would be nothing but boulders, scorched Earth, tall rock-faces and desolate canyons. The sun beat down on the yellow sports car mercilessly as Cereza and James cruised toward their destination.

They were both wearing shades, but only one of them looked cool. Bayonetta handled the wheel with one hand, seemingly bored as the engine roared and the car tried to keep up with the demands of her lead foot. It was probably a mild day back in the city, but in the middle of nowhere there were few places to hide from the sun's blistering rays.

Despite the harsh climate, there wasn't a hair out of place or a bead of sweat to be seen on the gorgeous Witchinatrix. Her black, leather and latex curves gleamed in the late morning light as she stared straight ahead; her other hand reaching down to shift as needed.

James, on the other hand, was hot and clammy in his gimp suit; sans hood. His forehead sweated lightly despite the air rushing through the car's open windows. They were headed to some kind of showdown between the Umbra and Lumen. That much he'd coaxed from his beautiful Mistress and little else.

Bayonetta had been nervous the night before, but now she was a pillar of confidence and resolve. James glanced at the back seat where the tools of her trade were visible. A thick leather gun and utility belt with her large, double barreled Scarborough Fair handguns fastened in the holsters.

“So Roxy came through?” James yelled over the howling air and revving engine.

“Yup. She sent me the coordinates overnight. Good thing, too, because my backup plan sucked!”

“I'm just glad you have a plan. Where do I fit in?”

“You don't. Your job is to stay hidden and observe. Don't take it personally, but if you were captured by either side, you would endanger everything. This will be hard enough without an added liability.”

“Then why bring me?”

Bayonetta raised an eyebrow and shot him a stern look, as if he should know better. “Because after what happened before, I'm never letting you out of my sight again.”

James smirked. “Alright, but if you're in trouble, all bets are off.”

“Only fools rush in, slut! There's nothing you could do against any Lumen, Umbra or demon. If I fall,

you're to run back to the car and get away while you can.”

“That's not going to happen.”

Cereza chuckled. “What's not? Me falling or you running away?”

“Neither” he insisted.

“How cocky! Am I starting to rub off on you?”

“I think anyone who lived with a Goddess long enough couldn't help but be inspired.”

Bayonetta smiled and a splotch of red entered her cheeks. “Cheeky Cheshire... Flattery will get you everywhere **with me**, but where we're going, it will be of no use.”

The determined Domina stomped the accelerator and James held on for dear life as the car rocketed ahead.

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James' boots crunched in the sand as they plodded ahead at a swift pace. They'd parked the car a short distance back under a rocky outcropping. The shade served to hide it and prevent the vehicle from melting into the dust. The sun beat down relentlessly as they marched through brown and red wasteland.

“How far?” James asked, already perspiring profusely.

“About a mile and half, straight ahead.”

“I take it you want to surprise them?”

“The Lumen won't be there yet, but one of my sisters definitely will. I'd like to keep them both guessing.”

“Aren't the other Umbra capable of the same tricks you are? They could have seen or heard us coming already.”

“Mmmm, it's possible, but not likely. Not all Umbra are as skilled as I am” she imparted with a wink. “Actually, now that you mention it...”

Bayonetta stopped in her tracks and closed her eyes. She raised her hands and spoke a few arcane words. Her gloved arms glowed a shiny purple as she concentrated on the spell. Within seconds, an azure arc of light grew into a large bubble around them before dissipating into nothing.

“There. Now no one can see or hear us unless they're within ten meters.”

James grinned as they began walking again. Mistress was as cunning as she was beautiful. He studied

her luscious, shiny curves up and down. There still wasn't a bead of moisture to be seen on her. Not on her fair skin or flowing black hair. Her face and the front of her neck were the only bits of her body not covered in gleaming rubber, yet she looked fresh as a daisy.

“How do you do that???”

“What? Magic?”

“Stay cool in the middle of a freakin desert! I suppose that's magic too?”

She giggled. “It's another technique. A spell of sorts. Temperature regulation is elementary to us.”

“I don't doubt it. The only time I've seen you sweat is during our marathon sessions.”

“Of course. I mean, I **could** prevent perspiration while I fuck your ass into oblivion, but where's the joy in that? Becoming a dirty mess is half the fun!”

James laughed in agreement. As they continued on their way, the conversation shifted to several pleasant memories and their plans for the future. For a little while, they both forgot that they were headed toward something that could bring a screeching halt to all they held dear.

Twenty minutes passed quickly and James knew they were closing in on their target. Their chit-chat died off and Bayonetta looked ever more guarded and locked in. Even though no one could hear them, there was no more chatter. The mystical assassin he'd grown to love was focused on the task ahead.

“There” she said pointing into the distance. A strange altar lay far away, near the edge of a stony plateau. The place looked like it was practically designed for strange ceremonies to take place, though the altar itself was the only man-made structure he could decipher.

“That's it, huh?”

“Yup, and this is as close as you get.”

Cereza took his hand and guided him. It was odd not to be led by a leash, but Mistress had chosen not to attach one to his collar today. She brought him to another outcropping; not unlike the one they'd left the car under. He could see the wide open rocky field and the altar in the distance, but no one would be able to see him in the shade, as long as he stayed put. Bayonetta wasn't going to give him a choice.

She closed her eyes and chanted, conjuring her witchcraft once again. A haze of orange light emerged around James' form and then disappeared just as quickly. She opened her eyes and placed her hands on her hips.

“You can move five feet in any direction, but that's it.”

