

## Bayonetta's Abuse III

### Cereza's Curious Kink

The green foliage sped by as Bayonetta pressed down firmly on the accelerator of her Noble M12 GTO. It was a warm spring day and James, sitting in the passenger seat beside her, was basking in the sun and fresh air. It was the first time he'd been outside of Bayonetta's lair since he fell into her clutches and he was overjoyed to be stretching his legs.

He was even more thankful not to be wearing the latex bondage suit that had become his second skin as Bayonetta's plaything. For two months now he'd been bound in the sinister full body prison and constantly bathed in her cum as he sucked her off and took her massive cock up his ass more regularly than he would've thought humanly possible.

He was a slave; a sex slave. There was no other way to put it. She hadn't tortured him or left any permanent scars or marks on his body, but the fact remained that he was a submissive slave in her elaborate dungeon of a guest flat. She reminded him of that regularly and demanded his sexual services roughly and frequently.

As the yellow sports car flew down the gravel country road, James thought about what an odd relationship he'd developed with the mysterious woman since becoming her personal slut. As the weeks had gone by, Bayonetta had become somewhat friendlier and warmer with him. Perhaps it was genuine affection or maybe it was simply because he performed his duties well. Either way, he was getting perks now, and he was glad to have them.

She'd bought him a game console and a stack of games to keep him entertained when she wasn't there. He remained chained to her queen size waterbed at all times when she was absent, but she'd installed a longer chain on his collar. Most of the apartment was still off limits to him, but he could now access the bathroom and entertainment center.

For the first month he'd been allowed no sustenance except that which came from her thick, pulsating phallus. Eating nothing but her cum had caused him to lose weight rapidly. After his first month of captivity Bayonetta had begun providing him solid food, if only occasionally and always followed up the next day with a full enema. She insisted that his ass remain clean at all times, claiming it was the personal sheath to her magnificent sword.

The perks were nice. In recent weeks, when she wasn't fucking him, they often chatted like a normal couple. However, when she wanted sex, Bayonetta was all business, and there was no acceptable response to any of her queries or commands but "Yes, Mistress." Anything else resulted in a whipping or beating with one of her countless sex toys.

The night before, James had the opportunity to enjoy one of those rare solid meals. Bayonetta had a wonderful steak dinner catered. When she'd eaten her fill, she gave the leftovers to her pet.

Earlier today, he'd been hustled into the bathroom and finally released from his tight, cum slick

bondage for the first time in a week. She gave him his enema, ordered him to shave his body, and left him soap to enjoy with his wonderfully hot shower.

Now, as they traveled deeper into the countryside, he found himself in a simple t-shirt and shorts. Under those shorts he was wearing a pair of Bayonetta's black, silk panties. She didn't have any men's underwear on hand and insisted he looked better in panties anyway. The only other articles that adorned his body were his sneakers and the new collar she'd produced for just this occasion. It was purple leather and simply read *SLUT* on the front in bold white lettering. It fit snugly around his neck and had a long leather leash attached to it.

Bayonetta was also dressed more casually than usual. She was wearing black track pants with white stripes and a white tank top with no bra. The shirt could barely contain her enormous breasts. Her black latex arm gloves ended halfway up her biceps and her track pants concealed most of her thigh high latex leggings. The combination of fetishwear and sportswear was odd, but it was a good bet she wasn't planning to keep the sportswear on.

"Did you enjoy the steak last night, babe?"

"Yes, Mistress. It was delicious" he answered, genuinely grateful.

"Well, you're going to earn it today, that's for sure."

James couldn't help noticing that her cock was jutting into the left thigh of her track pants. It was half erect and straining to be free against the mesh fabric. She was excited about something, but he had no idea what that might be.

"Where are we going again?"

Bayonetta gave her lollipop another suck before pulling it from her mouth. "I told you yesterday, if the weather was right, we were going to fulfill one of my all time sexual fantasies. Well, the weather is perfect and here we are!" She placed the lollipop back in her mouth and adjusted the wheel, turning onto another desolate road.

"Out in the middle of nowhere?" he asked skeptically.

She glanced over at him with raised eyebrows and smiled. "You'll see."

