

Bayonetta's Abuse IX

Whispers In The Dark

Female voice: James...

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Female voice: Can you hear me James? It's time...

.....

Female voice: James! It's time to wake up....

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The light slap of a hand on his cheek brought James to consciousness. Immediately he was aware of the tight soreness in his limbs and the concentrated warmth of his own body. He was locked in his usual latex bondage suit and double layered thanks to the thick, jet black rubber sleep sack he had spent the night in. Only his hooded head protruded from the latex prison, resting on a black latex pillow. He sucked in cool air through his nostrils, the only thing which made his extended bondage tolerable. With each breath came the pungent aromas of latex, rubber and sex.

His arms were locked in the rubber pockets of the extravagant sleep sack; his legs held together fast by unyielding latex. Every inch of his body was sealed in the tight, clinging, sensual material, and a thin sheen of sweat coated his warm, sticky body within the shiny prison. He opened his eyes to see the outline of his Goddess standing over him, her gloved hand on his cheek and a smile on her face.

“Good morning darling Cheshire. I was beginning to get worried! You were out cold.”

His eyes fluttered as things came into focus. His beautiful Mistress gazed down at him, her amazing body similarly garbed in black latex. The bodysuit hugged her curves perfectly, shining in the faint light of dawn that cracked through the edges of the shuttered windows. They were back in her fetish dungeon apartment, her favorite place to relax and play when she wasn't called to Umbra business.

“Good morning Mistress. I'm... definitely not cold.”

Bayonetta chuckled, sitting with him on the rubber sheets and blankets. Her arms extended and swept over the full body sleep sack. She glided her hands up and down his limbs, massaging him lightly in his latex prison and groping him wherever she desired. Her smile beamed as she caressed her property.

“Yes, I'm sure you're more than a little warm in there, but it pleases me greatly that you made it through the night with no complaints.”

She lay beside him, her left hand sneaking down his body and finding his semi-hard cock. She rubbed it slowly through the two layers of thick latex. It responded quickly, beginning to bulge visibly through his bondage as she kept her other hand hooked around his head, gripping his cheek and pulling his hooded face to the side to meet her haughty gaze.

“I daresay you're beginning to like this. You enjoy it, don't you slut?”

She kissed him deeply before he could answer, her tongue invading his mouth and probing all over before withdrawing so she could suck on his tongue. She tugged on it harshly with her lips, sucking him voraciously as if she was attempting to drink in his entire being. Her gloved hand continued gliding up and down his stiffening member, his own body powerless to do anything but push fruitlessly against the tight, gripping rubber that held him in his fetish tomb. She finally released his tongue and broke the kiss, allowing him to answer.

“Yes Mistress! The loving embrace of your bondage is where I belong.”

Her cheeks tinged red and she gripped his cock tighter, extremely aroused by his eloquent response. Bayonetta stared into his eyes deeply, their faces a mere inch apart.

“Well said, Cheshire. Having an utterly submissive cock and bondage addict who will endure whatever perversions I choose is what I've always craved. That my wish came true, and it was someone that I fell deeply in love with, is more than I dared hope for. I will **never** let you go.”

They kissed again, James' tongue meeting hers with equal measure, his own lips sucking on her flesh with unbridled desire as she resumed stroking his cock up and down. His penis now bulged through the latex considerably, his erection full as their lips remained sealed. His arms and legs struggled against the tight rubber bondage, not out of a wish to escape, but the pure sexual excitement that she was eliciting. His sexual energy had no outlet in the latex enclosure, his frustration deliciously building by the minute.

She broke the kiss again, moaning lightly as she rose from the bed. He heard the rushed sounds of an unwinding zipper and thick latex parting as her massive cock sprang from her bodysuit. He watched her turn, cock in hand, her gleaming latex glove gliding up and down the fat sixteen inch shaft. She was already at full mast, her eyes filled with lust and her body aching with the need for release. Her shiny black boots clacked on the floor as she came to the edge of the bed.

“I was already quite horny from watching you sleep in your filthy rubber sack. Your words did the rest. You'll have to take responsibility for this, my love.”

James watched his Amazon Goddess as she stalked toward him. She was upside down from his point of his view, her cock unmistakably pointed at him. He licked his lips, gathering a taste of his latex hood on his tongue as she reached down and pulled his sleep sack to the edge of the bed. His head hung over the side, now lining up perfectly with her jutting phallus. She brought the tip to his mouth, his lips parting eagerly as she began to slide in her taut, fleshy length.

Bayonetta reached down and took his head with both palms, her eyes closing as if in a trance and her fingers gripping him tightly. Inch after inch of hungry cock meat slid into his mouth. His moist lips trailed up the shaft, his tongue remaining still and flexibly curved on the bottom of his mouth, coating

the top of her cock in pure pleasure as she fed it into his face.

“OOHHHHHHHHHH.....”

She moaned exquisitely, the combination of his well trained mouth and his rubberized, immobile state driving her absolutely insane. Bayonetta bit her lip, pulling her cock out a bit and giving him a small reprieve before diving back in, pushing the majority of her considerable length into his inviting lips. James sucked on her loudly, his lips smacking around her meaty pole and producing the wet squelching sounds of deep throating that were music to her ears.

Bayonetta could wait no longer. She tightened her grip on his rubber hood and sank her sixteen inches of glistening meat all the way in. Her fat ball sack pushed into his nose and eyes, quickly covering most of his face. She began sawing into his wet orifice slowly now, backing out only a few inches before plowing into his mouth again, her fleshy sack smacking into his face repeatedly. She bottomed out in his throat, holding it there for long moments as his wet walls became accustomed to her considerable girth and his face was smothered by her bulging scrotum.

“Mmmm... you like that slut? Get a good wiff of my balls. That's it... inhale deeply. You can taste them soon. It goes well with the taste of my cock. You love both, don't you bitch?”

