

## Bayonetta's Abuse X – The Ties That Bind

**\*knock knock knock\***

James awoke to three courtesy taps on the door followed by a key-card lock releasing. The door opened and two men entered. James pulled himself up into a sitting position, leaning against the upright portion of the hospital style bed he'd spent the night in.

There were some pieces of medical equipment to his right and left that had been used to check his condition when he first arrived, but the room didn't look like it belonged in a hospital otherwise. There were chairs, couches and tables with magazines on the other side of the room, a private bathroom and a small kitchen area to the side. As detention areas went, it was quite nice. The only disconcerting feature was the total lack of windows.

They had blind folded James for the last fifteen minutes of the journey to wherever he was now. He had yet to meet the young woman he spoke to on the phone or anyone of prominence in the Lumen organization, but it looked like that was about to change.

Upon arriving on the premises and being brought to this room, the armed men who had taken him into custody had told him to remove his gimp suit, shower and change into fresh clothes at his leisure. They also instructed him to eat and drink what he wanted and that he would be debriefed the next day.

As James watched the two strange new figures stride into the room, he couldn't decide if he felt more like a patient or a prisoner.

The first man was striking; tall and well toned with a helmet of curly golden hair. His intense green eyes suggested that he was all business; a man of purpose who didn't suffer fools gladly. He wore a flowing white robe with golden shoulder pieces and metal clasps that proceeded in a line down the center of his chest and torso.

His white pants terminated in white leather boots. A yellow and gold emblem depicting the sun was embroidered on the upper right quadrant of his chest. The man carried himself with an air of dignity; having the poise of an older man despite his still youthful features. His hands were clasped behind his back.

The second man was shorter and much more bulky; his musculature evident through his black business suit and white collared shirt. He wore conventional dress shoes and was carrying a briefcase and what appeared to be a laptop bag. A pair of shades covered his eyes and a golden sun emblem was pinned to his lapel.

The two figures stopped as they neared the end of the bed. The tall man scanned James up and down briefly before his eyes drifted to the side and he observed the collar, leash and gimp suit lying over the back of a chair. His eyes returned to James and although he did his best to hide it, a glimmer of annoyance and disgust was apparent in his piercing eyes and tightening jawline.

“Hello James. I am Father Olvey and this is Vicar Haydn” he said gesturing to his well built companion. “We've met once before, but I suspect you don't remember that?”

“No” James replied, folding his arms over his chest. The shirt and shorts he'd been given were plain white, save for the sun symbol on the upper right of his chest.

“As I thought...” Father Olvey reached for a chair and pulled it to the end of the bed; his assistant following suit. “Please bear with us. There's a lot to explain.”

James nodded as they took their seats and Haydn set down the things he was carrying.

“I'm sure this all seems very incredible to you” Olvey continued. “Not just where you find yourself now but some of the things you've seen over the last... well, it's been almost a year since you left us.”

“You could say that” James replied dryly, his patience barely containing an outburst demanding to know what the fuck they'd done to him.

“We're very interested to hear about those things that you've seen, but I fully realize you'll want to see some good faith from us before any details will be forthcoming.”

Father Olvey leaned forward slightly, his elbows leaning onto the arm rests and his hands folding into an arch below his chin.

“When we send people on missions such as the one you've undertaken, operational security is paramount. So we use young men like yourself. Initiates who haven't been with us long, who don't know any secrets and who don't have as much history that needs to be obscured.”

“What was the mission, exactly?” James interjected.

“Oh come now! You're a smart lad. You must have figured that out by now. Haydn, confirm his suspicions.”

The strong man spoke for the first time. “To infiltrate the Umbra, as much as any man can. To uncover what you could about them and their plans. To discover their base of operations in this region.”

“And if I never learned any of that? What then?”

“There was a kill-switch in your mental programming. The conditions were finding their base or two years elapsing. Reaching either would trigger you to escape at the first available opportunity.”

“It's important to point out” Olvey spoke up “that you took this assignment of your own free will.”

“I assume you have some way to verify that.”