Cereza fixed her gaze back on the road and tried to focus on the task at hand. She could feel her cock growing stiffer and longer against the silky confines of her pants. She pressed the gas harder, impatient to reach their destination. She was already going seventy miles an hour, but she didn't care. She wanted to be there, **NOW**.

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Bayonetta spotted their destination and pulled into a small alcove by the side of the road. It looked like a spot for hikers to park while they explored the area. There was a large brown sign painted with yellow letters that announced the entrance to a hiking trail and explained the rules and regulations for

the nature preserve.

Bayonetta locked the car, shouldered her travel bag and grabbed his leash. “Let’s go!” She headed for the trail, pulling him behind her as fast as she could get him to follow.

For the next fifteen minutes they followed the trail as Bayonetta marched along at a brisk pace, tugging James’ leash the entire way. She was wearing nothing but sandals on her feet, but the terrain didn’t seem to bother her in the slightest.

“There it is!” Bayonetta exclaimed suddenly and veered off the trail, pulling her boy-toy behind her. They moved beyond the trees and into a clearing which then proceeded onto a grassy hillside. From the hill you could see for quite a distance, and this part of the park was mostly open plains with a river not too far in the distance. Oddly, the plains were not grassy like the hill and this part of the park was mostly bare land.

”Strip” Bayonetta ordered as she pulled off her tank-top.

James looked around, confused. He had no idea what was going on, but he took off his shirt, shorts and sneakers as instructed. “You mean we’re there?”

“Almost” she replied with a grin.

James began to take off the silk panties. “No, leave those on” she commanded as she yanked her track pants off her legs and tossed them aside. Her enormous ball sack plopped into view, gleaming in the early afternoon sun. Her heavy penis unfurled in front of her, bobbing hungrily. It was almost at full attention.

Bayonetta licked her lips, admiring the view of her slut. He was completely nude aside from his girly underwear and purple collar. She climbed to the top of the hillside, pulling on his leash and pointing over the ridge. “See that? That’s where we’re going.”

James moved up beside her to get a better view and as he did Bayonetta let go of his leash. “I don’t see anything” he replied. “It’s mostly just flatland out there and—**WHOA!**”

There is a certain mixture of confusion and complete terror that one can only experience when they are not falling one moment, falling the next moment, and they’d never anticipated falling at all. That’s what James felt as he plummeted towards the ground.

He had time for only one thought: *‘This is going to hurt.’*

**\*SCHHLLLLOOOPPPP\***

Only it didn’t hurt, or at least not badly. In fact, the only part of his body that was in real pain was his scrotum, as it had connected to the ground with a loud, wet smack.

James struggled to catch his breath and make sense of what had just happened. As his senses cleared, he realized he was already thigh deep in warm muck. Looking around he saw that he was near the center of what appeared to be a very large mud pit. The gunk was light brown and had the texture of pudding and the consistency of wet cement. Even as he analyzed his situation he was sinking deeper at

an alarming pace. The warm, sucking goo encroached on his sleek panties.

“Mistress? **MISTRESS?!? HELP I’M SINKING!!!**” He panicked as he continued to sink into the mire at a steady pace. *‘Oh god, is this quicksand?!?’* He tried to pull one of his legs free, but there was virtually no give and no bottom to push from.

*‘Wait, I’ve read about quicksand before. The best way to escape is to float, right? You have to try and swim your way out. Ok...’* He leaned forward, hoping to grab something; anything. Hoping that the muck in front of him wasn’t as deep. As he groped forward in desperation, he succeeded only in sinking both of his arms into the brown, creamy sludge past his elbows.

“**BULLSEYE!**” Bayonetta cheered, admiring the view from the edge of the pit. She’d circled around the hillside and was now fistfucking her fully erect sixteen inch sausage in long strokes as she watched him struggle in the mud.

James twisted his head, looking for her. “Mistress, help! I’m sinking!”

“I know” she replied “That’s the idea! You might want to stop struggling so much. It’ll only make you sink faster.”

James tried to extract his arms from the mire but the strength in his midsection was fading fast and his hands weren’t finding a bottom in the mud any better than his feet. He knew Cereza was right, so he stayed still, forming a bridge over the muck with his body as best he could.

“Is this quicksand?” he asked over his shoulder.

