

"Not much farther," Nero said as he wandered to his next job. It wouldn't be long before he finally arrived at the sight. The job was a simple extermination mission, asking him to deal with some demons residing at a cathedral. From what information he had been given, some low-rank demons had taken over the place. It wasn't anything he couldn't handle, but the pay would make up for how simple it would be. He stopped when he stood outside the gate of a large cathedral.

"Alright, finally made it to the place." Nero walked to the gate and was about to push it open when he noticed chains and a lock were wrapped around it.

Nero pulled out his custom revolver, Blue Rose, and fired at the lock, destroying it. Then, he pushed the gate open and entered the building.

A long red and gold carpet was between large wooden pews that led up to the altar. Stained glass filled the windows, depicting a knight figure fighting monsters in one of them, the journey of a hooded figure in another, and other events. Nero walked to the altar and stared at the sculpture, his body lax without a care in the world.

Nero moved to the side, avoiding a large curved blade attached to a scarecrow-like demon. Before the monster could do anything, Nero put the beast into a headlock and pulled out Blue Rose. He fired his gun multiple times into its head and tossed the corpse to the side.

"Thanks for coming out and making it easy for me to find you guys. Here I thought that I would have to wait a bit for you freaks to show up." Nero smirked as he pulled Red Queen off his back and rolled his shoulders.

One of the Scarecrows lunged toward him, and Nero rushed to face them. He forced it back with a swing of his sword and leaped after it. Before it could hit the ground, Nero was in front of it and swung his massive sword, Red Queen severing its upper body from its lower half.

The Scarecrows circled him, trying to find an opening they could exploit, but Nero was more than capable of following their movements. Before one could attack, Nero charged at the nearest one and repeatedly brought his sword down on it as if he was punishing it for even thinking it could hurt him.

Nero reached out to grab the leg of another with his Devil Bringer, and a spectral demonic appendage similar to his demonic arm formed. The ghost-like limb grabbed the beast's leg. He pulled the demon to him, spun it over his head, and threw it at one of the demons.

He charged at the hoard and raised his sword over his shoulder. He revved Red Queen's handle. The blade roared as fire enveloped it. A demon tried to attack him, but he swung and eviscerated it. Blades of wind formed.

A demon lunged at Nero's side, but he blocked it with his sword. He then retaliated by punching it with his Devil Bringer. Nero brought Red Queen down on it, cutting the monster in half.

The rest of the demons moved closer. Nero grinned and charged toward the closest monster. With every swing, he moved from one creature to the other with eager glee as he cut them down.

Another demon tried to march toward him, and Nero fired Blue Rose at it, the bullets tearing through its head. He fired at another one of the demons, killing it instantly. One of the demons got closer, cutting it in half with his sword, sending demonic blood everywhere. As the body dissipated, Nero turned to the last demon, which lunged at him with its frozen claws raised high.

Nero launched the Demon into the air with Red Queen and followed after it. He swung his blade, keeping the monster off balance and in the air. He grabbed its leg before it could crash into the ground and spun it around. Before they touched the floor, Nero rammed the demon onto the floor with all his might. The ground exploded as they landed, but he didn't stop. Nero repeatedly slammed it on the floor like a child throwing a tantrum. Finally, the demon dissipated in his hand, and he let out a cocky chuckle.

Nero smirked. "And now there are none."

"My my, not a bad showing young man. I could have done better myself of course, but you were able to put on an interesting enough show." A seductive womanly voice said.

Nero turned and raised his gun to the speaker. Instead of a person's face, he was face to face with a large golden timepiece that rested on a pair of large breasts that drew Nero's attention. His eyes wandered to her exposed cleavage, and his face burned. He looked down, only to be greeted by a pair of just as striking hips with long slender legs that seemed to go on for days.

A sultry giggle caught Nero's attention, and he forced himself to look up, ignoring her breasts to see who he was talking to. The woman was a jaw dropper for more than just her height. Her face was perfect for a model, with a beauty mark under her chin to enhance her features. She had short stylish hair brushed to the side and wore fashionable glasses with a ribbon design near the lenses. Her curvaceous figure was on full display in a tight black dress that did nothing to hide her wide hips, slender waist, and large bust.

The woman laughed. "You're quite the innocent little boy, aren't you? Here I thought you would just stare at my breasts, but it seems I was mistaken."

Nero's muscles coiled, ready to react to whatever tricks she might try. "Who the hell are you? And why are you here?"

The woman walked closer. "Oh dear, and here I thought that you had some manners after all. As for why I'm here, I heard about the little cretins, and I had thought that I would deal with those pests to entertain myself, but it seems like you beat me to the punch. Though I wonder if it might just be one fish going after another, considering that arm of yours."

Nero gripped his sword tighter as he observed her. Her steps were made with conviction, and her body was ready for anything. The hair on the back of his neck stood up, just like when he fought Dante when they first met.