“Of course” Olvey said, gesturing to his lieutenant once more.

Haydn reached for the laptop bag; unzipping it and retrieving the slim computer from its holster. He rose from his chair, placing the laptop on the rolling table to James' left. He opened the screen and hit

the power button. The system booted up as he swung the table into James' view.

Haydn opened a folder, selected a video file and hit play before stepping back. An image of James sitting in an office appeared. He seemed to be on a psychologist's couch with the doctor speaking to him just off camera.

“You know why we're recording this, right?”

“Yeah. Today's the last day before the big op. We need to record something for me once it's all over... in case my memories don't come back readily.”

“And you're prepared to take that risk?”

“Yes. I want to be a full fledged member of the Lumen. It's what my father would've wanted too.”

“Why is that?”

“Dad always said that the world is full of hidden evil... and someone needs to shine a light on it. That makes sense to me. If this is the best way I can help, so be it.”

“What about the rest of your friends and family? Your girlfriend?”

“My mom's been gone even longer than dad. There's no one else in the picture other than Heather. It'll be hard on her, I know, but she understands... She's been very supportive. Her family are involved with the Lumen too, so I'm sure she wants me to do well here.”

“Do you know why you were chosen for this mission, James?”

“Other than what I just told you? No, but if I had to guess, it's because I gave you favorable responses when you probed me on-”

Haydn hit the stop button on the laptop before closing the screen and removing it from the table. He sat back down and long moments passed. A pin drop could have been heard over the soft thrumming of the building's ventilation system.

“It was your father's dying wish that you become a member of this organization” Olvey stated as he sat back in his chair. “I knew your father well. He was a good man.”

“And how do I know that you didn't brainwash me with that entire backstory? That could all be fabricated too.”

Olvey chuckled. “James, when it comes to altering the mind, you can “what if?” all day. We're telling you the truth. If you choose not to believe us at this moment, I understand. Trust must be earned. What I would ask is that you work with us to help restore your old memories. As your past comes back to you, I think you'll find that trust will come easier.”

James' eyes narrowed.

*'Or you'll just brainwash me into believing these “memories” so I cooperate with you.'*

“And what if I don't want those memories back? If I'm not interested in my old life anymore?”

“Well, that would be a terrible loss for the Lumen Sages and for a woman who cares about you a great deal. We would release you, of course, after a few debriefing sessions with our team.” Olvey rose from his seat and adjusted his gloves. Haydn followed his lead, picking up his bag and briefcase. “But before you make a decision of that weight, I think you owe it to Heather to at least meet with her. She's been waiting a very long time to see you.”

James swallowed involuntarily. The voice he'd heard over the phone had been undeniably familiar and he didn't doubt that the concern in her voice was real. Was she brainwashed too? Would they go that far to create cover for an operation like this?

“Fair enough. I'll see her.”

“Good. She'll be sent in shortly. Before we go, I need to perform a simple check” Olvey said, raising one outstretched hand and pointing it at James.

“A check? What kind of check?”

“It's just to see if you're touched by any Umbra magic. Anything that could place us in jeopardy. It won't hurt a bit.”

James had serious doubts about Olvey's intentions, but he was in no position to protest. Besides, if this strange priest really was about to perform some kind of magic, he wanted to see if it was at all similar to Umbra techniques.

“Very well” he replied, unfolding his arms and placing his hands at his sides on the bed. “Do your thing.”

Olvey closed his eyes and entered deep concentration. He mumbled a few indecipherable words and his hand began glowing a pale white. The brightness of it magnified and James began to feel light headed.

“Bayonetta...” he spoke suddenly.

James eyes opened wide. He knew of Mistress!

The light swirled and concentrated around his hand. Olvey said nothing for a few moments.

“Jeanne...”

*'What the hell...?'* James attempted to decipher his actions, but felt increasingly faint the longer the “check” continued.

Olvey was silent a few more moments.

“Alexia...”

The light around his hand grew brighter and more intense. James' eyes strained to stay open, the mental

fatigue becoming too great. It felt like he was going to pass out any second.