“No, quicksand has much higher water content. You can usually float in quicksand. This is deep clay mud. This shit will suck you right to the bottom if you’re not careful.”

James’ face was a mask of fear. “How deep is it?!?”

Bayonetta set aside her bag, kicked off her sandals and began walking into the pit casually. “Twelve feet the last time it was measured. Could be deeper now...”

With the hot sun beating down on the clay pit, she advanced into the muck, completely naked save for her latex arm gloves and latex leggings. She savored the feeling of her feet being fully immersed in the warm gunk before taking two big steps forward and sinking her legs up to the knee. The mud sucked and slurped on her legs as she slowly made her way toward James’ exposed ass.

She scooped up some of the clay with her gloved hand and spread the muddy slime all over her glistening pole. “Jeanne was right! Natural lube is the best.”

James had now sunk to his chest and shoulders. He was beginning to panic again.

“Relax!” Bayonetta called from behind him “Now that you’re flat against the mud you have more surface area creating resistance. You won’t sink as fast as long as you don’t struggle.”

She grunted as she used the full strength of her impressive thighs to wade further into the stubbornly thick clay. She was up to her hips now, her balls dragging through the muck and her cock poised just

above the surface of the moist pit.

James suddenly realized the true danger they were in. “Wait, Mistress! What are you doing?!? You have a rope, right? Something attached to the shore?!?”

Bayonetta slogged to just behind James’ hovering asshole, her legs and hips settling into the sucking mud. She pulled his silk panties down, grabbed her cock and held it up to his pretty little pucker.

“I never work with a net, babe. What would be the fun in that?”

Without hesitation she grabbed his hips and speared her clay lubed cock into his ass, burying a full ten inches in the first thrust. Fighting through the pain of her sudden insertion, James made a mental note that he could add *mud* and *mortal danger* to the list of things that turned Bayonetta on.

She established a moderate pace, opening him up with her thick salami as quickly as possible. Her hips and ass made wet smacking sounds in the mud as she pounded his sissy ass.

“Mmmm, Mother Earth’s very own bondage. You can’t escape and she even set you up for me doggy style” she intoned huskily as she thrust into him. “Pretty impressive, eh slut?”

James tried to control his fear as he sank another inch into the mud. “Yes Mistress, but what if we can’t...”

His words were cut off when she deliberately buried all sixteen inches of her rock hard length in his ass. James cried out, his face dipping into the muck as she went balls deep in his yielding pucker.

“What’s the matter? Worried I might not be able to get us out? That’s the **THRILL**, slut! That’s why I’m hard as a fucking lamppost right now and splitting you open wide!”

She emphasized those last words with a return to steady fucking. Cereza slid her fat dick out a few inches and jammed it home in his man-cunt over and over. James’ face was visibly red and he panted into the sludge. Her assault was coming too hard and fast. His limbs tried to react to the invasion of his most sensitive orifice, but they were all locked in thick, sucking clay.

“You don’t need to worry about getting out. Your only concern, **as usual**, is pleasuring my cock! If I want to fuck you into the mud until you drown in brown shit, that’s what I’m going to do! If I want to shaft your lifeless body till it’s full of clay and cum, I’ll do that too! Now **shut the fuck up** and **TAKE MY MUDDY COCK!**”

Bayonetta began fucking him full speed, or at least as close to full speed as she could muster while being sucked into luscious clay. She pistoned fourteen inches of her greasy fuck meat in and out of his ass as they continued to sink into the mire. Lost in the pleasure of his tight ass, she didn’t notice or care how much farther they sank. The encroaching mud rose above her cock and James’ asshole disappeared below the surface. She could feel her cock glide through the warm clay every time she withdrew from his ass and thrust back in.

“OH FUCK! **OH FUCK!!! THIS IS THE BEST! THIS IS THE BEST!!!**” she wailed as her climax rolled over her like a tidal wave. Her ejaculation was so powerful, it pushed her hips back several inches from his ass. She plunged forward again, a deluge of semen blasting out of her staff and

drowning James' insides.

Bayonetta's head swam. The feeling of the muck groping her body as James' ass gripped her cock had generated her strongest orgasm to date. As bliss cascaded through her being and her colossal penis show volleys of cum into his depths, she reached around, grabbing handfuls of hot clay and massaged the brown gunk into her bare breasts.

