

Bayonetta's Abuse VII

Jeanne's Gambit

Beams of warm light streamed through the open shades as James lounged on the waterbed. He smirked as he surfed through the various streaming services he had access to with his remote. So many channels and nothing he wanted to watch. It was the early afternoon of a crisp autumn day. The trees outside displayed bursts of red, orange and yellow color. The air was filled with the sweet scent of fall.

Cereza had left the night before and would be gone at least a couple more days. She was off on another lengthy assignment. She'd left him in her studio dungeon with a stash of food and just enough amusement to keep James from losing his mind. She'd added a treadmill and a set of weights to his accommodations so that he could exercise when he wished, but using either was hardly ideal when one was bound from neck to toe in thick latex.

“Femdom. S&M. Femdom. And, big surprise... more Femdom.”

He chuckled as he navigated from service to service. Everything was password protected, most of it was porn, and all the porn was Femdom. It seemed Bayonetta wanted to keep him horny and frustrated until she returned. James slipped off the bed, tossed the remote behind him and stretched his limbs. The latex of his shiny, black, skin-tight suit stretched and creaked around him.

'Oh well, at least I have my games...'

He walked toward the entertainment center and grabbed a controller. The gimp-suited gamer powered on his console and sat in the thick PVC bean bag. His suit audibly meshed with the leathery chair as it molded to his body. James let out a sigh of contentment as his game loaded. While it was true that he was, technically, a slave, he really didn't have it all that bad.

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Jeanne lounged in the back of her white limousine, a cell phone held to her ear as she listened intently. Her body was wrapped in red leather; the clingy, shiny body suit hugging her wide hips and full breasts nicely. A white scarf sat draped around her neck and her short, snow white hair was complemented by the sparkling diamonds hanging from her ears. She shifted nervously as the caller spoke, pondering an important decision.

“You got her? Are you **ABSOLUTELY** sure?!?”

“Affirmative. We caught her off guard. She took two shots to the back, near the spine and then fell in the river. I think she was meeting a contact, but we got her first.”

Jeanne bit her tongue. It sounded like things had gone perfectly, but she knew how resourceful Cereza

could be. There was still a chance she was alive.

“What about the body? Witnesses?”

“No witnesses. The body hasn't surfaced, but we'll keep an eye out. If it does, we'll recover it and dispose of her elsewhere.”

“Good. Call me if that happens. Otherwise we'll speak again at the appointed time.”

The call ended. Jeanne lowered her phone and closed her eyes.

'You were a good friend and ally, at times, Cereza, but you were an even bigger source of trouble. I'm sorry it ended this way.'

Her eyes reopened devoid of guilt, remorse or pity. A devious smile played across her face as she set the phone down and she picked up her Oakley's. She slipped the elegant sunglasses over her eyes and pushed a button on her control panel. The shield separating the front and back of the limo lowered and her Butler popped into view.

“William, put us in stealth mode. I'm gonna go get him.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

William flipped a few switches on the dashboard of the extravagant vehicle. As Jeanne emerged from the side, the windows darkened to a full tint and small shields slid over the front and rear license plates, concealing them.

Jeanne sauntered across the street, her nose turned up at the seedy lower class neighborhood she found herself in. Her red, high heeled boots clacked on the pavement as her white scarf flowed in the cool breeze. She approached the shady looking building that housed Cereza's safe house, inspecting it carefully for any kind of security. There were no cameras, no sensors, no security at all aside from the auto lock on the outer doors.

'Of course there's no security. She never told anyone about this place but me.'

When she reached the doors, Jeanne closed her eyes and concentrated. A red glow formed around her arms and she reached down, pulling the door open and snapping its locking mechanism like a twig. She studied the hall carefully as she entered the building's foyer. Not only were there no security guards, there was no one around at all. This was like taking candy from a dead baby.

'What a dump! Does anyone else even live here?'

