

## Bayonetta's Abuse IV

### Weekend At Jeanne's

It was another bright spring day as Bayonetta and James made their way up the long walkway to Jeanne's estate. The compound was well fortified, defended by a chain link fence, a brick wall, a guard station and several guard dogs. James had felt intimidated as they approached the gate in Bayonetta's GTO, but the guards had waved them through as soon as they spotted her in the driver's seat.

The warm sun and the smell of freshly cut grass greeted them as they made their way up to a stately mansion. It was a huge three story structure with tall, Victorian style windows. James wouldn't even venture to guess what Jeanne did for a living, but it was obvious she was doing quite well for herself.

Bayonetta was dressed in one of her elaborate black leather bodysuits, as usual. It made James question what kind of "business" she could possibly be on her way to. Cereza didn't have time to go home and change since she had to be at the airport in less than an hour. James was dressed in the same casual wear he'd worn into the countryside the previous week. This included his purple leather '*SLUT*' collar which Bayonetta was using to tug him up the steps.

As they approached the entrance of the ornate chateau, Jeanne didn't wait for them to reach the wrap-around porch. She burst out of the front door wearing a costume similar to the one she'd worn to Bayonetta's apartment, only this time it was white leather instead of red. Her humongous cock hung from the only visible opening in the suit, bobbing between her legs as she came out to greet her guests. If James wasn't already familiar with her temperament, he might have thought she was some kind of hung angel; a compelling contrast to the succubus image his Mistress maintained.

"It's about time you got here! Did you sleep in again?"

Bayonetta crossed her arms, smiling wryly. "Nice to see you too, Jeanne."

"Do you really have time for pleasantries? You have a flight to catch! And you..." she said walking directly up to James, her cock rubbing up against him. "It is most definitely good to see you again!" She stared into his eyes, a broad smile of her lips. Jeanne stuck her hand out in Cereza's direction, expecting the leash.

"First things first" Bayonetta interjected. She reached into her cleavage and pulled out a folded piece of paper, handing it to her. Jeanne scowled, unfolded the paper and quickly scanned its contents.

"Limitations and restrictions..." Her eyebrows furrowed as she read down the list. "But that...! What?!? You might as well just say **NO FUN!**" she yelled, waving the paper through the air and glaring at Bayonetta.

"You agreed to abide by my rules, and those are the rules. I'm lending you a prized possession for the weekend. You have no right to be angry."

Jeanne was annoyed, but as her long, semi-flaccid cock rubbed up against James' thighs her anger was replaced by anticipation. "Fine, whatever. I agree!" She held out her hand once more and Cereza handed her the leash. Upon receiving it, Jeanne immediately slid behind James and pressed her ample G cup cleavage against his back. She wrapped her arms around him, possessively. "Mmmmm... Ready to spend a few nights with a **real** woman? You cute little whore..."

Bayonetta gracefully turned on her heel and placed her hands on her hips. "Slut, kiss me goodbye." James quickly broke from Jeanne's embrace, bent down and planted a hungry kiss on both of his Mistress' perfect, round ass cheeks. "Have fun you two" she chuckled as she sauntered down the walkway without looking back.

"Goodbye Mistress! Have a safe trip!"

"Hmph!" Jeanne snorted as she yanked on James' tether, pulling him back to her. *'How did I become friends with such a cocky bitch?'*

As she watched Bayonetta make her way down the stone stairs, Jeanne couldn't resist a little verbal teasing. "Hey Cereza! Do you know any doctors that are good at fixing an anal prolapse? You might want to put one on speed dial! Your prize slave won't be so tight when I'm done with him!"

Bayonetta rolled her eyes as she strode confidently back to her car.

"Alright slut, you're **MINE!** Let's get inside. I've been dreaming about that lovely throat of yours since our first get together." She tugged his leash harshly, leading him to the entrance of her personal palace. As soon as they were inside and the door was shut, she grabbed him by the head and forced him to his knees. "Get to work, bitch!"

Her fat prick wasn't even fully erect and it was already fifteen inches long. James placed his mouth around the tip and began slowly pushing his face onto it. Jeanne's large scrotum swelled with seed. The hungry look in her eyes indicated she'd been waiting for this moment all day. He swirled his tongue around her glans and tenderly sucked the first five inches of her meaty pole.

"Oh, fuck this!" Jeanne said, grabbing his ears and spearing more than half her meaty weapon down his throat. James gagged as her cock plugged his mouth, unused to the extra girth she presented. Jeanne began sawing her penis in and out of his face, inserting a little more of her fleshy member with each thrust. His throat stretched uncomfortably as he was re-introduced to her thick salami, his eyes beginning to water almost immediately.

"Deep throat me bitch! I know you and Cereza like to get all lovey dovey, but this weekend you're going to be treated like a slave **should** be treated. We don't make love here, we have sex. More to the point, you **GIVE** pleasure and I **TAKE** it! As do all my friends. Believe me, they can't wait to meet you!"

As the hallway filled with the sounds of gagging and slurping, a low cough alerted them to the presence of another. The man had been standing behind Jeanne for some time, but she hadn't noticed; lost as she was in the pleasures of her guest's silky mouth.

"I take it this is our guest for the weekend?"

Jeanne looked over her shoulder. “Oh, William... Yes, this is our guest.” She continued to shaft his throat as if it were something you always did while having conversation with a third party. “William... James. James... you can’t see him right now, but William is my butler. William, go upstairs and get that bag of clothes I bought yesterday. Leave it in the living room. Oh, and you may need to clean up here in a little while.”

”Of course, Mistress” he responded before walking off to perform his duties.

“Ohhhhh...” Jeanne moaned as she sank her cock to the hilt in James’ mouth. Her eyes closed as she concentrated on the pleasure her eighteen inches of fully engorged fuck meat were receiving from the slave's accommodating throat. She gripped the top of his head with one hand and his bottom jaw with the other. She slid half her cock in and out at a medium pace as her heavy balls slapped his chin. “Yeah, just like that! Just a few more minutes and it’s feeding time, sweetie.”

James gripped her leather pants as she assaulted his mouth. He struggled to breathe and maintain his balance as she fucked his face harshly. She only pulled out far enough to give him fresh air every once in a while. The minutes flew by and his face became increasingly red and dark as Jeanne became more flushed and needy.

“**YEAH, TAKE IT! TAKE MY COCK!** Mmmm... You’re starving for my cum, aren’t you? Why else would you be sucking my fat dick? That’s good! Your drink dispenser is always ready to give you what you need. You just have to **ASK. PROPERLY!**” She emphasized the words with two especially hard thrusts and began fucking his throat at full speed. She pistoned in and out of his mouth for a good thirty seconds before her climax arrived like a freight train off the tracks.

“**AHHHHHHHHUUUUUGGGGHHHHHHH!!!**” She pulled his face into her soft, sweaty pubis and moaned loudly as the first volley of jizz sped through her cock and shot directly into his throat.

“**DRINK IT ALL, YOU SLUT!**” Blast after blast followed in quick succession. James could feel the waves of cum rebound and spiral up his throat. Thick cream came spurting out around Jeanne’s cock, covering James’ face and splattering all over the hallway floor.

Jeanne shuddered in pleasure with weak knees and half open eyes. She poked his face with her cock, determined to deposit every last drop in his anatomy. “Drink it bitch! Savor my spunk! Yesssss...” As she emptied her balls in his mouth, Jeanne ran her fingers all over his face. She massaged the sticky paste into his skin while enjoying the afterglow of a wonderful orgasm.

As her climax ebbed, she pulled the thick schlong from his throat. Jeanne admired her shiny cum and saliva drenched rod as it exited his mouth with a pop. James gasped for air, re-oxygenating his body as Jeanne hefted her slimy penis and wiped it all over his face.

“That’s a good start, slut. Not bad at all! Still, that will seem like a picnic tomorrow night. Your oral services will be in **great demand** at my little *soiree*.” She gave his right cheek a few wet pats with her hand before grabbing his leash. “Follow me. It's time we get you into more appropriate attire.”

As they walked into the maze that was Jeanne’s home, James already felt like he was lost. The mansion had enough space for ten families and there was modern art and artifacts from ancient cultures the world over adorning every wall and corner. “This is quite a home you have, Mistress Jeanne.”

”Isn’t it? I’ll give you the grand tour once you’re nice and dolled up!”