Her eyes glazed over as she rode the wave of intense pleasure. Once her engorged phallus finally ceased spraying jizz, she gripped his hips below the mud and returned to fucking him immediately. The mud was starting to ooze over James' back as he sank even lower into the pit, but she didn't care. Right now she needed **MORE**.

"Mistress, we're too deep! We won't be able to..."

**\*SMACK\***

Bayonetta blistered her latex covered hand across the top of his ass cheeks. It was the only part of his ass still above the sludge. "I told you to shut up slave! I didn't go to all this trouble just to get one climax out of your slutty ass! Now hold still unless you want to sink even deeper!"

Her relentless shafting seemed to stretch on for an hour as the muck bubbled around them and ever so slowly sucked them deeper. Normally her marathon fucking stimulated James' prostate to the point that he orgasmed and shot his load without his member ever being touched, but in his current state he was too terrified at the prospect of drowning in mud. His cock remained limp in the silky panties.

Bayonetta was seemingly on auto-pilot, obsessed with the exquisite sensation of pumping her fat dick into James' tight ass. She pulled out into the warm, smooth clay, and thrust right back in every time. Cereza had never felt anything so good in her life and she never wanted it to end. The thick mud made fucking him much more of a chore than usual and she worked up a good sweat as she deep-dicked his muddy cornhole.

"Yeah, you like mud fucking, don't you? I knew you would, bitch" she growled as she plowed back and forth through the muck. "What else is your ass good for? It's probably forgotten how to take a shit by now. **Entrance only**, right slut? **TAKE IT! TAKE MY COCK YOU MUD SLUT!**"

Her second orgasm was slow to start, but lasted even longer than the first. She dug her fingers into the flesh of his hips and pulled herself violently into his rear as a torrent of creamy jizz flooded his ass again. Bayonetta could feel her copious seed seeping from his hole, pulsing out around the seal of her cock and mixing with the mud below.

As her meat hose fired burst after burst of her own hot muck into his body, she threw her head back in bliss. Bayonetta's eyes closed and her moans of pleasure grew deep and guttural. She was amazed at the strength of her orgasm and so happy to finally have a slave she could abuse in the lovely clay pit.

As her climax faded away, she realized with some alarm that she was already up to her belly button in mud. After resting a few moments, she twisted her hips and focused all her strength on withdrawing from the mire. She placed a hand on James' ass for leverage and pushed down, using his remaining buoyancy to help extract her from the thick sludge.

“Wait, mistress! **NO!**” he yelled as the rest of his back and ass disappeared into the ooze.

She lurched away, finally extracting one of her legs from the clay and putting forth the first footstep back to the edge of the pit. Little by little she advanced back to dry land, the mud coveting her powerful thighs the entire way.

Her leggings and arm gloves were now completely covered in clay, the shiny black latex only somewhat visible below the sticky brown coating. “**DAMN** that was good!” The curvy Goddess beamed as she stepped onto dry land, mud oozing off her lower body.

At this point James was nothing but a head and neck sticking out of the sludge, looking more panicked than ever. “Mistress, what about me?!?”

She sauntered around the pit, coming to a stop on the other side. “What about you?” she asked playfully. “I should leave you in there for only giving me two orgasms. Not to mention you just said *no* to me.”

“I didn’t mean to! Mistress, I’m sorry!” he stammered. “Please, help!”

She reached down with her left hand and began rubbing her cock yet again. Mud and cum squished around her fingers as she stroked the slick monster. She walked into the pit once more, slowly masturbating her enormous length as she approached her immobilized slave from the front.

“Oh, I **suppose** I can get you out of there” she said coyly as she plunged her legs back into the warm clay. The muck slurped at her body as she waltzed back into the ooze.

Thankfully, his head was a little closer to the edge of the pit than his ass had been. Bayonetta didn’t need to trudge quite as far into the mire to reach him this time. As she arrived at his face, her legs had plunged into the muck all the way and the mud was greedily sucking at her hips and scrotum.

“I’ll get you out” she said again, still stroking her fat python. “...After I get one more climax.”