The light faded away and Olvey returned his hand to behind his back.

“Good news!” he announced with a smug smile on his face. “You're clean.”

Olvey and Haydn headed for the exit, the latter sliding his key card through the lock, opening it and stepping through. The former stayed behind a moment.

“Welcome back, James! We'll talk again soon. Until then, do make yourself comfortable and enjoy your reunion.” He nodded to James with a self-satisfied grin before making his way out, the door locking behind him.

*'Dammit!'*

Now that he could think again, James had a good idea what Olvey had just done. He slid off the bed and began pacing around the room. Getting the blood flowing again would help him ruminate.

*'That was the old “Don't think of an elephant” trick.'*

When you make a mental suggestion to someone, they can't help but think of whatever it is you're suggesting. Not unless the person is in a deep meditative state of some kind. Olvey must have prompted him with the figures he was most interested in and then rooted around in his mind for clues.

Clearly that hadn't been enough to get everything he wanted, but it hardly mattered. James was trapped here and if he refused to cooperate, he suspected that the “debriefing sessions with our team” would simply be a fresh brainwash, at which point he would do whatever they wanted.

The longer he stayed here, the greater danger he was in of losing all mental autonomy... again.

**\*knock knock knock\***

The rapping on the door announced itself for the second time that day. The lock clicked open and in walked a young woman who James could only presume was Heather.

She was a lovely young woman with long brunette hair that draped down the right side of her head in a luscious, dark wave. Her eyes were light, gleaming sapphires, growing more hopeful by the second as she took in James' form. Her arms and shoulders were bare, her dark blue one-piece dress held up by two thin spaghetti straps. She wore a silky choker necklace with the sun emblem of the Lumen fixed at the center.

“James!!!”

She rushed to him as fast as she could in her heels and embraced him. Her eyes were filled with tears by the time her face met his chest, her sobs leaking all over his plain, white shirt. She locked her arms around him and held him for a time, her reactions a combination of crying, sniffing and laughing in delirious joy.

James had no idea how to react. He didn't stop her, but he made no move to reciprocate either. Whether

they had a real past together or her memories of him were fake hardly mattered. He'd never know for sure and he had no connection to her now. That said, he had no desire to hurt her. He would let her down as gently as he could.

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The sunlight gleamed across the leather and latex of Bayonetta's costume as she stood atop the tall office building. She gazed down at the location James' tracking device had led her to. After the previous incident with Jeanne, she had begun embedding the latest Umbra tracking technology in every collar and bondage suit that she fitted for James. After borrowing a car from Monique and stopping at her safe house for a change of clothes and some supplies, she'd made excellent time.

The tracking was an over-abundance of caution, perhaps, but it had paid off massively. Not only would she get her slut boy property back in record time, but he had led her to a jackpot. After scanning the building and watching the traffic entering and leaving for the last couple hours, she had no doubt. This was a Lumen operations site.

She pulled out a phone from her pocket, made sure the outgoing call was encrypted and dialed Umbra HQ.

“Hello. This is reception.”

“This is agent B-14111219. Put me through to Special Ops once you confirm.”

The curvy Witchinatrix pulled a lollipop from a pouch in her bodysuit and gave it a long suck as she waited for assistance.

“Voice and designation confirmed. Hello, Bayonetta. I'll transfer you.”

Several moments passed before a cheerful voice picked up the line.

“Oh! Hey there Cereza! That's you, right?”

“Hey Roxy. I'm glad you're on duty. I got an important job for you.”

“Ooooh, what'd you find?”

“I'd rather not say. Don't want to get you in any trouble.”

“Oh... Okay. Just tell me what you need, then!”

“I'm sending you coordinates right now. I want this entire building scraped. Hack in and collect every piece of data you can before sundown. That's when I'm going in. There's at least one item of importance that can't be taken digitally.”

“No problem. You want backup?”

“Negative. Not unless I fail to report in by midnight. In that case, maybe think about sending someone to investigate.”

