

Bayonetta's Abuse V

Date With A Witch

The sunlight poured into Bayonetta's studio apartment, brightening every corner of the dungeon-like dwelling. It was an early summer day and all the windows had been opened, the humid air rolling in on a light afternoon breeze. Jim Morrison's electric voice filled the room as *The Doors* blared on the living room stereo. Cereza's screams of pleasure pierced through the music as she face fucked James on the leather sofa. They were both sweating profusely; she in her skintight leather and James in his latex bondage. The entire room reeked of perspiration, cum and marijuana smoke.

“**Yeah!** C'mon! More tongue! Take me there, slut!” she yelled as she crammed her fully erect cock into his open mouth. James' head hung off the front of the sticky couch, his legs leaning up against the back of the seat. Bayonetta's hands were wrapped around his throat, altering the gag factor at her leisure as she speared all sixteen inches of her slimy cock down his gullet. The blood had gone to James' head, his face deep red below the bondage hood. All he could see was the jerky, upside down motion of her frenzied fucking as Cereza's massive sweaty balls smacked into his eyes and nose repeatedly.

“Like the view, **bitch?** Is it hot enough for you? Maybe if you did a better job **sucking my cock** you wouldn't have to suffer like this for twenty minutes at a time!” She fucked his throat deeply and powerfully, withdrawing only half of her fleshy rod before burying it back in his sloppy mouth.

James' arms stuck to the cum splattered cushions like glue. Her recent emissions and the intense heat created a powerful adhesive as she continued thrusting him into the sticky leather mess. Half-moans and sucking noises escaped from his lips as the brutal throat fucking went on.

“Ohhhhhhh! **OHHHHHHHHHFUCK!!!!**”

Bayonetta jammed her enormous penis in to the hilt, holding his head in a death grip against her crotch. With his face mashed firmly into her scrotum James could feel the fat, fleshy bag twitch as shot after shot of thick jizzum fired down her cock and hosed into his throat and stomach.

“Yeah! Drink it! **DRIIIINNNK ITTTT!!!**”

Halfway through her climax, Bayonetta released his head and pulled out of his mouth with a wet slurp. Sludge-like semen spilled out as he cleared his throat and gasped for air. Rising to her full height she stroked her cock rapidly; milking out several more ropes of cum which rained down on James' latex suit with soft splats.

“**Ahhhhhhhhhh**.... yeah...” she purred contently, her hand eventually slowing and releasing her spent cock. She turned around and sat on James' midsection; lounging back with a smile on her face. Her weight crushed him even further into the cum slick couch as she adjusted her body so her balls hung just above his well fucked mouth. “As soon as you catch your breath, be a dear and clean those off for me.”

He immediately began licking and sucking her bloated sack, vacuuming the sweat and semen off her smooth, warm flesh. Bayonetta reached over to the end table and picked up her custom quellazaire. She lifted it to her lips and took a drag of potent ganja. The THC magnified the pleasure she received from her slaves' tongue and she gazed down at him lovingly.

“Mmmmm... Very good slut. Let's see, I fed you breakfast a couple hours ago. That was lunch, just now. If you're lucky, maybe you'll get dinner straight from the tap as well!”

She chortled and took another puff from the opera-length pipe before setting it down. Her smile faded into a look of contemplation as she leaned back against his legs and stared at the ceiling.

His task complete, James couldn't help but notice that Bayonetta seemed lost in thought. It wasn't like her to mentally drift off in the middle of one of their sessions. “Mistress, is everything alright?”

“Hmmm? Oh... Yes, I'm fine” she answered. Cereza stood and walked across the room to turn the music down.

As she did, James righted himself on the couch. The latex of his suit made audible sucking noises as it separated from the warm leather. He rolled his head around in circles, stretching his sore muscles and allowing his blood flow to return to normal.

Bayonetta turned from the stereo and crossed her arms below her plentiful breasts. “It's just... I'm turning a **certain** age soon and I'm finding it a little unsettling. I know it's just a number and I shouldn't care, but...”

“And what age would that be?”

She cocked her head in his direction, glaring coldly. “You should know better than to ever ask a woman **that** question.”

“Sorry Mistress, just curious” he said with a sheepish grin.

“Curiosity killed the cat. You would do well to remember that, Cheshire.”

“Cheshire?”