She stalked down the hall until she reached the door to Cereza's flat. Jeanne took hold of the door knob and gave it a turn. It was locked, of course, and there was a dead bolt just above it. She eyed them disdainfully, wondering if it was worth the time and effort to pick them. She'd already busted the outer door on the way in.

'Fuck it.'

She closed her eyes and worked her spell a second time. The red glow pulsed from her lower body and illuminated the dim hallway.

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James was completely absorbed in his game when a loud striking sound made him jump in the luxurious chair. A second, louder strike came two seconds later and the front door hurtled off its hinges and hit the opposite wall. Wood splinters flew everywhere and small pieces of metal crashed to the floor in a flurry of clanging sounds.

He dropped his controller and turned to look at the hallway entrance as Jeanne emerged from the shattered doorway. She held the door handle in her palm, casually tossing it aside before setting her sights on James.

“Well hello there, slut. Having a bit of fun are we?”

“Jeanne! What are you doing here?”

“Same as you! Having a bit of fun.” She grinned as she approached Bayonetta's toy rack. The Femdom diva selected a pair of handcuffs and a rubber ball gag from the array of dangling gear.

“Mistress never said anything about...”

“She's not your Mistress anymore. I am.”

James' eyes went wide. He suddenly recalled the words she'd spoken back at her mansion.

“What did you do to her??? **Where is Cereza?!?**”

Jeanne shrugged, a coy look on her face as she approached him. Her sweet perfume slid into his nostrils, filling his lungs as surely as she wished to fill other parts of his body. “Lying in a gutter somewhere? Hell if I know...”

She reached out, grabbed the O-ring on the front of his collar and gave it a heavy tug; yanking him forward into her grasp. “It doesn't really matter does it? You're **mine** now, and I'm going to take such good care of you!”

James pushed her away with every ounce of his strength. His crestfallen expression was a combination of sadness and rage. His eyes watered as a million horrible possibilities entered his mind. Jeanne stumbled back, annoyed by his insolence, but maintained her composure in light of the news she'd just delivered.

“You **fucking bitch**! Did you do this just to get me?!?”

“Pffft. Please...” she responded. She grabbed his collar a second time and reasserted control. “Don't flatter yourself. There were a dozen reasons. You're just a nice little bonus!”

She yanked the O-ring hard, pulled him forward and took hold of his left arm. “Now stop screwing around and submit like a good little boy!”

James placed his right hand on her shoulder and pushed hard, wrenching his left arm out of her grasp as the restraint slipped from her hand again. She was strong for her size and build, but he was still stronger; barely. His posture exuded stony resolve as she stumbled back yet again.

“I'm not going anywhere with you.”

Jeanne sighed, closing her eyes as she raised her hand. Her palm began to glow a faint red. “Fine... The **hard way** then.”

James' expression morphed from determination to fear and wonder as her entire upper body grew brighter and more red. The glow concentrated on the outline of her red leather bodysuit, giving her a decidedly sinister look.

In the blink of an eye, she crossed the distance and was wrestling with him. Jeanne's arms grasped him tightly, her lips pursed in a wicked smile. Her strength was five times what it had been just moments ago and his limbs started to buckle under her unnatural might.

“What... the fuck?!? **LET ME GO YOU CRAZY BITCH!!!**”

With her newfound strength, it was child's play to cuff his left hand and wrap it around his back. She grabbed his right arm and followed suit, cuffing them together in seconds. James continued to yell as she plugged his mouth with the thick red ball, buckling the leather straps around his head in no time. Finally, she selected a leash from Bayonetta's collection and fastened it to his collar.

“Now now, that's no way to talk to your new Mistress! But since I'm in a good mood, I'll forgive you. Just this once.”

With James' arms secure and his mouth gagged, she embraced him from behind, wrapping her arms around his chest and purring into his ear. “This is going to be so much fun! I don't know how, but you still have some pride left. After all Cereza and I have put you through, you still have a chip on your shoulder.”

