

Bayonetta's Abuse

Bayonetta's shaft throbbed in James' mouth. He gurgled on her sperm, his throat backing up with her creamy emissions. She laughed wickedly as James gagged on her twitching length. Bayonetta held the straps of his head harness firmly as she pulled his face into her thrusting hips.

Her huge, gleaming scrotum, heavy with seed, smacked repeatedly into his chin. The waterbed rocked and waded as she mercilessly fucked his mouth. The pungent odors of latex, rubber and sweaty cock filled James' nostrils.

After a particularly vigorous thrust she held his head firmly to her pubis, his lips sealed around the base of her fat phallus. James tried to pull away as guttural sounds emanated from his tightly packed throat, but her grasp was like iron.

"Yeah, just keep making those pretty noises" Bayonetta chided before finally relaxing her grip and allowing his mouth to slide halfway off her humongous cock.

After a short reprieve to inhale fresh air she returned to fucking his face full force. The deep throating continued for some ten minutes until a scream announced her latest climax. She yanked his head forward, plunging her sticky staff down all the way down his throat. Bayonetta disgorged her enormous, virile load into his depths, treating him like a cum receptacle. James choked and spluttered on her pulsing shaft, trying to stem the flow, but her thick cock effortlessly plugged his oral passage.

"Swallow, boy" she intoned and he was forced to obey. Her thick jizm rushed into his stomach and he shuddered in shame, his smaller penis stiffening in a sad emulation of her godlike member.

"Ahhhhhh, **YES!** Take it all slut! **SUCK IT!** Suck it all out! You must always finish the meals Mistress feeds you! Wasting even a drop means punishment!" She pumped his face at a slower pace as shot after shot of rich, heavy nut made its way down her shaft and deposited itself in James' cum-greased guts.

Eventually her thunderous orgasm subsided and Bayonetta began the arduous task of withdrawing her bloated cum cannon from his mouth. Thick veins brushed over his lips as she drew back, her cock sliding over his tongue like a train vibrating over tracks. Even as inch after inch of her glistening shaft was removed from his body, more seemed to magically appear. Had he really swallowed this much of her mighty schwanz?

Suddenly, his lips widened and her bright red cockhead slid from his mouth with a loud pop. It quivered before his eyes, then spat a glob of cum on his face, completing his subjugation.

"Mmmmm, that was wonderful my little slut! You've earned a rest, but don't get too comfortable. I have a full appetite tonight!"

She released the straps on the sides of his bondage hood and James slumped forward, a sticky mess. The suit bound him in tight black latex from head to toe. The only openings in the glossy fetish attire were the small holes for his eyes, nose, ears, mouth, penis and asshole. The full body bondage shined wherever it wasn't caked in thick ropes of Mistress' sticky paste. The suit zippered up in the back and

was locked with a tiny padlock at the base of his neck.

He was allowed to remove the suit only on the rare occasion she let him bathe. At all other times he was locked in the sinister latex prison and chained up wherever Bayonetta wanted him; most commonly to her bed. He was extremely hot and sweaty within the tight, restricting suit and her constant sexual advances resulted in cum baths that only added to his disgusting predicament.

Immensely satisfied, Bayonetta stepped back, her cock hanging lewdly between her strong thighs. James could only look up in awe at his owner and Goddess. His knees were stiff from cock sucking but he didn't dare move from his position, knowing full well the punishment he'd suffer at her hands. At least today she hadn't fitted him with an arm binder... yet.

He knelt on the rubber sheets of the waterbed and attempted to catch his breath as she moved around the dwelling. The gorgeous Domina checked her phone and inhaled more powdered energy, no doubt for their next session. She grasped her fat cock and stroked the foul length as she went about her business.

Bayonetta was well over his height, a towering Amazon, and that wasn't where her superiority ended. On the contrary, while he was only moderately handsome, with a nice enough figure and face, she was a beauty second-to-none.

Her skin shone with glossy health and a light layer of sweat, while her dark hair flowed with life, reaching down to cradle her amazon ass. Her shoulders were broad and powerful and her breasts were magnificent H-cups. They seemed to have a life of their own, jiggling and swaying with every motion; her nipples hard dents in the leather of her costume. From there her body curved into wide, child bearing hips, not that James would ever know the joy of making them swell with seed. He would forever be her cock slut, only fit to suck her enormous erection.

Her penis was impossibly huge, measuring sixteen inches from base to tip, although he suspected it might be even more than that. As she fisted it now, it throbbed with vigor that seemed to suggest it was even broader and longer than before.

