

Bayonetta's Abuse VI

Flames Of Passion

James was deep asleep as the rain pitter-pattered against the large, arched window above the bed. Only pale light filtered into the room. The gray, cloud-filled sky above warned of a dark and ominous day. As Bayonetta began to stir, she held her hand up to her forehead. A hangover pounded at her skull as she extended her long legs and rose from the bed.

“Fuck me...”

She staggered across the dreary room, head in hand, grasping for the light switch blindly. Finding it, she turned the light on and her headache flared as the bright bathroom light bulbs beamed into her eyelids. “Ahhh! **DAMMIT!**” She hastily opened the medicine cabinet, popped two painkillers and turned back into the main room, her eyes still adjusting.

She stopped at her dresser and pulled out a bra and a pair of black, satin, ultra-stretch panties. She gradually dressed herself as her head continued to buzz. Cereza slipped into a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt, grumbling as her morning wood was tucked tightly against her thigh.

A light rumble of thunder echoed in the distance as she made her way back to the bed. She observed her slave sleeping peacefully, probably dreaming of a normal life. Chasing skirts, drinking with his buddies... However he'd filled his days before he came into her possession.

As she gazed down at him, the memories of the night before started to return. The more she remembered, the angrier she grew and the more her eyes narrowed.

SMACK

“Wake up you little shit!”

The fierce crack across his face brought James around almost immediately. His cheek smarted painfully and his eyes blinked as the face of an angry Mistress came into focus. ”Ughhhnn... Good morning to you, too.”

“I am **NOT** in the mood for your sarcastic bullcrap. Get up!”

As he began to rise, she grabbed him by the arm and yanked him off the bed. He struggled to keep his balance as she shuffled him into the bathroom. She shoved him along hurriedly and when she booted him in the ass, James almost fell into the tub. A quick grab of her towel rack was the only thing that saved him from a nasty fall.

“Shit, shower and shave. I'm gonna go get the car. By the time I'm back, you'd better be clean as a whistle!”

The door slammed. As James found his footing, he could hear a chair being wedged into the door, locking him inside.

'...Well, looks like I'm in the dog house.'

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The rain slogged down in loud sheets as they drove through the gloom, thunder and lightning cracking across the sky with regularity. Presumably, they were heading back to the apartment, though James didn't know for sure.

Bayonetta had barely said three words to him since she got back. Her eyes were fixed ahead as she piloted through the storm. He could understand her being cranky from a hangover, but her visceral reaction seemed disproportionate. He glanced at his muted Domina, trying to gauge her disposition.

“Mistress, are you feeling better?”

“I'm fine” she answered curtly. She reached to the console below the dash and turned the radio on. She scanned to the nearest station and a news report blared from the speakers. It was clear she wasn't in the mood to talk. James sighed internally, wondering just how much trouble he'd gotten himself into.

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Once they arrived at the familiar building, Bayonetta flew into a flurry of action. She quickly parked, grabbed James by the arm and marched him back into her studio dungeon.

“Get out of those, **now**” she ordered, gesturing to his dress clothes.

The fine suit was wrinkled and disheveled, having sat in a pile through the night and then put back on hurriedly before they left the house. He removed the articles one by one, folding them over the back of her leather arm chair as she moved around the main room, gathering up some of her toys.

As soon as he was naked, she grabbed his wrists, pulled them behind his back and smoothly slapped on a pair of metal handcuffs. She guided him to the waterbed on the other side of the large room, turned him around to face her, and backhanded him with more force than she'd ever used. The blow was incredibly loud, the slap echoing through the studio loft. James' head wrenched to the side as his body spun and collapsed on the rubber mattress with a dull thud.

“You **LITTLE TURD!** Did you think you could just get me loaded like some **HUSSY?!?** I bet you thought that was really cute! You won't for much longer.”