“Roger that! Happy hunting Bayonetta!”

“Thank you, darling.”

Bayonetta ended the call and took another look down at the Lumen site. Now that she'd displayed the bare minimum of prudence, it was time to do a little investigating of her own.

She walked across the rooftop looking for a good out-of-the-way spot where she could sit. She found it on the opposite side of the large square structure that provided exit from the building to the roof. Bayonetta sat on the cool concrete with her back to the wall; a nearby water tower providing additional shade and obscuring her further. She entered the lotus position, closed her eyes and began breathing deeply. Within seconds, the outline of her latex clad body was glowing a soft purple hue.

A spectral butterfly appeared before the serenely still Bayonetta as her long black hair flowed gently in the breeze. It began to flit about and Cereza's consciousness went with it. The translucent figure flapped its wings, pushing it towards the edge of the roof. Before long it was gliding downward, the wind carrying it to the target of her interest below.

This form was skillful at camouflage, capable of blending in with whatever environment it found itself in. Still, she would need to be cautious, as any Lumen elder that may be on site could potentially detect her magic if she got too close.

The butterfly dove through brick and concrete as easily as a fish glides through water. It plunged through walls, ceilings and floors as she began to search the rooms of the compound; looking for James and any rooms or targets of importance.

Almost all of the men and women she came across were ordinary people, having no arcane aura or only the weakest hints of magical ability. A combination of worker civilians and Lumen cadets, most likely. The minutes stretched on and Bayonetta's spectral form passed through dozens of rooms and several floors before at last finding what she was looking for.

There was James in a comfortable enough holding facility. Cereza breathed a sigh of relief. She moved in closer, taking up position in one corner of the room and becoming the proverbial “fly on the wall.” He was sitting in a chair opposite a young women, talking with her at length. Bayonetta studied her features, taking special note of the symbol on her choker.

*'Hmmm... what have we here? Some Lumen hussy trying to sweet talk my pet?'*

“It's not just that I don't remember you” James said, sympathy evident in his warm eyes. “It's that, even if I did, I wouldn't be able to trust those memories. If you've ever laid down on that couch, I don't know if you can trust yours either.”

“You're saying that our entire relationship could be fabricated?”

“Yes.”

“But why would they do that?!?”

“Why mess with people's minds to begin with? To get what they want, of course.”

“James, we are dealing with very dangerous women, here. Beings that have more power than anyone rightfully should. Surely you must have seen that!”

“I did” he admitted. “And yet, along the way, one of them earned my trust.” He looked at the floor a few moments before raising his eyes to meet hers again. “My trust... and something else.”

A light gasp passed from Heather's mouth involuntarily. Her eyes welled up again as she realized what he was saying.

“That's not fair! I've been waiting a year!!! We talked about a life together! And now you're back and you've fallen for some... WITCH?!?”

“I'm sorry, Heather. As sorry as I can be to someone I don't even know.”

Her expression turned bitter. Those last words seemed to cut the hardest. The truth often does.

“No! I'm not listening to this” Heather stood, fumbling with her purse and wiping fresh tears from her eyes. “You're going to see the doctors. They're going to help you get your memories back and everything's going to be fine!”

James stayed seated, sighing lightly as he let her vent.

“I'll be back later” Heather announced, avoiding eye contact with him as she hurried to the door. She swiped her card and exited, a calamity of emotions.

Satisfied, Bayonetta tore her gaze from James and flitted through the wall. She watched Heather storm off down a series of hallways until she disappeared. The butterfly's small, light bending form glided in the opposite direction, exploring the rest of the floor before diving down to the next.

Her search continued through a maze of offices, laboratories and storage rooms. As she neared the bottom of the complex, a bright glowing light in the distance revealed what Bayonetta had been seeking. Even through multiple floors and walls the aura of a powerful Lumen sorcerer was evident. A second glowing frame, much less intense but still visible, indicated another figure in their hierarchy.

Cereza homed in on it carefully, gliding into a vent as she got closer to the room from which the energies emanated. She fluttered to a stop on the edge of an air grate, peering down at two men sitting in a well furnished office.