She pulled her cock from his mouth suddenly, the loud pop betraying how passionately he'd been sucking her. A thick glaze of pre-cum trailed from her tip to his mouth. He sucked in much needed air, his lungs refilling as he gazed up at his well hung Dominatrix, her hands on her hips.

“I asked you a question!”

Bayonetta grabbed one of her leather crops from the headboard of the bed, smacking it down on his torso, the tap registering only lightly through the thick rubber of the sleep sack.

“Yes Mistress!”

She snapped it down on him again, this time more harshly.

“Yes WHAT?!?”

“Yes, I love the taste and smell of your amazing cock! I want to worship your balls every time you fuck my face...”

She dropped the crop on the bed, lowering her cock to his face once more.

“That's more like it. **NOW LICK!**”

She dropped her heavy sack right over his mouth, his tongue immediately extending and coating them generously. He lost himself in her immaculate flesh, his lips rolling over her nuts and occasionally sucking and smacking on her considerable orbs. Bayonetta ran her latex fingers up and down her stiff cock, creating rubbery friction in all the right spots as her bitch boy tongue bathed her balls.

Satisfied with his eager worship, Bayonetta lifted her spit shined scrotum from his face, pointing her cock downward and shoving it back down his throat fast and hard. Her balls mashed into his eyes and

nose, his own saliva forming a paste on his face as she gripped his head once again and really began fucking his throat.

“That's it Cheshire... don't just take it. **SUCK IT!** Love it! Prove how much you want me in your mouth! Show me how badly you want a load of hot batter down your throat!”

James sucked with total abandon, his limbs straining against the walls of the sleep sack to no effect. His lips glided up and down her shaft as she held his face and fucked him brutally. Her hot length cruised in and out of his mouth as the wet ball sack smacked into his face over and over again. Her saliva coated orbs were the only thing in his field of vision as she extracted every ounce of pleasure from her bondage bitch. She stopped occasionally, leaving just the tip in his mouth as he filled his lungs with fresh oxygen, only to plunge in again and force him into lengthy deep throating each time. Her moaning was nonstop as she fucked his face with total abandon, every thrust lighting up her entire body with intense euphoria.

Bayonetta cried out suddenly, pushing her body into him with great need. Her wet flesh plastered his face and her cock buried fully in his throat as he could feel the spasms run through her balls and down her thick length into his gullet.

“UUUUNNNNNHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

A river of creamy, hot spunk coursed down her cum pipe, exploding in his throat as she maintained a death grip on his head. One, two, three large spurts erupted before she pulled back and resumed her face fucking. She plunged in and out of his face like a woman possessed, determined to feed every ounce of hot jizm into her fuck vessel.

The glomming sounds emanating from his mouth and nose brought her back to her senses, a quick withdrawal from his lips allowing him to cough and get the fresh air he needed badly. She stroked her cock as he inhaled loudly, firing the remains of her thick semen all over his bound body. The stringy white ropes decorated the black rubber nicely, his sleep sack looking like a well adorned pastry.

She gave a final moan as the last of her hot glue shot all over the bed, her legs soon giving out from under her. Bayonetta collapsed on the bed beside her cum-packed fuck toy, her hands groping him all over. They lay there for a few minutes, breathing deeply and recovering from her crazed fucking. Her spunk formed a glue between their garments and the latex blankets, the entire bed a hot mess of latex and cum.

After a while she sat up, grabbing a key from the headboard and unlocking the tiny padlock at the top of his sleep sack. The lock gone, Bayonetta rolled James over, opened the flap at the back and pulled the zipper down. The pressure of the tight rubber immediately relieved itself as James slid out of the thick enclosure. His sore limbs stretched out on the large, cum slick bed, his body glad to be back in its natural state of just one layer of bondage.

Bayonetta crawled on his body, her latex covered breasts pressing down on his bondage suit as they kissed deeply once more. He ran his hand through her silky black hair as she gripped his ass hungrily. When they broke apart with a wet smack, James saw what he loved most in the world. Her beaming smile made any ordeal worth enduring. He would climb mountains for it.

“So, my delectable slut, how about some breakfast?”

She winked at him and gave his stomach a playful pat.

“If you're not full that is...”

* * * * *

It was early afternoon as Bayonetta and James made their way up a long, winding stone path leading to a beautiful estate in the suburbs outside the city. James couldn't tell if this was the same upper middle class neighborhood that Cereza's home was located in or if it just looked intensely similar. Neither would have surprised him.

His Domina had graciously allowed him a shower after breakfast, his sweat and cum soaked flesh finally free of its latex prison for a brief spell. He'd been able to enjoy the scents of soap and freshly washed skin for only a few minutes before his fiesty Femdom presented him with a brand new latex bondage suit. Bayonetta had ordered several for him recently in different colors and sizes; some with unique features. She had dressed him today in the customary shiny black, but this bodysuit was thicker than the first couple she had forced him to live in for months. Bayonetta was always training him to accept thicker latex, rubber and leather bondage, the sight, sounds and smells of her snugly wrapped slut sending her libido to new heights. The scent of pungent latex had become an omnipresent fact of James' life. Even now it easily overpowered the cologne he had applied before they left.

The thick bodysuit felt heavenly on his otherwise naked body, but James was starting to perspire significantly as the sun beamed down on them. His head remained the only section of his body not clad in shiny, black latex; Mistress keeping his thick hood in her bag until they arrived at their destination. Bayonetta was garbed in a slick, red bodysuit from thighs to neck, the shiny material hugging her thick, luscious curves wonderfully. Her red thigh-high boots completed the ensemble, clacking on the stone as she led James up the path and tugged on his leash periodically. Her jet black hair tumbled down from her usual high ponytail, pointing to her latex clad ass below as her cheeks bounced with her gait.

Bayonetta had told him little about where they were going and what they were doing today; only that they were going to “have some fun.” He found himself trapped between wondering what lie ahead and staring at her perfect ass as it bobbed up and down in front of him. He wanted desperately to dive his tongue in the crevice and begin licking away in her succulent, shiny rump.