Before long they arrived in a large living room filled with leather furniture. There was a fireplace against one wall and an expensive entertainment center against another. Sure enough, waiting on one of the leather couches was a large shopping bag. Jeanne grabbed it up and began digging through it with a grin on her face. “I picked these up yesterday. Just for you! Take off your clothes while I remove the tags.”

Jeanne began ripping the tags off and laying out her purchases as James kicked off his sneakers and disrobed. When he was stripped down to nothing but Bayonetta’s black silk panties, Jeanne immediately perked up. “Oooh, very nice! I bought you a pair just in case, but those will do fine!”

James examined the garments she’d laid out for him. Two pink, latex arm gloves, two pink latex leggings, one lacy pink bra and a pair of pink high heels. He was less than thrilled with her selections. On the other hand, it couldn’t be worse than his usual bondage suit. Could it?

”Don’t look so droll. This is how sissy sluts dress and you’re going to be the star entertainment of my party tomorrow night! I had to guess your sizes, so they might be a little tight, but latex is more fun when it’s tight. Hurry up and get dressed, slut!”

It took a while, but with some help from Jeanne he managed to pull the thick latex leggings up to mid-thigh and the rubbery arm gloves all the way past his elbows. His feet were painfully crammed into the high heels and the bra tightly fastened around his chest. Within minutes his pink nightmare had begun.

Jeanne stepped back to admire her work. “Mmmm, I like! If I’d thought of it at the time, I would’ve gotten you a wig too. Oh well! Something to add for next time. And now, for the finishing touches...”

She opened a drawer in one of her end tables and pulled out a red lipstick and red sharpie marker. Jeanne planted herself in front of James, uncapped the lipstick and gave his lips a thick, red coating. She then took the red sharpie and wrote ‘*CUM*’ on his right cheek and ‘*DUMP*’ on his left. Bending down, she likewise wrote ‘*SPERM*’ above his belly button and ‘*TANK*’ directly below it.

“On the couch, face down” she ordered.

Once James was prone against the leather cushions, she straddled his legs, intent on finishing her work. Finally, in big red letters she wrote ‘*JIZZ*’ on his left ass cheek and ‘*CHUTE*’ on his right. She gave his ass a firm swat before standing up again.

“If you were my slave this wouldn’t be marker. I would have a tattoo artist here **tonight**. If something tragic ever befalls Cereza, I’m going to turn your body into my fucking canvas!”

James didn’t like the sound of that. So much, in fact, that he forgot who and where he was, for a moment. “What?!? How would Mistress dying leave me in your possession?” He pushed himself up and sat on the sofa, serious concern written across his face. “And what do you mean by *something tragic* anyway?”

“Oh, you know... Cancer. Random shooting. Getting hit by a bus. Happens all the time! It can happen to anyone. That’s all I meant.” The freakish smile on her face distracted James from the rigid palm that was moving towards his face like a jetliner coming in for a landing.

**\*SMACK\***

“That’s for not addressing me properly! Do it again and I’ll step on your balls until you cry.”

Jeanne shook her hand in the air. She'd overdone it. Even through her white leather glove, the blow had stung her almost as much as the petulant submissive. She shrugged it off, refusing to acknowledge the pain in front of her dolled up slave. “Now, let’s go see the rest of my wonderful estate!”

James was still seeing stars as she yanked him by his leash and pulled him deeper into the lush mansion. They stopped at each major room on the first floor as Jeanne gave him the grand tour. In between showing off her art collection and the luxurious amenities she had access too, Jeanne demanded he suck her cock and lick her ass. The tour went on for hours as he became as well acquainted with her glorious body as her opulent home.

As they completed their tour of the first floor, James noticed one prominent door they hadn't entered.

“Mistress Jeanne. If I may ask, where does that door lead?”

She looked annoyed, but deigned to answer his question. “That goes down to the dungeon. There’s no point in visiting there this weekend since my **cunt** of a friend has forbidden me from most of the **really** fun stuff. Maybe next time, slut...”

James made a mental note to thank Cereza profusely. It seemed her *list* had saved his ass from twisted perversions beyond his imagining.

Jeanne gestured to the large staircase in the central hall. “Now, on to the second floor!”

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The sun had sunk below the horizon by the time they reached the third floor. The second floor, dinner, a tour of the grounds and many depraved dalliances had eaten up the afternoon. Now they approached the master bedroom and James wished only to rest.

It had been a long day and he was exhausted from Jeanne’s personality as much as her sexual demands. As the double doors to her chamber opened, he was greeted with another scene of luxury. Her suite had all the accommodations you’d expect: a huge closet, an enormous canopy bed with silk sheets, a beautifully crafted vanity table with a huge mirror. It had the works.

There were sex toys everywhere. Dildos, whips, riding crops, gags, restraints. All the same sort of items Bayonetta kept handy. What **was** surprising were the two corners of her room dedicated to art and inventing. There was a stack of paintings lined up next to her easel that displayed remarkable talent. In another area was a series of tables and benches with numerous works in progress. Sewing, woodworking, sculpting; it seemed Jeanne did a little bit of everything. Her bedroom was a strange, yet compelling, vortex of sex and renaissance culture. It had taken long enough, but James finally found something to like about her.

“We won’t be needing **this** tonight” she announced as she un-strapped the purple leather collar from his neck and tossed it aside along with the leash. “You’ll wear this instead.” She produced an odd looking collar of her own design, notable for the four metal rings that protruded from its front, back and sides. She fastened it snugly around his neck and then slapped him on the ass.

**\*SMACK\***

“You can use my bathroom, over there. When you’re done come out and join me on the bed. While you’re freshening up, I’m going to slip out of this bodysuit. I love leather and latex, but unlike your oddball Mistress, I don’t sleep in it.”

James wasn’t sure what to say. He’d fully expected to be used as a human sex toy all weekend but he never imagined he’d be sharing a bed with her. “Mistress Jeanne... You mean, we’re going to sleep together?”

“Who said I was going to let you sleep?” She offered him a coy wink and a devious grin. The playful Domina was already stripping out of her luxurious white leather.

James smirked and hurried off to the bathroom. Once the door was closed, he deliberately took his time; glad to have a few moments alone. He relieved himself, then washed his hands and rinsed his mouth, trying in vain to get the taste of Jeanne’s sperm off his tongue. He studied himself in the mirror, adorned in pink lingerie; wondering what the hell he was doing with his life.

He strode back into the bedroom and there she was, kneeling on the giant bed wearing a strange harness of leather and rubber straps around her waist and ass. Jeanne was otherwise naked, her luscious breasts jutting from her upper body and her impossibly large penis protruding before her. An enormous cream colored rubber dildo and a black leather arm binder rested by her side.

”C’mere slut” she implored, patting the bed in front of her. “That pink latex looks so good on you!”

James hesitantly climbed up on the bed. As soon as he was within range, Jeanne grabbed him and mashed his face into the soft covers. “Arms behind your back” she ordered.

As he moved to comply, Jeanne wasted no time sliding the long leather arm binder up his forearms and past his elbows. She locked the straps around his shoulders and then laced up its bindings with practiced efficiency. Satisfied that his arms were immobilized, she grabbed him by the chin and pulled his head up from the covers. With her other hand she held the giant, smooth, cream colored phallus before his eyes.

“Look familiar? That’s because it’s a mold of my very own cock! All eighteen inches and every detail are identical to the real thing. I’ve ordered five hundred of them to start and I’m working on a marketing campaign to make a fortune with these babies. This one is going to be your personal souvenir! Tonight, however, it’s going to stretch you out and prepare you for the festivities tomorrow.”

With that, she snaked around his side and began inserting the gargantuan rubber monster into his ass inch by inch. James groaned as the insertion continued, eventually crying out into the blanket as she forced it deep. Jeanne didn’t give him any time to adjust, pushing the massive cock into his ass until the thick rubber ring that would normally be attached to a strapon harness was flat against his pucker.

"I'd secure it better, but honestly, I don't think it's going anywhere" she quipped. She slid off the back of the bed, walked around the side and plopped herself back on the mattress directly in James' view.

"And now, **slut**, it's time to show off my latest, and perhaps greatest, invention! Crawl over here and start sucking while I get it ready."