“So he's been in contact with all three then?”

“In the case of Alexia, I think he was only in her presence once, though it's hard to tell from just a cursory scan. The other two, certainly, and 'contact' is definitely the right word. From all the memories I glimpsed, I'd hate to tell you what percentage of them involved degenerate sex. It seems like they tortured him non-stop.”



“Is it really torture if you enjoy it?”

“I'd rather not dwell on the thought. Regardless, he's a valuable resource. Once we extract what we need, he should be reset as quickly as possible. He can be dispatched to other regions and sniff out more lairs.”

“The scrying revealed nothing else of value?”

“Oh, I wouldn't say that. He definitely spoke with Bayonetta of the witch's powers and how they've gotten stronger. It all but confirms my suspicion that the demon they forged a contract with is *Marioch*. They gave him a ridiculous nickname, but based on her words and what we already know, I'm confident it's him. I think we should review the summoning rites in preparation. Something to do while we wait for Heather to soften him up. How long until the relic arrives?”

“Two days if there are no hold ups.”

“Good. There's no point in assaulting the Umbra until we have the upper hand, so we can be patient with James for now. If he drags his feet too much or refuses to cooperate, we'll just have to do this the hard way. You know what to do?”

“Study the rites. Secure the relic.”

“Excellent. If all goes well, you're in line for a promotion and advanced training. That's all for now. You're dismissed.”

“Thank you, Father Olvey.”

Bayonetta's spectral form began drifting upward as the man in shades rose to leave. Its wings flapped harder the further she ascended from the glowing Lumen figures, the compound's floors rushing by faster until the arcane butterfly shot through the roof of the building and disintegrated in the cool autumn air.

Her eyes opened and Cereza's lips curled into a wicked smile.

*'This is the chance of a lifetime.'*

\* \* \* \* \*

Bayonetta stalked the hallways of the Lumen compound, her boot heels clacking on the tile in the otherwise quiet facility. She strode with confidence, closing in on her objective but keeping her guard up in case any surprises were lurking.

She had entered the building through a back entrance shortly after nightfall and spent the last half hour taking out guards quietly. There were surprisingly few personnel left given the size of the facility. That probably meant they weren't holding much of value here and this sect's objective was primarily recon. That tracked with the conversation she'd heard earlier; Father Olvey's personal ambitions aside.

She was prepared to kill any resisters if necessary, but she hadn't needed to yet. Between the element of surprise and her witch-time speed, knocking them out had been easy. The application of a minor sleep spell ensured that the guards would be sleeping for at least the next three hours.

Cereza had moved to the central security office straight away, taking out the guard there first and stuffing his snoozing body in a closet. She had disabled their alarm system and damaged it beyond repair before turning off every camera in the facility other than the one in James' room. She was approaching that room now, a pilfered lanyard dangling from her belt with a key-card at the end of it.

The door unlocked and Bayonetta walked in casually, already knowing what she'd find. Sure enough, James was still leafing through a magazine and the young woman was asleep on a couch, just as she'd seen on the security monitor.

Upon seeing his Femdom Goddess, James' eyes widened and he dropped the magazine. He opened his mouth to speak, but was immediately cut off by Bayonetta bringing the tip of one gun to her lips.

“Shhhhh....” she said with a wink.

She holstered her guns, quietly closed the door behind her and made her way to the sleeping Heather. Bayonetta stood over the prone brunette, her body blocking out the ceiling lights and casting a shadow on her. Cereza's perfume and the rubber scent of her costume washed over the young woman as Heather started to stir.

“Hello dear.”

Heather's eyes flew open.

“I'm so very glad you stayed.”

Heather shrieked and half-rose, half-stumbled off the couch. She recoiled from the dark haired figure in terror, Bayonetta standing head and shoulders taller in her gleaming bodysuit, shiny leather boots and tower of jet black hair. Heather began babbling as she worked to steady herself and flee from Bayonetta's range

“WITCH! UMBRA!!! HELP!!!”