James looked up at her impossibly large cock. It was hardening back to its full sixteen inches rapidly. The fleshy monster was dabbed in clay, cum and the juices of his own ass. He pursed his lips to speak but she cut him off swiftly.

“You don’t have much farther left to sink, slut, and we’re not leaving here until I blow a load in your throat! So I suggest you get to work.” With that she brought the tip of her turgid missile to his lips and waited for his acquiescence.

Wanting only to get out of the disgusting pit as soon as possible, James opened his mouth wide. He invited her filthy slug into his cock sleeve of a throat. Bayonetta slid forward into the mud. She took a hold of his head and inserted her slimy, pungent length into his mouth.

“**Taste it slut!** Taste it good... Mmmmm, I bet it’s almost as yummy as that steak you had last night.”

She had long since trained the gag reflex out of him, but as her thick cock made its way down his throat he couldn’t get used to the taste of mud and began choking. She grabbed him by the ears and started pumping in and out of his mouth steadily.

“I haven’t heard those lovely gagging sounds from you in quite a while. Yeah! Gag on it bitch! **Gag!** Suck the slime off my cock!”

Foul as it was, he began running his tongue along the underside of her cock and sucking the shaft as dutifully as he could. James could feel himself sinking further into the hungry clay and knew he needed to get her off as soon as possible. The mud, semen, her sweaty cock and the taste of his ass made for a truly overwhelming combination, but it also greased his throat perfectly. Bayonetta’s balls met his chin faster than he could ever remember her bottoming out.

The sheer depravity of her mud-trapped slave sucking her clay covered member turned Bayonetta’s libido up to eleven. She began withdrawing and burying her thick, sticky rod to the hilt in long strokes. She fucked his face brutally, gripping his ears for support. Tears began streaming out of James’ eyes as he cough and slobbered on her thrusting appendage. The deep throating continued as Cereza’s arousal shot to the moon.

“Fucking **HELL!** Could you possibly be any more of a slut?!? You’re up to your neck in mud and sucking the fat cock that just wrecked your asshole!”

As if nature itself was agreeing with her, James could feel clay now oozing into his ass. It filled the void Bayonetta had created just a short while ago. As she fucked his face silly, they both resumed sinking into the mud. The sludge claimed James’ chin and Bayonetta’s balls as her face-fucking shimmed them further into the warm, sucking muck.

“Don’t worry my dear. If there’s a way to make you into even more of a **SLUT**, I’ll find it! For now, just keep slurping my muddy shaft...”

The minutes stretched on as he deep throat her bloated, juicy penis. He used all his skill in an attempt to bring her to climax, but Bayonetta was holding back; waiting for the right moment. At last, her cock and James’ lips sank below the surface. Her nonstop mouth fucking was now pushing mud into his face, threatening to cut off his only access to air. The tingling in her groin was building to an exquisite crescendo. It was almost too much for her to bare.

“Slut” she said breathlessly, in between vigorous thrusts. “Take a deep breath.”

His eyes bulged. Realizing what she was about to do, James took in the largest breath he possibly could through his nose. Bayonetta grabbed the top of his head and forced it down, completely submerging him in the thick, warm goop. She grabbed his ears below the surface and angled her thrusts downward, throat fucking him into the mud. Cereza’s eyes glossed over, her cheeks turned red and her pace increased as the pleasurable rush of climax spread through her pelvis and cock.

“**UUUUUNNNNNNNGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!**” she groaned, depositing her rich, steaming cum down his throat. She humped the surface of the mud, continuing to fuck his mouth as the subsequent ejaculations fired into his sloppy, sucking orifice. She pulled his head back and forth on her cock, milking out every drop of love honey the well-endowed Goddess could offer. The motion made an audible rippling sound in the muck just above his head.

After numerous volleys of creamy silk, her emissions tapered off to almost nothing. She couldn’t resist withdrawing her tool to the tip and giving his mouth several more thrusts in the muck, enjoying the



affect of her cock passing between wet flesh and warm clay one last time. Bayonetta knew his limits, however, and at last she reached for his collar, found the leather leash, and pulled upward forcefully.

A small fountain of mud and cum erupted from below as her cock exited his mouth and his head reappeared. James gasped for air, choking on her sperm and trying to keep his head above the custard-like surface. She held onto his leash firmly and searched below the surface for one of his arms.