James couldn't reply. He was too busy counting his teeth with his tongue and confirming that his jaw still worked. The blurry vision wasn't helping either. As he lay there in a daze, Bayonetta locked his collar back around his neck, fastening the chain to her bed on one of its metal rings. Her property secure, she began moving around the apartment again. Cereza discarded her casual clothes and quickly

donned one of her black leather bustiers.

“Well congratulations **bitch!** You finally earned some **real punishment.** I'd be lying if I said I wasn't looking forward to this. That it's going to be anything but intensely painful for you. Or that I'm not massively aroused right now.”

James pivoted on the bed, turning so he could see Cereza in the center of the room. She pulled on a pair of her thigh-high leather boots as she eyed him menacingly. The sheer ferocity in her voice was making him nervous. He was forced to swallow the lump in his throat before he could raise his voice above a whisper.

“Mistress, I'm sorry! I just wanted to get to know you better! I tried other approaches but they never worked! You didn't leave me with many options...”

She seethed at his reply, grabbing a riding crop from the table and closing the distance back to the bed. Her heels clacked angrily on the wooden floor as she stalked toward him. Bayonetta whipped the business end of her crop into James' chin, pushing the end of it into his face forcefully.

“**OPTIONS?** You want options, **bitch?** Ok, how's this for an option? I can **beat you and fuck you,** or I can beat you, fuck you, and then **beat you again!** Which sounds better to you?!?”

His mouth fell open, but in his stunned state, no words were formulated.

“Cat got your tongue? Actually, forget it. You don't get any options! In fact, I don't want to hear another word out of your fucking mouth!”

With that, she grabbed a ball gag from a nearby toy rack and wrapped it around his face.

“Mistress! Please!!!”

She pulled the thick red toy into his mouth and buckled the straps around his head fiercely. The web of leather and rubber dug into his face and the sides of his head as she pulled it the tightest she ever had. James muttered something into the rubber ball, but it was completely unintelligible.

“What's that Cheshire? You're a little shit-stain who deserves a good whipping? I couldn't agree more.”

Bayonetta grabbed him by his bound arms and maneuvered him to the center of the bed, face down. She left his side for a few moments, finishing her preparations and returning with a long, sinister looking whip in hand. James couldn't see it, but when it was uncoiled and slapped against the floor, he knew it was no toy. That was a real bull whip.

“Take my advice, slut. Don't count the strokes. Just think of it as something you'll have to endure for the rest of the day.”

A wicked grin spread across her face as she held the end of the whip above her head and started twirling it over and around her body. “Then it might be a little easier **TO BEAR!**”

CRACK

The first stroke lashed his ass cheeks harshly. James yelped into the gag, his body jolting. It hurt like a son of a bitch, but it wasn't overwhelming... yet.

“This is what **NAUGHTY**” *CRACK* “little boys **GET**” *CRACK* “when they **MISBEHAVE!**”
CRACK CRACK

After just the fifth stroke, the pain had increased significantly. James quivered on the bed, groaning around the rubber ball as his drool coated the cruel gag. His wrists ached as his face pressed into the rippling rubber bedding and he strained against the metal cuffs behind him. His knees and legs bent upward reflexively, a sad attempt to shield his bruised ass.

“Put those fucking legs down, **NOW**, or I will **tie them down!**”

He lowered his legs slowly, his whole body shaking. The action required every ounce of his will.

“Take it like a **MAN!**” *CRACK* “Even if you are just a sissy boy.”

The whipping stretched on for what felt like forever. James lost track of time as the blows rained down on his burning cheeks and his ass was welted nonstop. His muffled cries bellowed into the phlegmy gag each time the thick leather cord snapped into his skin. The pliable waterbed rocked and waved with his agonized spasms.

Thunder and lightning roared outside, the heavy rain crashing down in sheets as his Mistress chastised and belittled him. She yelled obscenities and occasionally laughed like a maniac. Her sexual excitement seemed only to grow with every lash of the whip.

Cereza's thick cock stood at rigid attention, all sixteen massive inches filled with blood and twitching with sadistic lust. Her left hand stroked the fleshy length when her right hand took a break from its lacerating exertions. Dark stripes were carved on the surface of James' flesh, a stark contrast to the bright redness covering the rest of his ass.