As she adjusted the straps on her harness, James slowly inched forward. The arm binder and thick dildo plugging his ass made every forward motion a Herculean effort. Jeanne eventually grew tired of waiting for him and reached down. She grabbed his collar and the back of his head and pulled him, hungrily, into her crotch. She held her half-erect penis up to his mouth and once the first few inches was snugly inside his warm walls, she resumed pulling him forward. In no time at all, she'd speared most of her meaty length into his maw.

"Mmmm... There we go! Perfect" she announced as she started connecting four particularly thick straps from her waist harness to the four rings on his new collar. The straps appeared to be very thick rubber and looked almost like bungee cords.

As she finished securing them to his restraints, she explained their purpose. "I dreamt this up because as much as I love to throat-fuck, sometimes a woman wants to get her dick sucked without having to do all the work. As a man, or someone who **used** to be a man anyway, I'm sure you can identify with that. I call this the *Hands-Free Face Fucker* and I expect it to be a very popular item in the future. Oh, can you breathe ok?"

Nearly all of Jeanne's cock had been buried in his throat for two minutes now and his face was quickly turning red. "Hmmm, I suppose you better back up if you want some fresh air."

James wormed his way backward, the thick rubber straps stretching eight... nine... ten inches, but no further. They were as far back as they would go and James' neck muscles were straining against the taut state of the rubber cords. Even stretched to their limit, eight inches of Jeanne's cock was still packed in his mouth, but there was enough room for him to breathe, barely. He exhaled and drew in a fresh breath through his nose before his muscles gave way and the cords pulled him back a solid 7 inches, plunging almost all of Jeanne's cock back down this throat.

"And now you see the genius. If you wish to breathe, you must pleasure my cock! The best part is, if I use this on you while standing up, all I have to do is thrust my hips forward and your face slides back and forth on my shaft. I can multi-task while you suck my cock all day! Pretty clever, huh? You better believe I already have a patent on this thing!"

Eager to avoid asphyxiation, James again pulled his head back as far as he could. He stretched the rubber cords until he could take a breath. As his muscles relaxed, the simple, yet sinister, contraption pulled him forward again, pleasuring Jeanne as his lips slid along her fat, glistening shaft.

Jeanne watched him with an amused smile on her face, soaking in his forced oral servitude as she relaxed before sleep. She played with her breasts as James slurped on her cock continuously. The well-endowed shemale was in heaven. Jeanne lay in graceful repose as his oral ministrations drew her ever closer to another powerful orgasm.

"OhhhhhHHHHHH! **OH FUCK! YESSSSS!!!**" she cried out, taken by surprise at the effectiveness of her own cruel device. Jeanne grabbed his head and pulled him the last few inches into her crotch as a

gusher of cum blasted from her hose of flesh. She fucked his face for several minutes as her final climax of the evening shot load after load of thick, sticky jizzum into James' oral passage.

With his arms locked behind his back and a rubber replica of her massive tool stuffed in his ass, Jeanne's cock had suddenly become James' entire world. She humped his face a few more times before pulling his chin into her churning ball sack; the last few gobs of white goo milking into his throat.

She finally released his face and James fought the rubber cords as he strained back for fresh air. Jeanne had an expression of pure delight on her face as she watched him struggle back and forth on her cock, cum dribbling out around the edges of his mouth.

"There, a delicious bed time snack for my weekend slave. And after I already got you those beautiful new clothes! Don't say I never gave you anything... I hope you're not full, though. I'm sure there's another snack or two coming tonight. They don't call them *wet dreams* for nothing."

She reached over to the end table and turned the light off, casting the room into sudden darkness. Jeanne pulled the covers over both of them and adjusted her body into a comfortable position. "Enjoy my cock, slut. See you tomorrow."

The room grew silent, save for the periodic sound of James' cum slick mouth slurping back and forth on Jeanne's titanic penis. Buried between her legs below the covers of the bed, it was already beginning to get hot and musky. It was going to be a long night.

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As the morning light outlined the heavy drapes on the windows of the master bedroom, an utterly exhausted James continued to fellate the fat cock that had taken up permanent residence in his throat. Jeanne had nutted in his mouth several times as the night dragged on and she'd muttered something about "lovely breasts" and "the perfect slave" in her sleep. Now, as the darkness faded into light she began to stir, her cock stiffening to full, throbbing hardness once more.

"Oh, yes..." Jeanne said with a yawn. "Those were some wonderful dreams."

She pulled the covers back and revealed her bound, overworked slave completely covered in sweat. James' lips and chin were caked in her sticky semen. He was struggling to stay awake, his eyes pleading for release from the demonic contraption that had forced him to suck her erection for eight long hours.

Jeanne simply smiled, petting him and admiring her invention as she allowed herself to slowly wake up. After several more slurps, she began unhooking the tight rubber straps from James' collar and slowly pulled her fully engorged phallus from his mouth. Her mighty weapon was covered in spit, semen and red smears from the lipstick she'd applied to him the previous night.

"This was good stamina training for you, slut. You can thank me by taking care of my morning wood." She slid off the bed, grabbed him by the arm binder and pulled his bound form to the edge of the bed. His legs slipped over the side and his feet found the floor.

”Please... Mistress, I’m so tired. I need to sleep...”

She extracted the massive rubber dildo from his ass, the sudden evacuation making a moist sucking sound. “Go ahead and sleep if you can. It won’t bother me.”

She tossed the replica cock aside before grabbing his left hip with one hand and guiding her cock into his loose pucker with the other. Jeanne slid all eighteen inches of her cum cannon home in mere seconds, his ass already stretched to accommodate her unfathomable size. She pumped in and out of his warm depths in short strokes at first, gradually increasing their length until her swollen ball sack collided with his smaller, shriveled scrotum.

Jeanne grabbed his hips firmly and opened him up with long, hard thrusts. She moaned lightly as her naked curves jiggled and she lost herself in the pleasure of going balls deep in his luscious boy pussy. As her fucking intensified, Jeanne's hips smacked into his ass cheeks powerfully. She began adding periodic slaps with the palm of her hand for extra humiliation.

**“TAKE IT, YOU WHORE!!!”**

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

Realizing there was no way he'd be able to sleep until she was done, James began pushing back on her cock in time with her thrusts. He maneuvered himself as best he could with his arms still immobilized behind his back in tight leather. Seeing his pathetic efforts, Jeanne laughed and grabbed the arm binder with her right hand. She yanked on it and lifted him slightly off the bed as she fucked him like a bitch.

“That’s more like it **slut!** You’re really getting into it now, aren’t you? Admit it! You’d give up oxygen before my cock!”

”Yes, Mistress! Anything to please you!”

She dropped him back on the bed, gripping his hips tightly once more. “NO, BITCH! I want to hear you say it! **SAY YOU WANT MY COCK!**”

“I love your cock Mistress Jeanne! Please fuck me!!!”

**“WHY DO YOU LOVE MY COCK?!?”**

James opened his mouth to speak, but grunted as she nailed him with a particularly hard thrust. “...Because it’s so big! I love getting fucked by large cocks!”

”It fucks you harder than Bayonetta’s, doesn’t it?”

”.....yes.”

”**SAY IT!**”

”**YOUR COCK IS THE BEST MISTRESS JEANNE!!!**”

James buried his face in the mattress as her aggressive thrusting completely overwhelmed him. His

prostate hummed as she railed his ass into oblivion. Jeanne was fucking him like a demon on speed; his admission fueling her ego and libido to new heights. Her pre-cum had lubed his ass perfectly and the wet snugness of his anal walls was driving Jeanne crazy as her pleasure spiked beyond the threshold.

She screamed as the familiar rush of orgasm exploded from her crotch, a deluge of cum racing down her sperm channel and firing into his ass without warning. She continued shoving her greasy fuck meat into him as load after load of baby batter shot uncontrollably out of her fat glans, painting every corner of his insides a creamy white.

Jeanne made little coo-ing sounds as the final spurts of clingy semen discharged into his depths. She fucked his ass in a slower, gentler rhythm, extracting every ounce of ecstasy she could from the act. She felt his body up and down, groping his sides and tugging on his bound arms as the wave of bliss dissipated and washed her back to reality.

“See how worked up I get when you’re dressed properly? All it took was a little pink latex! I could fuck you like this all day, you beautiful slut, but I have an event to prepare for.”

She withdrew her slimy tool from his ravaged back door, her cock exiting between the words *Jizz* and *Chute*. She slapped his ass lovingly, glad to have made the words a reality. At long last, she untied and unstrapped his arm binder, freeing his arms little by little. The task done, she tossed it aside.