SMACK

Jeanne blistered his ass with her palm, kneading his flesh through the thick, latex suit. She groped him up and down with one hand as she held him close to her body with the other. “You have a wonderfully deep throat and a nice, pliable ass on you, but I think your stubbornness is your **real** charm. Bitch boys like you are never as much fun once they're completely broken. Frankly, I hope it lasts forever!”

James grunted and yelled as she had her way with him, but the gag allowed him nothing but high pitched muffles. He bucked and shook his body, but it was no use in her impossibly strong grip.

Jeanne took the end of the leash and headed for the front door. “Alright, slut. Time to go!”

She towed him behind her sternly. Every time James attempted to plant his feet in the ground and slow her advance, she yanked the collar around his neck, correcting him harshly.

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Mr. Anderson plodded along behind the noisy lawn mower, sweating lightly as the machine mulched up grass and fallen leaves. With the exception of the white limousine parked in front of his home, it had been a completely normal day so far.

Suddenly, he caught a streak of black and red out of the corner of his eye. He looked over his shoulder and focused on a woman in red, dragging what looked like a man covered in black rubber with his arms bound behind him. He let go of the mower's operating lever and it buzzed to a stop a few feet away.

He placed his hands on his hips as he watched the unusual pair make their way to the corner. The woman constantly pushed, pulled and berated him as the rubber guy stalled and bucked.

“Jesus tap dancing christ... This used to be a quiet neighborhood.”

As they crossed the street and got closer to the car, the woman noticed him staring. She gave Mr. Anderson a dazzling smile and a little wave of her hand before licking the rubber man's cheek and pushing him, head first, into the open door of the limo.

The mystery woman then blew Mr. Anderson a kiss before disappearing inside and slamming the door. Moments later, the limousine pulled away from the curb and sped down the street. A *Just Married* sign was displayed prominently on the bumper.

Mr. Anderson watched the limo cruise into the distance, a blank expression on his face.

“I don't understand these new sex games.”

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The ride to Jeanne's mansion felt much longer than it had the first time. As she groped, licked and nibbled on him endlessly, James' mind was a knot of turmoil. His heart ached at the prospect that he may never see his true Mistress again. Jeanne ignored his melancholy, confident he would fully succumb to her charms in time. She gave him not a moments respite as she lavished him with unbridled affection.

When the limo arrived at its destination, Jeanne hustled him inside and took him upstairs in her private elevator. James had given up any pretense of resistance at that point, knowing it was futile and would only serve to piss her off. The supernatural display he'd witnessed earlier, the source of her amazing strength and its connection to what he'd seen earlier with Bayonetta occupied some corner of his distraught mind, but he was unable to focus.

Jeanne marched to her bedroom with her prize in tow, tossing open the doors to the enormous chamber and rushing him to her oversized canopy bed. She grabbed him by the harness of his ball gag and launched him face first onto the mattress, his bound body landing flat on its wide surface.

She ducked down into his field of vision with a wild grin on her face. “Home again! Don't go anywhere! I'll be right back.”

She laughed and headed to the bathroom, her enormous erection evident through the skin tight leather of her costume. James could hear her heavy urination and subsequent washing as he struggled on the bed, his arms still cuffed tightly behind him.

His arms were sore and his jaw ached from the thick rubber gag. As he watched Jeanne exit the bathroom, he knew there would no relief any time soon. Her body suit was half unzipped and she was already stroking her thick cock. Her expression was one of aroused delight. It was obvious she was getting off on abducting him and her anticipation of all the debauchery to come.

She walked back around the bed, approaching her bound slut from behind. Jeanne immediately unzipped the bottom of his suit and James' gift wrapped flesh opened before her; the black latex peeling to both sides. She thrust three leather clad fingers into his pucker, digging in and stretching his anal lips wide. Her fat cock twitched impatiently as it rose to its full, raging eighteen inches.

“Do you believe in destiny, James? I do. That you're now **my property** is just another confirmation that destiny is real. A woman like *her* had no right to a treasure like you. She didn't appreciate your true potential.”

Jeanne leaned down by his side, her lips hovering next to his ear. “When I'm done with you, you are going to be... **perfect**.”

