

Bayonetta's Abuse XI

Gathering Storm

“Ohhhhhh! OHHHH GOD!!!”

Moans flowed freely from James' mouth as Bayonetta's fist slurped in and out of his well stretched pucker. It was late morning and although their play session had stretched on for nearly two hours, Mistress showed no signs of slowing. His beautiful, latex-clad Domina grinned deviously as she plunged her shiny hand into his warm, succulent bottom over and over. She went to the elbow with each glorious thrust, watching in delight as her slave squirmed in his bindings. After each sensual dive, her arm pulled back and stretched his sissy hole wide with her knuckles before repeating the act.

SCHLORP SCHLORP SCHLORP SCHLORP

“Cum for Mistress you fucking whore! I know there's more filth in that sad little sack of yours!”

James wasn't so sure. He'd already nutted three times during their lengthy play and although he was rock hard again, he couldn't imagine he had more cum to offer before re-hydrating. He wasn't capable of the torrential ejaculations or infinite climaxes of his well hung Goddess. He was merely human.

His recent emissions were slathered around his midsection, gluing the gimp suit to James' body with the usual combination of sweat and sticky spunk. It was the same latex suit he'd spent the night in, locked in a sleep sack beside his Mistress. It was the same one he'd been wearing when she fucked his face and ass in bed, long before they got up and Bayonetta locked him onto the bondage bench. It was the same one he'd be wearing for who knows how long as he marinated in his own juices and the cum of his captor. This decision, like all others, was hers to make.

“Y-Yes Mistress!” he answered through gritted teeth as her fist glided into his hot depths repeatedly. Her forearm slurped in and out of his well fucked boy-pussy, stretching him ever wider and driving his prostate wild with slick, heavenly latex.

The discomfort in James' chest, arms and shins was mild thanks to the thick leather padding on the bench. Multiple leather straps were wound tightly around each limb and his midsection, sealing him to the unit until Mistress chose to free him. The headrest had been removed completely. Bayonetta wouldn't allow it to impede her periodic fucking of James' mouth. Her slave would just have to endure without the convenience.

Allowing his head to hang off the side of the bench freely would've been too simple, so Mistress had put the bondage harness around James' body to good use. From a D ring on his back, a length of rope proceeded up to the back of his head. It was connected to a studded leather strap that folded over the top of his hooded face and ended in a shiny metal nose-hook, the prongs of which were buried in James' nostrils. This had the dual effect of keeping him in a disciplined position and providing ready access to his mouth whenever she craved his throat.

SMACK SMACK

The open palm of her free hand lambasted his ass cheeks before she picked up the pace of her fist fucking. The sudden bursts of fresh pain sent warm, pleasurable waves through his body. His limbs yanked on their bonds in futility as she arm-fucked him powerfully.

SCHLORP SCHLORP SCHLORP SCHLORP SCHLORP SCHLORP

“OHHHGODDDDDDD! OHHHFUUUUUCCCCCKKK!!!!”

James' eyelids fluttered. His eyes rolled back and his cock discharged for the fourth time that morning. White, milky splooge erupted into the bottom of his bondage suit, pushing sweat and cum further in all directions. The paste-like deluge oozed ever deeper into his rubber prison.

“AHHHHH!!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

He could do nothing but take the overdose of pleasure as Bayonetta continued her fist pumping in and out. She worked over his prostate continuously, his ass tingling and his cock firing wildly as his Goddess controlled his orgasm and milked her slutty gimp for every ounce of filth that she could coax. He grunted as his neck attempted to pull forward. James was denied as the small metal studs dug deeper into his nose and pulled his nostrils open slightly wider.

It had been a while since Cereza had bound him this thoroughly and kept him restrained for so long. She wanted an extended session to reinforce her total dominance after his recent flight and dalliance with another woman. The fact that he'd had no control over it didn't matter. Any excuse to debase, abuse and utterly put James in his place was good for Bayonetta. Or no excuse at all, for that matter.

SCCCHHLLLLLOOORRRPPPP

Her arm pulled free and James' pucker shrunk back to a slight gape. Cereza examined her wet, glossy arm and looked down at his battered asshole with smug pleasure.

“See, slave? I said you had one more in you! Mistress knows best, hmmm?”

“Yes, Mistress...”

James breathed deeply, attempting to cool himself in his hot, clammy bondage. Sweat and cum oozed around his body as his second skin clung to him moistly.

