

Bayonetta's Abuse VIII

Lurid Revelations

James' eyes opened for the first time in what felt like days, his pupils slowly adjusting to the light. He took stock of his dismal surroundings and immediately his memories flooded back. His kidnapping, the battle with Jeanne and being hauled away by the mysterious colleagues of his lover and dominatrix, Bayonetta.

He examined the small room from the top bunk of a prison bed and found his dark seductress sleeping soundly in the bottom bunk below. It was mostly quiet in the cage of cement and steel, though the chatter of other prisoners and the clang of metal doors broke the silence occasionally.

He gazed down at his buxom Mistress. The black leather and latex of her costume hugged her curves perfectly and her long black hair was a silken mass beneath her. Cereza's chest rose and fell in gentle rhythm, a placid look on her snow white face.

So much had happened since he met his beautiful *domme*. Much of it was completely unbelievable. Yet here he was in a holding facility, captive again, this time to an entire group of crazed, supernaturally powerful women. Was women even the right word? The massive bulges in their body suits certainly begged the question, yet in every other regard they were undoubtedly female.

James waited for his grogginess to dissipate before sliding off the mattress and hitting the ground with a thud. He began to stretch his limbs, the latex of his bondage suit creaking as he forced blood to flow to his arms and legs more freely. The room was somewhat chilly and he was glad, for once, to have the thick fetish gear keeping him snug and warm.

The chains, padlocks and other restraints Jeanne had added to his suit had all been removed, presumably so he didn't piss himself during his stay. He said a silent *thank you* for that and crossed the short distance to the toilet, relieving himself as Bayonetta began to stir behind him.

She sat up slowly, the old, beaten-down mattress barely moving as she shifted her weight. "Ugh... these beds are dreadful."

"Tell me about it" James replied as he turned to greet her. "I felt like I was laying on a slab of granite."

He stepped back toward the bed and offered his hand to her. "Stiffness aside, how are you feeling Mistress?"

She took his hand and stood from the pitiful bunk, her leather boots hitting the floor with loud taps and her lungs filling with air as her dark hair flowed outward. She pressed her body against him, her hands caressing his sides and back as she looked deeply in his eyes. "I'm fine. The fight with psycho bitch took it out of me, but I've always been swift to recover... As you are well aware by now."

Their lips met in a full, wet kiss; their arms circling each other warmly. She groped him thoroughly

through his latex suit as their tongues explored deeply and without hesitation. The temptation to do more was strong, but the time for answers had come and James was not about to be derailed. He broke the kiss and took a step back, looking at her intently.

“By *psycho bitch* I take it you mean your good friend Jeanne? The one who kidnapped me and tried to kill you?”

She looked away, her expression shifting from affectionate to annoyed. “I thought she'd turned over a new leaf. I suppose I should know better by now, but... Jeanne and I have been friends and enemies many times before. It looks like we're enemies again.”

“I see, but that tells me nothing about who you are and why we're here.”

Bayonetta raised her arms straight up, stretching herself leisurely. “Do we have to do this right now?”

James folded his arms, a determined look on his face. “Yes, Cereza, we do. We're in a jail cell, we have nothing but time, and I think I deserve some answers after what I've been through.”

She sighed, her arms falling back at her sides and then crossing below her ample breasts. She leaned against the bed frame and returned her gaze to James.

“I suppose you're right. Fine then... You already know what I am. I told you that much during our dinner date. And by now you should realize that there are many like me. We call ourselves *Umbra* witches and we have many covens throughout the world. We have a headquarters in the city and that's where we're currently being held.”

James nodded. Her revelations tracked with what he'd witnessed thus far. “What did I see when you and Jeanne fought? Was that some kind of magic? Whatever it was, I think she used it on me when she kidnapped me.”

“It's no trick, I can assure you. Our powers are potent and very real. The *Umbra* witches have spent centuries learning to pierce the veil between the mortal realm and the celestial order. We study the occult, unearth its secrets and summon its specters and demons to do our bidding. Those beings who cooperate and do us no harm, we learn from. The malevolent ones we fight, seal away, and take their power for our own.”

“So, you're the *Ghost Busters* then?”

Bayonetta chuckled. “Not exactly, but that's an interesting parallel now that you mention it.”

“Isn't that the purpose of your group, more or less?”

“It's one of our many tasks, but each *Umbra* decides for herself what her own goals are. We have laws by which all *Umbra* must abide. Laws that Jeanne has just broken, but in the end the only things we have in common are the pursuit of knowledge and the empowerment of women.”