Like a striking serpent, she shot forward and attempted to deliver a punishing straight kick to his stomach, but Nero raised his sword and was able to block her kick. Nevertheless, he was pushed back from the blow and skidded across the room. He glared at the woman, who smiled in amusement.

“Figured you weren’t normal.”

“Oh, little boy, you’ll find out that I am anything but normal. Now then, let’s see how well you do against a real woman.” She summoned two blue guns and fired as she stepped closer.

Nero fired Blue Rose at her shots. His bullets knocked hers out of the air. He rushed toward her, readying himself again for an up-close brawl.

When they were close enough, the woman swung one of her guns, but Nero avoided it. He raised his sword to strike her down, but she dodged it. She tried to hit him in retaliation, but he easily dodged her attack. Nero tried to put some space between them so his movements wouldn’t be impeded, but she refused to let him do so, preventing him from using his sword to its fullest. It quickly became a dance with them parrying or blocking blows from the other.

Nero was able to meet her blow for blow but knew something was wrong as their clash continued. She was slowly being forced back due to the raw strength behind his attack. Instead of trying to outmatch him in might, she evaded and parried his blows. He swung his demonic arm at her chest, and for a moment, she seemed surprised before she moved. His knuckles brushed against the edges of the clock, which suddenly glowed at his touch.

The woman’s eyes widened as she slammed him with a solid blow to his chest with the hilt of her gun. Nero slammed into one of the pews, which skidded and forced the pews behind it to move. He was about to launch himself forward, but the shocked expression on her face stopped him.

Nero glared. “What’s gotten you so shocked? Cat got your tongue or something?”

“It isn’t just demonic blood that’s inside of you, but you...you also have the blood of an Umbran Witch in you.” The woman answered.

Nero’s hand inched toward his gun. “Don’t know what you’re talking about, lady. Never met my mom.”

The woman frowned. "I'm sorry to hear, dear. My name is Bayonetta. Tell me, what is your name?"

Nero considered flipping her off and walking away, but his instincts told him not to. Instead, he stood up and cracked his neck, ready for another round.

Bayonetta crossed her arms underneath her bust, pushing her breasts up. "C'mon dear, I'm sure you were taught manners at the very least. It's rude to keep a lady waiting."

Nero's face darkened, and he quickly averted his eyes from her cleavage as his grip tightened on his sword. "Nero."

"A lovely name and fitting for your style, dearie. I have a deal for you, sweetheart. You have the spirit, and you are quite skilled with that sword of yours and what powers you do have, though I think you need a little more...refinement to bring out your full power. It would be a shame to let the potential you have waste away. Let me teach you your family's history, and you'll be a terror to every pesky Demon or Angel you come across. Sound like a good deal?"

"Not looking for any teachers! Especially after this sort of meeting."

Bayonetta giggled. She adjusted her glasses and smirked. "...It's adorable that you think you have a say in this. Oh well, I gave the nice way a shot, but now we do things the fun way."

She grabbed her dress, leaped back, and threw her gown at him. Nero drew his sword down as fast as he could, splitting it.

Nero growled and froze when he saw Bayonetta. She was now dressed in a revealing dark gray skin-tight bodysuit with a thorn-like pattern. It had a frilly collar and sharp shoulder pads. The gloves of the suit were blue with frills at the wrists. The back of her bodysuit had a diamond-shaped opening and several diamond cutouts on her legs, showing some of her plush thighs.

Nero's face burned as his eyes roamed over her form. His blood rushed through his body. He tried to look away but couldn't bring himself to do so. The sexual appeal she exuded was too demanding for him to do anything else. *'How the hell can she walk around wearing something like that?'*

"Oh, you are so precious with how your face burns up like that." Bayonetta thrust her well-developed chest out and air kissed him, making Nero's face burn brighter. "Feel free to admire as much as you want. You wouldn't be the first, and you certainly won't be the last."

"Shut up!"

Bayonetta laughed. "Oh, your reactions are just adorable! I'm going to enjoy teaching you."

Nero quickly drew Blue Rose and fired at her. Bayonetta raised her guns and shot the bullets Nero had fired out of the air. "I'm sorry dear, but you're going to have to do much better than that!"

"Trust me, I can do much more than that."

Nero charged, and Bayonetta ran to face him; the two swung their weapons while avoiding the other's assault. Bayonetta laughed as she parried and dodged his blows. Again, Nero proved to be the stronger of the two, but this time Bayonetta moved faster than she had before.

"You have plenty of fine skill and training, darling, but you lack the grace befitting of a witch, but you certainly know how to swing that sword of yours. You might even be able to match me one day with the right training."

"Not looking for any tips considering how we're talking." Nero scoffed as he blocked another kick.

"Then consider it a view into your new teacher's skills and what you might be able to do one day!" Bayonetta leaned back, avoiding his sword, and then leaped back. "Speaking of which, let me show you why you don't fuck with a witch."