James tested it by walking forward and immediately ran into the invisible barrier. The unearthly force pushed back on him as he tried to proceed. His hands pressed against the field as he was held in place.

“Hey! No fair!”

“When have I ever played fair?” Cereza shot back with a sly grin. “If something happens to me, it’ll fizzle and you’ll be free.”

“Not even a kiss goodbye?” James asked, anxiety welling up in his voice.

“Relax” she answered, approaching him. “I’m not leaving yet...”

Bayonetta walked through the barrier and they embraced. Their tongues met in a long, deep, affectionate kiss. After a full minute of probing, sucking and low moaning, the two broke apart gently. “...And this isn’t goodbye.”

She pulled back and folded her arms under her considerable breasts. Her head turned and her gaze was fixed on the altar. “They probably won’t show until just before noon. They’ll want to perform the ceremony when the sun is at its peak. They practically worship it.”

James scanned the ground behind him before seating himself and resting his arms on his up-bent knees. “So now we wait?”

Bayonetta raised her feet one after the other, inspecting the guns built into her heels. She drew her handguns and double-checked their condition as well. “Correct. We wait.”

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Jeanne was thoroughly enjoying her tanning session as the sun bathed her body and beamed off the white latex of her costume. She was sprawled out on a towel in the center of a small encampment hidden high up in the rocks. A backpack with provisions, her gun belt, a long metal case and a radio lay not far from her body. She was half dozing, waiting for her spell-enhanced hearing to alert her to something other than a buzzard’s caw. Suddenly, her ear twitched and her eyes opened.

The crafty witch sat up, grabbed her binoculars and turned in the direction of the wide open landscape. She kept herself close to the ground as she studied the gleaming vehicles in the distance. They were still a long way off, but headed to her position at high speed.

Jeanne set the binoculars aside and picked up her radio. She brought it to her mouth and held down the send button.

“Stinger to Queen Bee, come in. I got a visual on the target. Over.”

A few seconds later, an authoritative voice responded. “Copy that. How many we got?”

“Five sedans. Estimate anywhere from a dozen to twenty of them.”

“We’re leaving now. Will be there as soon as possible. If you have a clear shot, take out Papa Bear. Otherwise wait for us.”

“Pfffft, I could handle these dorks on my own. There’s only one real sage, right?”

“That's enough! Remember, he's not the only potential threat. Follow your orders and keep an eye out for **you-know-who**. She's up to something.”

'Yeah, she always is. Tell me something I don't fuckin know, Alexia!'

“Roger that. I'm on it.”

Jeanne set the radio aside before reaching over and releasing the metal fasteners on the long, thick, metal trunk. The case opened and a weighty sniper rifle was revealed. She unpacked it quickly, fixed the scope in place, adjusted it and loaded the weapon.

By the time she crawled to the other side of the high-rise encampment she could see the caravan pulling in near the plateau. She pointed her sights at where the cars were stopping, a couple hundred feet from the altar. Jeanne scanned the area for magic and Olvey's powerful aura was made known to her instantly.

'Whoa... This guy's for real. Maybe some help isn't a bad idea after all.'

Before the Lumen cohort emerged from the line of black sedans, Jeanne could sense many barriers going up. One of them was incredibly strong, presumably around the sage. One medium one; his apprentice? The rest were weak, but serviceable. As they stepped out of the cars, all of them were protected. They weren't taking any chances.

Two of the lower rank Lumen were carrying a long, thin object wrapped in a fancy blanket. No doubt it was The Holy Spear; the relic they'd gone to so much trouble to bring. Jeanne sensed no magic from it. She rolled her eyes.

The .50 caliber BMG round in the chamber was useless, especially against the sage, until the barrier around him was destroyed. Jeanne's eyes narrowed in annoyance. Part of her wanted to abandon the plan, charge down the ridge and take on the fucker right now, but she knew that wasn't wise. Alexia's orders hung in her ears and she chose to heed them at the moment.

'Damn. Looks like I'm sitting on my hands for now.'

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Men in white robes shuffled around the altar as the ceremony began. Many of the acolytes were ringed around it, protecting Haydn as he recited the opening rites. The rest were guarding the relic or standing by with Father Olvey. The deceptively young-looking sage paced back and forth with his arms behind his back. His curly blonde hair waved in the breeze. His steely green eyes scanned the horizon.

It wasn't his sight that first alerted him to impending trouble. As Bayonetta approached the altar, she knew her spell wouldn't hide her much longer. She waved her hand to the side and the illusion faded with her gesture. The dazzling Dominatrix stepped into view, her powerful legs and shiny curves strutting ever closer. Several of the young Lumen gasped and pointed in her direction. Olvey sensed the aura of a powerful Umbra witch even before turning to see his opponent.

“Chant of fortification. Begin now and focus all your energies on me” he spoke to the five acolytes behind him. “As long as I stand, the witch will not harm you.”

The young men knelt, one by one, and spoke the words they'd been taught. They quickly synced into a unified chant and a faint white glow surrounded them. Olvey walked onto the desolate, rocky field to meet the interloper. His stony expression slid into a cocky smile as they grew closer.

“Bayonetta. Why am I not surprised?”

“Probably because I trashed your headquarters and fucked up your plans.”

“Are you proud of that? Defeating a bunch of initiates and taking a young woman prisoner?”

“No, but I'm proud of the video I left. Did you enjoy it?”

Olvey's smile faded. “I have no use for such degeneracy.”

In the blink of an eye, Bayonetta drew her guns and shot a hail of gunfire in an arc at the stoic Lumen elder. The bullets ricocheted off his shielding and Olvey stood perfectly still. He didn't even blink. Cereza knew it wouldn't hurt him, but she needed to test the strength of his defenses. She placed her guns back in their holsters.