”Yes, that's my new nickname for you. *Slut*, *bitch* and *whore* are perfectly suitable names for a cock sucking, ass worshipping slave, but even when you're committing the most depraved acts, you're really quite cute. *Cheshire* is a much better name for an adorable pet, don't you think?”

“I can't argue with that” he replied, blushing mildly.

Bayonetta unfolded her arms, raised her right hand and pointed at James with her index finger. “Come to think of it, I never did learn when your birthday is. I forgot to check your ID before I put your wallet in storage. When **IS** your special day?”

“As a matter of fact, my birthday was just a week and a half ago.”

“What??? And you didn't say anything?!?”

”You didn’t ask, Mistress.”

“Well, this simply won’t do!” she exclaimed. A coy smile spread across her face as she crossed the room and grabbed him by the chin. “Even naughty slaves deserve a treat on their birthday. And you... you’ve been so very good.”

She released his chin and placed her hands on her hips; thinking for a few moments. “Yes, I know just how to resolve this. I will grant you **one wish**. As long as it’s a reasonable request and within my power, it’s yours. So, Cheshire, tell me... What does your heart desire?” Cereza grasped her flaccid cock with her leather-gloved hands, winking at him and giving it a gentle tug. “Other than this, of course.”

James knew **exactly** what he wanted, but he wasn’t about to let her know he’d been waiting for this chance for months. “Anything I want eh? Hmmm...”

“Just, no heads on plates” Bayonetta responded dryly “And you cannot wish to be freed! That’s a given.”

“Anything...” He put on a convincing act of mulling it over, dragging it out just long enough to belie any suspicion that his idea was not a sudden one. “Alright, I’ve got the perfect wish. I want a date!”

”What?!?”

”You heard me. A date.”

”What kind of date?”

”A normal one. Dinner, maybe a movie; you and me out on the town for a night! Not Mistress and slave, just James and Cereza.”

Bayonetta’s eyes sunk, her posture betraying her sudden annoyance and incredulity. “Of all the things you could have...”

”And that’s not the best part! No fetish gear allowed! We both wear formal evening attire!”

She collapsed into the nearest chair, groaning and closing her eyes. “I take it back. You are a very, very naughty boy.”

James chuckled at her reaction, leaning back into the leather sofa and placing his arms behind his head. “It’s not an unreasonable request, Mistress, and it’s definitely within your power.”

They sat in silence for a few moments before her eyes peeked open. “I suppose you’re right. Still, wouldn’t you rather have a...”

”No.”

Bayonetta growled, rising from the chair. “Fine! A dinner date tomorrow night, then. I’ll do some shopping for you this evening. I already have your measurements from ordering the bondage suits. My opera gown hasn’t been cleaned yet, but I’m sure I have another dress or two... somewhere.”

“I can’t wait to see it.”

She grabbed her cock once again, stroking it up and down lewdly. “I’ll bet you can’t. Now get on your stomach, Cheshire. I want your ass hanging off the side of that couch! It’s time for you to pay for your curiosity.”

He assumed the position, a smug grin on his face as he prepared for what was sure to be a fearsome pounding. “Yes, Mistress.”

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It was late afternoon the next day when James found himself standing near the front door, inspecting himself in the hallway mirror. Bayonetta had picked out a sleek, yet traditional, combination of black jacket and dress pants to complement his white, button down shirt. The small, black bow tie completed the image, his transformation from filthy sex slave to gentlemen dinner companion complete.

He adjusted his tie and fastened the jacket smoothly around his midsection as he waited for Cereza to finish getting ready. James put his hands in his pockets and posed like a playboy. He put on his most dashing smile and winked at the mirror. While in the middle of his preening, the bathroom door opened. Out stepped Bayonetta, similarly transformed.

“Well, what do you think?” she asked cheerfully, turning on her heels and spinning around to provide him a full view of her eveningwear.

Her hair was up, as always, but in a much more elaborate style than usual. Her eyeliner, mascara and lip gloss were applied perfectly, giving her a sultry look without overdoing it. A long, thick clip of her dark tresses tumbled over the left side of her face, giving her an incredible feminine allure. She wore pearls on her ears and a thin, silky top over her shoulders that barely concealed her snow white skin.

The top ended at the halfway point of her bosom where the stunning dark blue dress took over. It somehow managed to contain her massive breasts while elegantly hugging the rest of her curves. The amazing sapphire garment sparkled in the afternoon light, ending at her lower legs. It terminated in a curve, exposing a little more of her left leg than her right.