“Don't worry Cheshire, we're almost there” she announced over her shoulder, snapping him from his reverie.

“I'm fine Mistress.”

“Don't lie. I can tell you're overheating already.”

She stopped in her tracks suddenly, turning and pulling his leash until his black, gimp-suited body met her gleaming red curves. She put her arms around him and gave his ass a nice squeeze.

“But it pleases me greatly that you endure it.”

She gave his left ass cheek a loud smack, then turned and resumed walking up the path. James blushed deeply as he followed along.

“You're not the only one with a latex fetish! I didn't **know** I had one until I met you, but it's crystal clear to me now.”

“It was crystal clear to **me** from the day we started talking” she quipped confidently as they continued up the path. “Why do you think I chose you? You were just a cheeky young man who had some inkling that you wanted to be dominated. But when I ordered you to share all the naughty things you'd been reading and looking at on the internet, I knew immediately there was a filthy bondage whore lurking inside you. Never forget that Cheshire... Mistress knows you better than you know yourself.”

James grinned sheepishly. He had no doubt that she was correct.

“So who are we visiting? I'm going to assume it's an Umbra, but is it someone I've met before or someone new?”

“You'll see” she said cryptically, pulling on his leash and urging him to walk faster.

“I'll give you this hint though, Cheshire... It's someone to whom we both owe a debt.”

James' brow furrowed. He replayed the events of the last six months in his mind, but he still couldn't imagine who she was talking about.

They arrived, at last, to the front of the estate. The enormous stonework Victorian residence was hidden away in a nicely wooded area, shading the dwelling from the sun's blistering rays. A cool breeze swam through the trees as they plodded up the porch steps together to the doorway. James wished he could feel it on his body, but at least he wasn't being battered by the sun any longer. Bayonetta pressed the doorbell eagerly and stepped back, turning and smiling at her slutty property.

A few moments later the door opened and they were both surprised to find an almost completely naked man. The pale skinned fellow wore only a bondage hood, a spiked collar around his neck and a ribbed metal cage around his flaccid cock and balls. He bowed to Bayonetta immediately before speaking.

“A pleasure to meet you Mistress Bayonetta. And you too, Mr. James.”

“Oh, hello there” she replied, trying not to giggle “And you are?”

“Fido” he answered pitifully, his gaze wandering as he tried not to stare at the beautiful Amazon.

“Ah” said Bayonetta, clearly amused. “I'm guessing that's not your real name, but that will do for now.”

“SLAVE!!!”

A voice James faintly recognized came bellowing from within the house, a large dark skinned woman quickly becoming visible as she stomped toward the front door, her boots clacking on the porcelain tile of the foyer. It was Monique, the ebony giantess that he had met at Jeanne's party. The same woman whose impossibly large endowment had reamed his ass open like no other. She was clad in a purple rubber bodysuit from her shoulders down to her black boots, a fat bulge plainly visible in the front of

her costume despite her flaccid state.

“Who the fuck told you to get off your knees?!?” she demanded, delivering a stinging blow to Fido's ass with the thick leather crop in her right hand.

“I'm sorry Mistress!” he whimpered, getting on his knees immediately and prostrating himself before her. “You told me to answer the door, so I did!”

“What? You can't reach up and turn a door knob while you're on your knees?!? Don't make excuses you little shit!”

She delivered several more blows to his ass, the crop cracking loudly on his naked flesh.

“Yes Mistress! I'm sorry.”

Imposing as she was, Monique was a beauty in her own right. She had changed her hair since James last saw her, going from frizzy long locks to a much shorter, well cropped look for her dark black tresses. Her well toned body sported bulges of muscle along her still very feminine curves. It was obvious that Monique worked out and it was a good bet that she enjoyed lording that strength over her pets as well.

Monique paused in her disciplining for a moment to finally regard Bayonetta and James. She smiled at them broadly, stepping forward and entering into a friendly hug with Cereza.

“Come in! Please!”

She ushered James and Bayonetta into the foyer and closed the heavy front door behind them before crossing the threshold back to her cowering slave.

“Forgive my lack of manners, but my new slave still needs a **LOT** of training. Isn't that right, Fido?”

“Yes Mistress!” he called out, his face still pointed at the floor.

Monique shoved her right boot in front of him, pressing the thick leather against the top of his head.

“Lick! **NOW!!!**”

He immediately began painting the black leather with his tongue, bathing it in wet, wide swaths. His hands wisely stayed pressed on the floor as she moved her foot and calf all over his face, directing him precisely where to put his eager tongue to work.

“You're going to get a lengthy paddling for that later and you're going to enjoy it. Isn't that right, bitch?”

“Yeth mith-treth” he answered, his tongue never leaving her gleaming thigh-high.

Monique grabbed him by the hood and pulled his face off her boot, starring daggers at him.

“Go put your training dildo in your slutty little ass, sit in the bondage chair and wait for me. I don't

want to hear another word out of you.”

She delivered one more swat to his backside for good measure as Fido quickly scurried away, this time remaining on his hands and knees. Several red welts were visible on his bare ass as he hurried down the hallway, a testament to Monique's strength and ferocity. James couldn't help but notice that the bulge in her suit had grown significantly as she turned back to her guests.

“His name is Jeff” she admitted, grinning at Bayonetta “but I'm going to stick with dog names until he's out of the doghouse.”

Bayonetta smiled and nodded, knowingly.

Monique then turned her attention to James, drinking him in fully. Her gaze cast up and down, admiring the new bondage suit outlining the frame of Bayonetta's well trained slave.

“Mmmm mmmm... aren't you a snack” she exclaimed, approaching him with raised eyebrows and hungry hazel eyes. She paused and turned to Bayonetta before going any farther. “May I?”

“Of course” Cereza replied, giving James a wink.