“You can sleep now.”

James strained forward, pulling his legs back onto the bed before fully collapsing. He lay in the cum smeared blankets with jizz leaking from his gaping ass, his mind already drifting into the void. The weary slave barely perceived Jeanne’s final words before the blackness engulfed him.

“Rest well, because when you awaken, you’re going to be put through your paces.”

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*\*knock knock knock\**

The light rapping barely registered as James stirred ever so slightly on Jeanne’s exorbitant bed.

*\*knock knock knock\**

The sound repeated and this time the doors opened shortly thereafter, admitting William to the room. “Time to get up” the butler announced as he crossed the chamber; tidying things here and there. “Mistress Jeanne expects you downstairs in twenty minutes.”

James groaned weakly as the world was made visible once again. It was already dusk and the paltry light that still pierced the windows gave the room a dim red glow. He sat up and began worming his way to the edge of the mattress.

“So, what’s it like working for a total psycho?”

"It pays well" he quipped as he made his way to the bedside. William unfastened the custom collar Jeanne had secured on his neck the night before. "Mistress Jeanne instructed me to remove this and to make sure you freshened up in the bathroom. That includes a fresh application of lipstick. You'll find it in the drawer on the right below the sink. I trust you can do that without my supervision?"

"Don't worry, I won't get you in any trouble. Just out of curiosity, do you two ever...?"

"No, our relationship is strictly professional."

"Huh... That surprises me. Jeanne doesn't seem like the type to respect any kind of traditional roles or boundaries."

"The Mistress may seem like a feral creature to you, but she's a shrewd woman. She can be pragmatic and sincere when the situation calls for it. That's been my observation over the years, but I'm guessing you won't see that side of her due to the role you're filling."

James stood and began stretching his limbs. He worked the stiffness out of his body after a long, much needed rest. "And **why am** I filling that role? Someone with her resources should have no trouble finding all the boy toys she wants."

"You are, perhaps, underestimating how difficult it is to find someone with your proclivities and talents whose discretion can be trusted. The internet is a great resource for finding play partners, but it's also a long process of trial and error, and one that Mistress Jeanne became fed up with a long time ago. Perhaps there are other reasons why the Mistress has taken an interest in you, but I wouldn't dare speculate on them."

"Thanks Jeeves" James responded, giving him a hardy pat on the shoulder and ruffling his tuxedo. "You're surprisingly forthcoming for someone who came to remove a dog collar from a guy dressed in pink."

"It's William, sir" he chuckled. "And the Mistress did not forbid me from chatting with you, so I was glad to. I don't get the chance to talk with guests that often. But you really should get going! You don't want to be late for Mistress Jeanne's festivities. Once you're ready, go back down to the first floor. Take a right and you'll find the banquet hall not far down the first corridor."

"On my way" James responded as he cut a path to the bathroom. "And just between the two of us, I'd say **you** have the better gig."

William smirked. "Having just come from the banquet hall, I'm afraid I must agree."

In the bathroom, James hastily adjusted the black panties Jeanne had practically torn off of him the night before, washed himself up and generously re-applied the red lipstick as instructed. He pulled at the rubbery, pink latex that encased his calves, thighs and arms. He'd hoped they would have loosened somewhat by now, but they were tight as ever. The shiny fetish wear was beginning to chafe his limbs, but there was nothing he could do about it.

He couldn't help but feel ridiculous looking at his reflection in the mirror, but he was tarted up exactly how Jeanne wanted him. He took a deep breath and began making his way downstairs, unable to shake off his apprehension.

As James neared the banquet hall he could hear many voices in conversation. Entering the giant room, he was greeted by an array of food, flesh and fetish gear. There was classical music playing lightly in the background and long tables were set up with *hors d'oeuvres* and spirits of every imaginable kind.

Eight guests of Jeanne's had already arrived. While James wasn't completely shocked by what he saw, he was still somewhat taken aback that such a scene could exist. They were all women with generous curves and they all sported gigantic cocks with an ample pair of balls to match.

*'Well, that answers one question at least. There are more women like Bayonetta and Jeanne. A lot more. Now it's just a matter of finding out how they're connected...'*

It was a virtual smorgasbord of big-dicked amazons. There was a blonde, a brunette, a red head, an Asian woman, a Russian woman and a giantess of a black woman, among others. They were all dressed in bodysuits and Dominatrix attire similar to the kind Bayonetta and Jeanne wore with regularly. Most of them had their impressive endowments hanging between their legs, with only a few choosing to "hide" their giant bulges beneath the leather of their costumes. The ebony beauty stood out as the one woman who possessed a cock even larger than Jeanne's.

James hesitated, hovering in the entrance. In the darkest corner of his mind he'd admitted to himself there were moments he enjoyed being with Bayonetta and Jeanne, but every fiber of his being was now screaming at him to flee the vicinity. He knew on some primal level that the abuse he was about to endure would put everything he'd experienced thus far to shame.

"**SLUT!**" Jeanne called out, taking notice that he'd arrived. She set her wine glass down on the nearest table, picked up a riding crop and marched over to him. She was wearing her finest white leather bodysuit, a custom model of her usual attire adorned in gold and silver trim. Her cock bobbed angrily between her legs as she approached.

"**ON. YOUR. KNEES!**" She emphasized the last word with a glancing blow of her crop into to his crotch. He grimaced in pain as he hurriedly dropped to his hands and knees. James moved to obey his new Mistress as fast as his wits would allow him.

"How **DARE** you enter this hall of Goddesses on equal footing?!? You should know better!"

"I-I'm sorry... Mistress Jeanne! Please forgive me..." he whimpered, fighting through the stinging ache in his groin and the sudden loss of breath.

"You performed well last night, so I think I'll forgive you this time, but if you embarrass me in front of my guests again you **WILL** regret it. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress... Thank you."

From behind the towering figure of Jeanne emerged the powerful black beauty he'd fixed his gaze upon just moments ago. She was steeped in black leather which melted into her wide curves perfectly. Her gleaming form was the ultimate incarnation of a dark skinned Dominatrix. Blue eye shadow highlighted her piercing hazel eyes; a pair of pale moons that gazed upon her prey without pity or remorse.

She and Jeanne were, without a doubt, the two most terrifying women he'd ever encountered. Seeing their gargantuan cocks side by side made the experience that much more emasculating.

“So, this is the Houdini that can make eighteen inches magically disappear? He doesn't look like much. Cute outfit though!”

”Yes, this is James. Cereza's lucky find! I know he looks pathetic, but believe me, once you've sampled the goods you'll be singing a different tune. Slave, this is my good friend Monique. Among all the guests here tonight, she's been looking forward to this the most. In the past she's had trouble finding bottoms that can... **accommodate** her. I'm sure you can see why.”

Monique licked her lips and began running her right hand up and down the impossibly large hose of dark meat that hung from her pelvis. In her flaccid state it was no shorter than fifteen inches and it was slightly thicker than Jeanne's. James was trying hard not to imagine how big it would be erect.

“It's a blessing and a curse honey, but if anyone can take my twenty inches, it's you. Or so I'm told!”

There was no way he had another two inches in his ass. Jeanne had almost torn his insides apart on several occasions and that had been scary enough. Suddenly, the threat of intense, hardcore, excessive sexual intercourse that usually made him feel a fearful giddiness was instead only making him fearful.

“I'll do my best to serve you, Mistress Monique” he answered nervously, with a bow of his head.

Jeanne bent down and grabbed his chin. “Indeed, you will. It's about time we kicked off this little bash.” She released him and rose back to her full height. “William!”

”Yes, Mistress” he responded, stepping forward.

“Go downstairs and fetch those two silly cunts we took on last month. Bring them here and chain them to the wall by the refreshments. Kneeling positions, both.”

”Right away, Mistress.”

Jeanne strutted back toward her gathered guests. “Follow me, slut.”

James crawled along the floor, following her and Monique deeper into the grand hall. As he shuffled by on hands and knees, several of the women took notice of him. They began to cat call, one by one, as he passed them by.

”Ooooooh, nice leggings bitch boy!” the blonde called out. “I guess you **CAN** put lipstick on a pig. See you soon darling!”

The Russian woman was fisting her erection as she watched him crawl before her. She observed the writing on his cheeks with particular glee. “Cum dump? That's perfect, since I have lots of filth to dispose of! Get those dick suckin lips ready honey!”

