

Bayonetta's Abuse II

Double Team

James awoke to the sound of a dead bolt turning and a dull ache in his ass. He rolled slowly onto his side and his nostrils were assaulted by the usual smells: rubber, latex and cum. Having a water bed to sleep on was a nice luxury, and one of the few he had, but while you could wash the comforter, the rubber mattress and rubber sheets were there to stay. After the seemingly endless fuck fests he'd had with Mistress Bayonetta, he was pretty sure the rubber bedding would smell like cum, sweat and ass until the day it was dropped in a landfill. That's the way she wanted it. She liked keeping him in the most disgusting predicaments possible. James was pretty sure she got off on it.

The authoritative clacking of high heeled boots announced Bayonetta's entrance into the dim studio apartment. She walked into the main room, set some things on the floor and moved to one of the windows. James' vision had just started to adjust to the room when she whipped open the shade and the sun came pouring in, blinding him.

"Wakey wakey my succulent little slut! We have a busy afternoon planned." She opened the window to let in some fresh air and turned to face him.

'As long as this "busy afternoon" starts with her removing this colossal butt plug from my ass, I'll be a happy man.'

James crept his way to the edge of the water bed. The full body latex bondage suit, a fact of his life since he came into Bayonetta's possession, slowed and hindered his movements as usual. The formidable anal intruder certainly wasn't helping either. Upon reaching the edge of the bed he prostrated himself before his Domina.

"Good morning, Mistress."

She looked at him quizzically for a moment before speaking. "Don't you think that's getting a little stale? Address me in a different manner and as long as I'm pleased you will not be punished."

Without hesitation he bowed again. "Good morning, my Queen."

She arched an eyebrow. "**Goddess** would've been better, but I suppose that will suffice. And it's already afternoon by the way." She flicked on the light to the main room and began taking off the long, black trench coat she was wearing.

As she placed the garment on the coat rack in the corner, James took in the glorious view of the unusual woman who'd captured his body and possibly his heart as well. Her dark hair was done up, as usual, and she was never without her black rimmed glasses. Whether she needed them to read or not, James didn't know, but they certainly were the distinguishing feature that completed her *Femdom librarian from hell* image.

Unsurprisingly, she was wearing one of the many iterations of her fetish costume. They all had subtle differences but always the same central features. Black leather covered most of her body from her shapely shoulders down past her wonderfully wide hips and ended where her powerful legs entered her thigh high leather boots. There was a circular cut-out in the front of her outfit between her neck and her breasts. It showed off an ample amount of her H-cup cleavage and always sported a pendant or emblem of some sort.

The most prominent opening in her suit was the one which allowed her third leg to hang confidently between her thighs. Bayonetta had the biggest, thickest cock he'd seen anywhere, including the many nights he'd spent surfing internet porn. Even flaccid, it dropped a strong twelve inches down and was an imposing six inches in circumference. Just behind that beast, her giant ball sack hung like a pair of fresh grapefruits. The entire package was completely hairless and gleamed with a thin layer of heat and perspiration. She looked like she could be your greatest fantasy or your worst nightmare come true, depending on your kinks and what mood she was in.

She noticed James was staring at her, smiled, and began stroking her fat python up and down. "Yeah, this is all you thought about while I was gone, isn't it? Can't get enough, can you? Well, that's why we're a perfect pair. I needed a cum dumpster and you became one without much protest. That's how I knew you were a keeper!"

Bayonetta began fisting her cock slightly faster. "Did I ever tell you about the string of guys I tried on for size before I found you? Bunch of wimps, all of them... None of them could handle me. Actually, that story can wait for another time. That just reminded me, I have a treat for you!" She dropped her half-erect member and reached down into one of the bags she'd brought. There was a suitcase, a shopping bag and what looked like a standard one gallon can of paint on the floor.

'Paint? Is she planning to redo a room?'

She found whatever it was she was looking for and enthusiastically yanked it out of the bag. "Ta da!" she exclaimed. She was holding a white, plastic dog dish with the name **James** printed on the side in gold lettering. "And that's not all!" she announced. "Since you'll be getting a real workout today, you need to keep your energy up. I'm going to get you some crackers."

His eyes widened with excitement. *'Solid food?!?'*

Bayonetta walked off to the kitchen and James could hear her opening and closing the cabinet followed by the sound of crackers pouring into the dish. As she walked back with the meal in hand he was already bowing before her.

"Thank you so much, Mistress!"

"Ah ah, not so fast!" she admonished, waving a finger before him and setting the dish on the chair next to her. "This is hardly a complete breakfast. You need your protein! Now come over here and help Mama prepare your meal."