Bayonetta slammed her foot on the ground. The floor exploded as a large ornate medieval stretcher appeared underneath Nero, forcing him onto his back. Before Nero could move, metal chains wrapped around Nero's arms and legs, ensuring he couldn't get away.

Nero struggled against the restraints. "What the fuck!"

"This is one of the perks of being an Umbran Witch." Bayonetta said. "As a witch, we can summon various devices from the underworld with a chant. These items are infested with curses, but I'm modifying them slightly to suit the situation. They're something you'll find to be quite...useful in a fight once we get your training started."

Bayonetta turned the crank, and the chains let out an ominous creak as they did. Nero groaned as the chains pulled on his body. His bones and muscles ached as they were stretched further than he used to. Yet Nero continued to glare at her in defiance.

"If this is your way of trying to hurt me, then not sorry to say, but it isn't working?" Nero said.

"Now, who said anything about hurting you, darling?" Bayonetta turned the crank harder.

As Nero struggled against the chains, his muscles shrank. Every bit of power he visibly had got smaller, almost as if they were disappearing. His arms and legs lost some of their definition as

the muscles there became thinner and smaller. Yet, despite how much smaller they were getting, his limbs still maintained a trim athletic tone to them that showed some power remained.

“Now then, I think that’s enough of that.” Bayonetta tapped her foot.

The stretcher that kept Nero in place disappeared, causing him to fall onto his back again. Nero shook his head and quickly grabbed his sword. Then, he stood up and tightened his grip on Red Queen.

Nero immediately noticed that something was off by how loose his clothes were now, despite being the same height. He looked down and saw portions of his clothes drooped against his frame. His arms looked almost like twigs with how big the sleeves of his coat looked against them. If it weren’t for his belt, his pants would hang slightly off his thighs and hips as if they were a size or two larger than they should be.

“What the hell?” Nero compared his arms to how much thinner they were now.

“Don’t worry, darling, despite how much smaller your arms look. They are just as powerful as they were before. There is still plenty of tone on them, but we do have to do something about those hands of yours.”

Nero charged at her again and reached out for her with his Devil Bringer. An immense spectral version of it appeared above his arm to grab her. Before the ghostly limb could catch her, she disappeared from her spot and appeared to the side of it.

Bayonetta cupped her chin. “I wondered when you would try that again. But just because you have a unique arm doesn’t mean you’ll win.

Nero scowled. “Well then, let me show you why I’m going to win this then.”

Nero lunged at her and brought his sword down for a cleaving strike, but just like last time, she avoided it. He followed up with several quick slashes, but she dodged every one of them. Bayonetta knocked Nero’s sword out of his hand. Her body was covered in a purple aura. He tried to punch her, but she parried it easily as well.

Before he could get away, Bayonetta grabbed his wrist and twisted his hand. She forced him to open his hand. The purple aura hardened and formed a thumbscrew. With grace, Bayonetta slipped the thumbscrew over his human hand. “There we go, now with that, let’s work on that hand of yours.”

“As if I’m going to let you!” Nero lifted her off the ground and swung his arm to try and make her fly off. But, despite its suddenness, Bayonetta held on, tightening her grip to ensure she wouldn’t fly away.

Nero tried to slam her onto the ground, but Bayonetta planted herself on the ground and twisted his hand, making Nero's body lock up. His eyes twitched as a harsh hiss came from him. He tried to lift his arm, but she twisted his wrist again, sending a lightning bolt of pain through his frame. His snarling face morphed into a pained wince.

Bayonetta patted his hand. "You're stronger than me when it comes to raw strength. I'll give you that little boy, but that hardly matters when you know how to flex your body."

Nero bucked and tried to throw her off, but Bayonetta exerted greater control over his body by how she held his wrist. He tried to twist his hand out of her grip, and for a moment, she struggled against him before asserting her dominance by enhancing the twist.

Bayonetta twisted Nero's arm further. "Now darling, just let this next part happen, or else you'll find yourself in a more uncomfortable spot."

"We'll see about that!"

"Don't say that I didn't warn you, darling."

As the thumbscrew tightened on Nero's human hand, it slowly changed. Nero shuddered in slight pain as her power coursed through his body. The nails on his human hand refined as they grew longer, as if they had just come out of a nail salon, while the rest of his digits shrunk. All of the calluses on his hands softened as they gained new life to them. His palms shrunk as well as conforming to Bayonetta's power. Low pops came from his digits as they lost some of their mass. A crack came from his wrist as it adjusted along with his palms.

Nero tried to pull out Blue Rose, but Bayonetta turned and forced him to move before he could. Even though his other hand was trapped in the thumbscrew, his demonic limb was filled with agonizing pain. His nerves were on fire and twitched at their own will. Yet he didn't let that try to stop him. No matter how painful it was, he continued to try and close his hand, only to be forced to let go when it became too much for him.