“The *Umbra* are female only, I take it?”

“Correct.”

“Are there no men summoning spirits and channeling dark powers in the world?”

“Oh, they do exist. They tend toward corruption much more easily though, so we keep them on a short leash. They formed an order called the *Lumen* that's almost as old as ours. Silly boys...”

“It sounds like you don't take them seriously.”

“Only when we have to, which isn't often.”

A smile spread across Bayonetta's lips, her dark blue eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. It was clear she was enjoying the conversation much more than when it began.

James smiled back. On the face of it, her answers were incredible, yet nothing she said was inconsistent with what he'd seen. He thought for a few moments before speaking again.

“All this power you've gained... What exactly is the price?”

“Price?”

“No power comes without price or responsibility. It sounds like you're responsible to no one but yourselves. So what's the catch?”

Cereza's smile faded, her tone becoming more sullen. “Clever Cheshire... Your questions pierce like arrows. Ask me again some other time. That's not a topic I wish to broach today.”

Recognizing he'd hit upon something sensitive, James made a mental note and moved on. “Alright, one last question, for now. What, if anything, does your order have to do with your...”

“Giant cock?” she interrupted, a grin returning to her face.

James blushed a deep shade of red. “Between you, Jeanne and your mutual friends, it wasn't likely to be a coincidence. Meeting more of the witches has only confirmed that.”

“We weren't always this way. Our *additional* sexual endowments are really quite recent. It was about thirty years ago...”

'Wait. Thirty years ago is "recent"?''

“...when we made contact with a demon we'd been attempting to reach for ages. His name has no real equivalent in the tongues of humanity, so the Umbra nick-named him “Phalleus.”

“Very subtle” James quipped.

Bayonetta laughed and nodded. “The old texts warned that he was powerful and seductive, so we took extreme care in our dealings with him. Like many of his kind, he took us for fools. He offered us power and tried to trick us into subservience, but his scheme backfired and as soon as we understood his magic, we sealed him away. Since then, we've had the power to bestow his gift on the entire sisterhood.”

“And the Umbra embraced it en mass?”

“**Absolutely**” she answered, her hand reaching down and beginning to rub the growing bulge in her tight bodysuit. “Although it has obvious advantages for sexual dominance, we found, over time, that it was much more than just a cock. It enhances our magical abilities and super charges our libido. It has increased our vitality in every way imaginable.”

“And the irony of this doesn't bother you at all?”

“Why should it? If utilizing a big, fat, male appendage paves the way to even greater female empowerment, why not embrace it? You certainly have... **slut.**”

James blushed again, his arms raising in surrender. “You got me there.”

Bayonetta closed her eyes, her breathing getting louder as she began to stroke herself more firmly through the shiny, black latex. Her gloved hand meshed and rubbed against the material audibly. Cereza's other hand unzipped the bottom half of her suit, allowing her stiff cock to spring free.

“In fact, I think you should get over here this instant and embrace it with your mouth.”

James watched her glide the black rubber of her glove up and down the thick, fleshy pole. Pre-cum oozed from the tip heavily as it continued to grow in size and rigidity. His every muscle was eager to oblige her, but the chatter of inmates became louder in the background, sparking his anxiety. He looked past the iron bars to see several other witches in cells across the hall now watching them intently.

“But... Mistress, they're right there!”

“So? We can put on a little show. I'm sure they'll enjoy it.”

“But what if the guards...?”

She crossed the short distance to him and grabbed James by the head and shoulders. Cereza pushed him down to his knees and brought her heavy cock to his lips. “Stop talking, **bitch**, and leave your mouth open!”

He obeyed her command, staring up at her with innocent eyes as she pulled his mouth over her engorged prick. Bayonetta's phallus was almost at full mast as it glided into his mouth. She shifted her grip to the back of his head, sawing her fat length in and out of his velvety maw. She moved slowly at first, but then more urgently as her cock was drenched in his warm saliva.

“One of these days you'll learn to **shut up** and **suck cock** when I tell you! It doesn't matter **where** we are! I'll fuck your face in Central Park if I damn well please! Now suck it good and loud! I want the whole cell block to hear your lips doing their job properly!”

James intensified his suction at her behest, his tongue wagging back and forth along the underside of her slick meat. He pleased her exquisitely, his arms at his sides as she made rough use of his sloppy mouth. Her sudden and very aggressive invasion had caught him off guard. The prisoners began egging Cereza on, the group of witches growing excited as she got louder and more demanding.