“Mistress has one more too. So get ready.”

Bayonetta was hard as a rock. Her gloved hand glided up and down her engorged, meaty pole as she eyed his juicy ass and licked her lips. Fisting her bitch-boy's ass was her favorite activity after face fucking and anal. Spanking was probably fourth. Come to think of it... he needed another spanking, didn't he?

Cereza dropped her cock and reached for the long leather paddle she'd set aside. It had already seen considerable action that morning.

“Remind me, slut. What are we up to for spankings? Was it fifty or sixty?”

“Sixty, Mistress!”

“Hmmm, alright. Seventy it is then.”

James drew a deep breath and braced himself. He knew what was coming any second.

WHHHHAAAPPP

“Sixty one!” he called out reflexively. He no longer needed to be told. James knew from experience what Mistress wanted.

WHHHHAAAPPP

“Sixty two!”

Each wide slap of the thick leather paddle slammed across both ass cheeks and brought fresh ache, but also a renewed flow of endorphins to his body. Bayonetta did this regularly between fuckings and she knew just how to make it heighten the experience. Each round of spankings before a lengthy deep dicking pre-loaded the chemical release that would make being ravaged feel even more incredible. Crucially, the spankings had to be more intense between each round as the slave's pain threshold ratcheted up.

WHHHHAAAPPP

“Seventy!” his voice cracked as he called out the last number.

WHHHHAAAPPP

“AHHHHHHH!!!”

One more for good measure. She liked to surprise him sometimes.

“Seventy one...”

The leather paddle hit the floor and Cereza quickly homed in on his well beaten ass. Half of it was still sealed in shiny latex, but the section she could see through the rounded opening of his unzipped ass-flap was nice and puffy red. She reached out and gave his cheeks a squeeze with hungry hands.

“AHHHH!!! FUCK!!!!!!” he hissed.

Bayonetta's fat, fleshy cock might as well have been a steel rod. She brought the tip to his soft, well-stretched pucker and left it leaning at the opening. She swept her sweaty, matted hair from her face and adjusted it behind her. Her own body was just as warm and messy in her sweaty, skin-tight latex suit.

The mess of sweat and cum wasn't just for subs, it was good for Dommies as well. If you weren't a mess of juices, you were doing something wrong as far as Bayonetta was concerned. Her entire body vibrated with lust as the wet latex sucked on every inch of her curvy form. Cereza's desire to rail her

gimp slave into a new state of mind-broken, drooling bitch-boy was immeasurable, but the one thing she wanted more was to hear him plead to be taken.

“Beg for it.”

“Mistress, please...”

“Please **WHAT?!?**”

“Please, fuck my slutty ass!”

“You want a **FAT COCK** in that **WELL BEATEN ASS** of yours?!? Is that it?”

“Yes, Mistress! PLEASE!”

“Of course you do, you fucking slut...”

She grabbed his hips and thrust home powerfully. The full, immense length of her bloated cum-pipe burrowed deep into his fleshy tunnel. They moaned together in mutual pleasure as her hips met his bruised ass cheeks and she bottomed out in her eager slave. His ass was the preeminent holster to her magnificent endowment. It had been that way for well over a year now and would be so for the rest of his bottom-bitch life.

Bayonetta moved her hips in small circles, stretching him out even further as she reveled in his warm depths. Her hot, pulsing missile grew even harder, bathed as it was in the sucking pleasure of submissive flesh. She teased him with her motions as she took hold of his bondage harness and chuckled. She knew he was dying to be fucked, which meant she could elicit some more wonderful begging.

“Please, Mistress!”

“Oh, I'm sorry. What was it you wanted again?”

“Please, fuck me!!!”

“How do you wish to be fucked?”

“Hard, Mistress!”

She gave his bondage harness a firm tug. The leather audibly stretched as she pulled it back. The rope, leather strap and nose hook were yanked with it, digging into his nostrils and pulling his face up higher.

“How hard, slave?”

“**VERY HARD, MISTRESS! PLEASE! MY SLUTTY ASS NEEDS IT!**”

She released the harness and his face fell back to “cock level.” Bayonetta seized his flanks with urgency and began jack-hammer fucking her slave's hungry hole. She withdrew almost all the way and buried her impossibly long shaft deep in his inviting man-cunt each time. Her pre-cum added to the

lubrication he'd received from several messy fuckings that morning. His pucker squelched as she pounded his hole, her hips and fat scrotum smacking into his bottom with each hungry thrust. Bayonetta bore down on him, fucking with all her might as his moans came steadily. His scorched red ass took the pounding in stride, the pain slowly blending into pleasure as the feel-good chemical payoff of lengthy S&M was released into his body yet again.