“And what about you?” she asked, striding toward him. “Are you proud of kidnapping? Brainwashing? Playing with people's lives and coercing them to do your dirty work?”

“Throwing stones? From that glass house you live in? How many sex slaves does your coven keep?”

Cereza ignored his taunts. She stalked toward him, closing to within striking distance.

“That's far enough” Olvey announced, withdrawing his arms from behind his back and raising them in a combat pose. A golden energy crackled around his robed form and four massive gleaming gauntlets materialized in the air above him. Each of them was taller and wider than Olvey by half. They shined in the midday sun, hanging over the sorcerer menacingly.

Bayonetta raised her arms to the sky, spoke in an ancient tongue and four black portals to the Inferno opened. From each one slipped a giant, gnarled, black fist. Each was comprised of slithering black cords; licorice-like hair wrapped around itself. They writhed and pulsed as they flexed in the air and waited to be called upon.

She placed her hands back on her guns and readied herself. It was impressive that Olvey could summon four just like her, but it was nothing she couldn't handle. They would meet each other blow for blow as she dodged and weakened his shield with her guns. He would fall before long.

Olvey grinned and extended one arm behind him. A beam of white energy was siphoned from the group of kneeling, chanting acolytes to the glowing sage. Within moments, two more gauntlets burst into being, aligned neatly in a semi-circle above him with the rest.

“I was expecting at least three of you. Are the Umbra really so foolish?”

'Uh oh... If he can control all of those simultaneously, this could be rough.'

She drew her guns and aimed at Olvey, her body tensing as she anticipated his attack.

“It's not too late to run, **witch!**”

Olvey's gauntlets dove into action like a squadron of jet fighters descending from the sky in attack formation. Bayonetta's wicked weaves leapt to meet them, clashing in mid-air as hellish corded fists and glowing gauntlets smashed into each other. The weaves performed admirably, but her forces were outnumbered. As the remaining two gauntlets sought her out, Bayonetta rolled to the side, dodging number five.

She rose, spun her body and kicked, calling upon a fifth weave temporarily. The corded counterpoint of her high heel boots erupted from a black portal and stomped the sixth gauntlet, sending it reeling. Now with a clear shot, Cereza began firing at Olvey. Dozens of rounds ripped out of the chambers of her guns, firing from both her hands and feet as she jumped and twisted about. They pelted the protective field around him, weakening it mildly with each wave of ballistics.

Not content to rely on his mystical fists, Olvey chanted periodically and fired a searing beam of light at Cereza as she dodged and zipped around the battlefield. They were easy to avoid with her witch-time abilities, but she knew that wasn't the object of his attacks. They were distractions so one of the--

GUHHHHH

As the thought occurred to her, one of the heavenly fists smashed into her side and sent the Witchinatrix reeling. She quickly dodged backwards, regained her composure and studied the field. She had to stay on top of those gauntlets or she was going to be in trouble. Her four weaves were keeping four of the gauntlets at bay, but she needed to be mindful of the other two at all times.

As number six approached again, she spun into another kick and sent the fist flying with her giant, demonic woven heel. It smashed into the fist that just hit her and they tumbled backward in a heap. With a little time bought, she charged forward, plowing gunfire into the steadily weakening shield of the Lumen. Yet Father Olvey stood perfectly still, smiling.

Bayonetta glanced behind him and scanned the row of acolytes. They were visibly laboring. Their bodies strained as they struggled to maintain their chants and the flow of energy to their master. She could attack them, but she didn't want to finish them off, and it would leave her completely open to Olvey's strikes. She paused her attack, her long black hair whipping in the breeze as she called over the din of battle.

“**BE HONEST OLVEY!** Are you going to kill five of your own just to match me?!?”

The sage balled his fist and the stream of energy from his subordinates intensified. The acolytes groaned as their bodies were sapped of magical strength with even greater intensity. Olvey withdrew his gauntlets, rearranging them in a defensive fan around him. Two more gleaming fists appeared in a searing magical haze, bringing the total to eight.

“They may live. They may perish. They are prepared to die if necessary. That's the difference between your kind and mine! The Lumen do not squabble amongst ourselves. We take only that which we earn.

We obey our elders and let their wisdom guide us. We build order!”

“Right, no squabbling...” Bayonetta answered as she side stepped slowly, her guns pointed at the super-charged sage. Olvey now surged with golden, pulsing energy. His eyes blazed pure white. “You just sacrifice your own people to your ambitious and call it the will of heaven! You do what you're told and pretend it's the only way. What a horrible thing it would be if anyone questioned your wisdom! If people chose to walk their own path.”

His eyes narrowed. “Today, the Lumen shall teach you the value of conviction.”

“Not if I teach you humility first, bitch-boy!”

Olvey screamed and hurled his weapons at the defiant Domina. He attacked with every bit of rancor and bitterness he held for the chaos breeding whores that polluted his world. **“DIE, WITCH!!! JOIN THE REST OF YOUR KIND IN HELL!!!”**

Wicked weaves and heavenly gauntlets clashed again, but now Bayonetta was severely outmatched. She dodged the first that swooped down on her, weave-kicked the second away and fired her guns on the last two. It was pointless. They plowed through the storm of bullets and smashed her in the face and chest, staggering her with incredible force as she grunted in pain and toppled over.