The words sent a chill down his spine. She rose back up and speared another finger into his quickly loosening asshole. James grunted into the ball gag as she opened him up swiftly. Finally, she pulled her fingers from his moist hole, brought her hefty cock to the crack of his ass and laid it between his defenseless cheeks. She slid it up and down his rear several times, savoring the suspense.

“So much to do! After we have a little fun, I'm going to make an appointment for you to get those wonderful tattoos I promised. You're gonna have your own special room, both upstairs and in the dungeon! They'll be well equipped in every way. And there will be *other* surprises as well...”

Jeanne's eyes closed as she slid her glans halfway down his crack and plunged it between his fleshy cheeks. She speared her cockhead directly into his juicy pucker and rammed nine inches of her thick fuck wand into his ass in one thrust. His soft, warm walls parts and Jeanne's mouth hung open in delight.

James groaned, the muffled cry dying in the thick comforter as Jeanne pulled her ravenous monster back and drove it in deeper. The exquisite pleasure was written across her face in the form of a deep blush. The moist sounds of intercourse and the musky aroma of Jeanne's thick cock filled the room as she drilled deep into his bowels.

“You'll never guess what my latest project is, slut. Since you can't speak right now, I'll just tell you! It's a ***volume enhancer***.”

She began thrusting her cock in faster; the slick, meaty pole slurping in and out of his stretched and reddened asshole more vigorously. Jeanne cooed softly as fifteen inches of her magnificent shaft

tunneled into his well trained depths. Every nerve in her body urged her on, her hunger for release increasing by the second.

“A good amount of zinc in your diet can improve the quantity of your semen substantially. So will the right combination of amino acids. Mmmmmm.... Yeah! Gimme that yummy boy cunt!”

Her breath became ragged as she fucked him powerfully. Jeanne's excitement multiplied as she came closer to plugging her entire bloated shaft balls deep in his luscious hole. She reveled in the experience, ecstatic to have claimed the perfect ass for her own, personal cock sleeve.

“I’ve been testing it myself by combining a high-grade zinc supplement, protein powder, egg whites and other foods to get the right acids. The results, as you’ll soon see, are pretty astonishing...”

James attempted to wrestle from her grasp as the meaning of her words sunk in, but it was way too late for that. He may as well have been rain-soaked earth trying to resist an oil derrick. Her grip on his flanks was like iron and her cock impaled his fleshy, elastic rim to the hilt. Jeanne's massive scrotum were now smacking into his balls painfully.

“On top of that, I haven't cum in two days... Ohhhhhh!!! **OH FUCK!!!!!!**”

She jack hammered her fat, turgid cum cannon into his ass at lightning speed. Loud moans escaped her lips as she became rougher and more needy. She lifted her leg up and placed her right foot on the bed for leverage, plowing his ass with every bit of force her hips could generate.

James' entire body went slack as she drilled impossibly deep in his anatomy. He was pummeled mercilessly, his body smacked forward with every fuck and held firm by her steely grip. He shook on the bed in his latex prison, the hand cuffs rattling behind his back. James' grunts turned to moans of bliss as his ass tingled and his prostate lit up like a Christmas tree.

Jeanne's hips smacked his ass even louder as her red leather flexed and creaked around her ample curves. Her teeth gritted and a growl formed in her throat as she grew ever closer to paradise. The platinum blonde's bulging scrotum churned with untold levels of seed, her need for climax desperate.

**"AHHHHHHH!!! AGGGGHHHHHHH!!! YEEEEESSSS!!!! FFFUUUUUUUUUUCCKKK!!!
GGGGGGGGGUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"**

James' ass flooded with thick ejaculate faster than he could have imagined possible. The thick, white paste exploded from her glans, his anal walls and rushing deep into his intestines. It stringy glue glided along the sides of her slick cock and poured from his pucker, splattering the rutting Goddess in mid-coitus. Jeanne screamed and smacked his ass repeatedly, wailing like a banshee as she continued to bury her bloated fuck stick in his filth clogged rectum.