“Ohhhhhhhh.... YES! YESSSSS! **MORE!!! MORE MISTRESS!!!**”

SMACK

Bayonetta swatted the sides of his ass for good measure. She never paused in her fucking, sparing one hand intermittently to deliver a fresh blow and dial him up even higher.

SMACK SMACK SMACK

“You said you didn't want it, but I think you were lying... Bet you'd love to be punished the way Jeanne was. Wouldn't you, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress!”

“Wouldn't be much of a punishment for you... You love cock too much.”

“Yes, Mistress! I love cock!”

“And not just any cock... Big, fat Umbra fem-cock!”

James moaned out his agreement and she rewarded him with another spank.

SMACK

Cereza could enjoy this pleasurable rutting forever, but she badly needed to cum again. Her sizable sack churned with fresh cream, aching to be released into her bitch-boy's bowels. Besides, her slut had just shot another load all over himself. It was her turn.

She left his ass cheeks to smolder as she seized his sides firmly. She pulled up and changed her angle slightly, determined to fuck him like a human flesh-light until she reached her climax. She threw her head back and increased her frenzied fucking to the fastest pace possible.

PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP

“Oh yeah... Take it bitch! **TAKE MY COCK YOU GIMP BITCH!!!**”

PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP

“Yes Mistress! **MORE!!! OHHHFUUCCKK! YESSSS!!!**”

PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP

Bayonetta wailed out her climax as her balls clenched and a deluge of hot filth exploded into James'

packed ass. Her sticky paste rushed into his already soiled bottom, the sides of her cock pulsing against his fleshy walls with each spurt. The steaming nectar forced itself deep inside, but found him clogged up with her congealed emissions. As rope after thick rope hosed into her bound slave, the cum doubled back, rushing along the outside of her gushing hose before spraying from the seal of her cock in his pucker.

Cereza continued thrusting, her face frozen in ecstasy as sticky filth sprayed, dripped and blasted from his tight, fleshy hole. She lost herself in nonstop sloppy fucking as her balls emptied, the floor was drenched and her lower body was glazed in her own nougat filth.

After a long minute of moist, messy thrusting, she collapsed on the back of her slave. Cereza leaned against the bondage bench as she caught her breath. James, likewise, was breathing hard, his mind deep in subspace and his body somewhere in the stratosphere after so much stimulation. Bayonetta rested on him for a few minutes before pulling out of her submissive fuck toy.

She walked around to the front of the bench carefully. She was surprised by how woozy she was, though she shouldn't have been. It had been a marathon session. Bayonetta knew she must be running low on fluids and electrolytes by now. Even **her** stamina and emissions were not endless, despite appearances.

She held her slimy, half-hard cock to her bitch boy's face and aimed at his mouth. His soft, pink lips were open for her instinctually. He looked so cute with his head bound by the nose hook.

“Clean me, slut. Then we can get some brunch.”

James opened his mouth wider as she approached and her cum slathered phallus slipped over his tongue and down into the heavenly walls of his sucking throat. Bayonetta took hold of his head as he suctioned her clean. Giving him a taste of his own defiled ass always drove her wild. She closed her eyes and tilted her head back. She began to buck in and out slightly... just to aid the cleaning process, of course.

Within moments her cock began to stir. Seeing her slave in his completely immobilized state and feeling his warm cheeks sucking away on her shaft overwhelmed her. Blood flowed to her fleshy weapon and it began to expand in her gimp slave's mouth. Her face blushed crimson and lust took hold of her yet again. On days like this, even she was surprised by how much sway her demonic gift held over her. She couldn't help herself.

“I think... I still have one more left in me.”

Bayonetta started to saw in and out of his mouth smoothly. Slurping sounds, saliva and pre-cum dribbled from his mouth in between long, luscious thrusts. She buried herself deep in his sucking maw as her grip on his hood became fierce.

Even if it were possible with his throat packed with sticky cock, James wouldn't have complained.