As they glided around for another pass, Cereza realized she could no longer wait to call upon one of her pacts. She wanted to keep them in reserve until she faced off against the demon, but that was no longer possible. If she didn't act now, there might not be a second battle.

She jumped to her feet, steadied herself and began reciting a dark hymn. Her body turned and twisted as she entered one of her patent pole-dance flourishes. Her breasts and ass shook, her voice echoing across the battlefield as she invoked the pact with the infernal demon Hekatoncheir.

“SHATTERER OF THE EARTH! I CALL UPON THEE! AID ME NOW AND TEAR MY ENEMIES ASUNDER!!!”

The space above her exploded in black smoke and fire as a huge gateway to the void opened. If Olvey wanted a fist fight, he would get his wish. The six pitch-black arms of the giant Hekatoncheir emerged from the portal, each bearing spiked metal knuckles.

Four of them immediately intercepted the four free-wheeling holy gauntlets, seizing them and smashing them to the ground. The demonic fists held them down as Bayonetta's other weaves kept the rest of Olvey's armaments busy. The two remaining arms of the infernal demon lurched at the sage at Bayonetta's direction.

For the first time, fear entered Olvey's eyes. He shot burning beams of light at the demonic arms as they approached, but they glanced off, completely useless. Olvey attempted to free some of his gauntlets from their attackers, to no avail. He shot another beam at Bayonetta as she approached, her guns singing and the ammunition picking away at what was left of his barrier. He began to retreat in short backward steps.

The two spare arms of the demon crashed into his shield, punching it repeatedly. The glow of the barrier pulsed with each crushing strike, growing weaker as cracks appeared in the magic. Cereza

continued to stalk forward, her guns emptying, reloading and firing again as fast as she could manage.

“You know what the thing about hierarchies is?”

Olvey didn't answer. He was too busy siphoning energy and trying to maintain his defenses.

“Give enough time... They **ALWAYS--**”

SMASH

“--**FALL!**”

SMASH

The final two blows from the arms of Hekatoncheir shattered the barrier and Olvey stumbled back on weary legs. Bayonetta leapt forward, spun in mid-air and delivered a mighty kick. The black, corded weave of her heeled boot shot out and crushed his midsection. The sage flew back, his body dragging through the rocks and tumbling over itself until it stopped in a crumpled, dusty heap. The acolytes who had been feeding his powers collapsed, either dead or unconscious.

Bayonetta strode forward cautiously. She watched him like a hawk as both their summoning magics faded away behind her. She leveled her guns as his body began to move. Amazingly, he rose, his pride getting the best of him even though he was utterly beaten. He staggered to his feet and took a weak looking stance. Blood trailed from his nose and mouth. The powerful glow had left his eyes, but they remained full of scorn for the Umbra.

GUNSHOT

The loud discharge of a .50 caliber round echoed through the rocky cliffs around the battlefield. The massive bullet slid through the back of Olvey's head and pinged off the ground.

Bayonetta stared in shock. She hadn't pulled her trigger. She'd been so focused on her first real Lumen opponent in years that she'd forgotten another Umbra was standing by. What was left of Olvey's face gushed blood as he slumped forward; dead before he hit the ground.

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“Father Olvey is down!”

“Not just down! DEAD!!!”

“Vicar Haydn, what do we do?!?”

“That witch is a monster!”

“They have a sniper somewhere on the ridge!”

Haydn ignored his brothers and shoved aside the wellspring of emotions at having lost his master. He concentrated on the task at hand, reciting the words, drawing the runes and channeling all the mystical energy he could bring to bear. His white robe rustled in the wind as the summoning built to a crescendo. The ritual was almost complete.

Several of the acolytes were having second thoughts. One in particular began backing away from the altar, his hands raised at his sides. “Maybe we should run for it while we can?!?”

“**Idiot!**” He was hastily grabbed by one of his brothers and shoved back into formation. “If we don't finish the summoning, we're fucked! Our only chance now is slipping away while the witches deal with Marioch!”

“He's right! The Umbra will take us, otherwise. Hold the line!”

“**Protect the altar and the relic!!!**”

The brothers formed up, buffering their magical barriers as strong as they were able. In the distance, they could see Bayonetta sauntering toward them.

* * * * *

TING TA-TING TING

The giant shell spat out the side of the formidable semi-auto rifle and bounced along the stone until it came to a stop. Jeanne observed the spray of bloody mist and the giant hole she'd punched in Olvey's head from her well-hidden perch.

“Hahaha! One less spell-slinging dickhead to worry about!”

She moved her sights to Bayonetta and watched her rival realize the kill had been stolen from her. “It's about time you wore him down! Was starting to think you'd lost your touch.”

She tilted her rifle to the side and zoomed in on the altar. Even without their leader, their shielding was too strong to snipe the conjuror. Jeanne sighed.

“Cmon Bayonetta! Deal with these idiots and let's end this! We can wrap it up before the cavalry gets here...”

Jeanne continued observing until it became clear that Bayonetta was in no hurry. She was taking her time. Stalking toward them. Taunting them with words and dance flourishes as she easily dodged the feeble attacks of the acolytes.

“What the fuck, Cereza?!? **ATTACK!!!** They're almost--”

'Oh shit. She's not going to stop the ceremony, is she?'

Jeanne swallowed. She trained her bullseye on Bayonetta's head and thought about pulling the trigger.

*'Nope. She knows I'm here. She's alert. She'll witch-time around the shot, no problem. And I'll be in trouble again. Or will I be in trouble for **not** trying to stop her?'*

Jeanne abandoned her rifle, grabbed her binoculars and walked in a low crouch to the other side of her sniper nest. She could see the Umbra caravan in the distance. They'd be here soon, but not soon enough.