Jeanne and Monique laughed as the humiliation went on. Hearing new voices, James looked back at the entry way and noticed several more women had just arrived.

*'Just how many twisted shemales does Jeanne know? Did she invite them all?!?'*

Returning his gaze forward, he saw something he never would have expected to in a fancy banquet hall. It was what appeared to be a kids wading pool. It was a blue, soft rubber pool about seven feet in diameter and one foot deep. Around the top of the pool's short banks was a series of small holes with metal rings in them. In the center of the pool sat an even more unusual object: a large peach colored bubble. It was an inflatable latex ball of some kind; three feet tall and wide. It appeared to be very durable. There was a set of chains sticking out from below the shiny bubble in both the front and back.

Jeanne turned and grinned at James, pointing to the pool behind her. "That's your home for the rest of the night, bitch! I think you'll find it to be comfortable, at least for the first half hour or so..."

She was interrupted by the sound of muffled shrieking and groaning as William reappeared with two bound women in tow. They were both naked save for their metal chastity belts, dog collars, and the red ball gags fixed in their mouths.

The first one was a tall red head and the second a brunette of medium height. Their arms were locked behind them in red leather arm binders all the way up to their shoulder blades. They were making quite a commotion despite the gags strapped around their heads.

"Monique, be a dear and rig James up for me. I have a couple wenches to deal with."

"With pleasure!" Monique responded. She picked up a set of wrist and thigh cuffs that had been left next to the pool and went straight to work.

Jeanne hurried back to the front of the hall and grabbed the leashes from William. "Listen up you stupid whores! You better behave in front of my friends or *so help me*, after this party I will whip you until you can't sit **FOR A WEEK!**"

The female slaves both shrank at the sound and fury of their Mistress, whimpering as she led them to the designated area. Jeanne and William pushed them down on their knees between two of the refreshment tables and proceeded to chain them to the wall by their arm binders. The women strained against their bonds, tears flowing down their faces and onto their bare breasts as they pleaded to be free of their gags.

James watched the spectacle from the rubber pool where Monique had shoved him into position. He stood before the slick peach bubble as she loomed behind him, strapping the wrist and thigh cuffs on his limbs. Her obscenely large cock rubbed against the crack of his ass as she went about her work.

"Goddamn boy, you're making me horny! I just hope you're as pliable as they say." With his arms and legs now cuffed securely, she gave him a push forward. "Lay down on the ball and spread out."

He leaned forward and was embraced by the gripping latex surface of the ball. James did his best to maintain his balance as he lowered down. The sensual rubber gave slightly, flattening on top and expanding in the center to accommodate his frame. His face went flush with anxiety as James realized he was now at the perfect height for *easy access* at both ends.

Monique went about her work quickly, running the chains through the rings on his wrist and thigh cuffs and pulling them tight. His arms and legs were pulled around the sides of the gripping latex ball, his

face and rear now easy targets.

The ebony Domina ripped the panties from his ass like she was tearing off a piece of paper. She tossed the shredded lingerie out of the pool and circled back around to his front. "I'll be back in a few minutes, hun. Don't go anywhere!" She gave him a wink before stepping out and rejoining the others.

"Mistress, **PLEASE**, we're starving!"

Jeanne smacked the red-head across the face, already regretting the decision to remove her gag. "It won't be solid food, but you **will** be fed tonight. Are you going to waste more of my time or can I get back to my party?"

"Mistress!" the brunette interjected "Please, I need to cum so badly! Please, just..."

Jeanne back-handed the second girl as well, a loud smack reverberating through the hall. "Re-gag them, William! Until someone wishes to make proper use of their mouths."

As William strapped their ball gags back in place, the girls began to whimper again. Jeanne met up with Monique in the center of the hall. "Pffft... disgraceful cunts."

"What's the story with those two?" Monique inquired.

"Just a couple of dumb, drunken sluts that followed me home from a club. I've had them downstairs ever since. They've been in chastity for a month now. Neither of them can deep throat me, but I use their mouths anyway. Their other holes can't handle a real cock. They bleed easy. Fucking useless."

"What are their names?"

"The red head is named Claire. The other one is... Jessica? I think? It doesn't really matter. Just call them **stupid whore** and **dumb cunt**. Those are more fitting names. Did I mention they're lesbians?"

"Lesbians? No kidding?"

"Well, they used to be. Since all they do now is suck cocks, I'm not sure you can call them lesbians anymore!"

Monique cackled, then pointed in James' direction. "He's good to go."

"Excellent. I guess we can get started then!"

As Jeanne prepared to make her toast, more women sporting giant cocks continued to enter the hall. She greeted them each in turn, then motioned for William to turn off the music. The banquet's chatter came to a halt as the hostess struck her glass repeatedly with a spoon.

*\*clink clink clink clink clink\**

Jeanne stood in the center of the hall, holding her wine. "Ladies! Sisters! Friends! And a few bitches I can't stand... Welcome to my home!"

Laughter and applause filled the hall as the women all focused on the Domina in white.

“I know you’re all eager to get to the fun, so I’ll make this quick.” She pointed in the direction of James and the shiny swimming pool. “Tonight’s entertainment is provided courtesy of our friend Cereza! I think you’ll find him to be more than satisfactory.”

The women applauded lightly. Some turned up their noses upon hearing Bayonetta’s true name.

Jeanne pointed at the slave girls chained to the wall. “If you’d like a little fluffing, or you don’t feel like waiting your turn, we have a couple dumb sluts over here who’ve recently complained about being hungry! They’re unskilled, but they will do their best to accommodate you.”

The two bound women looked at the crowd of fat-dicked futa with shame and fear in their eyes. There was no applause.

“If you want to talk business, come and find me. If you need anything else, talk to the handsome man in the tuxedo. That’s it, my friends! Enjoy the evening!”

There was ardent cheering and a long bout of enthusiastic applause before the music restarted. The women began milling around the hall, some appraising the snacks and drinks while others stopped to ogle at James. It wasn’t long before lines started forming at his front and rear. He wasn’t surprised to find Monique at the head of the first line.

“Hey baby, did you miss me?” she asked as she stroked her large black python. She slapped it against his face lightly and grinned in anticipation.

”Oh yeah, I was counting the seconds until you got back” he responded sarcastically, taking in the view of her intimidating twenty inch weapon and the giant scrotum that hung below it.

”Oooh, a **smart-ass**. I’ll be happy to teach you some manners, **bitch!**” She lined up the head of her fat, uncircumcised cock with his lips and plowed it in full force, grabbing the back of his head firmly with both hands. James gagged as the first ten inches speared into his throat.

Monique was even thicker than Jeanne, but only by half an inch. To his own surprise, James’ well trained jaw and throat seemed able to handle it now. As Monique began thrusting in and out, she was even more astonished than he was. No one had ever taken that much of her cock in their mouth so easily. “Oh my! I **knew** you loved me baby! Here we go slut, I’m drilling right down to your stomach!”

As Monique focused on getting more of her thick monster in his throat, someone stepped up to his ass and begun feeding her fat cock into his asshole. James couldn’t see her, but it was the blonde from earlier. “Hey bitch! I decided to skip the appetizers and start with the main course. That okay with you? Oh, I’m sorry! You appear to have a mouthful of cock!”

She laughed and shoved her fifteen inch penis deep in his waiting pucker. The unnamed Domme sawed her obscene length back and forth in his butthole, stuffing a little more in with each powerful fuck. She smacked his ass with her right hand every few thrusts and moved into a quick, steady rhythm. “**Oh yeah!** You got a nice stretched out asshole, don’t you slut? Let’s see if we can stretch it a little more...”

Both women began to moan as they fucked his orifices with vigor. James was pressed into the bubble

cushion, the latex rippling against his chest as the big-dicked amazons railed him on its increasingly sticky surface. It wasn't long before blondie was balls deep in his ass and her massive ball sack was smacking into his limp genitals. The sensation of her schwanz parting his silken walls drove her wild and she re-doubled her efforts, cramming her cock into his ass with intensity.

James' lips soon met Monique's hairy pubis. All twenty inches of her unfathomable penis had somehow been crammed into his mouth and throat. Monique was staring at the ceiling, her eyes fluttering as she cherished the full penetration. "Oh my fucking god... **You're an angel!** An angel sent to suck my erection!" She drew back the massive tool, leaving only six inches in his packed cheeks. "Take a couple breaths, baby. I'd love to take my time, but there's a line behind me. So you're going to deep throat me till I blow."