She'd fucked him so many times today that James imagined her balls must be close to empty, but every time he entertained the thought she would turn around and continue to shoot load after load of her hot, slimy filth into his body. The width of her shaft made servicing it difficult, but her harsh training had transformed him into a skilled cock sucker. Despite his initial shame, he felt an odd sort of pride in his ability to perform his duties as her cum guzzling slave.

Suddenly, her dick sprang to life again. She quickly stepped to the side of the bed, yanked on the chain attached to his collar and plowed her cock into his waiting mouth. He grunted and retched as she shoved it back down his gullet, yet he felt relieved.

Often, her face fucking was preceded by a lengthy slapping with her gargantuan cock. Maybe James' acceptance of his new role and improved oral skills had earned him this small leniency? Perhaps, eventually, she might even feed him something other than the sludge-like cum she'd nursed him on for the last two weeks?

He looked up into Bayonetta's dark blue eyes, searching for some indication that this was so, but all he saw was burning lust. She grasped the leather straps around his bondage hood once more and began

sawing her absurdly large penis in and out of his mouth and throat.

Had it been two weeks already? The only way he had to measure time was when she fucked his now loose asshole. He figured she only did that a few times a day, while the blowjobs she demanded were much more frequent. He was certainly thankful for that, unsure that his tortured ass could take much more.

James shuddered in her grasp, coughing and gagging each time her massive, slimy fuck rod plunged into his oral cavity.

"That's it! **Full suction** you fucking bitch! Show me how much you want my filth!"

Bayonetta established a solid face-fucking rhythm. The minutes flew by as her slick, meaty pole slurped in and out of James' cum-glazed lips.

"**Suck harder!**" she commanded as she increased her pace.

He slurped on her eagerly, knowing the sooner the well-endowed futa climaxed, the sooner he'd get another break. But was that the only reason? Was it possible he now **wanted** to please her? That he'd embraced this life of sexual slavery? Had grudging denial of his proclivities turned to enthusiastic acceptance somewhere along the way? From the moment they met, it seemed Bayonetta understood his desires better than he did.

James snapped back to reality as he felt her cum pumping down his throat yet again. She held his head in a vice grip, moaning in bliss as her glue-like semen flooded his insides. He was completely impaled on her cock as she fired several more streams of warm jizzum into his belly. James could feel her massive balls tightening and draining below his chin.

At last, she released his head and pulled her spent spear from his cream-filled cavern. James recoiled, swallowing the final mouthfuls of her pungent paste and gasping for air.

A wide smile spread across Bayonetta's lips as she raised her thigh-high boot and knocked him over on his back. "Now **I** need a rest!"

She sighed contently as she lowered herself down, sitting squarely on his face. James could see only acres of supple thigh flesh and her soft, doughy ass until he disappeared into her darkness. She ground her crack along his nose, snickering at him while her cock continued to ooze.

"You're quite the comfy seat, slut!"

As her massive ass cheeks engulfed his face, James' thoughts turned to how he'd become a slave to this insatiable Domina.

He'd learned about her via an online ad. A woman had advertised herself as an especially rough, but loving Dominatrix who loved to role play. She sounded fun and James had long had an interest in finding someone to help explore his kinky side. He'd been eager to meet her, but within minutes of arriving at her apartment he realized he was in over his head.

James had been expecting your garden variety Femdom who would bring various toys and strap-ons to

bear. Someone he could enjoy an experimental session with and be on his way. He had not anticipated an elephant-dicked shemale who was looking for a full time slave.

Bayonetta loved leather, latex, discipline and inflicting heavy bondage on her partner. He'd learned little else about his lustful Mistress since falling into her clutches. He doubted this was her primary residence. It seemed more like a secondary dwelling turned sex dungeon where she kept her slave out of the public eye. A place she could get away from her work and indulge her deepest desires and bottomless libido without interruption.

James was shocked out of his musings when Bayonetta raised her hand and smacked his turgid member with a firm swat. He groaned into her ass, his cock trembling and oozing only a minuscule amount of pre-cum compared to her copious ejections.

Her eyes narrowed as she glared at his dick. She slapped it again and held up a single finger.

"It's so small! What do you expect to do with **THAT**?"

She poked her fingertip at it, then smiled and grabbed his hand, wrapping it around her fat penis.

"**THIS** is a **COCK**, boy! Not like that little weenie you've got!"

She shimmied her ass and pushed his face deeper into her fleshy depths. His body was pressed harshly into the rubber blankets, the fetish bedding rippling and creaking around them. Bayonetta cackled as she thrust her cock at his hand, using his fist to masturbate. She flicked her finger at his dick repeatedly and giggled, unable to take such a small penis seriously.

Feeling Bayonetta's cock rise from softness to full, raging erection made James shudder in anticipation. The great, greasy shaft was growing and expanding, forcing his hand open wider. His nostrils were stuffed with the aroma of her plump ass and heavy, dangling balls.