“Fuck!”

She tossed the binoculars aside, grabbed her gun belt and quickly strapped it on. Without another thought, she drew her custom Parabellum handguns and leapt over the side of the nest. She laughed in giddy excitement as her body began sliding down the dusty ridge.

“Bingo, bango! **TIME TO TANGO!**”

It took a while to navigate all the way down the embankment. Her vision rocked and her body tumbled as Jeanne tried to steady herself down the steep decline. Finally, the ground leveled out and she entered witch-speed immediately. She took off towards the altar at five times the best pace she could manage without magical enhancement. Her body was a haze of white fury as she raced across the rocky terrain.

She closed in on the altar quickly. The first thing she noticed was Bayonetta wasn't there. It was the last thought she had before a black blur flew at her from the side.

KA-THUD

Jeanne's head turned just in time to be absolutely crushed by Cereza's wicked weave. The bulging black fist slammed into her upper body. Jeanne rag-dolled as the sucker punch clothes-lined her. Her lower body continued its momentum even as her face was stopped with blunt force. Her latex-clad form went end-over-end in an involuntary backflip. The white witch face-planted on the barren earth with a grunt of exasperation before she lost consciousness.

Bayonetta smirked and dusted off her arm-gloves. She didn't like fighting her own, but she couldn't deny that was massively satisfying after all the trouble Jeanne had given her in recent times.

“What's going on?”

“Why are the witches fighting?”

“Who cares?!? Better her than us!”

Cereza turned and strutted toward the altar once again. “Oh boys! Are you almost done playing with black magic? I don't have all day!” She pulled her guns and aimed them at the closed ranks of the Lumen.

No sooner had she leveled her weapons than Haydn's voice yelled in triumph. "**Marioch! Lord of the second circle! MASTER OF DEBAUCHERY! I SUMMON THEE!!!**"

For a few moments, the badlands were silent. Nothing happened. Wind whistled across the rocks and

the Vicar clenched his teeth, wondering if he'd made a mistake. Just as Haydn was about to order a retreat, a black, smokey orb appeared, growing ever larger at the center of the plateau. It swirled and grew darker, bolts of lightning and claps of thunder erupting as it took on the character of a black hole. It continued expanding until the portal dwarfed the ones Bayonetta had opened earlier. This gateway to the inferno was huge and the creature that emerged from it was fittingly gigantic.

A red face with curled horns, bony spikes for hair, a piggish snout, jutting fangs and glowing yellow eyes pushed through the roiling black mist. A massive, muscular body followed, its red flesh searing with patches of flame. Black, sooty streaks were etched across its limbs and well sculpted torso. From manacles on its wrists and ankles, heavy iron chains were wrapped around its arms and legs. All but one of the demon's appendages ended in clawed fingers and broad, cloven hoofs.

The final appendage drooped from a wiry nest of black hair at its pubis. An incomprehensibly long cock and behemoth balls swung between Marioch's legs, its girth equal to an average man's entire body. It hung at least six feet from his crotch, in some sense proportional to his gargantuan height. The demon grinned as he stepped into the mortal realm, pleasantly surprised to be given free reign in the world between heaven and hell for the first time in ages. It would've been perfect, but for the accursed sun beating on his skin.

As he crossed the threshold and the portal faded into nothingness, the spear beside the altar began glowing brightly. Its brilliant, shining light was evident even through the thick drape protecting it. The nervous Lumen took it up, one acolyte holding it defensively. He pointed it at Marioch despite the considerable distance between them.

“Don't antagonize him!” Haydn ordered, working his way to the front of the group. Without Father Olvey, they had no chance of containing Marioch and nullifying the pact. The best he could do was try to goad him into fighting the witch. He pushed the man with the spear aside before raising his arms to the air and addressing the foul creature. “**DEMON OF THE PIT!** We summon you today to grant you a rare opportunity...”

As he spoke, three sedans screeched to a halt at the perimeter of the battlefield. Alexia and Monique emerged along with ten other Umbra. Car doors slammed shut, a dozen latex bodysuits gleamed in the sunlight and guns clinked as the band of witches approached the unrestrained infernal demon.

“Bloody hell!” Alexia spat in her most annoyed tone.

“Told ya we all should've camped out” Monique admonished her superior.

Alexia shot her a cold stare before returning her gaze to the problem at hand. “Fan out and surround him. If he won't listen to reason, we take him down.”

Haydn looked across the field nervously, noticing there were suddenly a dozen more witches to contend with. Perhaps he could use this to his advantage, though. “The Umbra have abused your power!” he continued. “And what have they ever given you in return???”

Marioch's fiery eyes focused on the Lumen. He ducked his head down and spoke to them in a deep, booming voice. “**THEIR SOULS. WHAT DO YOU OFFER?**”

“Uhhh... I...” Haydn stammered in the face of the terrifying fiend. He was completely lost for words.

“Arch demon, please...”

Before he could finish whatever foolishness the Lumen lieutenant had concocted, Marioch opened his mouth wide and unleashed a mighty, rippling belch. The sheer force and smell of the reverberating, gale-force blast bowled over the entire Lumen contingent. They were dashed against the altar and scattered in the rocks and sand.

“**HEY!**” Bayonetta yelled, aiming her guns at Marioch and vying for his attention. “Leave those fools alone! We've got business!”