James took a deep breath, and before he could draw a second, her giant sausage raced back into the depths of his throat. She held his face against her pelvis for a few moments before resuming her fucking. Monique pushed and pulled his head back and forth on her cock at a steady pace. Her heavy, black orbs smacked into his chin repeatedly as slurping sounds filled the vicinity. "You love the dark meat, don't you bitch? Yeah, wiggle that tongue across the bottom of my cock! I've got a thick, creamy load just for you."

The woman buried in his ass screamed out her climax and began smacking his hip repeatedly. Her sludge-like cum flooded his anal cavity and plugged up what little space she wasn't already occupying. "**FUCK YES! FUUUUUUCCCCCKKKK!!!!**" As she humped his ass and milked out every ounce of her liquid nut, excess cum was leaked from his asshole and gathered in the bottom of the rubber pool.

Monique reached the peak of her pleasure and wailed out a long, deep moan. James felt a large bulge of semen race down her sperm channel, press down his tongue and explode in his stomach as she blew the first of several god-like volleys down his throat.

James' face turned red as she fucked his mouth like a fleshlight. Monique deposited the largest, thickest load of jizzum into his stomach that he'd ever endured. The hot spunk backed up into his already stuffed cheeks and began seeping out his nose as Monique continued to shaft his slimy mouth in orgasmic bliss.

After the last few ropes of hot glue had spurted into his guts, Monique took two long steps back. Her gargantuan, glistening black pole slowly extricated itself from James' throat. It slid out of his mouth and the heavy length drooped down. A giant wad of cum followed, flowing out of James' maw and hitting the rubber surface with a wet smack.

He coughed up even more cum before his throat was clear and he was able to inhale a deep breath. Normal color slowly returned to his face. Monique gave him a couple pats on the cheek before stepping out of the pool. "I'll see you again tonight, baby. Count on it!"

The blonde had already removed herself from the pool and the Asian woman he'd seen earlier was now standing in her place. She sized up his body and read the words written on his ass cheeks. "Hmmm, looks like I get second crack at the *jizz chute*. Lucky me!" As she inserted her thick thirteen inches of hungry boa into his stretched-out starfish, the Russian woman stepped into view with her impressive sixteen inches in hand.

"Hello, boy! I hope you got plenty of room in that *sperm tank* of yours." There were several more well-

hung women already lined up behind her. Some women who didn't want to wait were masturbating by the poolside and getting ready to launch their filth at the bound, bitch-boy target. More late-comers could be heard arriving at the entrance, chattering in the background.

As another fat cock plowed into his cum-drenched mouth, James pulled on the bindings chaining him to the sticky, semen-slathered ball. Gobs of cum shot all over his back and sides as the two crazed futanari gripped him and shafted his well-lubed holes. Spending the night with Jeanne had been rough, but even after that ordeal it seemed the term “long night” was about to be redefined.

\* \* \* \* \*

The drinking, eating, recreational drug use and debauchery continued into the late evening hours. Jeanne watched the proceedings and smiled, pleased with the success of her party. The lesbo sluts chained to the wall weren't providing much utility, but she did see some of her guests approach them and fuck their skanky mouths from time to time.

James, on the other hand, was a triumph. As amazon after amazon shot enormous loads into Bayonetta's skilled slave, the jizz pool was slowly filling. The lines at his mouth and ass never ended and there were always multiple women blowing wads of nougat cum all over his body from the sidelines. The semen slowly slid from his head, back and ass, gliding down the slippery latex bubble and adding to the lake of cum below.

Amid the din of nonstop raucous sex, Jeanne collaborated with several of her guests on future projects and potential business ventures. All-in-all, things couldn't be going better. She sighed contently, enjoying a drink as she took a load off her feet. Monique joined Jeanne at her table and the two watched as a pair of their big-dicked companions fucked James into another state of being.

“He's really something. Where'd Cereza find him?”

”On the internet. Bitch got lucky.”

”I'll say. Do you think there's any chance she would sell him?”

”Not if you offered her a hundred million dollars. She knows how lucky she is. Plus, I think she's got some kind of sick, puppy love thing going on with him.”

“What? Dammit! Well, she lent him to **you** for the weekend. Maybe we could work out something like that?”

”She lent him to me because we're close friends, but don't worry. I'll put in a good word for you.”

“Thanks!” Monique beamed. “I'm gonna plow his ass one more time.”

“By all means, enjoy. After that, I think we'll wrap things up. It's getting late.”

\* \* \* \* \*

It had been five hours since the party began as Monique blew her latest load into James' distended asshole. Almost every woman in the hall had taken a turn with both of James' gunked up holes. Many had gone back for seconds and thirds. The rubber pool was a cauldron of warm jizz, the creamy spunk having reached the nine inch mark of its twelve inch height. Several guests had already taken their leave, but even more had stayed behind for what Jeanne promised would be a truly *grand finale*.

James was in a half-conscious daze as Jeanne and Monique unchained him from the cum-drenched latex bubble. There were no big-dicked women fucking him at the moment, and yet, to him, it felt like they still were. He'd seemingly forgot what it was like not to have giant shemale cocks filling him at both ends for hours at a time.

As his limbs were freed, Jeanne pushed him off the slick sphere and he landed in the pool with a wet splat. The gruel-like batter ensconced him, dividing like a sea of tapioca. The impact caused a wave of nut to leap in the air and slosh back down around him. Dozens of women had gathered around and were now laughing at his plight, commenting on what an absolute whore he was.

As Monique chucked the latex ball and chains out of the pool, Jeanne grabbed him by the arms. She dragged James to the center of the pool and fixed him in a kneeling position, sitting upright. "Stay just like that, slut! Everyone wants to thank you properly for doing such a good job tonight!"

Jeanne stepped out of the pool and all of the women standing around the perimeter moved in, already fisting their cocks in long, fast strokes. Jeanne confirmed that William was filming the ordeal before grabbing her cock and joining in the fun. James knelt in nine inches of creamy spunk, the sound of fapping flesh filling the hall as two dozen hung shemales prepared to drown him in their filth.

At first it was just one woman screaming and erupting, then three, then ten at once, and seconds later, all of them were firing their thick loads directly at James simultaneously. Sloshing webs of cum plastered his body and exploded like wet balloons. The incredible volume of stringy semen covered him until his skin could scarcely be seen beneath the white custard coating. Moaning, screams of pleasure and blasts of sticky, milky white sludge defined all existence.

The women's climaxes wound down and the hosing strings of jizzum slowed to a trickle. Most of them sighed and panted, their faces flush with giddy relief. Jeanne was somehow as energetic as ever. "Monique, let's get started!"

The dark skinned amazon nodded and produced a long, white length of rope which she began feeding into the rings along the edge of the pool. She and Jeanne quickly worked to loop the rope around the pool and knotted it at one end. "Ladies, if you could give us a hand?"

At Monique's suggestion, the women all stepped forward and grabbed the edges of the pool. Together they began lifting the banks upward as Jeanne pulled the rope tighter and tighter. The walls of rubber rose up above James' head and the jizz level began to rise as he was slowly entombed in a giant globe of rubber and cum. "**Wait!**" he yelled, suddenly coming to his senses.

The women just chortled and mocked him as Jeanne pulled the rope as tight as it would go. She tied it off, the pool now a giant circular prison of semen. "William! Duct tape please." William appeared at her side and handed her the large roll of gray adhesive. Jeanne and Monique took turns pulling long

swaths of the tape and using it to seal the top of the rubber ball, completely covering the small circle that was still open to the outside. Inside the sealed rubber ball, James was chest deep in the women's spunk, fumbling just to keep his head above the sea of girl cream.

"Alright, spread out everyone!" Jeanne shouted, a mile-wide smile spread across her face. No one in the hall could say they'd ever seen her happier.

Like a seasoned pro, Jeanne made a short dash forward and delivered the first swift kick to the oversized ball. That sent it spinning to Monique, who stopped the ball with her powerful thighs. She backed up and gave it another strong kick, passing it over to one of the other women across the way.

James slid around in the ball, his face and chest gliding across rubber and diving through sperm. As the woman turned his predicament into the most perverse form of soccer ever, he was battered with kicks from their thigh-high leather boots. The rubber walls took a good amount of the sting away, but only in the physical sense. The damage to whatever scrap of pride he may have been clinging to was very real.