Bayonetta grabbed her by the hair and yanked her back. She wrapped her left arm stiffly around the brunette's neck and grasped her right arm with the other. She spoke into the flailing girl's ear directly.

“No one's listening.”

“HELLLLPPPPPPP!!!” she yelled again, waving to the hidden camera in the ceiling with her free arm.

“No one's watching either.”

Heather wacked Bayonetta with the back of her fist, then threw her elbow into the Domina's side in desperation. Both blows were weak. Cereza sighed and increased the pressure on the sides of her neck, careful not to restrict her airflow.

James had risen and was closing in on the two, watching the scuffle with rapt attention.

“Cereza! Wait! She hasn't-”

“Relax!” Bayonetta called over the struggling woman. “She's just going to sleep. Isn't that right, dear?”

Heather's flailing grew weaker and her eyes rolled back as her eyelids fluttered to a close. She exhaled and then made a sucking half-snore before she stopped moving altogether. Bayonetta dragged her back towards the couch set her down lightly.

She rose and James was waiting for her. They embraced smoothly, entering a deep lover's kiss, but not a long one. James felt her lovely curves up and down only briefly before breaking away from her lips and grasp.

“Time to go, right?”

Bayonetta grinned at him, nodding at his gimp suit in the corner. “Get dressed.”

“Wha... wouldn't it be better just to grab it? I can put it on aft-”

“We're not leaving yet.”

“.....What?!?”

\* \* \* \* \*

**\*WHAP\***

A leather crop snapped against Heather's thigh and she began to stir. Her eyes drifted open and the first thing she noticed was how full her mouth was. It had been stuffed with some kind of rubber ball and the device was strapped around her face.

The next thing she realized was that she couldn't move any of her limbs. Her hands, arms, legs and torso were thoroughly duct-taped to the chair she was sitting in. She tried to wiggle herself, but all it did was jar the chair slightly. She talked into her gag, but all it produced was moist, muffled sounds.

Bayonetta stepped into view and put the end of her crop directly below Heather's chin, guiding her gaze upward.

“Ah, good. You woke up just in time! The show is about to begin.”

The sultry Witchinatrix turned and strutted a few paces, giving Heather a better view of the room. She was situated near the bed James had been staying in. Another chair sat opposite the one she was in, at the end of the bed. James was standing near it, adorned in his black latex gimp suit, collar and leash.

Bayonetta turned again and sat down in the chair, now staring directly at the gagged and bound young woman. She reached over and grabbed James' leash, giving it a gentle tug and gesturing to her lap.

“Face down Cheshire. Hold onto the edge, there.”

James followed her directions, still in disbelief that they were doing this in a Lumen stronghold. He lowered himself down gently, his stomach across her legs and his hands grasping the hard exterior on the frame of the hospital bed.

**\*whap\* \*whap\***

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP\***

Her crop sang out, delivering stings to his cheeks through the thick, black latex covering his ass. She altered between right and left cheeks, making sure they got equal treatment. James exhaled sharply, his ass not fully recovered from Monique's stern attentions the night before.

**\*WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP\***

“How does that feel, Cheshire?”

“Very good, Mistress!”

The crop clattered to the floor. Bayonetta drew her arm back in a long arc before swatting into his bottom powerfully.

**\*SMACK\***

**\*SMACK\***

The sound of latex gloves colliding with a latex encased posterior was undeniably distinct. Unmistakable. Immensely arousing. At least to Bayonetta and James, if not the horrified woman being made to watch.

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

“How about that, slave?”

“It feels wonderful, Mistress!”

The pain was growing, but it wasn't alone. Monique's blows had delivered a rush of endorphins, but not this kind of joy. It was different when Mistress spanked his aching bottom. Each blow was exquisite pleasure. Each sting elicited a new moan.

“Which do you prefer? The crop or my hand?”

“Your hand, Mistress!”

Bayonetta let out a throaty chuckle. “Good choice, slut.”

**\*SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK\***

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Cereza stopped, reaching over to grab James' chin and pulling his face to the side so Heather could see him clearly.