Bayonetta tightened the thumbscrew on his human hand, earning another hiss from Nero as dull pain shot from him. His limbs slimmed even further. Even Nero's Devil Bringer arm was affected. Just like his human arm, it slimmed down, gaining the same almost feminine appeal as his arms thinned but didn't because of the scales and claws it had. His biceps deflated but still maintained some muscle that added to his arms' developing charm. A pop resounded from his shoulders as they gained a slenderness that accentuated the new feminine appeal that his limbs had gained.

Bayonetta raised Nero's transformed human hand to her face and examined it. She ran her hand over the nails, momentarily struggling as Nero tried to free himself. Again twisted his wrist further to keep him in place.

"Much better." Bayonetta let go of his hand, and the thumbscrew she had summoned disappeared. Then, before Nero could do anything, she turned him around and gently kicked him on the butt.

Nero stumbled as he shook his hand and frowned at the sight of the daintier womanly hands he had. There was no trace of the original width his fingers had before. The sharp nails he had now looked far too clean. "The fuck did you do?"

"Don't worry, it might seem a little off at the moment, but it's nothing to worry about."

Bayonetta's voice broke through Nero's confusion and pain, reminding him of where he was and what was happening. Nero raised his gun, ready to react to whatever Bayonetta might do next. However, instead of being in a fighting pose or taking advantage, she stood there, her body lax.

"Go ahead, darling, pick up your sword." Bayonetta urged as she twirled one of her guns. She examined it as if she was making a purchase. "I know how much people like to play with their favorite toys, especially boys like you."

Nero's grip tightened on Blue Rose, and he was half tempted to pull the trigger now. Yet the first time he fired his gun at her rushed forward.

Nero carefully went over to Red Queen. He kept his gun on her, ready to use at a moment's notice. When Nero was beside his sword, he put Blue Rose back into its holster and kicked Red Queen into his human hand. He pointed the tip of his blade at her.

Bayonetta winked flirtatiously. "See, darling, I might be pushing you, but I won't be kicking while you're down. This is just the first lesson, after all. I won't bully you too much...unless you want me to."

Again her words made Nero's face burn brightly that someone would have been able to use it as a stoplight. He breathed harshly through his nose, trying to shove his embarrassment into a deep dark hole in his mind it would never escape. "You better be able to fix this."

Bayonetta smiled like a smug cat with a canary in her mouth. "I could, but why would I do that?"

"Because if you can't fix whatever you did to me, you'll find out how bad I can make things for you!" Nero proclaimed.

"I'm sure you could if you were given the opportunity, darling. Now then, whenever you're ready, sweetie."

"I'm going to make you take me seriously in a minute, lady." Nero revved his sword.

"Oh, sweetie, I had been taking you seriously from the start." Bayonetta raised her arms challengingly. "I've just been having a lot of fun going about this as I did."

"We'll see how much fun you have after this next bout!" Nero charged at her again with his sword raised high.

Bayonetta summoned a katana and rushed to meet Nero head-on. The two traded blows, their weapons a whirlwind of steel, to anyone else who would have seen them. Bayonetta's grin faltered slightly as she tried to keep up, but Nero's superior sword skill quickly proved too much for her. Nero brought his sword down repeatedly, refusing to give Bayonetta even an inch. Finally, he brought his sword up, and her weapon slipped from her fingers, earning a look of shock from her.

Nero grinned. "Got you!"

Nero swung his sword at her right as Bayonetta summoned her magic. She giggled as she coked her hip, brought her hands up behind her head, and then slammed her foot on the ground.

The ground erupted, and something wrapped around Nero's legs that stopped him in place. He looked down and saw long black and gold engraved metal barrels around his legs that went past his kneecaps. He brought Red Queen down to try and break them, but the magical stocks only gained a small scratch.

Bayonetta smiled. "Just another little artifact based on a not-as-well-known torture device, but I would say that it more than does its job quite well in keeping little troublemakers in their place. I don't use it much, but this is a special circumstance. Now, why don't you tell me how this feels on your legs, darling."

Nero groaned as the boots tightened. He could feel rough studs rubbing against his legs, digging into his body. Popping noises and cracks came from his legs. With every noise, the pain spiked as if nails were being driven into his body. Nero hissed as the studs seemed like they were digging into his bones and meeting in the middle.

"Fuck!" Nero swung again at the boots but still couldn't break free.

"No need to get so worked up, dear. They just finished their job." Bayonetta snapped her fingers, and the magical torture boots disappeared.

Nero gasped at the sudden freedom. He stumbled and immediately noticed that his legs felt different. Cold stone tile and a slight breeze brushed against his leg, making his toes curl. His boots had been completely destroyed, and his pants legs had been ravaged, bits of his legs poking through large holes.

"Damn it." Nero kicked off his boots and frowned at how easily they came off. His mood soured further at the sight of his bare feet and how much smaller they looked. "As if I needed more of my body changed."

"Tis a shame about the boots, they were rather nice, but I want to get a better look at your legs."

"Like hell you are!"