“Hands behind your back, **slave!** I may not have an arm binder, but I don't want to see your fucking hands while you **smoke my cock!**”

James folded his arms behind his back and grabbed his left wrist with his right hand, locking them together to the best of his ability. She was fucking his face in a steady rhythm now. His mouth glided along her thick, moist flesh and toward the opening in her suit where her smooth, heavy ball sack hung proudly. Her balls swayed back and forth with each thrust, smacking his chin as she bottomed out in his gripping throat.

“That's it, slave! You love this cock, don't you? Do you realize I haven't bathed since the fight with Jeanne? You're **sucking filthy cock** like a pro and you're not even gagging! Can you taste the sweat and latex? I bet you can... You love it too much, you **depraved slut!**”

His eyes began to water as she crammed the full length of her fat schlong down his throat repeatedly. The combination of physical domination and the overwhelming scent of rubber and pungent cock drove him wild, and he wasn't the only one.

Their public display had gotten Bayonetta worked up and the witches outside were growing louder and more horny. She moaned loudly, her latex clad fingers guiding him smoothly as he sucked her meaty pole with enthusiastic lip smacking.

After a long session of face fucking, Cereza pulled her cock from his drooling mouth and grabbed him by the arm. She pulled him to his feet and pointed at the cell door.

“**Hands on the bars!** Bend over, bitch boy!”

James scurried the short distance to the door and bent forward, taking hold of the cold iron bars with his hands. He could see some of the witches across the hall more clearly now. Many of them were at the edge of their cells, watching the entire scene with rapt attention. They began waving to him, cat calling, gesturing obscenely and stroking their cocks through their suits. He felt cool air on his ass crack seconds later as Bayonetta unzipped his suit below and began massaging his cheeks.

“Did you really think I was going to waste this chance to turn you into my **prison bitch?** Don't act like you're not enjoying this.”

“No, Mistress...”

She jammed two fingers into his soft pucker, working them in and out quickly.

“**NO** isn't in your vocabulary, **SLUT!**”

“Ye-Yes, Mistress!”

She opened him up with great haste, her need to be inside him desperate. Another finger slipped into his loosening hole, the latex digits gliding in and out hastily. Then, without a moments hesitation, she took firm hold of his hips, brought the tip of her rock hard cock to his boy pussy and plunged in deep and hard. The sensation took her breath away, the soft squeeze of his anal walls surrounded her length and bathed her in a heavenly aura.

“**AHHHHHHGGGHHHHHHH!!!!**”

The bars rattled as James yanked at them. Cereza had taken him countless times before, but this was her most sudden and primal. The witches outside howled as Bayonetta drove her entire engorged erection balls deep in her latex wrapped slut. Her breathing became steadily louder as she fucked him silly, loving every jolt of the metal door frame and the sexual frenzy they'd whipped up outside.

“Mmmmmm! Yes, **prison bitch** is the perfect role for you! Every woman in this hall would fuck you stupid and I bet you'd love every cock licking minute of it! Wouldn't you?”

“**YES MISTRESS!**” he yelled through gritted teeth.

The witches outside went completely crazy, the din of lust growing louder throughout the jail house. Most of them had pulled their cocks out and were jerking themselves with abandon. The sounds of zippers gliding open and the wet slickness of heavy fapping could be heard between the moans of the captive amazons. James had a front row seat as a plethora of curvy women pointed their fat dicks in his direction and pleased themselves.

“Mmmhmm...” Cereza continued between panted breaths. “Makes you wonder if these bars are a blessing or a curse? But I'm glad they're here. I'm not really in the mood to **SHARE.**”

She punctuated the word with an especially hard thrust. James groaned loudly as she dug deep into his ass and pressed his face into the bars. Her hips smacked into him audibly, her cock sinking to the hilt with every plunge. Bayonetta's face was flush with pleasure, her eyes burning with obsession as she reached down and grabbed her slave by the back of the neck. Their latex suits creaked and meshed together wetly as she pounded him into the cell door endlessly.

“Tell them how much you're enjoying this, Cheshire!”

“Yes Mistress! Fuck me harder please! **I love it!**”

She delivered a stinging smack to his ass with her other hand. “You can do better than that.”