“**BAYONETTA!**” Alexia's voice echoed from the other side of the field. The chief matron glared at her, a look that clearly said *'I'll deal with you later.'*

She turned her gaze to the lumbering demon, walking toward him cautiously as the rest of the Umbra closed in on him from all sides. “We have a deal, Phalleus! A pact! And you being here isn't part of it.”

The demon chuckled and turned in Alexia's direction. As he zeroed in on her, his chains unwrapped from his bulging biceps and hit the ground with weighty, metallic thuds. “**IT WAS NOT YOU WHO SUMMONED ME, WITCH. NOW THAT I AM FREE, YOU WILL DISCOVER OUR BOND WORKS BOTH WAYS.**”

The demon lifted his arms, his hands glowing a faint red. The intensity of the light swiftly increased as the Umbra stopped in their tracks. Even with thirteen sets of guns trained on him, the witches were wary of what a freed infernal demon could do. Marioch roared and his body exploded with demonic energy. A wave of red light blasted across the field and knocked over the Umbra as easily as he'd sent the Lumen flailing with his breath.

One by one the Umbra witches began writhing on the ground and shrieking in pain. They clutched at their crotches, their cocks growing hot and stiff with unnatural speed. The bulges that appeared in their bodysuits were fatter and more pronounced than any of them had experienced before. Their bodies crackled with red energy as they screamed in lust, pain and pure sexual frustration.

Jeanne awoke suddenly to the unpleasant surprise. Her head still pounded even as the violent spasms and demonic lust overtook her body. Bayonetta held out the longest, her teeth gritted as she attempted to resist. Before long, her head shot back and her body arched as she joined in her sisters wails of anguish.

Marioch let out a thunderous laugh, his chortles shaking the stone.

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James' eyes went wide for perhaps the fifth time that afternoon. He'd been watching the chaos unfold from the safety of the shade, but this was the first time he was truly worried. Bayonetta was down and so were the rest of her order. A gigantic beast of hellfire and malice loomed over them.

He stood and walked forward, passing the five foot circumference the barrier had previously held him to. It was gone. The spell had faded. Cereza had said that if that happened, he should run.

Run he did, but not to the car. There was no way he was leaving his Mistress like this. He would never forgive himself if he fled while she was in pain and he never saw her again.

Sweating profusely into his thick, black latex, James sprinted onto the field at top speed.

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Their cries of agony fading away, the witches rose to their feet with blood-red eyes. Their screams of pain were replaced by animalistic grunts and hisses. Their massive cocks strained against the thick latex of their suits. They cast their eyes about for prey, finding only the Lumen trembling near the edge of the battlefield.

The umbra raced toward the altar with unbelievable speed, their lustful moans and shrieks causing the huddled brothers to quake with fear. They'd just re-formed a defensive position and acolytes were already starting to break away, leaving the group behind and running for their lives.

“HOLD BROTHERS! **HOLD THE LINE!!!**” Haydn shouted above the shrieks of rampaging witches. Even he doubted they could successfully defend themselves, but the glowing spear gave him some hope, at least.

The first Lumen acolyte who'd run into the distance was tackled from the side by Jeanne. She brought him to the ground, screeching and baring her teeth as the young man flailed in the dust. She pushed him down face-first and ripped the white robes from his body with diabolical strength. His undergarments were pulled down with one vicious yank and the seething witch unzipped herself below.

Jeanne held him down, pressed the tip of her steel-like erection to his virgin starfish and thrust it home with brutal force. The acolyte screamed and the witch groaned in pleasure as more than a foot of Umbra cock sank into his silky confines. The curvy, sex-crazed, witch began rutting like an animal. She pulled out and drove her shaft deeper into his defenseless rear with each passing moment. Jeanne pressed his face into the ground, making him eat dirt as she fucked his captive body relentlessly.

Alexia charged the remaining line of Lumen, dodging a thrust from the Spear of Destiny and knocking it aside with stunning force. She hissed as the ancient relic burned her flesh, but fought through the pain, focusing on her prey and leaping atop the trembling young man who had dared oppose her. She wrestled with him on the ground, gaining leverage until she could turn him over and get him into position. The remaining Umbra fell on the acolytes in a wave and quickly took them down with unholy ferocity.

Monique wrenched Haydn's arm behind his back, spinning him and pushing him up against the altar. He was quickly disrobed and her massive, ebony weapon was brought to bear. It jutted from the crotch of her yellow bodysuit and pulsed with veiny, steaming need. She buried it deep in the Vicar's ass and he cried out in defeat, his ordeal just beginning as Monique pounded him against the altar with her powerful, rubbed-clad hips.

One by one the Lumen yelled in torment and humiliation as they were summarily deflowered. The Umbra held them down and launched into a vicious anal gang-bang as the last few witches pursued the

Lumen that had managed to flee.

Marioch watched the corruption and depravity with glee. Laughs bellowed from his humongous frame in between long strokes of his rapidly rising organ. His erection grew quickly as he watched the score of possessed witches-turned-succubi raping the defenseless Lumen.

As the orgy continued, his climax built and soon the arch demon's face pointed to the sky as he groaned out his first Earthly orgasm. A river of semen jettisoned from his fleshy red tree-trunk of a cock. It splashed all over the altar and consumed the rape orgy below. Waves of hot, glue-like spunk slid over the moaning witches and grunting acolytes.

The tidal wave of jizz bathed them in sticky, foul smelling nut. Their pounding, slapping, writhing forms became sloppy as the pungent gunk rippled around their bodies and threatened to drown the prone Lumen.