He wasn't sure if it was mercy that stayed her hand or merely exhaustion, but the beating finally came to an end. James heard the whip clatter to the floor. It was followed by the knocking of her booted heels as she approached the other end of the bed and came into view.

Bayonetta was perspiring. Her dark hair was a slick mass, shooting up in a high pony tail and cascading down behind her. She stroked her thick, pulsating cock and moaned lightly. The massive member was fully engorged and had copious pre-cum oozing from its tip.

The Domina's bosom heaved and sighed, her breasts barely contained by the shiny, black leather top. Her boots and bustier aside, she was nude; her body glistening with sweat in the dim light. Cereza gazed down at her slave with a combination of lust and angry zeal. Her left hand jerked her cock, the slick palm sliding up and down her fearsome length moistly.

Her expression was feral, but that wasn't what scared James. His eyes opened wide as he saw a red glow begin to radiate from Bayonetta's skin.

“That certainly was **FUN**, wasn't it, slut? But you don't look like you're having a good time! Why is that?”

His terrified expression annoyed her greatly. Her eyes became a pair of piercing daggers as she grabbed him by the collar and lowered her face to meet his.

“YOU'RE TWO HOLES FOR ME TO FUCK! THAT'S IT!!! GOT IT?!?”

James whimpered, pleadingly into his gag while shaking his head side to side. He couldn't believe what he was hearing from the woman he'd grown to worship and adore. She shoved him away, the chain on his collar rattling as he jolted on the bed. Bayonetta circled to the opposite side, her eyes closing as she fisted her greasy cock.

“You know what's even more fun than whipping an ass raw? ...**Fucking a raw ass.**”

She lifted her legs onto the waterbed one by one, getting into place behind his blistered butt as the liquid mattress undulated. She pushed his legs forward and set him up on his knees, placing her thick cock right between his well-whipped cheeks. Cereza positioned herself for a long, hard fuck. James hissed and bucked as she slid the foul length up and down his crack, her sticky cock passing through his burning flesh repeatedly.

“Buckle up slut!” was her only warning as she grasped his hips and plowed her bulbous mega cock into his tight hole. She thrust it in violently, giving his pucker no time to loosen as she began fucking him hard and fast. He yelled into the red rubber gag, his groans and cries barely audible above the loud slurping of her penis. Her heavy ball sack lurched with her torso, coming closer to smacking his ass with every stroke. She gave his ass cheeks a stinging swat before tossing her head back and losing herself in the all-consuming high of total domination.

“OHHHHH YES!!! Give me that ass! GONNA TEAR YOU UP, BITCH!”

The red glow around Bayonetta's skin intensified as her hands dug greedily into his flanks. James screamed and bucked as she pounded his ass harshly, the blows a hundred times more painful than usual on his welted skin.

James struggled against his bonds in futility, his pain and desperation turning her on even more. Cereza's enormous cock hilted in his ass, her swollen balls slapping into his bottom woefully. His whole body strained and his face turned red as she fucked him viciously. The tip of her cock speared through his anal walls and plunged into the depths of his colon without end; her hunger for his submission never satisfied.

“YEAH!!! TAKE IT! Embrace the pain that comes with this cock! That's what sluts like you get! PAIN and COCK! And YOU LOVE IT!!!”

Her pace accelerated, her gargantuan penis passing in and out of his sloppy ass in a blur. Pre-cum and anal juices squirted and dripped all over the bed. The red ring of his pucker was stretched wide as she plowed to the deepest reaches of his innards. Cereza snarled like an animal as her climax built. James' eyes glazed over as his body was rocked back and forth, his Mistress railing him harder than she ever had.

Bayonetta gasped and the wild rhythm of her fucking slowed to a crawl.

“Oh... oh no...”

As she removed her fingers from his sides she saw, to her shock, that they were dripping in blood. She stared at her crimson stained hands in disbelief for a few moments, a look of shame and fear spreading over her face. The red glow around her body faded away.