As quickly as he could, James slipped off the bed and began crawling to her. The chain attaching his collar to the bedside rattled as he moved. She grinned and placed her hands on her hips as James assumed the proper position. Then, he almost made a mistake. Rising on his knees, he was about to take hold of her delicious thighs when he stopped. "Mistress, may I touch your amazing body?"

She nodded. “Yes, you may.”

Starving as he was, he decided not to bother with foreplay. He placed his lips on the fat mushroom head of her mighty cock, inhaled a large breath through his nose and plunged his face onto her rod. He moaned as he sucked her in, enveloping a full one third of her length in one stroke. James began applying full suction and moved his head back and forth, taking in a little bit more of her massive member with each push forward.

Her eyes closed as she took in the wonderful sensations of tongue and moist mouth meeting flesh. “Oh my, you **ARE** getting good at that...” She stood firm for the first few minutes, glancing down to admire the view of her thick, meaty staff sliding in and out of her slut's hungry mouth. Bayonetta had turned him into a world class cock sucker in just under a month. She was somewhat proud of this, but then again, nearly anyone who had been forced to practice so frequently would be a pro by now.

It took every ounce of her discipline not to grab his head and jam the rest of her cock down his luscious throat, but as much as she enjoyed total domination, there was something equally sexy about the complete and utter submission of a slave willingly giving his mistress an enthusiastic blowjob. As James continued to suck her in, she reached down with her right hand and started massaging her sizable scrotum. “**Oh fuck...** Seeing you bound up in all that latex and chained to my bed... **So fucking hot!**”

Her cock now jutted out at full, raging hardness. James had taken at least half of the sixteen inch monster down his throat. The constant slurping noises combined with the rough kneading of her balls were getting Bayonetta close to the edge.

Suddenly, she pushed James away and grabbed her cock with her right hand. She fisted it as fast as her arm could manage while reaching over for the dog dish with her spare hand.

“**YeeessssSSSSS!!!**” she cried as her orgasm built and she held the dish below her engorged fuck stick. Giant ropes and gobs of cum began firing out of her cock and into the bowl in rapid succession. James lost count at eleven, and began to wonder if there would be anything left of the crackers by the time she finished drowning them in her jizz.

The bowl filled rapidly with milky white paste. As her climax began to ebb, she set it on the floor. “There we are. You can’t have cereal without milk, now can you? Eat up slut!”

His chain rattled again as James dove for his breakfast. He began lapping up the creamy mixture of cum and softened crackers in haste before it dissolved completely into semen soup. Bayonetta continued to pump her erection as she circled to his rear. She relished the sight of his latex covered legs and ass. Even his feet were encased in the full body suit. The only opening was for his cute little asshole, and that was currently stuffed with a massive rubber dildo.

She held her cock over his body and pumped out the last few dabs of spunk. They landed on his back and in the crack of his ass with light spatters. “Mmmmm...” she purred. “That was lovely my pet, but I look forward to giving you a proper feeding later.”

As James worked fervently to clean his new dish and sate his hunger, Bayonetta moved to the desk on the other side of the main room to check her messages. “Tasty?” she asked as she typed away on the keyboard of her laptop.

“Yes, Mistress! Your cum is always delicious!” he answered before shoving his face back into the bowl.

“Liar!” she chided him.

Before long, James had licked his bowl spotless. Bayonetta rose from the computer and moved to the sleek bondage horse she kept in the middle of the large studio apartment. The room was adorned with all manner of bondage devices, sex toys and shiny furniture with built-in restraints, but the fuck-horse was the one she liked the most by far.

The sleek apparatus was height adjustable and just wide and long enough for someone to lay prone on. The black leather upholstery made it comfortable enough to be bound to for long periods. On the sides of the horse were a series of thick leather straps for securing the subject. Below it, in the base on which it rested, were four metal rings for securing the limbs.

“We’re going to have so much fun today” she declared, raising the horse's surface to the proper height. “I really can’t wait!”

Satisfied that the sinister device was at *cock level*, she sauntered back to James. Her hips swayed from side to side and her boot heels clacked on the hardwood floor as she circled back to his rear.

Bending over, she pulled the thick rubber schlong out of James’ packed asshole with one smooth tug. “I know you had to deal with that all night my dear, but you’ll be thanking me for it later.”

She placed the giant butt plug in one of her bags before removing a long latex glove. She snapped the glove over her right hand and rolled the rest of the latex down her forearm. Without so much as a warning, she buried the gloved hand in James’ ass and started feeling around like she was looking for a set of keys.