Soon her cock was ready for another round and she began rocking back and forth on his face; her arousal spiking.

"Booooooy..." she moaned, "I need a hole."

James swallowed as she lifted her massive, latex-clad ass from his trapped face. He sucked in fresh air as she turned and gazed down at him.

"**A hole, boy!** Or are you going to leave my beautiful cock" she swung it back and forth dreamily, "Out in the cold? You cruel slut!"

Then she began her **real** taunting. The statuesque Domme found a vein running along the bottom of her cock that was wider than James' entire penis. She traced a finger down the length of her sperm channel, from her fat glans all the way to her swollen, cum-filled orbs. James was mesmerized, unable to take his eyes from her roving hand. When she reached her balls she grabbed them and massaged them with growing need.

"Well?" she demanded, toying with him.

"My holes exist only to be filled by you, Mistress Bayonetta."

It was the first thing he'd said out loud all day, and they were precisely the words his Goddess wanted to hear. She smiled devilishly as James rolled onto his stomach and spread out. His knees sank into the rubbery waterbed as he raised his ass to her in utter submission.

Her weight was crushing as she fell upon him, laying her massive cock down the center of his crack. It was a colossal hotdog resting on a bun that seemed far too small to accommodate it. She pushed her cock back and forth between his cheeks, teasing him. James wiggled his butt along her massive cum pipe, teasing his Mistress back.

Bayonetta's arousal peaked and she could wait no longer. She shoved her fleshy phallus up James' yielding pucker and proceeded to fuck him fiercely. He winced at the sudden invasion and pulled forward slightly in a feeble attempt to slow her advance. Bayonetta spit on his back, annoyed by his weakness. She smacked his ass hard, flaring her nostrils and glaring murder at him for daring to delay her full penetration.

"Clearly you need more training" she hissed. Bayonetta reached for her arm binder, mischief glowing in her eyes.

With her bloated member halfway lodged in his ass, she grabbed his arms and slid them into the thick leather prison behind his back. She tightened it roughly, then shoved his face into the rubber bedding and returned to the task at hand.

James was completely helpless, immobilized and being fucked like a bitch doggy style. Oblivious to his comfort, Bayonetta snarled like an animal; groaning, panting and jamming more and more of her obscene cock into his waiting ass. She stretched out his fleshy starfish in no time at all, her steely schlong plowing deep into his warm, soft tunnel.

"AHHHHHHHHH! That's good! THAT FEELS SO GOOD!!!"

She screamed and moaned as she groped his body, unable to contain her lust. Bayonetta pounded his asshole, fucking him like a back-alley whore. The harder she thrust the more James felt his penis respond. He couldn't believe his own dick was now rock hard.

James' body pulsed with an electric giddiness, the product of Bayonetta's total domination. The abused had come to love the abuser. He bucked his hips back at her thrusts as she filled him with fat, slick cock. His body was slack muscle framed by white hot centers of pain and pleasure; a burning hunger in his prostate for release.

The rubberized bondage slut let out a loud moan and came like a fire hose. His penis spewed out its load onto the rippling rubber mattress below. Bayonetta's shaft, snug and warm in his body, grew fatter and meaner, as if feeding on his orgasm. James' body went completely limp as Bayonetta dug her fingers into his latex encased hips and continued to shaft him.

Twenty minutes of relentless fucking later, Bayonetta gave an earth shattering wail and beat the shit out of his ass with her hips. She blistered it continuously as she hit her climax. James felt her monolithic cock erupt in his body, hosing down his insides with the vigor and volume of a stud stallion. His body was drenched in cum and he collapsed, a broken and corrupted man.

"Please Mistress, I need to rest" he implored.

Bayonetta pumped his ass a while longer, taking the maximum pleasure she could from his bound and defiled body. At last, she tried to pull her cock out, but grunted, realizing it was stuck. She dragged him a solid foot across the bed as she tried to free her bloated, sticky phallus.

After much effort it popped out with a wet slurch and her sperm drained onto the bed, coating James in another cum bath. Slowly, Bayonetta rose and swept the hair from her face. She stepped over her soiled slut and settled on the other side of the bed that wasn't covered in jizz.

"You did good, boy" she purred as she ran her fingers over his cum slick bondage suit. She continued to pet him for a time, rubbing her sperm into the latex so that it would carry her scent forever. James considered that his Mistress might finally be sated, but the thought didn't last. A few minutes later, she pushed her cock into his face once more.

"Clean me" she ordered.

James leaned forward and began the task without hesitation. He didn't know if this would ever end and he no longer wanted it to.