James took a deep breath. The moaning and wet jerking of the women outside reached a crescendo as he opened his mouth to yell what he knew, in his heart, to be true. “**I'M A DEPRAVED COCK WHORE! I LOVE BONDAGE AND COCK! PLEASE FUCK MY FACE MISTRESS!!! TIE ME UP AND SIT ON MY FACE SO I CAN TONGUE YOUR GLORIOUS ASS!!!**”

Volleys of thick cum began firing out in all directions, raining down on the middle of the cell block as the witches entered orgasmic bliss one by one. Their pleased screams became a symphony of climax as thick white filth shot out of each cell in varying arcs. The sheer amount of creamy jizz the well-endowed witches produced was staggering, the pungent smell of fresh cum filling the entire building and driving them into even deeper sexual hysteria.

Bayonetta's impressive stamina was overcome by the sight and smell of the uncontrollable orgy, her hands quickly returning to James' hips as she delivered an especially vigorous thrust into his back passage and screamed out her climax.

“YES! **FUCK YES!!!** GGUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAGGGHHHHHHH!!!”

Her hot mess flooded his insides, bathing his ass, intestines and beyond with sticky spooge. James panted and cried out as she continued to rail him incessantly, her cum firing out in a seemingly endless stream. The thick batter squelched out of his ass and all over her mid section, coating both of their latex suits in a viscous layer. James' orgasm followed, the feeling of warm fullness and the nonstop stimulation of his prostate sending him over the edge.

“F-fuck.... I'm cumming Mistress! I... **AGGGGHHHHH!!!**”

His cum fired out all over the inside of his bondage suit, mingling with the sweat and latex as Bayonetta's river of paste continued blasting into his body. The marathon of cumshots and orgasmic wailing seemed like it would never end until the shrill cry of a whistle echoed through the hall.

“HEY! **ENOUGH!!!** What the hell is wrong with you whores? Fucking animals...”

Cereza withdrew from his ass and helped James up just before one of the Umbra enforcers stepped into view. James instantly recognized her as the woman in charge of the squad at Jeanne's. She was at least six feet tall and her long, blonde hair was pulled back in a neat pony tail. Like most of the witches, her curves were striking, and her black uniform accentuated her full hips and breasts. With her officer hat on, James couldn't help but think she looked like a dominatrix in Nazi gear.

The imposing woman was followed by two other guards, all of them carrying batons and guns similar to the ones Bayonetta and Jeanne sported. She peeked into the cell as Bayonetta zipped up her bodysuit and James wiped some of the cum from his thighs. The enforcer looked less than pleased as she approached the door, her boots squishing in sticky semen.

“Why am I not surprised? I wouldn't have left you two in the same cell if we had more vacancies, but there's been a lot of trouble makers lately.”

“Oops!” Bayonetta remarked with utter insincerity. “Long time no see, Kat.”

“Not long enough. The sooner you and Jeanne are out of my hair, the happier I'll be.”

“Are you sure? Why not step inside so we can catch up? It's much cozier than it looks! I wasn't planning on sharing my prize slut today, but I might make an exception for you.”

Bayonetta put on a smug grin and gave James a smack on the ass, causing him to jump. The enforcer sneered at them, unamused.

“Lunch is in thirty minutes. Your hearing is in two days. Cause any more trouble and I'm splitting you up, even if I have to throw *Romeo* here in a communal cell.”

“I'm sure we can behave ourselves, Miss... Kat?” James interjected bravely.

“That's Mistress Katherine to you, slave.” She scowled at Bayonetta one more time before turning to leave. “Looks like your sub has more sense than you do.”

She motioned to her guards and they turned to leave, the cum greased floor slowing their advance.

“Fuck! Radio the janitors and get one of them down here!”

Bayonetta watched the trio depart, shaking her head. “That woman never changes, but I suppose you have to be boring to be head of security.”

She turned back to James, a sensual smile reappearing as the afterglow of a powerful climax hummed around her.

James couldn't help but be taken in by her playfulness and charm. He admired how she handled tense situations with such ease. Even now, slathered in cum, sweat and standing in a dingy jail cell, her beauty still called out to him. He was irresistibly attracted to her mischievous personality and dominant sexuality, and there was no doubt in his mind that he always would be.

Cereza stepped forward, encouraged by the longing in his eyes. She pressed her body against his and cupped his ass with both hands. “So, how bout another round before lunch?”