He grunted as Bayonetta swirled her arm around, massaging his insides. “As it just so happens, we’re going to be entertaining a guest today. She’s a dear friend of mine and I expect you to obey her commands as if they were my own... Unless I say otherwise, of course.”

She thrust her arm in and out of his ass multiple times as James bit his lip and endured the fisting. “Mmmm, this is kind of nice. We should do this more often. I bet you could cum from this if I did it long enough! But we don’t have time for that right now.”

Finished with her exam, she extracted her arm from his slick anus. “Perfect!” she proclaimed after checking the glove “You’re completely clean. You won’t even need an enema today.” She got up and walked to the bathroom to discard the glove. “My friend should be arriving soon, so if you need to take a leak you better do it now. Once we get started you won’t have the chance for a while.”

James couldn’t help but find those words ominous, but kept his composure. “That won’t be necessary, Mistress.”

As she walked back into the main room, the doorbell rang. “Speak of the devil...”

Bayonetta stalked to the entrance and hit the intercom button. “Password?”

“Hey, it’s me!” a voice answered.

“Password?” she asked again.

“You know it’s me bitch, just let me in!”

“Password!” she insisted with a grin.

The voice on the other end sighed. “...Umbra Witches have more fun.”

Bayonetta laughed and hit the release button that opened the outside door. A few moments later the front door opened and the mystery woman entered. Her face revealed fair skin and her hair was a short, dyed white pixie cut. She was wearing a long, brown trench coat with a belt tied across the middle, much like Bayonetta’s black one. She also wore high heeled boots, only hers were red leather. Even more curious, she was carrying a suitcase and a container that was roughly the same size as the paint can Bayonetta had brought.

“Why do you have to be such a cunt all the time?” she asked, glaring at Bayonetta.

“Look who’s talking!” Bayonetta replied.

For a moment the air was tense and it looked like they were about to start fighting, but the tension drained away and they both started laughing. The mystery woman set her things on the floor. “It’s good to see you again, Cereza.”

James’ ears perked up. *‘Cereza? Is that Bayonetta’s real name?’*

The white haired woman reached down and grabbed Bayonetta’s flaccid cock with her left hand and pumped it a few times. “So, what have you been feeding this thing?”

“Handsome young men. What else?” she retorted with a smile.

The other woman groaned. “It wouldn’t kill you to stick it in a pussy now and then.”

Bayonetta shook her head. “Not my style. It’s men that need to be put in their place. Besides, with my luck the bitch would get pregnant and kids are the last thing I want.”

The mystery woman released her cock and rose to her full height. She would have been equal to Bayonetta if she had the same towering hair. “Well, are you going to invite me in or should I just stand in your foyer all day?”

Bayonetta rolled her eyes. “Yes, come in. Take off your coat you **drama queen.**”

As they walked into the main room Bayonetta finally put a name to the face. “Slut, I’d like you to meet my best friend, Jeanne. She’s kind of a bitch, but no more than me, I suppose.”

Jeanne smirked and side-eyed her fellow Domina. “What a charming way to introduce me...”

She began disrobing and as the long coat was pulled back, James beheld another vision of loveliness

and utter terror. The woman had generous proportions in her hips, ass and breasts, much like Bayonetta, but those weren't the only areas in which she was well endowed. Inconceivably, the massive cock and balls that hung from her crotch were even larger and thicker than Bayonetta's. She was fourteen inches flaccid, easily, and the rest of her body was wrapped in tight red leather. She set her coat and bags aside before striding to James and planting herself in front of him. Jeanne stood with hands on hips, letting him drink in her amazing body.

"And this is my new slave, James" chirped Bayonetta "Isn't he adorable?"

Jeanne looked down at him with an air of undeniable superiority. "So, **you're** the reason she hasn't been getting any work done lately. Yes, I've heard all about you. Greet me properly, slut! Or don't you have any manners?"

James quickly bowed his head. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mistress Jeanne."

She chuckled as she strode further into the room. "I assure you, the pleasure will be all mine, bitch."

Jeanne looked around the main room, examining all the toys, furniture and accessories that Bayonetta had acquired. "This place was nearly empty the last time I was here. Lords of Darkness, Cereza, you spend more money on this crappy little flat than you do on your real home!"

Bayonetta shrugged. "Can you blame me? I'm barely ever home and even when I am, I'd rather be here."