“I... I didn't...”

She pulled her rapidly deflating cock from his ass and slid off the bed hastily. Cereza ran to the bathroom and washed her hands. She returned shortly with a bottle of hydrogen peroxide and a box of bandages. Her face was racked with intense sorrow.

Bayonetta poured some of the solution over the wound on his left side. The liquid burned and cleansed the area where her fingers had dug deeply into his skin. She held him down firmly as he yelled and thrashed, applying a bandage over the gashes with some medical tape. With a heavy heart she stepped over him and repeated the process on the other side of his body, disinfecting and dressing the wound. When she was done, she moved to the head of the bed and detached the chain from his collar.

James looked up at his Mistress. Her dark, shimmering saucers were on the cusp of erupting into tears. She grabbed the key to his handcuffs unlocked the metal restraints before dropping it on the floor.

Cereza's earnest wish was to crawl in a hole and die. Her eyes darted around the room randomly, her psyche directing her to gaze anywhere but at her companion. At last, she did look down and their eyes met only for a moment.

“I'm sorry.”

Her voice cracked as she struggled to get out the two simple words. Bayonetta's right hand flew to her mouth as she fled from the room. James sat up slowly, rubbing his wrists as normal blood flow returned to his arms. He reached behind his head and unlatched the gag, pulling the vile rubber ball from his mouth. “Mistress!”

He scurried off the bed, slowing down as he almost tripped over her discarded clothes and toys. He made his way carefully through the dark main room. The lightning and thunder had moved on, leaving only the sound of drizzling rain against the windows and walls. As he passed the central hallway he could hear sobs coming from the kitchen, growing louder each moment he neared the room.

James came to a stop in the entrance, spotting her immediately in the corner by the kitchen table. She was weeping outright, her knees bent upward with her face planted in her legs, her body shaking with each new wail. He watched her for a few moments, unsure what to do. James looked upon his beautiful Mistress, somewhat scared and confused. For the first time he witnessed her distressed and completely vulnerable.

Bayonetta raised her head, her face a river of tears over flushed skin. “What are you doing?!? Leave! I know you want to!”

She broke into heavy sobs again. Her face turned away, unable to look him in the eyes a moment longer. James lingered a few moments before taking a deep breath and proceeding into the room. He approached her from the side and sat beside her gently.

His sore ass seared as it made contact with the floor but he bit his tongue, making no sound but a low grunt as he joined her. James said nothing for a time and made no motion to embrace her in her fragile state. He allowed her thoughts and emotions to expel themselves uninterrupted. Cereza sobbed for another minute or so, finally turning her face in his direction once again.

“You don't have to stay here anymore! You or anyone else. I'm not even going to try again. That's what I told myself last time, but this time I mean it!”

She looked directly into his eyes, her tear-stained face looking suddenly more determined; even angry.

“I **GET IT**, alright? I'm a **FREAK**. I'm a freak who can't control herself and it's only getting worse.”

She said nothing for a few moments, mulling over in her mind how she could explain herself without telling him too much. James looked back at her innocently, purely, and she knew that if this was to be their last meeting, she still had to keep things from him.

“The longer I knew you, the more I fell for you and the less I wanted to put you through this. I don't get to have real relationships. I should have learned that by now. I knew it deep down and that's why I never opened up to you, because I knew this would happen! So please, you should leave now. Before I change my mind.”

Her voice broke again as she uttered those final words, terrified they would be the last she ever spoke to him. She turned her head again, not wanting to see him go. As the seconds stretched on there was no movement, until she felt a warm hand close over hers. Bayonetta looked back at him, small trails of tears running from her eyelids. She was greeted by a placid smile and the spark of total conviction in his eyes.

“I'm right here, Mistress. I'm not anywhere else. And I'm not going anywhere else unless it's with you.”

Cereza's eyes widened in astonishment, her mind unable to process what her heart wanted so desperately to believe. “How can you say that? After all I've...”