James was dumbfounded as he drank in her full ensemble. His mouth opened and no words came out at first, but he managed to untie his tongue in short order. “You look... Amazing.”

Bayonetta blushed a light shade of red despite her best efforts. She hastily shook off the warm, flushed feeling and inspected her well dressed pet. “Mmmmm, you clean up pretty good yourself.”

She crossed the room slowly, her hips swaying from side to side. She set her handbag down and grasped his bow tie, tugging it at both ends. “Not the suit I prefer to see you in, but I suppose it’s a nice change of pace.”

James smirked. He wasn't surprised she had kink on the mind, even now. He'd gotten to know her well in recent months, or at least that side of her. Her flirtatious quips were part and parcel to her insatiable

sex drive.

It was one of her charms, to be sure, but James wanted to dig deeper. Beyond the bottomless lust, unstoppable libido and primal desire for control that defined her surface persona. He closed his eyes and bowed, tucking his right hand under his chest and extending his left arm in the direction of the hallway.

“Shall we depart, my lady?”

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The trip into town was brief and uneventful. Bayonetta had chosen a favorite establishment of hers just within the city limits. They arrived at the front of the swanky establishment and Cereza handed her keys to the valet.

She and James strolled into a brightly lit, white stone building with the name *Lasserre* etched in lights above. As they entered the ornate restaurant they were greeted by the *maitre d'* and it became clear Bayonetta was a regular there.

”Hello Marcus” she said, smiling and extending her hand. “It’s good to see you again.”

The head waiter immediately took her hand and planted a gentle kiss on it. “Madame Lepetka! It’s been far too long. Although your reservation was sudden, we’ve managed to secure your usual table. Jacob will be your waiter this evening. If you’re dissatisfied with anything at all, ask for me and it will be remedied swiftly.”

The well dressed, middle aged man bowed to Bayonetta and gave James a respectful nod before handing them off to the much younger waiter. As they followed the young man into the dining hall, James gave Cereza a quizzical look. “Lepetka?”

“Oh, it’s just an alias I go by from time to time” she answered with a wink.

They entered the main dining room which, upon inspection, looked more like a ball room. The tall windows on either side of the hall were adorned with velvet drapes. Sparkling chandeliers hung from a myriad of points in the tall ceiling and candles flickered on each well groomed table.

On the way to their seats, they passed another young man playing a large concert piano. Bayonetta waved to him and the musician smiled and nodded back as his hands flowed over the keys. They arrived at their seats and Jacob furnished their menus before leaving to fetch warm bread and a pitcher of spring water.

“This place is something else!” James remarked, studying the giant room from corner to corner and drinking in the lush atmosphere.

”The service is good, the food is excellent, and the wine list is to die for!” Bayonetta replied, already perusing the list of vintage beverages.

James picked up one of the menus and began thumbing through it. He grew frustrated as he flipped through pages of cursive gibberish, suddenly regretting that he'd taken Spanish in high school instead of French.

Cereza noticed his reaction and chortled in amusement. "Don't worry, I'll order for both of us."

James shifted in his chair uncomfortably. He straightened his jacket and tried to maintain his cool demeanor. The charm offensive wasn't exactly going according to plan, but the night was still young. As he eyed the enormous bar on the other side of the hall, he noted that access to alcohol wasn't going to be a problem. He knew Cereza enjoyed wine, but he would steer their drinking toward something more potent tonight.

Jacob returned, set the refreshments on the table and prepared to take their order. Bayonetta chose an expensive wine and ordered several menu items James couldn't even pronounce, let alone identify. Once the wine was poured and the waiter was gone, they rose their glasses and toasted. As the first sips of wine filtered into him, James mellowed out, confident that his patience was about to pay off.

"So, are you enjoying my birthday wish?"

"I think that's a question I should be asking you" she retorted. She set her glass aside, placed her elbows on the table and lowered her chin into the bridge of her folded hands. "Considering what you **could** have had, are you sure this wasn't a giant waste?"

"Positive" he replied, admiring her elegance in the dim candlelight.

It was so odd seeing her dressed as a debutante after the unfathomable debauchery they'd engaged in, yet the strangeness of it made her dark beauty no less compelling. James took another sip from his glass before speaking again. "It wouldn't be a first date without the usual, awkward questions. So, *Miss Lepetka*, I'm curious... What is it you do for a living?"