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A freshly scrubbed Bayonetta and a still filthy James sat at the table in the small kitchen of her safe-house. She had changed into a fresh black bodysuit while he languished in cum drenched latex. James was enjoying some freshly cooked bacon and toast as Bayonetta ate a banana and enjoyed a glass of hot tea. It wasn't often he got a hot, non-liquid breakfast or saw Mistress eat this early in the day. Outside of her lollipops she usually stuck to dinner and little else.

"I'll be heading into town for a bit. I'm needed at the office."

"Umbra HQ?" He asked in between bites of bacon. "Weren't you already debriefed?"

"I was, but there have been new developments. Action will need to be taken soon, apparently."

"The Lumen?" James asked, pausing his meal.

Cereza took a long sip of her tea, eyeing him sternly before answering. "Yes, but you needn't worry about it. You're not one of them anymore. Don't spare it a single thought."

"Mostly, I don't. But I still feel bad a little bad, for Heather..."

"Feel bad for her because she was unfortunate enough to be born into a Lumen family" she responded coldly. "Not because you turned away a love-sick girl who never really knew you."

"I know you're right... Relationships between young couples rarely work out, even under good circumstances."

"Exactly. And that one was **definitely** finished once you discovered your true nature. Could you really see Heather as a top?"

James chuckled. "I suppose not, but it doesn't make me feel better about what happened to her."

Bayonetta leaned back and folded her arms below her breasts. "She's nothing to you anymore, but you still care. That's admirable, but it doesn't fly in my world. If she, or any of those guards, had been a threat to me, I would've ended their lives in an instant."

"That's your job."

"Yes, but I wasn't just doing my job. I was there for you." Her face remained placid but her eyes shimmered with moisture. She reached out and covered his hand with her own. "I can't very well save my prince in shining latex if I'm dead, can I?"

"Dead? You?" he asked incredulously. "Cmon, even Jeanne and her hand-picked assassin weren't able to pull that off."

She rubbed the back of his hand a few times with her fingers, smiling at his foolishness.

"I know after some of the things you've seen you probably think I'm invincible, but I'm not. None of us are. We can be gone tomorrow as easily as anyone else."

James smirked. He cocked his head to the side slightly and his eyebrows lifted. His expression clearly

read: *'Seriously?'*

“Ok, maybe not **AS EASILY**, but the point is, we're mortal. We age so slowly that time doesn't matter to us, but a bullet can kill us like anyone else. Especially if we're caught with our guard down.”

James' eyes opened wide, the seriousness of their conversation striking him suddenly. Bayonetta pulled her hand away.

“An amplified hearing spell is the only reason I'm still here. I heard the assassin loading the chamber from far away. If that hadn't alerted me, I'd be dead in a ditch somewhere, and then...” She looked downcast. James saw a glimmer of fear creep into her eyes.

“And then, what?”

'What could be worse than death?'

She looked away briefly, swallowing the lump in her throat as she regained her composure. “We'll talk about that another time. Eat your food, it's getting cold.”

James thought about pressing the issue, but decided against it. She was opening up to him, however slowly. Besides, he was still hungry. He bit into a piece of toast and let silence claim a few moments while Cereza sipped her drink.

“Mistress, may I clean myself before we head out?”

Bayonetta turned back to him, a sly grin on her face. “Oh, I suppose so. As much as I enjoy seeing you filthy, I must confess, you smell so nice when you're clean. Besides, that just means I get to soil you again when I return.”

“Thank you, Mistress.” Relief washed over him and he smiled back at his beautiful Domina before chomping into another strip of bacon. He couldn't wait to be cleansed of the sludge like concoction gluing the shiny, black rubber to his body.

“You will put on a fresh gimp suit before I leave. And you'll be staying here.”

“You're not worried about another kill-switch?”

“Not particularly. I won't be gone long and even if there is one, you won't find it so easy to get away this time. I'll be attaching an extra thick chain to that collar of yours and your hands will be locked in mitts. I might even bind your ankles with something. I haven't decided yet.”

James blushed and his face slowly entered a sheepish grin. The thought of another bondage session, however mild, aroused him quickly. He responded playfully, glad that the conversation had shifted to something lighter.

“That seems like a lot of work just to secure me for a brief meeting.”

Bayonetta's eyebrows rose as she pierced him with a haughty stare. She knew the blood was rushing to his cock. All it took was a few forceful words and the thought of being restrained to reduce her slave to

putty.