Inconceivably, her jizz continued to gush out and each thrust into his ass was accompanied by a deluge of ejaculate being forced from his pucker in a loud, wet sloshes. He could feel the hot sludge climbing further up his bowels, plugging him up and threatening to enter his stomach as her climax rolled on.

After countless volleys of sticky semen had clogged up her slave, Jeanne relented. She leaned back and withdrew her spasming schlong from his overflowing ass with an obscene slurp. The perverted shemale held it at an upward angle as stringy filth continued to jet from its mushroom shaped head. Long, thick

ropes of cum landed all over James' back and limbs, slowly covering him in sticky nut.

Once the entire backside of his body had taken on a white glaze, she reached down and flipped him over. James rolled onto his bound arms and found himself staring up at a woman possessed. The final ropes of her cum shot out all over his thighs, chest and face.

As her stream of jizzum shrunk to a trickle, she released her cock and pounced on him. She brought her face to his and began licking his neck above the collar, her cum drenched body squishing against his in a semen sandwich.

James moaned and winced as his world became Jeanne's sucking lips, the grip of her sticky curves and the overwhelming scent of her pungent sperm. She groped and feasted on him for several minutes before finally collapsing on his body. The ravenous Domina's breathing was labored, her pleasure racked frame slowly descending back to Earth from cloud nine.

“That was..... wow.”

The room was silent of all but Jeanne's deep breaths as she laid atop him, glued to his body with her own filth. She rested there for a while, holding James close. Once she'd recovered, Jeanne rose from the mire of bedding, latex and semen. A sloppy adhesive sound ripped out as her cummy bodysuit clung greedily to his sticky gimp form.

“Just wait until I do that in your throat.”

Jeanne chuckled, extremely pleased with herself as she placed her hands on her wide hips. Her cock hung lewdly between her strong thighs, over a foot long even in its flaccid state.

“That suit Cereza got you is nice, but I'm having a new one made. Black is such a boring color! The bondage I craft for you will have **style** and much better features.”

Jeanne reached down, seized his hips and rolled him over a second time. She unlocked the handcuffs and his arms slid down, finally relaxed as they hit the cum-slick bedding. His new Mistress strode away from the bed, zipping up her bodysuit and smoothing the leather over her moist skin.

“Dinner is at seven o'clock. You can rest and refresh until then.”

She opened the large double doors and stepped through them, turning on her heel and looking back through the breach in the middle. “Welcome back, slut!”

The doors shut and the lock on the outside clicked. The sound of Jeanne's clacking boot heels trailed into the distance. James rose slowly, reaching up and unstrapping the ball gag from his face before tossing it aside.

He slid off the bed and headed for the bathroom, his aching ass oozing cum the entire way. After he'd relieved himself and washed his face clean of her spunk, he re-emerged and went directly to the doors. Suspecting it was a waste of time, he reached for the handle and tested it. Unsurprisingly, it was sturdy and locked tight.

James sighed and began looking around the spacious bedroom. Her chamber had changed little since

his visit in the spring. He began poking around the room, looking through drawers and containers; seeking out anything that might be insightful or useful.

'It's hopeless. This place is a fucking fortress. She killed Cereza and then fucked you in the ass. Plus, she's some kind of fucking sorceress. What are you going to do genius? Stab her with a letter opener?'

James paced around the room, trying in vain to cut through his frustration so he could focus and think. His mind spun in place as he attempted to take stock of his situation and imagine a way out.

As he walked by her painting supplies, he bumped into the easel and stumbled, the cardboard cover falling off and hitting the floor. He reflexively reached down to retrieve it, but as he stood back up, the cover dropped from his hands. His very being was struck to the core with instant terror.

It wasn't a perfect likeness, but it was him alright. The same eyes and jawline. The same shoulders and hips. The same legs and ass, tight in his latex suit. What wasn't him was the sizable pair of breasts that protruded from the figure's chest.

'I need to get the fuck out of here. Now.'