“See that color, young lady? That shade of red? How relaxed his face looks? How his eyes beg for more?” Bayonetta turned her steely gaze to Heather. “That only happens when a man is enjoying himself.”

“YYYYUHHH BBBIIHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!” Heather pulled at her bonds uselessly, the chair scraping on the floor as she channeled her pent up energy into a futile tantrum.

**\*SMACK\***

Bayonetta smiled after delivering a final swat. “Stand up, Cheshire.”

James gingerly picked himself up from her lap and stood. Bayonetta followed suit, raising her boot and kicking the chair behind her. Her cock now displayed prominently in the front of her suit, already close to its full erect length following the lovely spanking session.

“On your knees” she ordered, reaching down for the zipper on her costume and pulling it up gently. Her pendulous balls dropped out first, followed shortly by her unfathomably long, fleshy member. It was pulsing with hot lust and dripping with sweat and pre-cum.

Cereza pointed her fat, still stiffening rod at James' mouth and put her hands on her hips. “Do your job, slut.”

James pressed his lips against the tip and pushed his face onto her glistening shaft. He sucked loudly as he shuffled forward, taking as much of her pungent penis down his throat as he could in one stroke. He reached for Bayonetta's legs, steadying himself as he put his lips and tongue to work, moving his mouth back and forth across her succulent phallus as little pockets of air escape his mouth and the room filled with the sounds of sloppy cock worship.

“Mmmm... taste good, slut? It's been stewing in my latex suit all day. Getting nice and sweaty. I stroked myself a few times, but I haven't cum since last night. I've got a nice, big load for you... filthy bitch.”

Heather grunted into her gag as she watched her husband-to-be sucking over a foot of fat shemale dick. She turned her head and gazed at the door, hoping against hope that someone would barge in and end this repulsive nightmare. There was a chair propped up against the door handle, just in case Bayonetta had missed anyone. She was a cautious woman.

Cereza reached down and knocked James' hands from her legs before staring down at him sternly.

“Hands behind your back! I don't want to see them again.”

James complied and she took hold of his head, pulling his face more firmly onto her monster prick. Her slimy pole burrowed deeper between his moist lips and into his silky throat. Cereza let out a loud moan as she bottomed out. She mashed his nose into her sweaty pubis; her massive balls coming to a rest



She dropped the leash and delivered several swats to his ass, fresh searing pain and pleasure arcing through his well abused flesh. James moaned out his own climax as his prostate pulsed white hot. His Goddess filled him with her warm, luscious cream; his own cum exploding into the tight confines of his sweaty gimp suit.

Cereza pumped him for dozen more strokes, cum seeping out from the ring of his pucker until her cock was fully spent. She backed up slowly, breathing heavily as her jizz slathered cum pipe slurched free of his ass; a stream of sticky paste evacuating his body in her wake.

James waited for his rapidly beating heart to calm. He'd been hanging onto the bed sheets for dear life without even realizing it. He couldn't believe what they'd just done in front of Heather or how much cum Mistress had packed into his depths.

James knew she got off on danger from their close call in the mud pit. She seemed to enjoy exhibition as well, based on their lewd display in the Umbra prison ward. This little spectacle had turned Cereza on even more.

Was it the humiliation and anger she'd coaxed from Heather? Whatever it was, the circumstances had generated a powerful aphrodisiac for his well endowed Goddess. As James watched what she did next, he could tell she was still high on power and control.

Bayonetta strode back to Heather deliberately, her gloved hand sliding up and down her deflating cock. She gathered webs of cum in her latex palm as she looked down at the bound woman contemptuously.

“He's not yours. He never was. You can't make him happy.”

She pressed her filthy cum smeared latex fingers firmly into Heather's face, gliding them up and running them through her hair. Strings of Cereza's gooey filth sopped into her brunette locks and ran down her face. Heather growled into her gag, a portrait of helpless frustration. She tried to shake her chair, but Bayonetta held it steady. The curvy Domina ducked down, her eyes locking onto her slighted prisoner.