Her words halted in her throat, silenced as he extended his other hand and brushed a length of her dark tresses from her face.

“Cereza, did you know that you're beautiful... Even when you cry?”

Her eyes welled with fresh tears, her heart leaping the unfathomable distance from the lowest, darkest pit in her being to the loftiest mountain peak. She threw herself on him, wrapping James up in her arms, her head cradled on his right shoulder. She sobbed a bit more, holding him close as he returned her embrace, running his arms over her back gently.

“I love you so much James” she choked out, doing her utmost to restore her normal voice.

“I love you, Mistress” he answered, glad that the words were finally out in the open.

“You're mine forever now! I'll never let you go.” She squeezed him tightly around the midsection, careful to avoid the bandaged areas on his hips.

“Nothing would make me happier, Mistress, but please... Don't shut me out. Whatever it is you're facing, you don't need to do it alone.”

Bayonetta smiled, amused by the presumption in his words, but impressed by his courage nonetheless. “I won't” she spoke right next to his ear, holding the back of his head in her hand “I won't hold back anymore. I'll tell you everything in time. Just be patient with me...”

Her face rose from his shoulder, stopping directly in his line of sight. “...and promise to stay with me always.”

They stared deeply into each other's eyes. The souls of two lovers were reflected in their gaze, burning with intense longing. They dove into each other and Bayonetta drove her tongue as deeply into his mouth as she could. She explored his mouth thoroughly as she pulled his body firmly into hers.

James took hold of her curvy sides and reciprocated, his tongue burrowing deep in her warm, wet tunnel. They kissed and sucked for long minutes as Bayonetta peppered his tongue with gentle bites. He moaned pleurably as she dominated him even with her mouth.

She broke the kiss momentarily only to push him on the floor. Cereza lowered onto him, her massive breasts pressing firmly into his chest. Her large cock and heavy balls draped over his crotch, dwarfing his own genitals as her rod began to stiffen. She held his face in her hands, diving back into his mouth over and over again; tonguing, licking and nibbling him insatiably.

At last, she pulled her mouth from his with a wet smack. She stood and brushed herself off, a scarlet blush plastered across her face. She seemed uncharacteristically apprehensive, mulling something over when she would normally be taking action. Bayonetta reached back and fixed her messy web of hair. By the time she'd re-tied it, her expression was resolute.

“Follow me” she imparted, walking confidently back into the main room. James got up and followed her, his face displaying bewilderment as soon as he exited the kitchen. Bayonetta had bent herself over the nearby leather sofa. She held onto the back of the shiny furniture, her ass sticking straight out at him.

“Fuck me” she said softly over her shoulder.

“Mistress?” he asked incredulously. The idea was now so foreign to him that he could only question such a sudden and drastic change.

“You heard what I said. You may fuck me. Just this once.”

His rapidly hardening penis wasn't opposed to the idea, but his mind was still having trouble accepting this sudden turn. Their relationship, sexually, had been so clear and unwavering; so straight forward up until now. It almost didn't feel right.

“Are you sure Mistress? I don't know if...”

“**Slut!**” she yelled over her shoulder “You have the rest of your life to get fucked by my big cock! On the other hand, this may be your one and only chance to use that neglected little pecker of yours. **I**

SUGGEST YOU TAKE IT! Now FUCK ME!”

The command in her voice washed over him and any remaining doubts faded away. James crossed to where she was leaned over the sofa and stepped in behind her. As he placed one hand on her ass and stroked his erection with the other, he realized her intention. Having confessed their love for each other, tonight was essentially their honeymoon. She wanted them to be connected on every level.

James had served loyally as the vessel for Bayonetta's pleasure countless times. Now, she wanted to do the same for him. Perhaps she sought to put him at ease after the scare she gave him earlier. Whatever the reasons, she'd placed herself before him, fighting every natural urge in her body to let him be the top for once.