Monique seized James in an iron grip, grabbing both ass cheeks and giving them a firm squeeze as she stared deeply in his eyes. She placed a kiss on his cheek, leaving a purple lipstick stain on his face and then gave a long, warm lick up his left earlobe, ending in a gentle bite. Her lavender perfume washed over him as his gimp suited body was pulled into hers, her strength and hunger made plain. She spoke directly into his ear, holding him close. “You and I are going to have a good ole time tonight.”

She stepped back, taking up the leash that Cereza had released into her care and tugging it firmly as she turned. Monique motioned for Bayonetta to proceed and the two Dominas strode down the hallway with James in tow.

“We're not going far. I got the living room set up all nice. I was so glad to hear you'd be joining us tonight. It's been too long since we spent some quality time together.”

“Glad to be here. I must thank you, again, for what you did for us last month. Jeanne's sentence was much too lenient, but without your deposition, I'm not sure there would've been any justice at all.”

“Girl, you don't even need to mention it.” Monique replied “I've always liked Jeanne's style. She's smart as fuck, creative and she doesn't take anyone's shit, but that bitch crossed a hard line when she went after you the way she did.”

So that was it. James now knew what debt he owed Monique. A debt he would no doubt be paying with one or both of his orifices. He didn't dwell on it though. He was now used to being a sexual play thing for well hung Amazons and he had survived Monique once already. He instead pondered how the “assassin / spy / witch” business must be booming. They had already passed an ornate set of stairs spiraling up to the second floor on both sides along with several rooms and hallways. Just how big was this place? The question was almost enough to distract him from the gleaming, latex covered asses strutting before him. Their bodysuits creaked audibly as they made their way to the back of Monique's home.

“We'll talk about that some more in private. After you've had your fun, of course” Bayonetta intoned, stretching her arms above her head and running her hands through her long, dark locks.

“My fun? You're not joining in?” Monique asked, a surprised look on her face.

“Oh, I may at some point, but I think I'll relax and enjoy the show for a bit” Cereza replied with a cheeky smile.

“Suit yourself, homegirl. Annnndddd... we're here.”

They stepped into a large living room awash in a dizzying array of colors. Monique was apparently one of those people who liked decorating with Christmas lights year round. The twinkling bulbs outlined all the walls and doorways and there were several lava lamps and other light casting tchotchkes spread out across the room. Between the strong scent of marijuana and the kalidescope effect of so many colored lights, it was a truly trippy atmosphere.

The room featured several leather sofas and loveseats, a large stereo system, a leather sex swing hanging from the ceiling and several large bondage apparatuses. Fido was parked on a sturdy wood and leather chair as instructed, grimacing as he got used to the thick invader in his ass once again. 90's pop seeped in from the speakers hanging from the corners of the room.

“Mmmmm, very nice” Bayonetta remarked, tossing her leather bag onto one of the sofas, a gloved finger on her chin as she inspected Monique's den of debauchery. “I like what you've done with the place.”

Monique put on a proud grin, crossing her arms below her massive breasts. “I knew you would! The last time you were here this place was practically empty. Like I said, it's been too long.” Her grin faded as she heard Jeff whimpering from the bondage chair in the corner. “Give me a moment while I deal with this silly bitch.”

She released James' leash and crossed the room in just a few powerful strides, the sound of her boots on the hardwood floor ominous. Monique set her leather crop down on a nearby table before reaching into a chest beside the bondage chair. She extracted a thick rubber cock gag from the trove of toys and held it up to his face immediately.

“OPEN!” she commanded.

Jeff complied and she stuffed all six inches of thick, pliable rubber into his mouth. He groaned and began to gag as it bottomed out, the gurgling sounds from his mouth cut off as the flat leather surface met his face. The fat shaft forced his mouth open wide, the fleshy rubber length just long enough to start curving down his throat.

Monique wrapped the thick leather straps around the back of his head, securing the device in place. She then swiftly went to work on his limbs, securing leather cuffs around his wrists and ankles, chaining them to the demonic chair harshly. She completed his bondage by pulling a wide leather cummerbund around the back of the chair and across his waist, securing it tightly with several belt-like straps until he was secured helplessly against the back of the seat.

She retrieved her crop and snapped it down expertly on his body three times, stinging his bare nipples

and smacking his metal-caged cock below. He jolted in his chair, but the look in his eyes, peering out from the thick rubber hood, wasn't one of anguish, but of satisfaction.

“Yeah, you like that a little too much. Don't you Fido? You're a regular pain slut.”

Jeff murmured something completely inaudible, his words blocked by the thick penis gag in his mouth.

“But you're not here just to enjoy a beating. You're here to pleasure me and that means **TAKING MY COCK!** So you're going to **WATCH...**”

She grabbed his hood forcefully, pulling it tighter around his head and pointing his vision in the direction of James.

“...and learn. Isn't that right, bitch?”

She released his hood and he moved the only part of his body he still could. Jeff nodded vigorously, muttering some version of “yes” that would never be deciphered.

“Good doggie.”

Her own property dealt with, Monique eagerly turned her attention back to Bayonetta's. She crossed the room with her eyes locked on James. She brought the crop to his nether region gently and slowly trailed it up his latex encased body until it was under his chin.

“You bring a hood?”

Bayonetta retrieved the final piece of his suit from her bag, tossing it to Monique before collapsing onto the brown leather sofa. Her arms and legs extended, sinking into the lush material nicely, her body shimmying around a bit as she enjoyed the feeling and sound of latex on leather. Her red bodysuit shined in the shimmering lights of the room as she got comfortable and began watching her Umbra sister play with her perfect pet.

Monique slipped the latex mask over his head, tugging harshly until the bottom of the hood met the rest of his gimp suited body. Going without a hood for a few hours had been a nice break, but his face quickly grew accustomed to the pungent smell and gripping touch of rubber once again. She grabbed his leash and led him around the room, stopping at another toy chest to trade her crop for a long, thick leather paddle. She turned to face him, smiling wickedly and trailing one purple, latex gloved hand up his shiny rubber clad body.