“That was premium debauchery my pet, but it’s time we extract ourselves before we both become permanent residents.”

Cereza helped him pull his arms from the depths of the sludge one at a time. She grasped his hands, leaned back and used every muscle in her body to pull him sideways through the muck, aiming his body at a very slight upward angle. Her strength was impressive, but her efforts had only moved him forward a few inches. Bayonetta was, herself, buried to the waist.

*'This is going to take a while...'*

Fifteen minutes later, Bayonetta had pulled her slave from the worst of the clay pit and she lay in the muck, exhausted. James crawled forward to join his mistress, slopping through the foot deep layer of mud and clay. He was thrilled to be alive and able move his limbs again. Cereza lay in the thick goo, still breathing heavy from her exertions. She gazed at him and spoke between panted breaths.

“I just... Saved your life... Lick my ass... Slut...”

James raised an eyebrow and smirked. “You’re also the one who endangered my life, Mistress.”

Tired though she was, her eyes opened wide, incredulous that he would dare to utter such a comment. “How dare you... Talk back to me... Punish you later... Now lick my ass.”

She rolled over on her stomach, her flaccid cock and ample breasts pressing into the warm muck. She spread her legs and presented her plump, mud smeared ass to her bitch-boy slave.

James shrugged his shoulders and crawled between her legs. His body was already filthy, so one more sexual favor in the mud pit hardly mattered at this point.

He bathed the sides and crack of her generous ass with wide licks of his tongue. He then pushed his face between her muddy cheeks and massaged around her rosebud, probing everywhere. Bayonetta lay in the luxurious clay with a smile on her lips, enjoying her tongue bath. As her strength began to recover she reached over and grabbed the back of his head, guiding his face to all the right spots in her ass. Eventually, she lead his obedient tongue directly to her tingling hole.

“Tongue my asshole, slut!”

He swirled his tongue around her pucker a few times before diving into her delicate flower. He licked, sucked and jabbed her asshole with his sloppy tongue as she pushed and pulled his head gently across her clay-smeared ass.

”Mmmmm, the perfect end to a perfect day” she moaned.

After ten long minutes of ass worship, Bayonetta was satisfied. She rolled onto her side, grabbed James' leash and got up, her feet squishing in the slimy muck. "C'mon slut, time to go home."

They collected their clothes and headed back to the nature trail. The return journey took a little longer, as they were both pretty tired. When they arrived at the car, Cereza got some long beach towels out of the trunk and laid them across the seats so their gunked up bodies wouldn't ruin the leather.

It was already dusk as they got back on the road. They were quiet for the first stretch of the drive back. The hum of the engine and the rush of wind through open windows soothed them after their dangerous tryst with mother nature. Although she'd been ecstatically happy just a while ago, Bayonetta looked like she had something on her mind as they cruised through the countryside.

"Thank you" she said suddenly, breaking the silence. "For indulging me today."

James was flabbergasted. Since coming into her orbit and being fitted with her collar, Cereza had never thanked him for anything.

"Uhhh, don't mention it" he replied, unable to think of anything more eloquent on the spot.

"I know I gave you a scare today. Maybe that was a little extreme, but it's something I always wanted to do with the right person. So, thanks..."

He couldn't believe what he was hearing, but it was nice to hear kind words for a change.

"Glad to be of service" he replied with a smile.

As they drove into the dimming, orange horizon, he tried to piece together more of the puzzle that was Bayonetta. He'd just seen a rare moment of apprehension in her. It was almost like she was afraid he was going to leave. Cereza was such a beautiful, strong, confident, intoxicating woman, and yet in moments like these she seemed so lonely. Could someone like her really be lonely? That's certainly the vibe he was getting.

"Oh, by the way" she perked up, snapping James out of his analysis. "I'm going to be away on business next weekend, so you're going to spend the weekend at Jeanne's."

James shuddered at the thought. If Bayonetta was, at times, an unreasonably demanding Domme, the brief time he'd spent with Jeanne convinced him she was out-of-her-skull psychotic.

Bayonetta noticed his anxious expression and laughed. "Don't worry! She'll take good care of you."