“Get used to it. You'll have to be a real Houdini to escape my clutches again.”

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Father Olvey's eyes dashed across the pages of the book, but he wasn't absorbing all he read. He was distracted. Annoyed, even. He'd been perturbed for several days now, ever since his headquarters had been raided and his brothers scattered into hiding. It had all been the work of one accursed witch.

'Dammit!'

He slammed the book shut and set it aside. After a few moments recalling the perverse video Bayonetta had left as a calling card, he banished the thought and cleared his mind. Olvey looked at his wrist watch. It was almost time. Haydn should be checking in any minute.

Right on cue, his phone rang. He answered it promptly.

“Speak.”

“Good afternoon, Father. Is the line secure?”

“I have the usual safeguards in place, as I'm sure you do. One can never be certain though. The witches are as skilled in technology as they are in magic. They may be listening. Keep it vague.”

“Yes, Father. We are moving for-”

“Where is the relic?” Father Olvey interrupted him. “Why don't we have it yet?!?”

“Certain precautions had to be taken after the raid to make sure it wasn't intercepted. This resulted in a slight delay. I am told we will have it tomorrow, though.”

“In time to move forward? Or do we have to wait another day?”

“In the morning, so, yes... We can move forward tomorrow.”

“Good. Select a dozen of our most reliable brothers. Tell them to be on standby tomorrow morning. You will choose a rendezvous point and inform us of its location no more than an hour before we are to meet there. Then we will proceed by motorcade to the site.”

“And if the witches have discovered it?”

“I will deal with them. Remain focused on the task you have prepared for.”

“Yes, Father. Is there anything else?”

“That's all. Until tomorrow, then.”

The line clicked dead and Olvey set his phone back on the table. His hands folded in his lap and a slight smile spread across his face. He felt at peace for the first time in days. A plan was coming to fruition. Chaos was yielding to order. He would soon undercut the Umbra in a way they never imagined possible. And if he got the chance to demonstrate his prowess; to put those over-confident, over-sexed hellions in their place... all the better.

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Bayonetta's latex form glistened in the light of the hallway as she found her way to the meeting. The heels of her boots clacked on the stone floor, reverberating throughout the complex until she reached the entrance to the auditorium. An Umbra Enforcer was waiting for her at the door, examining her up and down as she approached.

“Invitation only. Let's see your badge” the tall redhead informed her.

Bayonetta scowled and reached for her pocket. She hated wearing the thing. It looked so tacky and undermined all the effort she put into her fetish ensemble. She extracted the ID and held it up for the enforcer to check. The enforcer examined the badge and then looked down at her clipboard before crossing off a name and waving her through.

“Bayonetta... Alright, you can go in.” She nodded to her fellow enforcer who opened the door.

Cereza strode into the cavernous, dimly lit room. There were rows of seats and stairs proceeding down to a stage where a table, some laptops and a projector were setup. The vast majority of seats were empty, but a dozen or so of them were taken up by prominent Umbra who'd already arrived. Alexia and a couple of the other chief matrons were on stage chatting with each other.

Bayonetta had made it halfway down the stairs when a familiar voice called out.

“Cereza!”

Roxy got up and exited the row she was sitting in. Bayonetta smiled as the two approached each other. Roxy was wearing her usual deep purple latex from head to toe with dark black boots and gloves to match her raven hair. They embraced in a warm hug directly.

“Good to see you” Cereza said before releasing her. “And thanks for the assist the other day.”

“Pffft, it was nothing. You did all the hard work. Good find by the way! You ever going to tell me how that happened?”

“It's a long story and not that interesting. Is Alexia still mad at me?”

“Ummm... maybe a little bit? She was **SUPER** pissed when she found out you didn't call for backup and perform a take-down from the start.”

“Does she really want a battle in the middle of the city?”

'Fuckin Psychos...' Bayonetta thought, directing her gaze at the jabbering matrons on stage.

“I don't know. She got over it though. I think she's just glad we have a beat on the Lumen. It's been a while.”

“Yeah, well, the elder I saw there was no joke. You're not coming with us, are you?”

“Me?” Roxy asked in disbelief. “I wish. They never let me out to have fun.”

“That's because you're too valuable in the tech bunker” Bayonetta replied with a smile.

“Awww, you're gonna make me blush...”