“I understand you're more of a cock and bondage slut than a pain slut, but slaves don't get to choose. I like my meat tenderized before I devour it. What do you say to that?”

James replied without hesitation. “As you wish, Mistress.”

“Good boy” she said before patting his face and yanking his leash as she began moving again.

“I smell good herb, Monique. Where is it?” Bayonetta asked, sitting up slightly.

“Pffft, you can't walk 10 feet in here without finding some. Cigar box on the table right next to you.”

Bayonetta reached over, retrieving a good sized spliff and a lighter from the neatly packed cache. She slipped back onto the sofa and sparked it up eagerly, taking a large drag and holding it in her lungs a few moments before sending a ring of smoke into the air. She settled back into the leather as her senses began to tingle, watching eagerly as her fellow Amazon began putting James through his paces.

Monique slipped onto the sofa opposite Cereza, the leather cushions rippling as her thick, latex clad body sank in. She set the leather paddle down and patted the cushion beside her before pulling on James' leash again, grabbing his side and planting him over her knee. She placed her left hand on the back of his hood and pressed his face into the leather as she began circling his ass with her other hand eagerly. After a few moments of anticipation, she seized the zipper just above his ass and drew it down, the warm latex separating to reveal his fleshy cheeks. Monique pulled the latex of his suit to the sides, stretching it as much as she could and exposing as much of the flesh around his pucker as possible. She inserted two fingers into his boy pussy and began thrusting them in and out without hesitation, sighing contently as her latex fingers began making slick thrusting noises.

James could feel the bulge in her suit growing just below his torso. He let out a low moan into the leather cushions as she added another finger and increased her pace. It felt wonderful and he never wanted it to end, but he knew it wouldn't be long before...

Monique withdrew her fingers very suddenly, finding her paddle and bringing it down with a loud ***CRACK*** on his waiting ass. She followed it up with several more strokes, spanking his left cheek, his right one, and then bringing it down horizontally so that it impacted both harshly. Her considerable strength was put to good use here and James quickly got the impression that this was her favorite foreplay activity. She repeated the pattern several more times, each smack ringing out louder before dropping the wide spanking implement and diving in with her fingers again. They slurped in and out of his pucker audibly, her slick purple glove soothing his hole as the rest of his ass began to redden.

"I'm impressed that you didn't cry out, slut, but you will soon. The longer you hold out, the more pleased I'll be...."

She withdrew her fingers once again and James braced for what he knew was coming.

CRACK

CRACK CRACK SMACK

CCCCRRRRAAAACCCCKKK

He bit his tongue, almost crying out but barely holding on. Monique set the paddle on his back and then began kneading his ass, the cool latex of her fingers flowing over his bruised cheeks. She delighted in groping the sore flesh and watching the reddened area expand. Monique peered over at the back of his head, smirking at his lack of vocalization, wondering how much longer he would last.

CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK CRACK

"AHHHHH!!!! MISTRESS!!!!!!!!!"

Her nonstop succession of increasingly painful spanks ended, the long paddle hitting the floor with a

heavy thud. She zipped up the back of his suit and gave his brutally sore ass one more swat with the palm of her hand for good measure. The bulge in her bodysuit was massive now and James could feel its warmth through both of their costumes. Monique stood swiftly, pulling him up with her, his body like a rag doll in her arms. She grabbed his chin and guided his gaze up to hers.

“On your knees. Now.”

James lowered himself down quickly. The hardwood floor was less than kind to his knees, but he was very grateful that he wasn't expected to sit on his burning cheeks. Monique reached down and carefully began drawing up the zipper from the crotch of her suit, her colossal cock and pendulous balls spilling out as the clasp reached halfway up her torso. She then pulled the zipper back down until it was just above cock-level. Her fat length of dark meat was now pointed at his face, pulsing with heat and lust. The pungent combination of latex, sweat, pre-cum and musty dick washed over him, the odor intimately familiar to him now that he'd spent a good length of time with the Umbra.

Monique licked her lips in anticipation. She was too hungry for a warm, wet hole to bother with a proper arm-binder.

“Hands behind your back. Lock them together. If you let go at any point, it's 10 more strokes with the paddle.”

As James obeyed, she grasped her thick python and gave his face a few swats, the heavy club of warm flesh circling its target and giving his cheeks some playful smacks. She pulled it away briefly and inserted two of her latex fingers into his mouth, pushing them in deep and giving him a nice taste of his own ass. Monique then grasped the straps on his hood with both hands, positioning her gargantuan phallus at his lips.

“What you waiting for, bitch? It's not gonna suck itself.”

He leaned forward slightly, taking the head and the first few inches into his mouth, his tongue eagerly wagging below and delivering the maximum pleasurable sensation to the sex-crazed shemale as his lips and cheek walls sucked loudly. Monique stepped forward and into his mouth, angling her glistening weapon downward for maximum penetration. She cooed as it sank in deep, 10 inches gliding into his silky cavern with no resistance.

Bayonetta took another puff of the high quality bud and set it down on a nearby ashtray. Her entire body buzzed as she watched Monique tunnel into her slave's mouth with her god-like appendage. Almost involuntarily she began massaging her left breast and running her right hand up and down her bodysuit, massaging her stiffening cock through the tight red latex.

Monique was in heaven as she began pushing and pulling on the strap handles of James' hood. She blushed deeply as his lips slipped up and down her hardening length, her fat scrotum churning with seed below. She picked up rhythm, loud slurping and glorming sounds emanating from his well packed throat as her rod was coated in his thick saliva. She pulled on his face with growing need, sinking her cock in to the 15 inch mark, sawing it back and forth a dozen times before realizing that James needed air badly. She stepped back and her schlong slid out of his mouth with a wet slurch, his lungs sucking in air deeply as she fisted her shiny, black tool; thick pre-cum oozing from its head.