Jeanne turned around and set her gaze on James once more. He couldn't help but feel like a gazelle being marked as prey by a ferocious tigress. "Hmmm... Only the most necessary openings. Hood straps, anchor points... That body suit is something else! Where did you get it?"

"I know, isn't it perfect?" Bayonetta asked cheerfully. "I found a vendor online who specializes in latex bondage apparel. He does custom jobs for me and every time I've ordered one it's been better than the last!"

"Very nice" Jeanne agreed "You'll have to link me up later. But enough pleasantries! We only have a few hours before our reservation for dinner."

Bayonetta nodded enthusiastically. "Hell yeah! Let's get this party started!"

As Cereza retrieved the paint can she'd set down earlier, Jeanne sat on the large leather couch to the side of the room. She wrapped her hands around the bottom of her thighs and pulled her legs back. Her feet raised into the air as she brought her ass to the very edge of the couch. "Get over here **slut** and put that tongue to work!" she commanded.

James began crawling over to the couch, but was jolted to a halt by the chain on his collar. Bayonetta, seeing that he had run out of slack, set the paint can down by the sofa and walked over to unlock and disconnect the chain.

"There" she said with a soft kick to his ass "Get over there."

He quickly closed the distance to Jeanne and began licking her ass cheeks and tonguing her asshole

through the tight body suit. The feel and taste of leather on his tongue had long since ceased to bother him. Jeanne released her right leg and grabbed the strap on top of James' hood.

“Harder!” she ordered as she pulled his face into her ass. “I can barely feel your tongue.” She rocked his head up and down, massaging her perineum with his nose. “Ahhhh, that’s more like it.”

He licked her ass in forceful, wide swaths as Bayonetta rummaged behind him. She unlocked the tiny padlock on the back of James' suit and unzipped it halfway. The cool sensation of fresh air met James' back for the first time in days. The lid of the can came off with a pop and Bayonetta inserted an industrial sized plastic syringe into the container.

“This is going to be a whole new experience for you, babe. I hope you like it!”

She pulled back the handle on the syringe, drawing it full of the thick liquid. She then placed it through the opening of James' suit and squirted its creamy contents onto his back and down the sides of his body. It was the first of many doses to come.

“How many climaxes did it take you to fill that thing?” asked Jeanne.

“Seven” Bayonetta responded proudly.

“Hah!” Jeanne laughed. “Filled my gallon in six! Well, five and a half, technically. I overflowed the thing and made quite a mess.”

James' eyes widened in surprise. It wasn't paint, it was day old jizz by the bucket load!

“Yeah yeah” Bayonetta sulked as she filled another syringe and flooded the goo down James' back and over his ass “Jeanne wins again! Whatever.”

“Now now, don't be a poor sport. It's unbecoming” Jeanne replied while pulling James' face into her scrotum. “Suck my balls slut! They need some attention too.”

If Bayonetta's balls were grapefruits, then Jeanne owned a pair of huge cantaloupes. As he began to kiss, lick and worship her smooth scrotum, Jeanne couldn't help herself any longer and began to slide her left hand up and down her enormous penis. The action got increasingly hot until, after ten more giant loaded syringes, Bayonetta had emptied her bucket.

“Done!” she announced to Jeanne “Your turn.”

Jeanne released his head and got off the couch to retrieve her own bucket, James could already feel Cereza's cum seeping into every corner of his suit, slowly coating his entire body. Being bound in latex and forced to suck and fuck giant cocks was degrading enough to begin with, but this was a whole new level of depravity.

Bayonetta slid onto the leather sofa and presented her ass for James' attentions. As he began to caress the perfect contours of her plump behind with his tongue, Jeanne hurriedly went to work with the syringe, pumping her thick, day-old nut into the opening of his suit.

“Gods, my cock is dying for a wet hole! I'll make this quick.”

She continued to withdraw tubes of semen from her bucket and jam them through the fold of his suit, forcing the thick paste to run further down his stomach and limbs. By the time she was done, there wasn't an inch of James' body below his neck that wasn't caked in cum and bound by slippery latex. Even as far down as his fingers and toes he could feel the slimy seed surrounding him.

A little of the cum was seeping out around his asshole and penis, as those were the only two openings it had to escape, but the vast majority was sealed in for the duration. James felt like a stretched out pussy that had just been double penetrated and filled to the brim. Instead of the sheen of sweat that normally lubricated his latex prison, he was now ensconced in shemale jizzum.

Jeanne rose from his side, zipped up the back of his suit and reattached the mini padlock. "Alright" she said excitedly. "Let's do this!"