"Cumball!" the blonde amazon from earlier called out.

"Spooageball!" Monique chimed in.

"Oooh, I like that even better" the Asian futa replied.

"If they showed this on TV, I might actually watch sports!" the Russian Domme shouted to much laughter and applause.

As the game wore on, the guests slowly began to lose interest. They drank a final beverage of their choosing and thanked Jeanne as they exited the hall. The grotesque cum ball finally came to a stop and James was left lying in the sticky prison as the party wound down.

It was Monique who finally took a box cutter and cut the rope at the top of the ball, allowing the pool to flop outward into its original shape. James was dropped back into the pool of sludge, a disgusting but much more manageable nine inches of whipped filth.

"Now **that** is a lovely sight" she said, ducking down near the edge of the pool and hovering over James. "I had an awesome time tonight, baby! Hope to see you again soon." Monique planted her dark lips over his and shoved her tongue in his mouth. She held his chin and tongued him aggressively, leaving him with a deep French kiss to remember her by.

Rising up, she attempted to brush some of the splattered cum from her shiny black bodysuit, but the effort was in vain. She shrugged, grabbed her things and headed for the entrance. "Great party, Jeanne! I'll call you tomorrow."

"You'd better, hooker!" she responded playfully.

Jeanne looked around at her disheveled hall. She didn't know if her parties had ever made a mess quite this big. As William got started on the cleanup, she moved to check on her female slaves. She found them exactly as she'd left them, bound and whimpering. "You two sluts weren't very useful tonight, not that you **ever** are. Let's see if you got enough to eat at least..." She undid Jessica's ball gag and the bound woman began begging again immediately.

”**PLEASE** Mistress, I need to cum! Just let me cum! You’ve teased us for so long. We’ve done what you’ve asked! **PLEASE!!!**”

Jeanne scoffed at her. “You never do anything I ask **WELL**. You think you deserve a reward?” She reached back to deliver another slap to her face, but paused for a moment, suddenly having an idea. It was the kind of twisted idea that only sprouts from the mind of a true pervert and sadist. “Ok... You want to cum?”

”**YES! PLEASE!!!**”

She looked at Claire, who was still gagged. “And you want to cum?”

The red head whimpered and nodded enthusiastically.

“Alright, I’ll let you cum. Under one condition...” She turned around. “William, go fetch the keys to their chastity belts.”

”Right away, Mistress” he replied before departing in haste.

As she waited for William, Jeanne unlocked the chains and arm binders for both women. She removed Claire’s gag as well, setting all the bondage gear in a pile to the side. By the time she’d finished, William returned and handed her both of the keys. As William resumed his duties, Jeanne walked over to James and the jizz filled pool.

”Here’s your condition” she said, tossing both of the keys into the disgusting gruel. “You may cum as many times as you like between now and tomorrow morning, **BUT**, you may only do so only by taking pleasure from James.” The two women’s faces were pictures of dejection, yet they ticked visibly with desperation. ”He is **your play thing** until I come get you in the morning. Use him well.”

The slave girls, needing no further prodding, ran towards the pool and practically dove into the filth. They searched around in the swamp of semen pudding, looking for the keys to their demonic belts.

”**I’m warning you!**” Jeanne yelled, pointing to a security camera in the corner of the room. “If I check that tape tomorrow and I see you **stupid little whores** touching yourselves or each other, not only will I **BRAND** you, your next stretch of chastity will be twice as long! Do I make myself perfectly clear?”

James couldn't imagine what had gone so wrong in Jeanne’s childhood to transform her into the warped lunatic she was today. It was becoming clear it would take an international team of psychologists to figure her out.

Claire nodded at Jeanne in acknowledgment. “Yes, Mistress!” Jessica replied. They both plunged back into the sludgy white gruel, searching for the keys with eager hands.

”Very well. Goodnight, bitches!” Jeanne snickered, heading for the exit. “William, just finish up with that and go to bed. You can take care of the rest tomorrow.”

Once Jeanne and William had both departed, Jessica finally found one of the keys. “I got one!” she proclaimed excitedly. The slave girl inserted it in her belt and turned it to the side, but it didn’t release

the lock. "It's not working!"

"You got mine, dummy! Give it here!" Claire demanded.

"No, help me find mine first!"

"Fuck you! Just give it to me!"

Jessica threw the key at her angrily before digging her hands back into the filthy muck.

Claire hurriedly unlocked her belt and pulled the contraption off, tossing it out of the pool. She trudged through the mire of clingy custard to where James was resting by the side of the pool. She grabbed his head and crouched down, lowering her pussy right onto his face. "**Wake up!** Your night isn't over yet. You've got some serious licking to do!"

Jessica finally found her key and unlocked the cruel belt, tossing it over the edge as well. Looking across the pool she saw Claire was already making use of James' mouth. "You **bitch!** Fine, I'll take his cock then."

"Pffft, figures... You're the one always begging to be pegged. It's obvious you wanted the cock to begin with!"

"Shut up!" She crawled over to James' midsection, plunged her hand into the semen soup and wrapped her hand around his penis. She began jerking him off and fondling his balls below the surface of the cum. "Ummm, Mister... Please get hard! I need to cum so badly! Please hurry!" She worked his cock up and down furiously until it began to stiffen. Smiling madly, she released his rod and quickly shifted herself into a reverse cowgirl position. Within moments she'd lowered her silken sex onto his erection.

"Wait..." James said, shifting his mouth out from under Claire's muff. "Wait, this is..."

Claire grabbed him by the ears and mashed his head into the side of the pool. "**Shut your mouth!** You have no idea what it's like! I don't know what your deal is, but **we're** stuck here with that psycho bitch! So don't say another word! Just allow us a little relief..." The fiery redhead released his ears and shifted her pussy back over his mouth. She rocked back and forth on his face with urgent need, demanding service from his sloppy tongue.

The hall echoed with female moaning and wet slurps as the crazed women worked James over. He was lying in a pool filled with shemale cum, being used by two lesbian slaves who Jeanne had ensured would dominate him. This went on for an hour and a half before the trio finally dispersed, found comfortable spots and drifted off to sleep. Before he let the darkness take him, James tried to recall what a normal life was like.

\* \* \* \* \*

"**WHAT THE FUCK?!?**"

Jeanne's exclamation shocked the two women out of their slumber as she towered over them. James,

however, was still sound asleep on the other side of the hall. It was 10 AM and Jeanne had returned to find that in the course of their little orgy, the slaves had tipped over one side of the pool and dumped half of the jizz all over the floor. The thick white filth was now slowly drying all over her grand hall.

“Do you have **ANY** idea how much harder this will be to clean? I should make you do it with your **FUCKING TONGUES!**” She grabbed Claire by the hair and Jessica by the ear, pulling them up and rushing them toward the entrance. “Back to the dungeon with you stupid cunts!”

“I’m sorry, Mistress! It was an accident!” Claire cried out, yelping as Jeanne pulled on her hair fiercely.

Jeanne stopped momentarily to address her butler. “William, when James wakes let him get cleaned up and tell him to meet me out by the pool. In the meantime, I’ll be downstairs dealing with these whores.”

“Of course, Mistress.”

She stalked out of the hall with the two women in tow, the slaves sobbing and apologizing as she dragged them away.

A few hours later, James opened his eyes and sat up. The sound of a vacuum greeted him as he returned to the world of the living. The loveseat he’d spent the night on wasn’t designed for sleeping, but it was sure better than the floor. William noticed he was awake and clicked off the vacuum before crossing the hall to instruct him.

“Good morning, errr, afternoon, sir. Across the hall and two doors down to the left you’ll find a bathroom where you can bathe. Once you’ve cleaned up, Mistress Jeanne expects you to join her by the pool. If you exit the building via the east wing, you can’t miss it.”

“Thanks. Any Tylenol in that bathroom?”

”There should be. Help yourself.”

James got to his feet and gingerly walked out of the hall. His limbs were stiff and he was starving, but it was nice to have freedom of movement again. As he entered the bathroom and got a look at himself in the large mirror above the sink, he noticed that his bra had been ripped off during the course of the evening. That and he was completely caked in dried cum.