Nero launched himself at Bayonetta and began another assault. But, unlike before, there was none of the control he had previously, only a wild rage that didn't even put a moment's thought into what he should do. Every swing of his sword was made on instinct. The only thing going through his mind was striking her down so her smug look would finally disappear.

"Oh dear, now you're getting sloppy." Bayonetta easily avoided Nero's strikes. "Darling, if you want to have any chance against me, then you better shape up."

"Shut up!"

"Now, why would I do that love? Especially since you clearly need someone to help you."

Bayonetta parried one of his blows and then grabbed the hem of his pants. She kicked him away, still holding onto his pants legs tightly. The pants tore off his body, and she held them up like a trophy. She laughed and then tossed them aside.

"Gahhh!" Nero stumbled again, seeing his boxer shorts fully exposed. For a moment, his mind warred with itself. His first instinct was to cover himself, but his mind warred with itself since he was in a fight.

It didn't help that he could see his new lower legs and their new feminine appeal. Much like his arms, they had a slender appearance but maintained their muscular tone. Yet what pulled away from their charm was his unchanged thighs, which looked like massive tree trunks compared to the lower half of his legs.

"There we go. Now we can get a real look at those legs, though we got to do something about those thighs. Those thighs ruin all the appeal that the rest of your legs have gained and are just so boring. Don't worry dearie, we can fix that in just a second."

Bayonetta rushed forward, firing her gun as purple magic enveloped her body. Nero swung his sword, sending the bullets Bayonetta fired back at her. He blinked and saw Bayonetta was already in front of him. Nero grimaced and instinctively raised his Devil Bringer to punch her, but she shifted to the side and slammed her hands on his thighs, making him stumble back. Again, Nero swung his sword, but Bayonetta leaped back. She then cartwheeled away with a laugh. He was about to chase after her, but his legs suddenly shivered.

Nero tried to get his legs under control but couldn't. "What now?"

After a moment, Nero's thighs strained his boxer shorts as they ballooned. His underpants tightened as his thighs grew, making him shudder in arousal and embarrassment. It was as if someone was gently squeezing on the more they grew. His grip loosened and clenched as a primal part of him demanded to play with them. Blood rushed down below, and his member rose, making his tight boxers strain further, and another bolt of heat invaded his body.

Nero's fifth limb and his balls were slowly crushed between his expanding thighs. He winced and adjusted his stance, only to be forced to do so again. A small tear formed on the sides of his boxers, making him freeze right as they finished. Nero grimaced at the massive, sexy thighs he had now, which looked perfect for runway models to strut around and crush melons with ease.

Bayonetta giggled. "There we go, now those are some lovely legs. All we need to do is put on some good tight pants or a nice short skirt, or even better, leave them out in the open depending on the situation. Oh, so many ideas are coming forward."

Bayonetta's voice cut through Nero's confusion. His rage spiked once again. All of the discomforts that came from his undergarments and hard-on were ignored. Instead, his grip tightened on his sword.

"And you're not going to see any of them!"

Nero charged again and swung his sword at her, his rage blinding him. Like last time, anger drove him, and all his attacks ran on instinct. There was no rhyme or reason. Just a blind rage that empowered his strikes, but even so, Bayonetta avoided every one of them with ease.

Bayonetta frowned. "Now you're just letting yourself get sloppy, dear. That temper of yours is going to get you in serious trouble one day. We'll have to work on that so you'll use it to strengthen you, but not let it blind you. Let me show you why you can't just act like a brutish thug."

Bayonetta holstered her weapons, grabbed Nero's sword arm, and threw him over her shoulder. She quickly got on top of him, straddling his hips, earning a yelp from Nero that made her laugh. Magic surrounded her hands and encompassed her form one more. She dug her thumbs into his hips, making small holes form on his straining underwear. Nero swung Red Queen at her, but she leaped off him and landed on her feet.

"Tell me, little boy, did you enjoy having my body so close to yours? You let out such a cute little squeak that I must know. Did you enjoy the feeling of my butt? I know you watched it as I moved." Bayonetta smiled.

"Who asks questions like those in the middle of a fight?" Nero leaped from the ground, trying to push the feeling of her large-toned rear out of his mind with little success. Bayonetta's bottom flashed in his mind, and his nostrils flared.

Bayonetta laughed. "I'll take that as a yes."

A loud snap resounded from Nero's body, earning another aggravated moan. Nero stumbled from side to side as his lower body tingled, and his sense of balance was in complete disarray. He stabbed Red Queen into the ground before he could fall over and leaned against the blade to remain standing.

"Damn it!" Nero bellowed. He wanted to continue fighting back but knew he would be knocked over instantly if he tried now. "Not going to try to push your advantage?"

"Now darling, where would be the fun in that," Bayonetta questioned. "Besides, this is a lesson, after all. So consider this your...orientation."

Nero twitched as his hips suddenly felt like someone was massaging them as they widened. His boxer shorts tightened further, making him breathe harder. He stared at his hips as they gained a slight but noticeable curve that was becoming more prominent by the second. Nero tightened his hold on his sword as he shuddered in pleasant glee.