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It had been a long day of court proceedings and James squirmed on the wooden bench, his ass still sore from the many lengthy fuckings Bayonetta had inflicted yesterday and throughout the night. The room was organized not unlike any courtroom you might see on TV; it was just larger. The architecture was a showcase of lacquered wood and marble.

The lighting, however, was very different. The room was as dark as a movie theater prior to the feature. Only sparse lighting shined down on most of the hall's furnishings. Brighter lights were cast on the podiums for plaintiff and defense, and also on the tall, long judge's bench and the seven chairs from which the Matron Justices issued their rulings. The front of the courtroom was empty now, the Matrons having retired to review the case.

“What happens if they don't reach a decision today?”

“Then you get to play prison bitch for one more night” Bayonetta answered with a wink.

James smirked. He would be her bitch regardless of where they stayed, but he was hardly interested in spending another day in that crisp cell with its terrible beds. He could only hope it would be avoided by what appeared to be a swift and unconventional system of justice.

Jeanne sat on the opposite end of the court room, looking somehow indignant and slightly nervous at the same time. She'd snuck a few glances over at Bayonetta and James from time to time, but kept her eyes forward and arms crossed for the most part.

James looked around the hall. He watched several of the Umbra come and go, making out what figures he could in the half-dark. Most of them were alone, but many had brought their submissives along with them. There were several other men, like himself, the collared property of various witches. They were all garbed in various fetish attire, presumably corresponding to whatever their Mistresses preferred.

He could contain his curiosity no longer and leaned towards Cereza with yet another probing question.

“I see a lot of couples like us, which I guess doesn't surprise me, but are there no other Umbra like Jeanne, who take females as slaves?”

“There are, just not many.”

“Why is that?”

“Well, for one thing, we're about **female empowerment**, or at least we're supposed to be. Then, there are biological reasons. When we undergo the ritual and receive our cock, it enhances many of our traits and abilities but it doesn't alter our sexual orientation. Therefore, the vast majority of Umbra are still attracted to men and seek out male slaves. Umbra that were lesbian or bi remain that way too, and will seek out female slaves, but they are a minority.”

James nodded. It made sense in a completely twisted BDSM fantasy sort of way. “So Jeanne is bisexual then?”

“I don't know what the hell you'd call her. I think she gets off on fucking with other peoples bodies and minds more than anything.”

James nodded again. He could certainly concur with that after what he'd seen at her mansion.

“Then you have Katherine, who I'm pretty sure has never stuck her dick in anyone.”

They snickered together, stifling their laughs as several Umbra in the crowd looked their way disapprovingly. Bayonetta rolled her eyes and leaned back, placing her hands behind her head.

Moments later, the private door at the back of the room opened. The Chief Matrons strode back into the court and headed for their seats. The doors to the chamber were sealed and an enforcer near the front of the room stepped forward to call for order.

“**ALL RISE AND GIVE YOUR ATTENTION!** The council of the 17th Umbra Coven is now in session, the honorable Chief Matron Alexia presiding!”

Everyone rose from their benches as the Matrons took their seats. The bright lights shined down on the seven Justices. They were just as youthful and beautiful as any of the other witches, though they wore robes of deep blue and gold instead of the highly suggestive bodysuits the Umbra typically sported.

Alexia sat in the center of the seven, her dark brown hair flowing down to her shoulders. She looked supremely regal and confident, a vast intellect evident in her hazel eyes. She arranged the papers on her desk neatly before picking up her gavel, striking it down thrice and signaling that all may sit. Once the courtroom settled back into silence, she spoke.

“We, the seven Matron Justices of this coven, have reviewed the available evidence and the depositions taken from those involved. We have decided by unanimous consent that no trial will be necessary and that to the extent that crimes against the Sisterhood have been committed, they can be dealt with swiftly and fairly.”

“Pffft... Knew that was coming” Bayonetta muttered under her breath.

“Jeanne, step forward.”

Jeanne strode to the front of the court with all the cockiness she could muster. She looked almost angelic with the bright light beaming down on her white bodysuit and platinum blonde hair. The thin smile on her face indicated she was pleased with the result thus far.

“The choice is yours. You may accept the ruling of this court, or you may refuse and demand trial. If a trial is conducted and you are found guilty, you will be punished much more severely for wasting the time and resources of the Umbra. Do you accept our ruling without condition?”

“I do, Chief Matron.”

“Very well. This council finds you guilty of assault on an Umbra sister and for theft of human property from an Umbra sister. For these crimes you will spend five days in the stockade...”