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It was late morning as sunlight poured into the dining hall. Jeanne sat at the head of her banquet table eating eggs, oatmeal and orange juice with a smug smile on her face. The erotic adventures of the night before were still fresh in her mind. She'd fucked James' ass and mouth in every conceivable position throughout the evening and it showed in her appetite. She devoured the food ravenously as James sat at the other end of the lengthy table, picking at his plate.

“Eat” she ordered, gesturing to the meal placed before him.

“I'm not hungry” he answered, refusing to look at her.

“Eat or I will send every morsel up your ass with another helping of my cum.”

James sighed, sticking his fork in the breakfast sausage and reluctantly taking a bite. He leaned back in his chair, his whole body creaking with cum slick latex. Jeanne giggled as she watched him in his disheveled state, knowing full well what a mess she was as well.

“Don't worry, I'm going to have William draw us a bath as soon as we're...”

As if speaking his name summoned him from some ethereal realm, William burst into the dining hall. He had a worried expression on his face and a blaring two-way radio in his hand.

“Mistress Jeanne! We've got trouble!”

Jeanne dropped her fork immediately and stood up, grabbing the receiver from the butler as he approached.

“What is it?” she demanded angrily from the gate guard.

“Miss Jeanne?!? We're under attack! She's moving too fast! We can't hit her!!! I've called for backup but it will be a while bef--”

A loud crack could be heard and then a crashing sound as the radio hit the ground on the other end.

“Fucking hell.”

She crammed the radio into William's chest as her eyes flared in sudden realization. Her agent had not reported in last night and now Jeanne knew why. Exactly what she'd feared had come to pass.

“I'm getting my weapons. William, see if any of the girls are in town right now and if they are, tell them to haul ass.”

“Right away, Mistress.”

William hurried off in one direction while Jeanne strode away in another.

James was left to look out the window and wonder if he shouldn't take this opportunity to make a break for it. He could see a thin column of smoke coming from the front of the compound, but nothing else was visible. Thick foliage blocked the rest of the view.

'Yes... it has to be her. Mistress is alive!'

Jeanne re-entered the hall moments later, two enormous guns strapped to her hips and a padlock in her hand. The light from the windows gleamed off her red leather attire and the metal implements of destruction at her sides.

They were way too big to be ordinary hand guns, but having no knowledge of firearms, James didn't know how to classify them. She crossed the distance to him quickly and grabbed the leash hanging from his collar as she continued past.

“And **YOU**, young man, are not leaving my sight!”

She stalked toward the front entrance of the mansion, pulling him roughly behind her. Reaching the doors, she smashed them open with an explosive kick, continuing onto the wrap-around porch and walking to a metal ring that stuck up from the cement of the stairs. She brought the end of his chain to the ring and smoothly connected the padlock around them, securing him to the floor.

“It's just impossible to find good help these days. Be right back, my pet! I have some vermin to exterminate.”

She charged onto the lawn, her hands already twitching as the familiar roar of Bayonetta's GTO advanced up the long driveway, growing louder. She locked her eyes on the vehicle and drew her weapons, the unusually large, multi-barreled hand guns aimed directly at the intruder.

As the bright yellow car closed in on the mansion, it screeched to the side of the pavement, the chassis barely coming to a stop before Bayonetta leapt from the seat, her own guns drawn. Her black leather

costume and luxurious dark hair exploded into the air, a look of utter contempt on her face as she headed right for Jeanne.

What James saw next would have been unbelievable had he not already witnessed the impossible the day before. Both women began glowing a light purple, and just as their guns rang out in attack, they began moving at impossibly fast speeds, a blur of colored shapes and streaks.

The sound of their weapons was deafening, the chambers unloading at unfathomable rates. Hundreds of gunshots rang out like machine gun fire for each minute the conflict continued.

Try as he might to keep up with the battle, his eyes could scarcely make out the two women as they jumped, dodged, rolled, and continued to fire at each other. A hail of bullets riddled the top of the steps, making him jump and informing him that the contest below was no spectator sport.