The two buxom amazons had no trouble lifting James at both ends and carrying him to the bondage horse. They placed him on the device, face down, with his head hanging over one side and his ass protruding from the other. The sex crazed Futa then immediately went to work binding him.

Bayonetta took the straps on the sides of the horse and looped them, one by one, over James' back. She pulled each of them tight and locked them firmly. Jeanne walked around the horse attaching a chain to each of James' wrist and ankle cuffs. She looped them through the anchor point on the bottom of the horse before pulling them tight and locking them as well.

His arms and legs were now pulled straight down the sides of the bondage horse. The leather straps tight across his back and lower body made it feel like he was being pulled into the horse at twice the force of gravity.

"Perfect" said Jeanne, admiring their work.

Bayonetta leaned over James, rubbing him through the suit and swishing semen back and forth across his back. "How does it feel my pet? I bet you never imagined you could feel this filthy? This soiled and slutty..."

James struggled to come up with a suitable reply. Before he could answer, she darted in front of him.

"And that's why I've never been this turned on." She thrust her face into his, burying her tongue in his mouth and kissing him aggressively.

Jeanne watched them swap air and saliva as annoyance spread across her face. "Oh please, I can't stand this love bird shit... Can we fuck him now?"

Bayonetta released his lips. "Oh yes" she said while staring deeply into James' eyes "It's definitely time to fuck."

Cereza crossed to her stereo system and activated her playlist. Her tastes ranged from pop and techno to metal and classic rock. She always had something new and interesting to time the pace of her thrusts to.

Jeanne had resumed masturbating. The platinum blonde Goddess was producing a copious amount of pre-cum which she swirled all over her shaft. "Natural lube is the best, don't you think, dear?"

“Of course” Bayonetta answered as she rejoined them.

Dance club style trance music began thumping and booming out of the speakers in the corners of the room. The increasingly horny women stroked their massive cocks to full erection as the thrumming and pounding beats surrounded them.

SMACK

“Ok slut!” Jeanne yelled with a heavy slap on his ass. “You’ve got a nice, sticky glaze on the outside. Now it’s time for the cream filling!”

She wasted no time bringing the tip of her giant schlong to his waiting pucker. Thankfully, James was still somewhat stretched out from Cereza's lustful advances the night before. Jeanne grabbed his hips firmly and began her insertion in one fluid motion. The first five inches weren’t so bad, but after that, Jeanne’s monster prick quickly widened into a phallus the size of which he’d never imagined taking.

She was a solid inch thicker in girth than Bayonetta, and that made all the difference in the world. As she continued pushing into him, the pain increased and James reflexively tried to pull away. It was useless though, as his completely bound body was unable to move a millimeter in any direction.

He exhaled several loud grunts and then finally cried out in pain as she reached the ten inch mark. Jeanne stopped momentarily and smacked his ass again. “Cereza, I thought you said this slave was well trained?”

Bayonetta stood before him, sliding her right hand up and down her gargantuan pole of flesh. She was busy preparing for her own advance. “He is, he just hasn’t had the pleasure of meeting **COCKZILLA** yet!”

Jeanne smirked and continued to drive her hungry boa into him slowly.

Now fully erect, Cereza grabbed James’ chin and looked down at him. “Don’t worry. It will hurt a little at first, but you’ll get used to it. Just like the first few times with me. If Jeanne had taken your virginity, you’d be on your way to the emergency room, but you’ve had enough practice to handle her. Just try to relax your ass and keep breathing through your nose until she breaks you in.”

She opened his mouth with her fingers and placed the head of her fat dick at the entrance of his lips. “And most importantly, **STOP WHINING AND SUCK MY COCK YOU LITTLE BITCH!**”

Bayonetta punctuated the last two words by jamming her meaty length into his mouth. It flowed down into his throat as far as it could go in one thrust. Jeanne beamed, pleased to see Bayonetta taking her proper role and getting into the dirty talk. She was equally glad that two thirds of her fully engorged eighteen inch fuck stick was now buried in James’ tight boy pussy.

The heat and pain in his ass were intense, but his focus shifted as James now had a full foot of musty cock in his mouth and throat to contend with. He began wagging his tongue left and right, caressing the underside of his Mistress’ bloated shaft.

Bayonetta grabbed the straps of his bondage hood and continued to push into him. Her eyes closed as

enjoyed the wonderful sensations his mouth and tongue were bathing her flesh in. Jeanne began to rock back and forth, generating short thrusts that pummeled her way into the lowest depths of his rectum. She took deep breaths as her massive anaconda burrowed deeper in his velvety guts. She had a ways to go yet, but the pleasurable feeling was already overwhelming.