“FIVE DAYS?!?”

The outburst from Jeanne drew a furious stare from Alexia, her dagger like pupils and slight lean forward daring the witch to speak again. “Five days in the stockade and you will pay three million dollars in restitution! Half of that sum will compensate Bayonetta, the other half will go the Sisterhood for procedural costs and cleaning up your mess!”

Jeanne looked disheartened, if not defeated. She took a disciplined stand, holding her arms behind her back as she listened to the rest of the verdict.

“On the charge of attempted murder, we find you... not guilty. While we did recover the unidentified assailant mentioned in Bayonetta's deposition, there is no evidence she was in you employ. Further investigation into this matter will be suspended.”

Alexia raised the gavel once more and smacked it down loudly. “Court dismissed. Guards, take Jeanne to the main hall to begin serving her sentence immediately.”

Chatter erupted instantly as everyone in the court rose to their feet and the Matrons exited to their private chambers. Jeanne was grabbed by two of the enforcers and led away, a look of total contempt on her face as she glanced at Bayonetta in passing.

“What just happened?” James asked in disbelief.

Bayonetta looked annoyed, yet unsurprised as she watched the enforcers remove Jeanne from the courtroom. “She got off easy, that's what happened. That's what having friends in high places does.”

“What about her punishment? What does that mean? Does everyone get to throw vegetables at her?”

“Something like that.”

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It was an hour later when all the paperwork had been finished and they were officially released. Cereza and James walked to the entrance of the Umbra complex, the sounds of raucous yelling, laughing and cheering getting louder as they entered the main hall.

The large, brightly lit room was an impressive piece of architecture. The walls and floors were sheets of obsidian accentuated with Roman columns of white marble. The intricate seal of the Umbra witches was engraved across the ceiling and a smaller version of it lay at the center of the hall, upon which rested a wood and metal stockade.

Jeanne was locked into the cruel device, her head and hands sticking through the front. Her legs were shackled to its sturdy base. A line of Umbra had formed at both ends and two hung witches were fucking her harshly. One grasped Jeanne's hair tightly as she fucked her mouth and the other clutched her hips through the white bodysuit, plowing her stretched starfish.

Her ordeal had just begun, but Jeanne already looked completely overwhelmed. She groaned and coughed around the fat, brown, fourteen inch cock stuffed in her mouth. The woman at her rear had an even bigger length of white cock stuffed in her ass, her fingers digging into her flanks deeply as she pounded Jeanne as harshly as she could.

Many of the waiting Umbra were stroking their cocks in anticipation, some through their tight latex suits and others out in the open. Their impossibly huge penises jutted out and dripped pre-cum on the black stone floor.

James watched the chaotic scene with mixed emotions. On some level he was glad to see Jeanne being taken down a peg. It seemed fitting after what she'd done to others, himself included. At the same time, he didn't know what to make of the Umbra system of "justice."

"Wish it was you?" Bayonetta asked teasingly.

"Hardly. One well-endowed Dominatrix is plenty for me, thanks."

They made their way to the security desk, the guttural sounds and heavy smell of sex intensifying as they got closer to the brutal orgy. Bayonetta spoke with the enforcer on duty as James watched the ongoing gangbang with wide eyes. It was so odd to see a woman as dominant as Jeanne bound and spit-roasted without end. Her eyes glazed over as her ass and mouth were filled with futa cum.

"So, this is how the Umbra police themselves?"

Bayonetta turned back to the depraved scene with a knowing grin. Even though Jeanne was getting a slap on the wrist, she took some satisfaction watching two more of her colleagues step up to the sturdy stocks and sink their cocks into Jeanne's waiting holes.

"It's more effective than it looks. There are few things you can do to an Umbra that would be worse than turning her into a public submissive for a week. On top of the immediate hit to her pride, this will damage her reputation considerably. Reputation is everything in our order."

As they watched, even more Umbra joined the lines at the front and back of the stockade. The witches chatted with each other and laughed at Jeanne as they stroked themselves, a frenzy of sexual excitement building among their ranks.

“Didn't you say the vast majority of Umbra are straight?”

“Oh, I doubt most of them find Jeanne particularly attractive. There's going to be a lot of **hate-fucking** going on over the next five days. Some of them are probably between slaves, too. Any port in a storm, right?”

Cereza chuckled and folded her arms as she watched the debauchery unfold. “My my... Look at those lines. You certainly have made some enemies on the way to the top, Jeanne.”