James dove behind one of the Romanesque pillars holding up the porch and looked around frantically for anything that might help him get free. He spied a box of tools not far away and crawled to it, his chain offering him barely enough slack to reach it.

Tearing open the container, he found an assortment of items. He quickly tossed aside a few that were of no use and finally extracted a chisel and hammer. As he raised them and prepared to smash the chain, the gunshots suddenly halted. First one pair of guns went silent, then the other. He peeked his head back above the railing, observing that the mystical glow was fading from both combatants.

Jeanne and Bayonetta were breathing hard, their mystical energies dissipating as their guns clicked empty. They both stood still, catching their breaths and staring daggers at one another.

Jeanne tossed her guns aside casually, her resolve to end her rival's life unshaken. She entered an elegant Wing Chun kata, her arms flowing up and outward as her body balanced itself low to the ground.

Bayonetta holstered her guns, a sarcastic smile spreading across her lips. "Sending a little girl to do a Witch's job... That was bold Jeanne. Not terribly smart, but bold."

Jeanne seethed, springing into the air and delivering a jump kick in practice. She followed it up with a forward thrust punch, her right fist extended and her left held back in defensive reserve. "Gonna make you uglier, **bitch**."

Bayonetta took a simple Jujitsu stance, inviting her attack. "I'd offer you the same, but I'm pretty sure that's impossible."

Jeanne screamed in rage and leapt at her, the devastating strength of her kick nullified as Bayonetta sidestepped and brushed her foot aside. The dark-haired Domina skipped back as Jeanne followed the attack with a roundhouse. Bayonetta attempted to counter-attack with a well aimed side kick, but the agile Jeanne dodged it and cart wheeled to the side, immediately resuming her attack once she was clear of danger.

The two women were moving incredibly fast even without their magical enhancements. Their limbs flew in attacks and counter attacks, most of them dodged as they carefully circled each other and looked for weaknesses in the others guard. The wind swirled around them, colorful gusts of autumn

leaves sweeping by as they danced dangerously around one another.

James had become so absorbed in watching them that he was startled when William burst from the front entrance. He ran past James, carrying another pair of Jeanne's custom firearms in his hands.

'SHIT!'

James brought the hammer down on the chisel repeatedly, finally snapping one of the links on the fourth blow. He dropped the tools and immediately took off, his latex suit encumbering him, but his urgency and sudden burst of adrenaline more than making up for it.

He ran faster than he ever had since high school, quickly closing the distance between he and William as they both headed towards the melee on the lawn. James dove in a football style tackle, wrapping his arms around William's legs and bringing him to the ground hard.

The butler's head collided with the heavy guns as he fell, stunning him badly. James pushed himself up and dove on him again, this time landing on top of him and delivering a right cross to William's jaw as he tried to right himself. The man's body collapsed into unconsciousness and James rose from the ground, shaking his bruised hand from side to side.

“Sorry buddy. There's been enough gun-play already.”

As he got his bearings and his gaze returned to the two women in the distance, he could tell that Jeanne had noticed them. Her body suddenly abandoned its attack and turned towards the two men. She took off at top speed, her eyes set on the guns that lay before William. James quickly grabbed them up and looked around nervously.

He spotted what he needed two hundred feet away; a large water fountain. James made a dash for it with the heavy weapons in hand. His lungs burned as he crossed the dry earth, fallen leaves crunching below his steps.

Jeanne gained on him as they ran, but it wasn't fast enough and James reached the fountain with time to spare. He tossed the guns into the water, a look of surprised relief spreading across his face. Jeanne cruised to a stop and shrieked in anger. **“YOU UNGRATFUL PIECE OF—GUUUUHHHH!!!”**

Her enraged slight was cut short as Bayonetta crashed into her from behind. Cereza tackled her to the ground and immediately delivered a fist to her face, bloodying Jeanne's nose. The two amazons struggled in the grass and leaves, a frenzy of arms and legs vying for position.