She glanced over at her chair-bound slave to make sure he was paying attention, a wide smile on her

face and her cheeks red with giddiness. “See that Fido? That's how you smoke a cock. You better be taking notes.”

Monique gave James' cheek a few quick slaps, lining up her fuck stick with his waiting mouth once more. “Alright baby, it's feeding time.”

She sank her black, musty flesh scepter in fast and deep, the bottom of her cock registering his tongue all the way down into the fleshy confines of his warm throat. She pulled on his hood harshly, ensuring that it went in deeper than all her previous thrusts. With only a few inches left to go, she took a firm grip on the straps at both sides of his head, pulling back and beginning to fuck his face in earnest, some 16 inches of slimey, swollen penis gliding in and out of his glossy, stretched lips.

GLORM GLORM GLORM GLOP SCHHHHPLLOOOOOMMMMPPPP GLORM GLORM

“Ahhhhh yeah.... just like that baby! Just like that! **BUT DEEPER!!!**”

James clasped his hands together for dear life as his face became her personal pocket pussy. He almost lost his grip, but held on stubbornly to avoid more painful swats on his searing ass. His entire world was now the hot, thrusting meat cannon barreling in and out of his well fucked face, his mouth and throat well coated with a mixture of pre-cum and heavy spit. His face drew closer to her hips as she speared his mouth with increasing speed.

“OH YEAH! YES! **FUCK YESSSSSS!!!!**”

Monique rammed her cock in to the hilt, mashing James' nose against her pubis and locking her enormous balls just below his chin. He felt the fat sack shudder and discharge, her schlong shuddering in his throat as volley after volley of thick paste fired down his gullet. She held his head like a vise, unloading multiple spurts into the sperm tank that was his stomach. Then she began fucking his mouth again in earnest.

Bayonetta's strokes had increased in pace as she watched Monique unload in her gimp slave. She had been edging until now, but the fellow Amazon's climax pushed her past the brink. She reached for her zipper to free her cock before it shot its load, but it was too late. Cereza moaned as her own climax arrived and thick, sludge like cum erupted all over the inside of her suit. The hot paste coated her torso, sides and the bottom of her breasts as she gripped the leather sofa fiercely and her legs tensed up. The ganja enhanced orgasm coursed through her body as she made a sticky mess of her favorite red bodysuit.

Monique pumped James' face for a dozen more strokes before pulling his mouth off her cock slowly. She revealed inch after inch of cum slathered dark meat, admiring her work as sticky webs of filth were extracted from James' lips. She kept the tip in his mouth for a few moments, ensuring his tongue got a good coating of her viscous cum before pulling it free and firing the last few shots all over his hooded face and shiny black bondage suit.

Monique didn't even realize how heavy her breathing had become, her heart pounding as orgasmic bliss surged through her. She let out a nervous laugh, a little overwhelmed by the most powerful orgasm she'd had in months.

“Holy shit...”

She seized James' chin and looked down at him, completely smitten.

“You're incredible, darlin. You can put your hands down now.”

James leaned forward, his hands finding the cum slick floor as rivulets of creamy jizzum dripped from his face and chest. He was thankful to have the pressure off his increasingly sore knees and to have endured Monique again without dislocating his jaw. He looked over at his beautiful owner and Domina. Cereza appeared to be coming down from her own climax. Had she just cum all over herself? Well, at least she was getting a taste of what she usually inflicted on him. The whimsical smile on her face indicated that she was greatly enjoying her high.

Monique took only a few moments to rest, striding to Bayonetta's side and giving her a playful wink. She picked up the half-smoked fatty from the side table, brought it to her lips and inhaled fully, burning through what was left in one prodigious toke. She exhaled a giant cloud of smoke upward like some kind of fearsome dragon and then stamped out its remains in the ashtray.

The ebony Goddess then made her way back to James, her half erect mega cock bobbing before her imposingly. She stopped at another side table, opening one of its drawers below and extracting a pair of handcuffs and a small remote control. She clicked on the remote and a small motor activated, raising the thick leather sex swing in the air by its chain supports. She waited until it was at “cock level” and pressed the stop button, tossing the remote casually on the sofa behind her.

Monique placed her hands on her hips and again set her sights on James.

“Do you know what time it is, bitch?”

“Time for round two?”

“You're down with the program. That's good.”

She grabbed his leash and yanked him to his feet, leading her gimp prisoner to the back of the impressive device. Monique turned him around and gave him a forceful push, sending him chest first into the thick leather sling. James' head hung over the edge, his eyes level with the top of the couch in front of him.

“Arms behind your back.”

He obeyed immediately and soon felt the metal clicks and tight grip of handcuffs over his latex clad wrists. Monique placed the heel of her boot on his still inflamed ass and gave him a good shove. James grunted and sucked in a pained breath as the swing lurched forward, then back; his body rocking in the air as the powerful Amazon admired her handiwork. James' legs dangled in the air, still under his own power to move. That simply wouldn't do.

Monique strode back to the corner where Jeff murmured around his cock gag. She completely ignored him, fetching another pair of leg cuffs from the toy chest and a long metal spreader bar before returning to her dangling fuck toy. She fixed each cuff securely to James' ankles, stretching each leg as far to the side as she could before latching its clip into the cruel spreader. She dropped the bar, his legs weighed down by the metal rod and no longer able to move inward. He could no longer deny Monique access to

her cherished target.

She stepped outside the area of the spreader, giving his ass another shove with her shiny black boot. Monique began stroking her cock lewdly up and down as she watched him swing in the air, his bound body now completely helpless.

By the time the rocking slowed she was at full mast once again and hungrier than ever. She stepped over the spreader bar and positioned herself right at the edge of the swing, her hazel eyes ablaze with lust. She grabbed the zipper of his suit and peeled it down, revealing his well padded ass. As forcefully pulled apart as his legs were, his juicy fuck hole was wide open and ripe for the taking. She wasted no time lining the fat head of her cock up with his waiting hole and shoving it home hard and deep.