After several long minutes of persistent insertion, Jeanne's hips finally met James' ass and her enormous ball sack collided with his soft penis and much smaller scrotum. The pain and feeling of fullness were so great that James could see red streaks around his peripheral vision. The bound and cock-gagged bottom felt like his ass was about to split in half. It hurt like hell, but at least now the worst was over.

Jeanne sighed in contentment, enjoying her conquest and allowing him to get used to her full penetration. She smacked his ass yet again, the hardest slap yet ringing out with a loud sting of leather on latex.

SMACK

"How do you like it, slave? My eighteen inches are **balls deep** in your slutty ass! Cereza said you could do it, but I didn't believe her. Well, you just jumped on my *favorite slaves of all time* list! We're going to be good friends, you and I."

James could feel his insides being rearranged as Jeanne slowly withdrew her cock almost all the way; leaving only her fat tip in his quivering starfish. She then grasped the leather straps on the sides of his suit and plunged her shaft home, burying her full length back in his ass. Her eyes closed and her mouth opened in an extended "O" as she acclimated to the ultimate pleasure.

James groaned, but it came out as a low, muffled mutter. Bayonetta had all sixteen inches of her fat penis plugged in his throat; his stretched-wide lips sealed around the base of her cock. As she withdrew three quarters of her length from his warm sucking tunnel, James was careful to take a deep breath through his nose, unsure of when he'd get another. She pulled on the straps of his hood and sank her cock back into his throat in one quick thrust; her massive balls slapping into his chin.

"SUCK, slut! Suck it! Show me how badly you want my cum!"

James put his lips and cheeks to work, providing as much suction as possible in concert with his oscillating tongue. At this point, both women gradually increased their pace until they were fucking his mouth and ass in rhythm. They synced up with the pumping techno beats in the background, their hips moving in a flurry as thick lengths of cock stuffed James at both ends.

The music was loud, but not loud enough to drown out the sounds of their increasingly crazed sex. As the two shemale Goddesses unleashed their full lust, wet slurping, phlegmy gagging and the creak of leather and latex completed the symphony of their depraved love making.

Jeanne's arms and hips were a blur as she shafted his pucker with ever increasing vigor. His ass had finally grown accustomed to her colossal appendage and the pain in his depths was slowly dissipating. That was a relief, but did nothing to aid his testicles which were repeatedly being smashed by her much larger sack.

"Oh gods!" Jeanne cried out in mid-thrust. "Fuck dinner and the opera! Let's just stay here all night!!!"

Bayonetta grinned as she speared her spit-coated cock into James' face repeatedly. "As tempting as that sounds, you may change your mind in an hour or two."

Jeanne's glistening staff was now thrusting in and out of James' ass like a well oiled piston. "We'll see!" she replied, seemingly unconvinced.

Moments later, she abandoned the rhythm of the music and began fucking his ass as fast as her hips would move. Jeanne screamed and convulsed in overwhelming bliss as her first orgasm rolled over her and a torrent of cum came rushing out her cock. James felt like a shotgun had gone off in his ass as a geyser of spunk erupted in his innards.

Jeanne held him close to her hips as blast after blast of cum fired into his depths. His ass was so packed with her cock and her ejections so copious that he could feel the hot jizz seeping up into his colon and lower intestines. It had nowhere else to go.

Seeing her friend in ecstasy and her slave being ass fucked into oblivion sent Bayonetta over the edge. On the next inward thrust she suddenly and very roughly pulled James' face into her pelvis. Cum rushed down her sperm channel and was deposited in his dumpster of a stomach. His cheeks bulged as her cock fired cannon blasts of sticky paste into his sucking maw. His eyes watered as his throat was stretched to the limit and he became increasingly desperate for air. Cereza's face was the picture of pleasure as she unloaded in her slutty slave.

Once the final ropes of pungent batter had fired into his gullet, she settled back into a strong throat fucking rhythm; realigning her thrusts with the beat of the music. Jeanne, also, regained her steady ass fucking pace as her climax ebbed.

'What the hell? They're not even going to take a break?!?'

Bayonetta abandoned the side straps of his hood and instead grabbed the single strap atop James' head. She smiled and fucked his mouth with the use of just one arm. With her free hand she held up her index finger while gazing at Jeanne. "One to one."

Jeanne nodded. The lustful Futa sucked in a full breath and exhaled loudly. Her powerful thighs flexed as she re-doubled her efforts and the fuck fest continued.