The microphone clicked on and Alexia's voice boomed through the room's speakers. “Alright ladies, I think we're ready to begin.”

Bayonetta followed Roxy back to her seat and plopped down beside her before kicking her boot heels up on the seat in front of her. She plucked a lollipop from her top and inserted it between her ruby lips, enjoying the flavor as she waited for the circus to begin.

Alexia paced back and forth on the stage while she waited for the chatter to die down. She was dressed in gleaming light-blue latex that highlighted her hour glass figure nicely. She sported black leather thigh-high boots and flexed a riding crop in her hand as she sauntered about. The tall brunette matron looked way more in her element than she did when she donned the silky robes of a chief justice. The projector clicked on and an image of the Lumen compound jumped onto the giant screen behind her.

“Thanks to Bayonetta's **lucky find**, we know where the Lumen have been hiding...” Alexia began.

Cereza rolled her eyes. She wanted desperately to raise her fist and flick off the cocky bitch in front of everyone, but she resisted the urge.

“The opportunity to nail them **there** has passed us by, but thanks to the hard work of Roxy and others in our tech division, we have a good idea where they are.”

Another image flicked on screen. This time it was a map, outlining a large area in a wide orange circle about an hour north of the city. Bayonetta was familiar with the area.

“And that's not all! Our reconnaissance team has successfully tracked members of the cell and found where they'll be gathering.”

Yet another image blurred into view. This time it was a landscape of rocks, clay and minimal vegetation. Directly in the middle of the shot was a small altar that looked like it had been recently and hastily constructed.

“Probably not someone looking to do magic tricks or sacrifice a pig in the middle of nowhere” Alexia quipped.

Cereza nodded. It was the perfect spot. Especially if you were summoning an unpredictable and

potentially dangerous demon and you lacked the Umbra knowledge and skills to contain it.

“Alright” Monique spoke up, the dark skinned Domina in black leather and yellow rubber crossing her arms below her massive bust. “What's the plan?”

“Simple” Alexia replied. “We prevent the summoning if possible. If they manage to pull it off, we seal the demon away. Regardless, we take the Lumen into custody for interrogation and re-training.”

“We know when they're planning to do this?” Monique followed up.

“No, but our intelligence believes they're moving on it as quickly as possible. We'll have an agent on the site around the clock until they show. Once they do, that agent will radio for backup. The backup team will be waiting in a small town just ten minutes away.”

Bayonetta was annoyed by the lack of coordinates on screen. Alexia had omitted them intentionally, no doubt. Cereza would have to coax the exact location from Roxy later.

“There is one unknown that we have to be concerned about” Alexia continued. “There has been mention of a 'relic', but we currently have no idea-”

“I DO!” a familiar voice called from the top of the auditorium stairs.

Everyone turned in their chairs and looked up. There was Jeanne in shiny, flamboyant red, leaning against the top railing.

“Ahhh, Jeanne. Fashionably late, as usual” Alexia stated dryly, her voice echoing through the hall as she flexed her crop.

Jeanne offered a flourish, rolling her wrist to the side three times in succession before giving a mocking little bow.

“Please, do enlighten us about this potential complication” Alexia insisted.

The Domina in red strode down the steps confidently, her heels clacking in between her words. She posited her question loudly, so all would hear as she approached. “If you were a Lumen sage about to summon a demon... the first time one of their order has tried something so foolish in centuries... what would you want to have on hand?”

“Insurance” Bayonetta spoke up.

“Exactly” Jeanne pointed her index finger in Cereza's direction. “It's obvious what they're shipping in. The Holy Spear.”

“The Holy... what?” Alexia clicked off her clip-on mic. The speakers were only getting in the way of their conversation at this point.

“The Holy Spear” Jeanne repeated. “You know, the The Spear of Destiny? The Lance of Longinus? The spear that allegedly pierced the side of Christ. The holy relic they think can vanquish all evil.”

“Would good would that do?” Monique asked mockingly.

“Who's to say?” Jeanne countered. “It may have some magic that's unknown to us, or it may be a highly venerated paper weight. The important thing is, **they** think it's their trump card.”

“Roxy, do we have a lead on the shipment?” Bayonetta asked.

“We did, but it went off the grid. Just disappeared into the ether.”

“Where did the shipment originate?”

“The Vatican.”

Jeanne clapped her hands together. “There you have it.”