Bayonetta lifted her head and leaned back in her chair. She looked bored as she took a large sip from her glass. "If you must know, I'm a consultant for a corporate marketing firm. We do research and analysis of trends within the..."

"Bullshit."

"...excuse me?"

"I said bullshit." He set his glass down on the table calmly. "Would you like me to say it again?"

She raised an eyebrow, intrigue written clearly on her face. "I have a boring day life. Why is that so hard to believe?"

"Several reasons. Your schedule is too irregular to accommodate that kind of job. With the amount of time you spend in your dungeon, a full time job wouldn't allow you to go to the gym regularly and maintain that hot body of yours. Most of all, after spending several months with you I can say without a doubt that any kind of office or research position would drive you absolutely insane."

Her eyes were wide open now. Cereza's pupils dilated as the interrogation took her by surprise. "You're

too clever by half, Cheshire.”

She took another sip of her drink and looked off into the distance, debating how she should respond to this challenge. After a few moments she set the glass back down and locked her gaze squarely on James. “Very well... **The truth**, then.” She grinned wildly, as if she were about to tell the biggest whopper of them all. “I’m a spy, an assassin, a saboteur, and most of all... **a witch.**”

James didn’t blink. “Now that, I believe.”

He took another drink as Bayonetta’s grin collapsed into flummoxed disbelief. “Seriously? Just like that?”

”Just like that.”

Now it was Bayonetta’s turn to pivot restlessly in her chair. Her inner monologue groaned at the prospect that her life had just become significantly more complicated. “And it doesn’t bother you that I’ve just admitted to participating in murder and terrorism?”

James paused for a moment, considering his answer carefully. “I don’t know who you’re targeting or what your reasons are, so I’m not about to jump to conclusions. Besides, I’d be a hypocrite to enjoy this meal if I thought your money was dirty. In the end, it comes down to trust, and I trust you.”

Cereza’s mouth hung open as confusion and surprise spread across her face. She wasn’t prepared to respond to such overwhelming words from her eloquent submissive. She thanked her lucky stars as Jacob reappeared. *'Saved by the dinner tray...'*

As the opulent meal was presented to them course by course, the wine flowed freely and they began to talk of many topics more openly. Bayonetta taught him some words and phrases in French. She also saved James from a trip to the hospital, realizing at the last minute that one of the dishes she’d ordered contained an ingredient he was allergic to. The evening flew by as they ate rich food and enjoyed each other’s company in the romantic venue.

When the final course was finished, James knew it was time to up the ante. They were both lightly buzzed from the fine drink, but Cereza wouldn’t give up her secrets after a few glasses of wine.

“What do you say we polish off this meal with something a little stronger? It’s been forever since I had the chance.”

”You mean liquor? I’m really not much of a drinker, but help yourself to anything you’d like.”

“Oh c'mon! You can make an exception for my birthday, can’t you? I want to see Bayonetta with her hair down.”

She stared back at him, obstinately. “Thank you, no.”

He leaned back in his seat, swishing wine around his glass as he quickly changed tactics. “Is that *apprehension* in your voice? Do I detect a fear of cutting loose?”

Cereza's teeth were practically grinding. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

"I'm talking about the **big, bad Dominatrix** who's scared she might lose control for a few hours."

SMACK

Her hand hit the table, jolting the plates and silverware loud enough for half the restaurant to hear.

"WAITER!" she yelled.

Heads turned from every direction to witness the sudden spectacle. The well-dressed young man scurried over to check on them. He looked terrified that he'd done something wrong.

Bayonetta turned to him, her eyes alight with cold fury. "I want a forty of vodka and two shot glasses! **NOW!**"

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"Youuuurrre my **bish!** You know that, right?!?"

James propped up Cereza, her arm around his shoulder as Marcus ran her credit card. They stood near the entrance where Bayonetta swayed and stumbled around as James supported her considerable weight. She turned and looked at Marcus, her eyes glossy and her cheeks completely flushed.

"He's **MY** bish... My bitch! He's my bish, and I'm gonna take him home and fuck him! **IN THE BUTT!** HAHAHAHA!"