James understood now. This was a competition.

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An hour flew by as Bayonetta and Jeanne fucked him into some new, lower, more servile incarnation. James came a few times from the endless prostate massage Jeanne was inflicting, but his Mistresses were too busy to notice or care. So hard were their thrusts that despite the thorough bondage he was in, he found himself being pushed back and forth slightly on the horse.

The greasy semen coating covering his body inside the latex suit made squishing noises as his bound form was jolted by their battering hips and insatiable cocks. As gross as his bondage felt, he was

continually reminded that his defilement was never complete each time their bulging lengths exploded in his mouth and ass; filling his insides with ever more warm spunk.

During her fourth climax, Jeanne had crammed his colon so full of her cum that her emissions were forced backward and came spurting out of his ass. The thick cream flew in all directions around the base of her cock, painting the Domina and the floor. Jeanne's expensive red leather suit was soon covered in her own jizz, but she didn't so much as bat an eyelash. She kept right on fucking the moaning, cum-stuffed man-whore.

Similarly, Bayonetta offered him no reprieve. When James' mouth and stomach could accommodate no more buttery gruel, Bayonetta withdrew her cock only for the brief moments it took to stick a finger down his throat and gag out the excess cum. As soon as that was done, it was right back to sucking her sticky, sixteen inch erection. Nothing would stop this clash of the Futanari titans.

As Jeanne and Cereza hit their sixth climax together and James' ass and mouth were flooded with glue-like semen once more, he began to wonder how this level of depravity was even possible.

At first he'd assumed that Bayonetta was an extremely rare oddity. A one-of-a-kind freak of nature; if an absolutely charming, gorgeous and fascinating freak. He now knew this was not the case. Jeanne was just like her and, if anything, appeared to be even more dominant, lustful and crazy.

'Who are these women? Where do they come from? Are there more like them? How is it they both have giant penises that put any porn actor to shame? How can they have such incredible sexual drive and stamina?'

He had more information now, but that information had yielded only more questions.

"Hey!" Bayonetta yelled with a slap to his face. "You're not sucking! I never said we were done. Do your job **slut!**" She grabbed the side straps on his hood and began plunging her cock into his mouth even harder and faster.

Another half hour passed and the music came to a stop. Bayonetta had only scheduled an hour and a half of music on her player. The only sounds that filled the room were now the slurch of cock entering and exiting a cum-packed asshole, the slurping of schlong filling and withdrawing from a cum-slick throat and the occasional moans and sighs of the two amazing amazons.

Some minutes later, Bayonetta gripped James below the chin and mashed her hips into his face the hardest she had all day. Cereza could feel the bulge of her fat slug within his throat as she released a final hot deluge of semen into his body. She pulled out slightly and pumped herself back in many times, milking out every last ounce of her viscous batter.

"Ahhhhh YES! Take it all, bitch! A good slut drinks every drop! And even if you don't, I'll just punish you by giving you more."

As her orgasm subsided, she withdrew the glistening rod from his throat with an especially wet slurp. As the glans passed his lips, a huge web of cum slid out of James' mouth, hitting the ground with a splat.

After a dozen more thrusts Jeanne reached her climax as well. She pulled out of James' blown-out boy

pussy, laid her greasy pole along his crack and stroked herself as large ropes of cum covered his back and ass. She moaned uncontrollably as the orgasm flowed through her body and her thick emissions coated the rubber slave in another sheen of sticky seed.

Bayonetta watched her friend quake in orgasm with a naughty smile. “Eight!” she said, when the Goddess in red had finished.

“Eight” Jeanne agreed.

They were both exhausted, covered in sweat, and dehydrated, but neither wanted to admit it.

“Look, I know you don’t like declaring ties, but I think we’re both done here” Bayonetta conjectured.

“Yeah, I suppose we should get ready for dinner” she agreed reluctantly.

“Great! I’m gonna hit the shower. Make yourself comfortable and keep an eye on James until I’m done.” Bayonetta headed for the bathroom, already tugging at her cum splattered leather gloves.

“Gladly” Jeanne responded with her toothiest grin.

As the bathroom door shut, Jeanne bent down to inspect the slave's asshole. She peered inside, observing his paste-packed innards. The cream that had already spilled from his rim was slowly seeping into his depths and being absorbed in his anatomy. “Beautiful” she commented before raining another harsh blow down on his ass.

SMACK

James had never imagined such degradation was possible. His stomach was filled with cum, his throat was greased with cum, his intestines were full of cum, his ass was filled with cum, and he was bound in a morass of day old cum and latex. At least the ordeal was over. Or so he thought until Jeanne’s heeled boot connected with his scrotum.