The soft, pale skin of her ass rose up in two generous, fleshy mounds. Her flesh gleamed in the low light of the dreary afternoon and looked ever so inviting. James positioned himself for penetration, a pose that felt completely alien to him at this point. He spread her ass cheeks gently and inserted his right index finger; rolling it around her pucker as he and loosened her up.

“Ahhhh! **EASY!** It's been a long time...”

“I can tell. You're tight as a drum back here.”

Cereza gripped the back of the leather couch tightly as he worked a second finger in. Moist slicking sounds emanated as he sawed his digits in and out of her pucker. The tight leather of the sofa stretched in her grasp as she let out a low moan. Bayonetta grunted as his fingers reached new depths in her warm ass.

“Alright! That's enough! Jeez! You're not exactly John Holmes, are you? You don't need a **subway tunnel!** Fuck me already!”

James removed his fingers and chuckled. “Yes, Mistress.”

His heart skipped a beat as he pulled himself closer to her tight ass. James inserted himself slowly but firmly, his length sliding in almost all the way before he heard Cereza start to groan and grunt. His legs pressed into hers from behind, their warm skin meeting in a way they never had previously. The wet tightness of her ass felt heavenly around his hard prick, but he was careful not to advance too quickly.

“Are you ok, Mistress?”

She spoke through clenched teeth, breathing deeply in and out of her nose. “Yes.... Fine.... Just fuck me you little bitch!”

He smirked, deciding if she was going to be like that, he might as well not hold back. He grasped her hips tightly with both hands and began working his cock in and out of her tight hole at a moderate pace. After the fourth thrust he was all the way in, his scrotum colliding with her much larger balls. The smooth skin of her ass and ball sack felt amazing against his own. Bayonetta bit her bottom lip as his penis sunk into her again and again, stretching her asshole open and plowing through her gripping anal walls.

James picked up the pace, letting out low moans and contented sighs as his pleasure steadily increased.

Bayonetta cried out suddenly, but swiftly bit her tongue. Her yell turned to a groan as she steeled herself against the fast, steady pounding.

“Yeah! **Fuck me good!** Make it count slut! This is the only pussy you get for the rest of your perverted life! **AHHHHH!!!**”

He bucked into her even harder, his balls slapping loudly into hers as sweat dripped down their bodies. She humped her ass back into his thrusts, grunting and grimacing through the intense slapping fucks.

“Cmon! **Fuck me!** Shoot your tiny load inside me so you can get back on your knees where you belong! Are you even enjoying this?!?”

Between her aggressive motions and constant dirty chatter it felt like she was still dominating him despite their reversed roles. As their wet, noisy fucking reached a crescendo, James felt more like he was hanging on for dear life than taking charge of their sex.

The tingle of impending climax entered James' pelvis and he grasped her curves even more tightly, thrusting into her as fast as he could manage. He was on auto-pilot now, his engorged penis entering and withdrawing her silken walls effortlessly.

James' cock pistoned in and out of her tight hole a few more times before he slammed his hips into her one last time. His rod was buried to the hilt as he cried out in pleasure, his seed splattering into her velvety depths. It was the first time he'd had an orgasm of his own volition in six months. His balls emptied, shot after shot of thick cream pumping into her warm reaches.

Bayonetta lay stretched out between James and the couch, panting and hanging on until he pulled out of her with a light pop. She immediately stood up, turned, and embraced him; wrapping her arms around his body and locking his arms at his sides. They kissed again, the two swapping air and saliva as only true lovers can. After several minutes of intense tonguing and sucking, she raised her right hand and took hold of his collar before breaking their kiss.

“I hope you enjoyed that Cheshire.”

“Yes Mistress, very much...”

“Good. Now back to your duties.”

She yanked him forcefully around the couch, bringing him to the front end and throwing him down on its supple leather cushions. “On your back!” she ordered.

James turned over just in time to see Bayonetta lowering her sweaty ass directly onto his face. She shook her hips as she landed on him, grinding his nose deeply into her cheeks and sliding along his face until his mouth was just below her pucker.