"Please, no."

Bayonetta smirked. "Oh, are you enjoying yourself, dear?"

"No!" Nero looked away, trying to hide his blush and focus on anything besides his hips. But a bolt of arousal shot through his hips like lightning, reminding him of what was happening.

The outline of his toned glutes became more apparent as his underwear rode between his cheeks with force comparable to someone roughly cupping his flat buttocks. His dick was pushed harder against his straining underwear, outlining his genitalia further as his rod hardened. The holes Bayonetta had made in his underwear grew, earning a nervous gulp.

After a moment, the strain on his underwear caused by Nero's hips ceased. To Nero's horror, his hips were striking and would have been perfect handhelds for someone to grab. His trembling brought attention to the roll his hips had gained, even though he was trying to stop himself from making it happen. Yet, doing so sent a comfortable warmth that made him wish to continue, despite the situation.

Nero took a deep breath as he finally regained a small measure of control, yet it brought him no peace. He noticed his hips and thighs took a moment longer to settle. Even though his thighs were toned and defined, they still had a slight jiggle that demanded people pay attention to them. It was only exasperated by the small roll his hips had. "Damn it."

"My my, some lovely hips you have there. Everywhere you go, you'll have a delightful sway in them. Don't worry, sweetie, I'll teach you how to strut those legs and show them off," Bayonetta said. "Oh, the looks you'll get will be so delightful."

"Quite fantasizing such bullshit!" Nero said, His face red with embarrassment and shame.

Nero thought about all that had happened to his body. Again he examined his altered limbs, dreading how much smaller they had become since their clash had begun. The extra girth his thighs had now and his broad hips made him grimace. His grip on his weapon tightened as he noticed that he was unwittingly rolling his hips again and the swing they had now. "What the hell are you doing to me, you crazy bitch?"

Bayonetta's smile fell instantly, replaced with a glacial look that promised pain and humiliation. Nero snarled, not at all deterred by the fury Bayonetta exuded. "Oh dear, looks like we're going to have to take things up a notch for that. Make sure that you'll watch your mouth a little more in the future. It looks like someone needs a good punishment. Thankfully I know just how to do so."

"Bring it on!"

"Certainly."

Again they went for another clash, and right as Nero's sword was about to hit her, Bayonetta's body changed into a colony of bats, making Nero's eyes widen. He closed his eyes and lowered his face. The bats brushed against his head, some scratching him as they did, but the wounds quickly healed. As soon as the last of them passed, Nero turned around and swung his sword behind him. Bayonetta grabbed his sword arm and kissed his forehead, making Nero's mind stall.

Nero's face burned brightly. "What the hell was that?"

Bayonetta smirked. "Oh how you get so flustered and your face burns is just so adorable."

Nero's face burned as a popping noise erupted from his face as his skull altered. His jaw opened and closed as it softened. The nerves in his head fired as his cheeks rose, giving his face a more heart-shaped appearance. He couldn't breathe through his nose momentarily, as if someone was squeezing it as hard as it became a smaller, cuter nose. A stinging sensation came from his lips as if someone was pinching them, digging their nails into them. Then, just as quickly as those sensations came, they passed as if he had imagined them.

Bayonetta clapped. "Oh my, you are a beauty now."

Nero hesitantly turned Red Queen and used it as an improvised mirror. He let out a horrified gasp when he saw a distorted ideal female version of himself. Everything about his new facial features was perfect for a beauty who would have driven men mad with lust.

“Now darling, you shouldn’t worry about your appearance. You’ll be knocking people over dead and having boys go crazy over you even though we haven’t finished bringing in your figure. I’m quite curious about what your curves will be like. After everything else that has changed, I’m sure your demonic heritage will make them something special.”

“As if I’m worried about that! And you call this a punishment after all the crap you’ve pulled? You must be losing it if you think this will stop me!” Nero said.

“Oh no, that is not the punishment.” Bayonetta clarified as she summoned a pair of large black demonic gauntlets. One had claws of fire, while the others were made of lightning.

Bayonetta charged forward and pried Nero’s favored weapon from his hand. She knocked him into the air and struck another pose. Purple magical energy formed between her hands as if she was holding a rope. When Nero hit the ground, she ran her hands over his body. Purple and black magic streaks formed around Nero’s body and developed into a Victorian-style corset around Nero’s waist.

“This is the punishment. It’s funny how people used to wear these all the time for fashion despite the damage to their bodies. Now though, they might as well be torture devices for the damage they could do on the body.”

Bayonetta pulled on the corset strings as hard as she could, earning a ragged gasp from Nero. All of the air in Nero’s lungs immediately disappeared. He gasped. His stomach gurgled, and his cheeks puffed out for a moment like a puffer fish. “As you can see, it does hurt the body quite a bit.”