The Umbra lost what little was left of their minds, fucking the men's asses even faster and more forcefully. They moaned as the demon cum oozed over them, shafting their sex slaves until their cocks were buried to the hilt in stretched-wide puckers. The witches groaned in orgasm as their own seed flooded each Lumen ass; the choking men desperately trying to hold their heads above the flow of demonic jizzum.

* * * * *

James' sprint came to a halt a few steps from Bayonetta. He arrived just in time to see the last bit of white leave her eyes and the scarlet hue fill her sockets. He caught his breath as he approached her, holding his hands up to show that he was no threat.

“Cereza?!? It's me! Are you okay?”

Bayonetta shrieked at him and hopped to her feet in the blink of an eye. Her gaze was fixed on him, studying him up and down like a predator preparing to strike.

“Wait! It's me! It's James!!!”

She leapt on him and took him to the ground. Bayonetta clawed at his body, turning him over and groaning like a starved beast. She held down the back of his neck while her other hand found his bottom zipper.

“Mistress! Please!!! This is not the time! Snap out of it!!!”

She ripped his ass flap wide open and quickly freed her cock. Her glans pressed against his pucker, more thick and bulbous than James could ever recall. He struggled to roll over but she held him fast, her demonic strength making his subjugation pitifully easy.

“Bayonetta! WAKE UP!!! This isn't you! PLEASE! **I LOVE YOU!**”

'I love you!'

'I Love You!'

'I LOVE YOU!'

The words echoed in Cereza's mind. The curvy Witchinatrix paused just as she was about to thrust. The red glow faded from her eyes and limbs. She released James and leaned back on her haunches, one hand rising to her forehead as her senses returned.

“Ugh... What the fuck?!?”

“Cereza?!?” James turned and was elated to see his Goddess coming through. “Are you ok?!?”

“Ummm... I think?”

James scanned the field, checking on the chaos behind her. Luckily, the demon was distracted by the most grotesque spectacle of debauchery he could ever have imagined.

Bayonetta rose slowly. She tucked her cock away and zipped herself up before turning and surveying the scene of filth and carnage. “Holy shit...”

“Is there something I can do?”

Cereza turned and smiled at her eager pet. “You disobeyed me, but I think you may have just saved my ass. You've done enough already.”

“There's gotta be something else—”

“**NO!**” She yelled sternly. “You will head for the car and **DON'T LOOK BACK!** If I'm not there in 30 minutes, leave without me! Got it?!?”

“Mistress...”

“Your disobedience will be punished later” she said with a wink. “I promise.”

James nodded, taking her meaning. “Yes, Mistress.”

He turned and began running off. Before he got out of range, Cereza held up her hands and spoke the arcane words, quickly re-casting the bubble of invisibility around her prized submissive. Now he'd be safe and she could focus on ending this. Bayonetta turned, drew her guns and fired on the mammoth demon at once.

Her bullets ripped into his red flesh and Marioch groaned in pain. The lord of the second circle dropped his spewing cock and wheeled around to face her. It seemed that one of the witches was stronger than he knew. She would have to be dealt with before his fun could continue.

“**HEY, DICK DEMON!** Marioch?!? Whatever your name is! Didn't anyone tell you not to fuck with a witch???”

“I KNOW NOT HOW YOU DEFEATED MY MAGIC, BUT IT MATTERS LITTLE. YOUR ORDER OF SLUTS IS NO MATCH FOR A LORD OF THE INFERNO!”

Without another word, Marioch whipped one of his massive wrist chains at Bayonetta and as he did, he loosened one of the iron lengths wrapped around his legs. Cereza rolled under the first chain and vaulted over the second as he whipped it around with his foot. Soon, Marioch had all four of the giant, linked lengths whirling in a cycle of constant attacks at the nimble witch.

Bayonetta tumbled, danced, dodged and avoided his whipping strikes as she continued to fire on him with her hand-cannons and gun-boots. His searing body was riddled with fresh pock marks of suffering as her guns emptied into him over and over. The demon continued his assault, flailing and grunting angrily.

After dealing with Olvey's eight holy gauntlets, this felt like child's play by comparison. Still, Cereza's magical energies were dangerously low after dealing with the Lumen elder. She had enough left to invoke one pact, but first Marioch had to be weakened. The infernal demons were fickle, and they wouldn't always answer your call unless you'd proven yourself in battle and made the enemy easy prey.

Bayonetta rolled and jumped closer, firing on the hideous creature continuously between careful dodges. Once she was in range, she called upon Madama Butterfly's wicked weaves once more, throwing a corded fist directly into the demon's now flaccid and vulnerable cock. The fist slammed into his penis and then twisted into a brutal uppercut that bludgeoned his pendulous balls.

“AAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!” Marioch doubled over in anguish, his whirlwind attacks coming to an abrupt halt.

Cereza back-flipped to a safe distance and entered another sexy dance. She pulled a lollipop from her bodysuit and placed it in her mouth seductively. Her body worked around an imaginary stripper pole as her erotic teasing enticed the lords of hell. Her arms and legs flowed gracefully as her latex curves gleamed in the bright sun and she recited the words that would bring Marioch to heel.

“ERADICATOR OF PARADISE! I CALL UPON THEE! STRANGLE MY FOE IN EVERLASTING BONDAGE!!!”

A large, black portal opened behind Marioch and out shot an even more horrendous demon of the pits. Scolopendra, the enormous, vile, miles-long centipede that made its home in the Inferno's rivers of boiling blood. It wove and coiled itself around Marioch's body, criss-crossing his wounded form until every limb had been consumed by the writhing black mass of mandibles. It wrapped around his throat, torso, cock and balls, tightening around the demon's body until Marioch screamed in fresh agony.