“Every drop, slut! Lick it! Suck it! Use your tongue as a spoon if you have to, but you're going to suck **every drop of cum** out of my ass, and you're going to like it!”

He dove in eagerly, never so excited to worship her ass as he was at this moment. James' tongue breached the wet hole he'd just fucked, slurping and licking away as he searched inside for his own

filth. Bayonetta sat above him with an exquisite smile on her face, murmuring pleurably as she stroked her magnificent cock.

“Yeah, dig in there! **SUCK MY ASS!** Clean up your mess, you slut!”

As James sucked, licked and tongue fucked away, she moaned above him, pressing her ass down on his face ever harder. She demanded his tongue go as deep in her ass as his cock had minutes ago. Cereza worked her left hand up and down her broad shaft, her monster growing and thickening by the second. Her right hand grasped the sofa tightly, steadying herself as moans flowed from her lips.

After a long, intense session of sensual Queening, she lifted her ass and stepped off the couch, her hand slicking up and down her meaty python. James was left in a daze, still inhaling fresh air and getting his bearings when she snapped her fingers and pointed at the floor. “On your knees. **Now.**”

He slid off the sofa gradually; crawling forward a bit before rising up on his knees. By the time he sat up Bayonetta was already behind him, opening the arm-binder she'd just retrieved and pulling his hands behind his back. She slid the slick leather up past both hands, pulling the laces and buckles harshly as the familiar tightness locked away the use of his arms.

James' limbs were pulled taut in a shiny triangle behind him, the gripping leather sealing him in its grasp all the way up to his shoulders. She reappeared before him, her fully erect sixteen inches jutting toward his face and her giant scrotum hanging heavy with seed below.

Bayonetta said nothing as she closed the distance to his face and pressed the fat glans of her cock against his lips. The musky scent of her sex flooded his nostrils, enticing James wildly. She pushed forward, her tip piercing the soft 'O' of his mouth.

The first seven inches of her fleshy member sank into his wet maw with no resistance. On the contrary, he sucked her lovingly, welcoming more of her pungent length into his warm, sucking hole. Cereza moaned through closed lips as she pressed deeper, her slick rod flowing down into his throat. Her hands reached out and grabbed his ears tightly as her hips moved ever closer to his face.

“Fuck!!! **YES!!!** I swear, you were born to do this! Suck it all down baby!!!”

James sputtered as she reached the fourteen inch mark, his mouth and throat contracting around her as the thickest part of her glistening shaft plowed through his lips. His arms struggled behind his back, the thick leather of the binder stretching and flexing as he groaned and shuddered. She held his head firmly as the full length of her cock settled into his throat, her plump balls coming to a rest below his chin.

Bayonetta savored the full penetration for a few seconds before pulling out four inches of her musty cock and plunging it back in. She kept the vast majority of her hot length in his mouth and throat as she quickly transitioned to fast paced fucking.

“**SUCK IT!** Suck it good slut! **FUCK,** do I need to cum! We might have a speed record on our hands!”

As she speared her engorged length into his mouth, James realized she'd never climaxed during their initial play. Her need was visibly dire as her bloated, cum filled orbs slapped his chin repeatedly. He applied full suction with his stretched lips and the warm walls of his mouth, sucking her staff like a pro. Bayonetta's enormous girth slopped in and out of his throat at full speed, her body reaching a fever

pitch of lust.

“YOU FUCKING LOVE IT! DON'T YOU???” Tied up and face fucked like the bitch you are! Well here comes your rew-AAAAAAGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Her creamy pudding blasted down his throat like a canon, the ejection so large he could feel bulges of semen pulsing along the bottom of her cock with his tongue. She hosed out spurt after spurt, screaming like a mad woman as she pulled his head back and forth on her schlong relentlessly. James' body was yanked forward and he was forced to balance his weight on his knees. His feet stuck up behind him, goal posts through which his tight arm binder pointed. Bayonetta held his head in a vice grip as she dumped every ounce of her steaming sludge down his gullet.