James groaned as she slid her fat length into him, the shaft still slick with her recent emissions. The swing pushed forward as Monique pressed inch after hard inch of her meat missile into his welcoming boy pussy, her hands finding his flanks and digging in tightly as she pressed her advance. She began taunting her anal slave as she pulled her cock back for the first time and then dove in deeper.

“Bet you'd love to taste my chocolate titties, wouldn't you?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Or put that sad little pecker of yours in my glorious ass?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“But that's never going to happen, is it?”

“No Mistress!”

“That's right. This is what you get for the rest of your bitch life! Isn't it?”

“Yes Mistress!”

“Tell me what you want most of all.”

“Your cock, Mistress!”

“Mmmhmmmm.”

Bayonetta decided she'd been a spectator long enough, rising off the sofa and crossing the room to her thoroughly bound and well stuffed property. She drank in his overwhelmed state. His eyes were glazed over, his mouth pursed as various moans escaped it, and his arms and legs pulled uselessly against their bonds as he could do nothing but take the fierce erection being fed to his back passage. She leaned down and planted a deep, probing kiss on his lips, grasping the twin chains holding up the front of the sturdy swing.

She released the kiss with a grin and then reached behind her, pulling down the zipper on her own suit and letting her ass cheeks feel cool, fresh air for the first time in hours. Bayonetta then grabbed his chin with her right hand, lifting his head slightly as Monique continued sawing in and out of him.

“I know you've been staring at my ass ever since we got here. All the way up the stairs... All the way down the hallway... You want to bury your face in it, don't you?”

“...yes Mistress.”

“Well, you're about to get more than you bargained for.”

She turned in one smooth motion, her glorious apple bottom on full display, a thick sheen of perspiration covering the round cheeks after being locked in her tight rubber suit for hours. Cereza backed up to his eager mouth, reaching behind and grabbing the hood handles of his mask urgently. She pulled with all her might, his cum slick face entering her fleshy globes, perhaps never to return.

“That's it! **LICK MY SWEATY ASS!** Tongue it whore! **WORSHIP IT!!!**”

His tongue bathed her succulent flesh up and down the scant few inches he could move his face while being crammed into her spongy bottom. His vision went dark but for slight cracks of light that faded in and out as he was jerked back and forth in the swing, forever being pulled into the dark, pungent cavern of his Goddess' ass.

Monique's excitement multiplied as she witnessed his face disappearing between Bayonetta's cheeks, the slicking sounds of his eager analingus making her rock hard. Her fucking picked up speed as she began shafting him hard and deep, her entire 20 inches sinking home before long. She bucked the swing forward with every powerful thrust, Cereza hanging onto his hood fiercely and keeping his mouth sealed in her needy ass; moaning as his tongue delivered blissful sensations down her sensitive pucker.

The powerful thrusts smacked his back end with harsh, wet slaps, Monique setting off fresh sparks of pain in his well beaten ass with every stroke. This fresh suffering was accompanied by the utter joy of being filled over and over with her godly member, the fat phallus stretching and gliding through his anal walls with steadily building pleasure. His prostate hummed with ever growing need and desire as James muttered lustful gibberish that would never be heard into Bayonetta's all consuming booty. His tongue was buried in her tightest depths as his body rocked back and forth between thrusting cock and sucking ass. The room filled with the moaning of lustful Amazons and the moist slapping sounds of frenzied deep dicking as the jolting sex swing caused his cuffed hands to clatter behind his back.

It was going to be a long afternoon and James was loving every second of it.

* * * * *

It was dusk when the debauchery finally ended. Bayonetta and Monique rested on the sofas sharing another joint and enjoying the afterglow. James still hung from the swing, locked in his bondage, packed with cum and completely spent. Monique's lengthy ass fucking had sent him to the moon at least three times, his cock spewing its load all over the inside of his bondage suit. The swing rocked back and forth gently as a nice breeze entered the room through the back door, the fresh air offering some relief to the omnipresent smells of weed and ejaculate.

“**That** was exactly what I needed. Thank you sister” Monique intoned, passing the spliff back to Cereza after a long puff.

“It was the least I could do.”

“It goes without saying that you're welcome back anytime.”

Bayonetta chuckled. “I'll keep that in mind.”

“Shit... I just remembered. I haven't fed my dog today.”

Monique rose, the purple latex of her costume making audible sucking noises as it separated from the leather cushions. She walked the distance to her still bound slave boy, his eyes pleading to be relieved of the cock gag and the plug lodged up his ass. She unhooked his bindings and the gag, pulling it from his mouth with a wet pop, saliva leaking all over him. Monique snapped her fingers and pointed at the ground, Jeff assuming the position on his hands and knees immediately, glad to be free of the cruel chair. She pulled the fat dildo from his cheeks and tossed it aside, giving his ass a dismissive kick with her boot.

“Go to your room and get in your cage. I'll bring dinner in a minute. No standing.”

Jeff slinked off on his hands and knees as Monique turned to address Cereza.

“Let me take care of him and then I'll join you on the deck. We can have a nice soak in the hot tub, if that sounds good?”

“That sounds heavenly” Bayonetta replied, looking forward to slipping out of her cum slick suit.

“Alright, be back in a few.”

Cereza took a final toke and then stood, her red bodysuit rippling as the gripping leather released her reluctantly. She moved to the center of the room and began unhooking James' restraints.

“Hey there. How you doing?”

“I'm... good. That was really something” he answered stiffly.

“Glad you enjoyed. Though I don't think either of us relished it quite as much as Monique.”

“My body can attest to that” he responded before turning over and pulling himself off of the leather sling, his feet touching the floor for the first time in hours.