“You have spirit, girl. I'll give you that much. Shame that you've fallen in with a bunch of robed throwbacks. Silly boys that worship hierarchy and outdated social norms. You could've been your own woman. Still could, perhaps...”

Bayonetta tapped Heather on the nose and then rose to her full height. She pulled her front zipper down, tucking her limp cock and heavy scrotum back into her latex bodysuit.

“Something to think about while you suck on that rubber ball for the next eight to ten hours and try not to piss yourself. I wonder how long you'll last?”

Heather's eyes bulged as she realized the cruel witch was going to leave her like this.

Cereza turned and walked back to the bed, retrieving her crop along the way. She gazed up at the security camera in the ceiling, offering it a little wave and then blowing a kiss. The Lumen would have quite the video waiting for them in the morning.

James was now standing by the bed, reaching behind himself and trying in vain to seal the ass flap of

his suit. Bayonetta ducked behind him and zippered it up smoothly; his bruised, cum glazed ass now locked in latex once more. She pressed her breasts against his back and circled her arms around his chest, putting her well abused slut boy at ease.

“Alright Cheshire, now we can go.”

\* \* \* \* \*

It had been a long walk to where Cereza had parked Monique's bright red Maserati, but the two now rested in its comfy leather seats. Their escape from the Lumen facility had gone without incident and Bayonetta was on her phone, waiting to report in. She drummed her fingers along the steering wheel as her patience grew thin.

“Hey Cereza!”

“Roxy? Still there, huh?”

“I wasn't leaving until I heard from you.”

“Thanks. Did you get a lot of data?”

“A fair amount, yes. I see why you didn't want to tell me about it up front... Still, Alexia is gonna have a cow when she learns you didn't escalate a Lumen site immediately.”

“Let her. I had my reasons. See you tomorrow?”

“Roger that. Goodnight!”

Bayonetta ended the call and tossed her phone on the dash. She turned to James, her eyes glowing in the dim light of the darkened car.

“Hey. I know that was a little foolhardy, but as soon as I saw...”

“Heather” James filled in the blank.

“Yeah, her. I just felt like making a statement, you know? Hope it didn't freak you out...”

“It was hot. I'd be lying if I said otherwise.”

Cereza laughed. A smile spread across her face as she folded her hands behind her head and leaned back.

“So, you were a honey trap all along.”

“So it seems. You had no idea?”

“I had my suspicions, but once I fell for you, it didn't matter.”



“I've been involved with the Lumen... that's not going to be a problem?”

“The only problem is if you're not by my side.”

James smiled and blushed deeply. Her daring and confidence were as intoxicating as her accent. She really was a woman that followed her passions, throwing everything else to the wind. The scariest thought he'd contended with that day is that this revelation might end their relationship. Perhaps it was a foolish doubt, given how strong their commitment had grown, but it had entered his mind nonetheless. James couldn't care less about his former life. All he wanted was to be with her.

“The thing that made me run last night. They called it a 'kill-switch.' It's not likely, but I suppose it's possible there could be more than one lurking in my mind.”

Bayonetta turned, leaning on her shoulder as she gazed at her pet. “Hmmm... so you're saying their conditioning could cause you to act out or run away at any time.”

“Yes. That's what I'm saying.”

Cereza leaned in closer, the leather of the seats creaking as she inched towards James. “Well, that is worrisome. Thankfully, I have the solution... I'll just have to keep you locked up at all times from now on.”

James followed suit, leaning in as their blushing cheeks, shimmering eyes and hungry lips grew closer.

“What a shame.”

They kissed long and deep, their tongues entwined until Bayonetta climbed into the passenger seat. She pulled the lever to release the chair back and mashed James down into the rippling leather as their lips locked once again.

Cold air gusted against the car, but their latex clad bodies grew ever warmer as their bodysuits meshed and gripped one another. Their kissing and petting intensified as the pale light of a crescent moon bathed them through the frosty windshield.

Their every anxiety faded away and all was right with the world.