After several more pleasurable convulsions and moans of bliss, she pulled her cock free. She stroked her spent weapon as strands of excess cum dribbled from its tip. James fell back on his haunches, slumping into a normal sitting position as thick jizzum ran down his chin and he gasped for air.

Cereza held her slick meat just over his head, her hand gliding up and down the greasy pole. She looked down at him; happy, but nowhere near satisfied. A burning lust still brewed in her deep blue eyes.

“My cock or prime rib? Which would you rather have?”

“Your cock” he answered without hesitation. James felt her hot length slap across his face. Splatters of spunk coated his nose and eyes.

“My cum or fine wine?”

“Your cum...”

Her hand streaked through the air, delivering a playful smack to his cheek. His head glanced to the side. “That-a boy! Now prove it to me.”

She stepped forward and grabbed his head, pulling it onto her hungry phallus once more. The jizz and saliva coated member slid back into his mouth easily. Bayonetta moaned as she began a second, much more lengthy throat fucking.

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Cereza and James lay on the waterbed together, naked in each other's arms. She kissed and licked at his face as her right hand slid along his side, dotting on him and tugging at his collar with her other hand. Her heavenly breasts pressed up against his chest as they rested in the warm afterglow, both of their bodies exhausted from the marathon of perversion. She stared deeply into his eyes, so happy to be with him and to have admitted her love.

“You're still my slave. You understand that right?”

“I sort of got that impression. Yes, Mistress.”

“There will be times when I make you do things you don't want to do. Can you live with that?”

He grinned nervously. “I have so far.”

“Do you love me?”

“More than anything.”

She let out a contented sigh and lowered her head onto his chest. Bayonetta's long, dark hair flowed down her back as she rested on her naughty slut. Outside, the storm had passed. Now, the sun dipped into the western sky, a calm warmth settling over the rain ravaged earth.

* * * * *

Jeanne stood in her first floor office, a phone held to her ear as she looked out at her vast estate. The grounds still weren't quite dry from the storm the day before. William walked into the room carrying her breakfast on a tray, just in time to hear her shriek.

“**WHAT?!?** That's **BULLSHIT!** It was my contacts that brought them here in the first place!”

“I'm sorry, Jeanne. You know how this works. The clients specifically requested her, so she gets the contract. There's nothing I can do. I have to go. We'll talk again soon.”

The call ended. Jeanne stood there, simmering for a few moments before angrily throwing the phone across the room. It hit the wall with a loud crack and tumbled to the floor. William set the breakfast tray down on a nearby table before retrieving the cracked device.

“I don't know why you let these business affairs get you so worked up, Mistress. It's not like you need the money.”

She shot him a cold glare. “I didn't **ASK** for your opinion, William, and it's not about the money. You wouldn't understand.”

He let out a low cough as he rose, setting the phone on the table gently. “As you say, Mistress. Would you like your breakfast now?”

Jeanne didn't reply. She instead sat in her opulent desk chair and swiveled it around to face the far wall. She fixed her gaze across the room, her eyes narrowing to thin slivers as she focused on the dart board that hung across the way. In the center of the large circular target was a picture of Bayonetta, already filled with small holes.

She grabbed a dart from her desk, held it back and prepared to throw. Just as she was about to let it fly, she thought of a better idea. She shook her head, laughed and set the dart back down. William seemed relieved as he moved to retrieve the meal tray.

Before he could pick it up, Jeanne drew her custom Parabellum hand canon from its holster and aimed

it with practiced ease. The weapon discharged loudly and the dartboard shattered into a dozen pieces as the impact left a charred hole in the wall. Shards of wood, wallpaper and foam rained down in a smokey, tumbled mess.

Jeanne stared at it for a few moments, looking for Cereza's face in the scorched rubble. She found nothing. A thin smile spread across her lips as she holstered the weapon and turned to leave.

“Clean that up and have it painted over. I have other calls to make upstairs.”

The startled butler lowered his arms from around his head as Jeanne sauntered past him.

“Yes, Mistress...”