He popped a couple painkillers before attempting to pull off the latex arm gloves and leggings by himself, but it was no use. They were just as filthy as his skin, so he simply showered with them on. James had received no instructions to re-apply makeup or lipstick, so he didn’t bother with that. He was clean, hypothetically, but unsure if he’d ever truly be clean again after the events of the previous night. Reminding himself that he had just one more day to go, he headed outside to meet with his insane hostess.

Jeanne was lounging in a long, armless chair by the side of her enormous in-ground swimming pool. It was sunny, but not too warm; an absolutely perfect day. The well-endowed debutante seemed to be enjoying it thoroughly with a chilled beverage, a book and a pair of shades.

Her body was completely nude as she soaked in the sun’s rays. Jeanne's large breasts hung out freely

and her semi-erect cock stuck out between her legs on the long beach chair. She looked up and smiled as she saw James approaching. "Hey there sleeping beauty! I thought I was gonna have to come wake you up with a kiss. Your dozing during the day is turning into a bad habit."

"With all due respect, Mistress, in both cases it was entirely your fault."

"Touche! And I can hardly be angry with you after you did such a good job entertaining my guests last night. Not to mention my slaves. Come here and sit with me. I'm in such a good mood, I'm going to give **you** a massage!"

Jeanne stroked her phallus to full erection as James made his way to the front of her chair. He began to sit down in front of her, but she shook her head vigorously, pointing at her cock. "I'm going to give you a massage, and you're going to give me one too."

She grinned as he stood back up and began backing his butt onto her penis. He slid down the fat pole and grimaced as his sore ass was stretched out yet again. James rode her reverse cowgirl, just like Jessica had done to him. He couldn't believe how much more intense it was, being on top. Jeanne's insertion felt even more strong and full than it had the numerous times she'd fucked him doggy style.

As his ass cheeks met with her swelling nutsack, Jeanne let out a low moan. She rejoiced in the sensation of being balls deep in her new favorite slave. "Mmmm, it seems that my friends really did take you to the next level. You fit me like a fucking glove, now. Start moving up and down slut! It's an excellent workout for your legs. I'll work my magic on your shoulders while you work your magic on my cock."

James began lifting his ass up and down on her steely schlong as Jeanne reached up and massaged his back. Her breasts pressed into him as she kneaded his flesh firmly. She worked her way up to his shoulders, her nipples grazing his skin as she worked him over. She was gifted in the art of massage and James had to admit it was helping to relieve his tension. He loosened up, even as her fat dick was repeatedly plunged up his gripping pucker.

"I bet Bayonetta's never done anything like this for you, has she?"

"No, Mistress..." he admitted.

"Don't you have something to say to me?" She began rubbing the top of his shoulders in a particularly rough manner.

"Thank you, Mistress Jeanne!"

"Are you thanking me for the massage or the big cock in your ass?"

".....both, Mistress!"

That was all Jeanne needed. She moved her hands from his shoulders to his hips and began lifting him up and down on her cock higher and faster. She let her animal passion run wild, licking and gnawing at his back as she fervently pounded his pucker.

Jeanne pulled him down with great force, spearing him on her full, bloated length. Her slick cock

entered and exited with frenzied speed, delivering them both unspeakable pleasure as they rutted in the afternoon sun. It wasn't long before the familiar tingling of climax entered her loins. **"YOU LOVE MY COCK! THAT'S THE SECOND TIME YOU'VE ADMITTED IT! TAKE IT SLUT!!!"**

She shot her load forcefully, her fleshy missile becoming a fountain of thick paste in his ass. It oozed down around Jeanne's cock, draining onto her hips and thighs as she continued to lift James up and down on her hungry prick. She gritted her teeth and exhaled loudly as the orgasm rolled through her. Jeanne convulsed and let out a guttural moan as several subsequent blasts of cum erupted from her glans and filled him to the brim.

*\*harrumph\**

Jeanne's fucking slowed to a crawl as she turned to see what William wanted. What she saw next sent her from ecstasy to annoyance in less than two seconds. "Oh, **bullshit!**"

"Mistress Bayonetta" William announced unnecessarily.

"Wow!" Cereza exclaimed as she walked down the length of the pool. "I just wish I'd gotten here in time for the whole show!"

"The real show was last night" Jeanne replied, her hands still on James' hips. "This is just a little afternoon delight."

"**Mistress!**" James yelled, quickly rising off Jeanne's cock. Jeanne got up as well, cum dripping from her lower body as a scowl formed on her face.

"You're back early. That figures" the nude futazon remarked.

Bayonetta shrugged. "The job didn't take as long as I thought it would. So here I am! Sorry if I killed the mood."

"No problems then, I take it?"

"Like clockwork."

"You have to be careful on those kind of assignments, you know. Unexpected things can happen at any moment."

"I have eyes in the back of my head. Don't you worry" Cereza said with a wink.

James got the distinct impression something more was being communicated in their banter, but he had no way to decipher it for the time being. "Welcome back, Mistress!"

"Thank you, slut" she said, petting his face with her black leather glove. "I missed you while I was away." She inspected his limited attire, trying not to laugh. "Those leggings and arm gloves are lovely, but pink is definitely **not** your color!"

"Disagree" Jeanne spouted, blowing a pocket of air through her bottom lip. Her agitation was evident. "William, go and get the rest of his things. You'll see the bag by my bed."

The butler offered a quick bow and hurried off.

As the trio walked back through the mansion to the front of the estate, Jeanne expounded on the events of the weekend. Bayonetta chuckled at all the trials James had endured. It seemed that despite their differences, the two women would always have more in common. Once William returned with the bag, Jeanne handed it to James and her mood brightened.

”There you are, boy! Your parting gifts.”

“What’s all this?” Bayonetta asked, peeking into the bag.

”The boring clothes you delivered him in, a years supply of lipstick, and most importantly, ME!”

Bayonetta withdrew the enormous rubber cock from the bag, holding it up next to Jeanne’s crotch and confirming that it was, in fact, a mold of her. She tossed it back in the bag. “How typically modest of you, Jeanne.”

“Well, it may not be modest, but it will be a boon for your little slut on those lonely nights when he needs something a little bigger than you can offer. Something with a little more *oomph!* Or when he simply wants to remember his weekend at Jeanne’s.”

Bayonetta smirked and turned to James. “Thank this bitch so we can leave.”

He bowed deeply to his hostess. “Thank you, Mistress Jeanne, for a wonderful weekend.”

“Any time slut...” she purred with a smile. “Do come back soon!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Bayonetta and James had only been on the road for a few minutes when he decided to state the obvious.

”Your friend has issues.”

“Yeah, tell me something I don’t know. Besides, who doesn’t?”

“It’s not just the things she’s into. She’s keeping at least two women locked in her dungeon and...”

”And that makes her different from me... how?” Bayonetta interrupted.

James recoiled, unprepared for the question. “**Of course** it’s different! You and I...” He searched for the right words, but couldn’t find them.

”I never asked you if you wanted to stay with me and be my bitch, did I? Not explicitly.”

James folded his arms across his chest and looked out the passenger window. The very conversation he’d started was unsettling him. They drove in silence for a time.

”Look, if they really didn't want to be there, she'd let them go. Just like I would for you... hypothetically.”

James smirked and gave her the side eye, indicating her was unconvinced.

Cereza continued. “I know Jeanne. She's a little unhinged, but well meaning. She'll tire of those women and they'll be back to their old lives in no time. Well, maybe after some therapy.”

James sighed. Perhaps he was worrying too much. His experience in the lifestyle was limited, after all. Though he was learning rapidly from Cereza and her sex-crazed friends.

Still, he wanted to know more. Who **were** these women with giant cocks who could get away with seemingly anything? How did they come to be and what connected them? He knew asking Bayonetta directly would get him nowhere. If he was going to find out, he needed to be clever and wait for the right opportunities.

Bayonetta fixed her gaze on him. A wide grin spread across her face as she returned her eyes to the road.

“Anyway, I hope you're not too sore, because I'm raring to go! As soon as we get home, you're going back in your bondage suit and I'm going to fuck you till I blow like a whale. Then I'm going to drink half a bottle of wine and do it again. Also, I may need a blowjob or three while we're at it. You will perform these duties, happily or not, because you're my slave. Isn't that right, slut?”

James smiled nervously, noticing the prominent, growing bulge in the front of Bayonetta's leather costume. “As you say, Mistress.”

*'Out of the frying pan, into the fire...'*