Nero felt as if his midsection was being crushed between two boulders. He flailed around, trying to break her hold, but Bayonetta didn’t let go. Nero rasped for air. He brought his demonic arm down and tried to rip through it, but he couldn’t even make it go up an inch. She brought one of her legs up and pushed him onto the ground as she pulled harder on the string.

Bayonetta grinned maliciously. “Suck it in, because it’s only going to get worse from here.”

Nero gasped as the corset kept getting together across his body. The mass of his core shifted the tighter the corset got. He looked down and could feel his waist give into Bayonetta’s power. The flair of his hips became more apparent and stood out further as his core changed. Even his abs weren’t safe as the outline of them disappeared. He glared at her as best he could as he tried to grab his gun.

Bayonetta poured a little magical power into the corset. "I didn't say you could play with your toys."

Nero hissed as an electric shock went through his body, making him spasm, but still, he tried to resist. Stars entered his vision, and his struggling slowed. Black splotches appeared. The sense of feeling that he had disappeared as time passed.

"I think that is enough for now." Bayonetta let go of the corset, which vanished in a purple haze. "Next time, keep in mind just who you call a bitch. Especially if they are stronger than you."

Nero fell and greedily filled his lungs with as much air as possible. The stars that clouded his vision disappeared. His sense of feeling returned, and his shirt drooped over his core again. A wave of nausea overtook him, forcing him to shake his head.

"Damn it!" Nero quickly forced himself up. "Is this just a game to you? You look like you have been playing with me from the beginning."

"Oh no, darling, if this were a game, then I wouldn't have used all of the skills I did. You should take some pride in the fact that you can push me as hard as you are. It's just that you're not quite up to my level yet."

"Bullshit."

"Believe what you want, darling, but I'm just saying how it is. Now then, raise that shirt. Let's see how your body looks there now." Bayonetta ordered.

Nero wanted to flip her off but didn't. Instead, he grabbed the bottom of his shirt and hesitantly raised it. He flinched when he saw a trimmed flat that perfectly complimented his feminizing build. The sides of his waist now had a noticeable curve that made his broad hips look wider. Even his upper body had an evident flair with how thin it had become.

Nero gaped. "I have...an hourglass figure?"

Bayonetta cupped her chin. "Now that is a lovely waist, and yes, you do. A bottom-heavy one, but an hourglass figure nonetheless. I wonder how much nicer it will be when the rest of your figure comes in. Even though you don't have your tits or a butt worth a damn, you'll be able to make the boys and girls go crazy, no matter how lacking you are."

"Are you...you're turning me into a girl?" Nero let his shirt fall.

"You can't be an Umbran Witch otherwise. After all, the term witch is for a woman. Looks like you might need a few more lessons. However, that temper might be the real issue there. We'll figure out your lesson plan in time."

Nero's Devil Bringer glowed brightly as a blue aura surrounded his body. His eyes glowed red. Yamato appeared in his hands. Behind him, a blue spectral demonic figure appeared, holding a katana in its right hand with a large sheath attached to its left arm.

"Oh, now this should be good, darling. Show me what you got! I wondered if you were hiding any other tricks."

"Well, if that's what you want, I'm happy to oblige after all the crap you pulled on me."

Nero swung the katana at her and sent out a wave of power as the specter copied his movements. Bayonetta twisted her body to the side and cautiously stepped to the right. Her hair and attire fluttered as the arc of energy zoomed past her and exploded when it hit the wall, utterly destroying it.

Bayonetta looked behind her to see the devastation Nero had wrought. The wall behind her now had a massive hole someone could drive a dump truck through, and a small chasm formed in the floor. She whistled. "That would have been bad if it hit me. It's nice to see that you have a few more tricks up your sleeve."

"Well, then, let's see how you handle this!"

He rushed at her again. Again they clashed, and Nero gained the upper hand. The giant spectral being forced her to watch how she moved. Whenever she was about to try and go on the attack, the specter followed right after, forcing her to back off. Then she would be forced to evade an attack from Nero.

Bayonetta grinned. "That blue friend of yours is quite the troublesome fellow."

Nero smirked. **"Getting scared now?"**

"Hardly, just forced to try and figure something out," Bayonetta blocked a strike from the demonic shadow. "And it looks like I'll have to get serious since you're going all out now."

Bayonetta's body was again covered in magical purple power. Her hair exploded behind her until it rested just above her butt. The air around her crackled, yet Nero didn't let that stop him.

"Don't know what that is, but I ain't backing down!"

Nero's sword collided with Bayonetta's gun, sending some of the debris around them flying back. Nero frowned, noticing she was now just as strong as he was. Bayonetta moved with a speed and power that rivaled Nero's, much to his dismay. He went in for another swing, but his Devil Trigger deactivated, much to his shock. Bayonetta smirked as Nero's sword collided with her gun. She quickly uppercut Nero's stomach with her free arm and followed up with a strong kick.

Nero crashed through another set of pews and skidded across the ground, his vision darkening slightly. Again the world spun, and he struggled to get his body under control.