Marcus nervously clasped his hands, wishing desperately that the transaction would hurry up and clear. New guests continued to arrive and they were all bearing witness to the bizarre little show Cereza was putting on. "I'm sure you will, Madame" he said in exasperation before coughing and motioning for James to lean in. "Perhaps I should call a cab?"

James nodded, feeling more than a little tipsy himself. "That might be best."

As he lead her down the long carpet into the cool night air, she continued to babble. "Cab? I don't need a cab! I drive good. I drive even better when, **ooooooh...**" She swooned a bit, suddenly realizing just how out of it she was. After recovering, she ducked her face in front of his. "On the road of life, there are passen-sengers, and drivers. I'm a driver!" She laughed at her non-joke and patted him on the chest.

James rolled his eyes as he helped her to the sidewalk. He hadn't expected Cereza to take their little *competition* so seriously. He'd watched in bewilderment as she drank herself into oblivion in record time. His plan had backfired and now he could only hope she'd be able to remember her own address.

The cab arrived a few minutes later and James quickly opened the door and helped Bayonetta in gently. As he climbed in behind her, the old guy in the driver's seat turned around. "Where to?"

"Six sixteen Gehenna street" Bayonetta sputtered before drooping her head over the back seat cushion. She lay there for a moment before leaning against James and looking up into his eyes. "Mmmmm, my

handsome slut.” She planted a kiss on his cheek and nestled her head against his shoulder. She was half asleep as the car turned onto the street.

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James peered into the darkness as the cab cruised through a middle class neighborhood. It was the kind of suburban area you would find in any nice town. White picket fences, well mowed lawns, two cars in every garage; the usual crap.

As they entered the deepest part of the development, the formula began to change. These houses were bigger and not as close together. Each contained a fair amount of property as a buffer between homes. This was clearly an upper-middles class district and the cab didn’t stop until they reached the very end.

“616 Gehenna! That’ll be \$42.50.”

James looked out the window. He searched for a street sign, but was unable to spot one in the dark. “Are you sure this is the right place?”

”My GPS don’t lie, boss.”

The conversation woke Bayonetta. She fished around in her handbag briefly before handing the gentleman a hundred dollar bill. “Keep it” insisted before opening the door and slowly getting out.

”**Heyyyyy**, thanks! Call again any time!”

James shut the the door behind him and the cab sped off into the night. The stylishly dressed couple were left standing in the road, their eyes adjusting to the darkness as a symphony of crickets assaulted their ears.

He could see the dwelling in the distance more clearly now. A long cobblestone driveway led up to the sizable two story house. It was isolated from the rest of the community, completely surrounded by thick forest on three sides. Cereza didn’t appear to be wealthy on the level of Jeanne, but it was clear she was living comfortably.

She took a step forward and half-stumble. James grabbed her hips from behind. “Whoa! Slow down there.”

”I’m alright” she declared. “But hold on to me, just in case.”

They ambled up the stone path, the moon’s glow guiding their steps. Upon reaching the front porch, Bayonetta took the keys from her bag and dropped them on the ground playfully. “Oops!”

As James reached down to pick them up, she grabbed his left ass cheek and squeezed firmly. Cereza giggled as he opened the door.

They walked into the foyer and Bayonetta tossed her bag on a nearby couch. She started up the long staircase immediately, eager to get to the second floor.

James lingered for a few moments, walking into her living room and taking a quick look around. The pale moonlight cast dim illumination across the sparsely furnished area. He scanned the first floor carefully, looking for anything that would unravel the puzzle that was his Mistress.

“**Oh Jaaammmeeeesssss...** Up here!” her voice trilled from the top of the stairs.

He headed up the staircase, continuing to look around and make mental notes as he ventured further into the shadowy dwelling. *'This has to be her real home, and yet...'* His eyes darted around as he reached the top of the stairs. James' gaze scanned for things that should be there, but weren't.

There was an occasional painting and sculpture among the dwellings furnishings, but little else. *'No pictures. Not a single picture of any living person. No clocks. Not a mounted clock, a grandfather or a digital display of any kind.'* The house was silent. Still. And Bayonetta had yet to turn on a single light. He couldn't shake the feeling that this was a place where time stood still.

James entered her bedroom and found Bayonetta already shedding her clothes. Her back was to him as she pulled off her radiant dress. The moonlight spilled into her bedroom through large, arched windows. It traced a radiant outline of her curves as she disrobed, tossing her bra aside.