Bayonetta pressed her ample bosom to his chest, smiling wickedly, her red latex suit meeting his black rubber form. She reached up and pulled the latex hood off his face smoothly, tossing it aside. Her hands grasped his sides, deliberately avoiding his ass after the harsh paddling he had taken earlier. She reached in and they kissed deeply, their tongues entwined in a long passionate exchange. She broke the kiss and then stroked his lips with a single gloved finger.

“I don't love sharing you, but it's something I may do from time to time. Likewise, I may need to top

others when business calls for it. How do you feel about that?"

The question took him by surprise. Until recently, their relationship had been so simple and clear: dominant and submissive. Mistress and slave. This was yet more evidence that their relationship had blossomed into something more.

"The first I don't mind. The second... will leave me a little jealous, because I love you, but at least I don't have to worry about your safety."

Cereza blushed a little, clearly happy with his reply.

"Good answers, Cheshire. It pleases me that you want me all to yourself. I want the same of you and most of the time that's exactly how it will be... because I love you too."

The clack of boots on tile announced Monique's return. She carried a towel, a bottle of wine and two glasses as she re-entered the room. She watched the two in a lover's embrace, fighting back a little jealousy of her own.

"Awww, aren't you two adorable."

Bayonetta turned her head and smirked at her colleague before returning her gaze to James.

"Speaking of business, we're going to talk shop while we have a dip. Why don't you rest for a bit? You look pretty worn out."

James nodded, already looking for a spot to lie down. "Yeah, I think I'm gonna crash."

No sooner did he say the words than he collapsed onto one of the leather sofas. The soreness in his body drained away as the gripping leather cushions embraced him. The world slowly went dark as the chatter of the two Umbra faded into the distance.

* * * * *

Female voice: James! It's time.

Female voice: You have to get up NOW!

Female voice: You need to get out of here! **WAKE UP!**

James jolted awake. It didn't feel like he'd been asleep for very long. He could hear Cereza and Monique chatting faintly in the distance, enjoying their private spa and some Chardonnay on the back deck. What was this weird feeling? His head hummed with a strange voice. Every fiber of his being was screaming at him to move, to run, to get away!

Female voice: **K-E-Y-S**

The voice echoed in his head at varying volumes. James stood up gingerly and moved to Bayonetta's

former seat. He picked up her leather bag and rummaged through it until he found the key ring. Almost every action he was taking now felt like it was against his own will; like his body was in fight or flight mode and it had chosen flight.

Female voice: **C-A-R! GO. NOW!**

James shuffled out of the living room and began walking quickly down the long hallway toward the front door. He opened it, stepped through and closed the door quietly behind him. He broke into a jog as he headed back to Cereza's GTO, his leash bobbing from his neck as he ran. The sun was headed below the horizon and the dark hues of night crept ever closer to extinguishing the last few traces of orange and red above.

What was he doing? None of this made sense, and yet, he was doing it... He attempted to will himself to stop, but it was useless. His body was on auto-pilot. He picked up speed, his core warming up fast in the latex prison as he made his way to the car.

James wasted no time upon arrival, sliding into the driver's seat and firing up the engine. He backed onto the street and drove off, quickly turning right and heading in the direction of the city.

'Where the fuck am I going?!? This is insane!'

It wasn't long before he had exited the suburbs and was on a highway doing 70 mph towards a destination he didn't know. As the distant city lights got brighter and came into focus, the mysterious voice returned. It began repeating its latest message over and over again insistently.

Female Voice: **5-2-3-1-7-6-8**

Female Voice: **5-2-3-1-7-6-8**

'An address? No, a phone number. And no area code, so probably local.'

Minutes later he approached the outskirts of town and spotted what the dark passenger in his brain was seeking: a pay phone not far from the curb. James brought the car to a stop and got out, his body still acting on its own. He was more than a little self-conscious to be wearing a gimp outfit in public, especially without a hood on, but it hardly mattered at the moment and thankfully it didn't seem like there was anyone in the immediate vicinity to notice him. He walked up to the phone booth, lifted the receiver and hit the zero button.

“Operator, how can I help you?”

“Hi, I need to make a collect call.”

“Phone number?”

“523-1768.”

“And who should I say is calling?”

“James.”

“Please hold while I see if they'll accept the charge.”

Long moments passed as James waited, a street light shining down on him and the phone booth in the darkness. A dog barked somewhere in the distance and he could hear what sounded like two drunks yelling at each other in an alley not far away. The tension built as he listened for a response, the need to know what the hell was happening causing him to grit his teeth.

“Your call is now being connected.”

The ring began ringing on the other end. Someone picked up immediately.

“James?!? James, is that you???”

“Yes, who is this?”

“Oh my god! It's so good to hear your voice. It's Heather! You probably don't remember me right now, but that's ok.”

It was the voice he had heard in his head. His body relaxed. The tension drained away. There were no more thrumming commands coursing through his mind.

“I... You have me at a bit of a loss here, Heather.”

“James, listen to me very carefully. I know you're probably confused right now, so let me explain. You've been on a mission. That mission is over now. In order for you to complete the mission, you had to undergo a kind of memory wipe.”

The world outside the phone booth seemed to lurch away as James' stomach dropped. The hairs on his arms and legs would've stood on end if they weren't plastered over with thick rubber. His body buzzed with disbelief.

“What are you talking about? What mission? Memory wipe??? That's nonsense!”

“They said this would be difficult for you to accept, so I'll prove it to you. James, who was your best friend in college?”

“What?!? How would telling you that prove anything?”

“Just humor me.”

“His name was Frank.”

“Ok. Now tell me. What did Frank look like?”

The sinking feeling intensified.

“I... well he... he had a...”

“You can't tell me, can you? Because there was no Frank. That's just something we made up.”

There was silence for several moments.

“What do you want?”

“To bring you in and tell you the rest. To help you regain your real memories.”

“Bring me in where?”

“Home, of course. Back to the Lumen.”