Bayonetta took a painful boot to the face, but managed to slide around Jeanne and put her in a headlock. It didn't last long, however, as the woman in red squirmed to the side and delivered an elbow directly to her crotch. Cereza coughed and yelled in agony as Jeanne rolled off, putting some distance between them as James arrived to the scene.

He leaned down and offered Bayonetta his shoulder, helping her to rise as she recovered from the brutal blow to her nether region. Both women stood panting and scowling at each other, blood smeared across their faces and heaving chests.

James' eyes narrowed as he stared back at Jeanne. He held his Mistresses' arm over his back,

shouldering her weight. "That's enough Jeanne! It's over."

"It's **OVER** when I kill that whore!"

Bayonetta snickered. "I've heard that before."

"You're the Salieri to my Mozart, Cereza! Always have been, always will be! Let's finish this!"

Bayonetta grinned, remaining silent as she lifted her arm off James and pushed him behind her. She took her defensive Jujitsu posture once again.

As the two prepared to re-engage, the sound of cars rushing up the driveway could be heard in the distance. Jeanne turned and looked as the unmarked black sedans sped towards them, anger steadily growing in her eyes.

"You called the enforcers?"

"Right before I dealt with your guards. I didn't want to, but I couldn't take the risk of you getting the jump on me."

Jeanne balked, shaking her head in disgust. "Lords... And here I thought at the very least you would honor a sacred duel. You're pathetic!"

Bayonetta didn't flinch, her cool gaze fixed on her arrogant opponent. "That's amusing, coming from someone who just attempted murder and kidnapping."

The cars screeched to a stop not far away. A dozen buxom women quickly exited the vehicles and made their way to the trio.

James couldn't help but stare as the intimidating Femdoms approached. They each had their own distinct style, but every enforcer was sporting a leather body suit and all of them were armed to the teeth. Their guns clanked and jingled as the force fell upon them. It seemed a tall blonde was the one in command.

"What the fuck is going on here?"

Jeanne's smoldering gaze remained fixed on the ground. Bayonetta's, by contrast, was lifted to the sky as she waited for the inevitable.

"You know what? I don't even care! Take them to the hall."

The assembly of sultry amazons fanned out, taking Bayonetta and Jeanne by the arms and leading them roughly to the parked cars. The blonde woman fixed her stare on James, her golden hair flowing in the breeze as she sized him up.

"Who does this slut belong to?"

"Me!" Jeanne yelled over her shoulder.

“He's mine” Bayonetta answered matter-of-factly.

The blonde rolled her eyes, nodding at James. “Bring him too.”

Two of the enforcers hurried to his side, grabbing James by the arms and rushing him to one of the cars. He was prepared to protest, but thankfully the car they led him to contained Bayonetta. Just as they were about to shove him in, he recalled something and planted his feet into the ground.

“Wait! Check the basement. The dungeon! She may have others captive there. There were at least two women before!”

“**Shut up!**” the dark skinned woman on his right admonished before throwing him into the back seat. He landed on Bayonetta's boots, a grunt passing through his gritted teeth as the door slammed shut behind him.

As she leaned down to help him up, the car was already turning around and following the others out of Jeanne's estate. James climbed on the seat, turning to see his Mistresses' eyes on the verge of tears. Their was painful remorse written on her bruised and bloodied face. She reached out her hand, her leather glove caressing his chin and cheek.

“Cheshire... I'm so sorry.”

“I'm fine, Mistress. Are you alright?”

She leaned in gently, sealing her lips over his and inserting her tongue into his mouth. Her other hand drifted to the back of his head as they engaged in a long, deep French kiss. “I am now.”

The trees sped by as the unmarked vehicles picked up speed. The caravan of cars was heading into the city with all haste..

“Mistress, where are they taking us?”

Cereza sighed and leaned back in her seat. She closed her eyes as her weary body relaxed and she recovered from the fight with her rival. “You wanted to know more about me, didn't you? About what I do? About **US**?”

Her eyes re-opened, peering out the window to the cloudy, darkening sky. “This, my love, is why you must always be careful what you wish for.”