Cereza's massive breasts were freed from their lacy prison. She turned around, grabbed James by the hand and led him to her bed. She was still half buzzed from drink, but it seemed she'd regained her balance for the most part. She helped James out of his jacket before pushing him down on the edge of the bed. “Be right back, slut. Get out of those clothes in the meantime.”

She crossed to her private bathroom, flicked the light switch on and pulling her panties aside. Cereza moved to the toilet, grasped her flaccid foot-long and began unloading a truly staggering volume of hot piss.

James could hear her moaning in the background as she cleansed herself of half the night's libations. He promptly kicked off his shoes and shed his button-down shirt and dress pants; tossing them onto an armchair in the corner.

As Bayonetta plodded back to the bed, she spotted him sitting in nothing but his underwear. “Ugh...” she lamented, eyeing his Calvin Klein briefs with disdain. “Remind me to burn those tomorrow.”

She planted herself in front of him and took hold of her cock. Cereza stroked it up and down firmly but found it more difficult than usual to achieve full mast. She stepped closer, aiming her hips at his face and pressing the fat length to his lips. “I'm still a little out-of-it. Put that tongue to work, slut.”

James was happy to comply. He not only sucked the first six inches into his mouth and swirled his tongue around the tip, but reached out with his hands and cupping her smooth, fleshy scrotum. He slurped away on her sensitive head, kneading her massive sack in rhythm with his oral ministrations.

Bayonetta moaned and placed her hands on his head. The blood flow to her erogenous zones increased rapidly. She began to guide his actions as her cock stiffened and her balls were fondled lovingly. “**FUCK!** Yes!!! Suck it good, baby! Harder on my balls! They can take it...”

It wasn't long before her twitching tool expanded to its full length and thickness. She pushed his mouth

off her cock, grabbed him by the legs and pushed him further onto the bed. Cereza followed directly, slipping onto the mattress and pulling him into her curvy chest. They lay in the spoons position as Bayonetta roughly grabbed his briefs and pulled them to the side. She lined up the tip of her colossal penis with his tight pucker, her urgency growing. “Nice and smooth, slut. Here we go...”

James grimaced as her cock slid up his back door, the entry less direct than he was used to. She maneuvered her head right next to his, moaning and licking the side of his face as she jammed more of her cock up his ass in short thrusts. James grunted and writhed in her grip, his anal lips stretching wide as she continued the frenzied, lubeless advance. “AHHHH! **GUUHHH!** Mistress! It’s so tight!!!”

”Feels... just right... to me!” she responded through panted breaths. Bayonetta fucked him hard as her breasts pressed into his back and she held him firm in her grasp. Her cock swelled and tingled, her pleasure building intensely as she buried it balls deep in his accommodating asshole. “Take it bitch! **SUCK ME IN!** Oh fuck, that’s good!” She nibbled on his neck and ear as the pace of her thrusts increased dramatically.

”**FUCK! YES!! FUCK!!! OHHFUCK!!!! YEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!**”

Her cock jolted in his packed ass before the first pocket of warm seed splattered in his depths. Cereza groaned loudly, groping her hands all over his chest and lower torso as she railed his hole nonstop. She quivered as each jet of cum coursed down her cum pipe. Her wet thrusting became increasingly loud and sloppy as thick jizzum squished from his asshole, coating her pounding phallus and slapping nuts like engine grease.

As the last sticky webs spurted from her slick pole, Bayonetta sighed in deep satisfaction. She nudged herself comfortably into the bed, keeping her arms firmly around James and her rigid cock lodged in his butt. She muttered to herself as the afterglow of orgasm and the lingering intoxication lulled her off to sleep.

“Mmmm... Always making Momma feel good. Always there for Mistress... Such a good little slut... I love you, slut.”

Soon, the only sound James could hear was the soft whistle of air passing through her nose. He lay in her embrace, looking around the shadowy bedroom as her ample mounds pressed into his back. They pushed forward and contracted in cadence with her breathing; her nipples still hard as she drifted off to naughty dreams. One of her powerful legs was draped over his body, further securing her property for the night.

Unable to sleep, James replayed the events of the day in his mind. He reviewed their conversations and the things he'd seen, looking for connections and explanations.

'She called herself... a witch?'

The dark, timeless environment stared back at him and Bayonetta’s warm embrace could not prevent the shiver going down his spine.