The enforcer returned and placed Bayonetta's guns and keys on the desk. “You're free to leave. Your vehicle is parked on basement level three, section D.”

“Thank you for your wonderful hospitality” Cereza spat sarcastically. The sultry Domina holstered her weapons and snatched up the keys.

She grabbed James by the arm and headed for the elevator across the hall, her desire to leave growing by the second. As they passed the stockade, Umbra degeneracy was in full swing. The dark skinned witch that was fucking Jeanne's mouth let out an orgasmic scream and her sticky cum blasted down the bound woman's throat. Jeanne gagged as thick cream dribbled out of her nose, her eyes watering as she tried desperately to inhale something other than liquid spunk.

“Not going to take a turn?” James joked as they entered the elevator.

Bayonetta hit the B3 button to take them to the parking area. “Oh, please... Wait in line just to hate-fuck a skank? When I have a delicious slut like you all to myself?”

She pushed James up against the wall and engaged him in a deep tongue kiss. Her sizable breasts mashed into his body and the bulge in her latex suit began to grow as the elevator doors slid shut.

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Chief Matron Alexia sat in her leather office chair, her head tilted back and her mouth open in an expression of pure joy. Her arms reached below the desk, clutching the face of a young man whose mouth was wrapped divinely around her hardening cock.

She'd met the boy at a coffee shop just a few days ago. He was twenty years old and so very cute; his whole life ahead of him. She'd convinced him to drop his college courses and come work for her, a proposition with good pay and endless opportunities for advancement. Now he was wearing handcuffs, a cock cage and a bondage hood while sucking a massive dick below her desk. He knew by now that his opportunities for “advancement” were nonexistent.

This was the most satisfying moment for Alexia, when a new slave accepted his lot in life and did everything and anything to please his Mistress. She looked down at the struggling slut and pulled her cock free. It was a temporary reprieve, giving him some room to breathe.

“Mmmmm... I think I'll take some pictures of you in your sleep sack tonight after I cum all over your

face. You can send them to your girlfriend and tell her to forget about you. You have a new life now! Isn't that right, my little fuck doll?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"**Good boy...** Now suck it deep! I want to feel your chin in my balls."

She plunged her fat phallus back down his throat and moaned in pleasure. Just as she was getting back into a mouth-fucking rhythm, a series of knocks rapped against her door. "**Fuck!** Who is it?"

The door opened and Katherine stepped into the dimly lit room. The Head of Security looked like she was all business, as usual. The metal portions of her uniform glimmered in the low light as she made her way to the desk. "Chief Matron? I told you earlier that I needed to speak with you."

"Oh, Lieutenant Katherine... That's right."

Alexia kept right on fucking the boy's mouth, pushing deeper into his throat as his slurping grew louder from beneath her desk. She closed her eyes and tilted her head back once again, annoyed by the sudden intrusion. Her skin began glowing a soft red as her pleasure increased. "Well, go ahead. Speak!"

Katherine was alarmed that she could no longer have a meeting with her superior that didn't involve indiscreet sex. It was exactly this kind of behavior that she'd come to discuss. That would make things awkward, but she remained composed and undeterred. "Chief Matron, something has to be done. These events are becoming more and more common."

"I assume you mean the trouble with Bayonetta and Jeanne?"

"Yes, but... It's not just that. It's **all** the sisters. You should've seen the prison ward after the latest incident!"

The Chief Matron gazed back at her subordinate, a look of disappointment on her face. "Our sexuality is what drives us. It's what makes the Umbra as strong as we are today. Our needs must be met so we can continue to do our good work. You knew that when you signed on."

"Yes, but what if *our needs* overshadow the greater mission? The power we took from Phalleus has grown stronger in us each passing year. More of the sisters are acting irrationally."

Alexia sighed. "You're overreacting, Katherine. I am well apprised of the state of our coven, as are the other Chief Matrons. We're monitoring the situation and will not allow it to develop into a serious problem. Now, if that's all, Lieutenant, you are dismissed."

Katherine opened her mouth to protest, but quickly bit her tongue. She posed herself in rigid salute and bowed before turning to leave. "Yes, Chief Matron."

Alexia was moaning vigorously by the time Katherine reached the door. Seconds after closing it behind her, a wail of orgasm pierced the walls and reverberated through the hallway. The Lieutenant's eyes narrowed as she marched down the corridor.

'Allow it? We already have a serious problem.'