As her enemy was subdued, Bayonetta raced toward the altar and leapt atop it. She reached down and fished The Holy Spear out of the gunky mess of demon cum and shook it clean. “Ack! Disgusting!”

She glanced from side to side, taking just a moment to observe the ongoing debauchery. Her Umbra sisters continued fucking the poor Lumen. They writhed in puddles of brimstone-tinged semen and fired their own hot loads into the now compliant slut boys. Cereza laughed and shook her head before jumping off the desecrated structure and bolting back to her captive.

Bayonetta pointed at the ground and Scolopendra obeyed. The giant insect bent Marioch forward until

his face kissed the stony floor. The sinister witch leapt into the air and landed on his upturned ass; glowing spear in hand. Scolopendra withdrew its segments from Marioch's bottom, revealing its bright red ass for her to torment.

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

She whipped the spear into Marioch's bottom, using the holy relic as a disciplinary cane. Each lash burned the demon's ass, prompting a fresh yelp of misery from the bound hell-beast.

“THIS. IS WHAT. NAUGHTY. LITTLE. DEMONS. GET. WHEN. THEY. DIS. OBEY. MISTRESS!!!”

Bayonetta launched herself from his backside, turning and spinning the Lance of Longinus in a skillful flourish. She waited until the tip of the blade was lined up perfectly with his giant red pucker before drop-kicking the weapon into his waiting asshole.

The holy blade gouged through his anal lips. It glided through his sensitive walls until only the butt of the spear protruded from his anal ring. Searing white flames shot out of his ass and the smokey remains of roasting flesh trailed into the sky. The holy weapon burned him continuously as the demon screamed and pulled uselessly against his infernal bondage.

Cereza sauntered around the sad, suffering lord of hell. He'd been laid low on the mortal plane in a way he never could've expected. She took her time circling back to his front, letting him get a good taste of his own medicine before delivering the coup-de-grace.

Even in his tortured state, the demon spat out a contemptuous laugh. He eyed Bayonetta as she strode back into his field of vision, only yards from where his head was pressed to the ground.

“WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW, WITCH? SEND ME BACK TO THE INFERNO? MY HOME?? THIS CHANGES NOTHING. I WILL REMEMBER THIS DAY AND YOUR KIND WILL SUFFER ENDLESSLY FOR IT.”

“The Inferno? Hardly. No, you're going somewhere else. The ruler of your new prison is crueler than the Lightbringer could ever hope to be.”

Marioch cackled. **“AND WHO MIGHT THAT BE?”**

Bayonetta straightened her glasses as a wicked smile spread across her face. “...Me.”

The golden Umbran watch fixed in the center of Cereza's chest glimmered and the red stone held in its grasp began to glow. The impressive piece once held the Left Eye of Darkness, one of the Eyes of the World that were destroyed when she defeated the resurrected Jubileus. Now it held a stone of her own creation, a feat of magic it had taken years of study and practice to craft.

“EYE OF DOMINATION! CLAIM THIS PATHETIC DEMON AS MY FIRST INFERNAL SUBMISSIVE! BOUND IN MY SERVICE UNTIL THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN AND THE FIRES OF HELL ARE EXTINGUISHED FOREVER!!!”

Marioch's eyes went wide as he felt his body begin to warp and disintegrate. His searing flesh, rippling

muscles, burning asshole and shrieks of protest were sucked, atom by atom into the stone fixed on Cereza's bust. His scream faded into nothing as his entire being was consumed. She held her arms aloft in triumph, eyes closed until the fiend's whirling essence was completely absorbed. The foul demon was now contained in Bayonetta's mystical creation, imprisoned at her breast until she chose to call upon him.

With nothing left to grasp, Scolopendra faded back to the Inferno. The Holy Spear, hanging in mid-air and no longer glowing, dropped to the ground with a loud clatter. Bayonetta heard mumbling and confused murmurs in the distance as her fellow Umbra regained their sanity. She turned and watched as they observed their surroundings. The witches were astonished to find themselves awash in demonic sperm and their cocks buried in Lumen asses.

Bayonetta chuckled. She gave only a moment's thought to sticking around for the aftermath before deciding against it. She engaged her witch-speed and raced from the desolate battlefield.

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James' run had long since slowed to a brisk walk. His sweat sloshed around the inside of his gimp suit. He wondered if he'd have a drop of moisture left in his body by the time he got back to the car.

ZIIIIIPPP

A black blur zoomed into view a few feet ahead and James jumped. His startled expression was followed by a long exhale of relief, happy to see his frighteningly powerful Femdom.

“Miss me?” she asked with a raised eyebrow, her hands on her curvy hips.

“Mistress! I sure did...”

She nodded in the direction of the car and James resumed the hike with Cereza by his side.

“So, everything turned out ok?”

“Eh, it's kind of a clusterfuck, but they can deal with it. I did all the heavy lifting. The least Alexia and the others can do is clean up the mess.”

“I'm sure she'll love that. Jeanne too.”

“The good news is, I no longer need to care what any of them think. My relationship with the Umbra is about to undergo a drastic change.”

“Is that so?”

“Yup. I'll tell you all about it later.”

“Right...”

They made only the lightest chatter for the rest of their walk back to the vehicle. The pair loaded into Bayonetta's GTO with stiff bodies. They were both exhausted from the events of the day.

As they peeled out of the badlands James turned on the radio. Huey Lewis and the News' "The Power of Love" blared through the car's speakers. It felt strangely fitting.