James coughed and sputtered as Jeanne circled to his front. “You know what? Actually, **I lied**” she announced, bringing her massive prick to his lips “I want number nine **NOW!**”

He thought briefly about refusing to suck as Jeanne plowed her filth covered mega-cock into his mouth, but realized there was no point. If he did anything to annoy her she would go to town on his balls and it would only anger his Mistress as well. This was his life now and Bayonetta had instructed him to obey her guest's commands.

“**TASTE YOUR ASS, WHORE!**” Jeanne yelled as all eighteen inches of her musty phallus plunged down his throat. She grabbed the hood straps on both sides of his head and quickly established a fast mouth fucking pace.

As her pelvis mashed into his face repeatedly James was thankful her cock wasn’t a half inch thicker. His jaw probably would've unhinged if that were the case. Jeanne threw her head back and snarled like an animal as her balls slapped into his chin over and over.

“Oh, you’re something else, slut! No other slave has taken me balls deep in the mouth **AND** the ass.

Not without physical therapy. I like you a lot..." She looked down at him, grinning wildly as she pumped his throat nonstop. "We'll have to arrange a play date for you to visit my home. Preferably when Cereza is busy doing something else. You think you're a slut today? I'll teach you the true meaning of the word!"

She made her thrusts long and harsh, withdrawing until her tip had only just exited his throat to the back of his mouth. Each time she pummeled his uvula, jamming her full foot and a half of hot beef back down his throat. James sucked for all he was worth, if only to get the sinister shemale off quickly. She thrust into his face faster and faster, treating his mouth no differently than the asshole she'd just fucked into submission.

Jeanne lost her mind as her ninth climax hit her like a supernova. A lightning bolt of energy and endorphins struck her at her core as cum poured from her cock in the largest quantity yet. She ejected the godly load into his body as she continued to fuck his mouth. The thick filth filled his throat, crashing upon the entrance to his lungs, pooling in the bottom of his mouth, and spurting from his nostrils like spigots of pure sludge. She fucked his semen-clogged mouth for another twenty strokes before ripping the erupting phallus out of his cum-caked lips. She pointed her weapon at his hazy eyes and fired blasts of jizzum into the only aspect of his body yet unspoiled.

Cum continued gushing from her flesh hose as she slapped him across the face with it. He gagged, coughed and spit up cum, attempting to clear his nose and throat. Realizing he was in danger, she stuck a finger down his throat which hacked up another wave of jizz. As he sucked in fresh air, Jeanne pumped her cock with her left hand. She fired the final ropes of nut all over his face while massaging her ample breasts with her right.

Bayonetta exited the bathroom and was greeted by Jeanne's orgasmic wailing. As she finished drying herself off she was immediately confronted with the sight of her friend shuddering and painting her slave's face with her filth.

"What the hell?"

Jeanne turned her head, cock still in hand and a shit-eating grin on her face. "Nine."

"You're such a petty bitch sometimes" Bayonetta scowled.

"Yes, but I'm a petty bitch that had one more climax than you!" she chuckled.

Bayonetta rolled her eyes. "Get cleaned up! I'm starving" she snapped. "And good luck getting the smell of spunk out of that body suit. You really did a number on it."

Jeanne stepped toward the shower, intentionally brushing up against Bayonetta along the way. "You say that as if smelling like my cum was a bad thing!" She laughed heartily and shut the bathroom door behind her.

Bayonetta growled, attempting unsuccessfully to brush the sticky cum glaze off her moist skin. "You fucking cunt!"

After washing herself off in the kitchen, Bayonetta returned to the main room and got her evening wear out of her suitcase. The skirt she'd chosen was black leather, but at least she wasn't going to the opera

dressed as a Dominatrix.

After donning her most formal looking leather, she moved to the bondage horse and unlocked the various straps and chains that held James down. “You did great! I had a wonderful time and I think it’s safe to say Jeanne did too. Rest up until we get back. I’d help you up, but you’re filthy.”

James sat up slowly. His limbs were incredibly stiff and his whole body was slick with cum, inside and out. He slid off the bondage horse and began crawling back to the bed. “Mistress?”

“Yes?”

“Before you leave, could I please have a bath?”

“No, I don’t think it would be worth it” she replied, locking the bedside chain back onto his collar.

“Mistress?” he asked again.

She gazed down at him, hands on her hips and a sparkle in her eyes. “As soon as we’re back, it’s time for round two!”