Bayonetta had heard enough. She spoke a few words to Roxy under her breath and got up to leave.

Alexia sighed and began her pacing again. “If all they're bringing to bear is some silly, religious artifact, I'm less concerned than I was. Still, we need to proceed with caution and.... Hey!” Upon noticing Cereza walking up the stairs, she pointed her crop at the coven's biggest trouble maker. “Where do you think you're going?”

“Home” Bayonetta called over her shoulder.

“**BAYONETTA!**” The matron yelled.

The curvy Domme stopped in her tracks and turned, her eyes containing nothing but contempt.

“I saw the video you left at the site. I know why you were there.”

Cereza's eyes narrowed. “Yeah, some of us actually care about our subs.”

Roxy bit her lip. Monique looked away. The other Umbra began chattering nervously. Jeanne grinned as the tension in the room skyrocketed.

“I am overlooking your nonsense because you revealed our enemy” Alexia spat as she retracted her crop and flexed it in her hands authoritatively. “But if you mess up this operation, Jeanne's last punishment will be a day at the fucking spa compared to what waits for you.”

Bayonetta stared her down for what felt like an eternity. A pin dropping to the floor would have been a head turning spectacle in those moments the chamber was silent. Ultimately, she said nothing before turning and exiting the hall.

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James mashed the button on the remote, scrolling through program after program, none of which either of them wanted to watch. They had sunk into the leather sofa after a satisfying dinner and proceeded to

space out. James scrolled endlessly through lame, low budget movies and equally vapid TV series. Bayonetta was looking into the distance, barely paying attention to the cavalcade of digital drivel.

“Mistress? Are you alright?”

“Yeah... sorry, just a lot on my mind.”

James hit the power button and the TV went black. “Thinking about tomorrow?”

“Couldn't stop if I tried.”

“How about if I try?” he asked with a devious smile. “We could have a little fun before bed if you like?”

“I'd love to, but... I'm just not feeling it right now.”

James leaned back, the leather of the sofa creaking as it molded to his gimp suit. He wasn't fully suited since she'd allowed him to remove his hood for the evening. That was another indicator she wasn't enthusiastic for kinky play. He rarely saw her in this kind of mood. “You're really worried.”

“I'll be taking a big risk tomorrow, but it's one that I have to take. I've been waiting too long not to. I don't want to say more than that.”

“Are you bringing me with you?”

“We'll see.”

He thought about cracking a joke, but being cheered up wasn't what she wanted right now. Cereza needed to be eased. His Domina required some TLC.

“Cmon, let's go to bed.”

Normally, James would never even think of taking the lead like that. That's not how their relationship worked. But he knew when his gorgeous Goddess needed a break from the endless responsibility of total power exchange. He rose from the couch and offered his hand. Bayonetta took it gladly and they headed for the bedroom.

James stretched out on the water bed, his latex-clad body meshing with the rubber mattress noisily. He watched from below as his amazing Domme removed her latex garments one by one. It seemed she wanted to sleep nude tonight. She had that option, of course. He never did.

The waterbed roiled again as she joined him. She pulled the thick rubber blanket up around both of their bodies. Bayonetta turned and prepared to move into her typical position, but James decided to press her even farther.

“Hey, how bout I be the big spoon tonight?”

Cereza half-smiled and turned back around. James moved behind her carefully, the rubbery bedding rippling as he got into position. Her abundant hair flowed everywhere and he had to maneuver his head

not to get a mouthful of her perfumed locks.

James pressed his chest to her back and his groin to her ass gently. His arm slid over and he began massaging her lightly up and down. They said nothing for a few minutes as he did his best to comfort her. Finally, he broke the silence.

“Cereza.”

“Yeah...?” her voice nearly cracked.

“You don't always have to be strong. You know that, right?”

“I know” she answered, almost sobbing.

James continued his massage, flowing up and down her side and across her torso in soothing waves. He could feel her anxiety overflowing. He would do anything to siphon it away and give her relief. He would soak it up, if he could.

“I'm coming with you tomorrow. That's that. Maybe I'll save you for a change.”

Bayonetta sputtered in a blubbery half-laugh, half-cry. She brought one hand to her eyes and wiped away tears. He could feel her body slowly begin to release its tension. Her ass pressed back against his hips and she grabbed his hand, bringing his massage to an end and clinging to his arm for the night.

“James...”

“Yeah?”

“...Thank you.”