“You aren’t the only one who can pull off that trick,” Bayonetta said. Her hair returned to its regular length.

Bayonetta strutted forward until she was right in front of him. She placed her foot on top of Nero’s privates. Her smile turned into a vindictive smirk. She quickly raised her leg and then slammed her heeled foot down on Nero’s privates as the ground cracked underneath him.

“Owww!” Nero squealed like a pig as his privates quickly retreated into his body. Both his balls and his shaft morphed into a set of ovaries. A new aching hole quickly formed between his legs as a new pair of folds appeared that quivered in pain.

Nero could only lay there, her new rosebud aching in pain from the sudden transition. Tears formed at the edge of her eyes as her fingers twitched. Her inner thighs ached from the blow, and her mind could only focus on the pain. She robotically moved her hands to her aching crotch and covered it. Another sharp bout of pain erupted there, making her flinch.

“I think a breather for you is in order after that. After this little clash, you must have tuckered yourself out.” Bayonetta said.

Bayonetta kicked up one of the fallen pews that were still intact, standing it up rightfully now. She struck a pose, and long strands of hair appeared in a magical circle and formed into a giant demonic hand as her outfit became a revealing leotard. With surprising gentleness, the gigantic limb lifted Nero off the ground. It moved her to the pew and gently sat her down. The moment it did, the limb disappeared, and Bayonetta’s clothes returned to normal.

Nero laid there, unable to resist, still holding her aching crotch as her throat burned. The burning worsened as her Adam’s apple shrunk. The painful whimpers and moans rose in pitch, her strong voice becoming more fitting for a woman.

Bayonetta raised Nero’s head and placed it on her thighs. She gently ruffled Nero’s hair and patted her head like a mother trying to comfort their child. “Don’t worry darling, I know how sensitive those can be. I’ll give you a few minutes to get used to the fact that your twig and berries are gone. But you really should watch who you insult. Otherwise you might find out how much of a bitch they can truly be.”

Nero couldn’t respond. She stifled and forced the tears in her eyes away. Her breathing slowed, and she focused on it. The pain between her legs and her throat weekend. She looked up at Bayonetta, who seemed at peace as she stroked Nero’s hair. Her anger boiled. Nero’s lips curved into a hateful sneer. She moved her hands away from her crotch and balled them into fists.

“Get off!” Nero moved to strike her with his Devil Bringer. However, Bayonetta avoided the attack and leaped away from Nero.

Again a blue aura surrounded Nero’s form, but this time there were twinges of purple. Unlike before, this time, her clothes were destroyed by her aura, and her gun was sent flying away.

“What the hell?” Nero’s expression shifted into horrified embarrassment as her face lit up. She tried to cover herself but stopped when she noticed something was off about her hair.

To Nero's horror, her hair was growing longer. The healthy shine it had become more apparent as it traveled down her body. Her growing locks of hair stayed close to her body, gently caressing her feminine frame. It trailed down her shoulders and brushed against her back. She grabbed long strands of them and let go. Despite their softness, she felt like she was holding living snakes. The moment her hair passed her crotch, the long locks of hair seemingly broke off, making her hair look like its previous shaggy style. Her cut hair merged and formed into a tight silvery-white leotard that perfectly matched her hair. It tightened around her frame, making Nero gasp.

Nero flushed at her new attire. It hugged her body, painfully making her aware of her curves. It didn't help there was a diamond-shaped cut-out that would have exposed her cleavage if she had any. She tried to cover herself as if she was naked. The leotard felt like a soft but sturdy spandex. A cold breeze brushed against her exposed legs making Nero shudder, and she wished she still had her coat.

Bayonetta giggled. “Oh darling, there is nothing that you should be ashamed of. Your hair is beautiful, and with a body like that, you'll leave the boys drooling and the girls wishing they had a figure as nice as yours. Besides, that’s a lovely leotard you’re wearing.”

“What the hell did you do to my hair? Why did some of it grow and...turn into this?” Nero demanded, not noticing her new voice’s pitch.

“There’s nothing to worry about, sweetie. It’s just your Umbran Witch genes finally kicking in. That is just another aspect of being an Umbran Witch. You can use your hair to create clothing.”

“This is bullshit!” Nero said. She blinked when her words finally registered in her head. “Wait...”

Nero raised her human hand to her throat and finally realized her Adam's apple was gone. Her hand shook, and her breathing picked up.

“Oh my god.” Nero frowned at the new, unfamiliar voice coming out of her mouth. It was no longer her deep, strong voice. Now it was a brash, harsh voice fitting for a young woman, with a slight boyish rasp as if it was a mocking reminder of her original gender. “Why do I sound like a damn girl!”

“Well, it couldn’t have stayed the same since you were becoming a girl. I wondered when you would realize that change happened since it happened right after your balls disappeared. Either way, that new voice is far more fitting and better for a lovely young woman, wouldn’t you agree? I’m sure you’ll fulfill plenty of fantasies for others with it, even if you aren’t trying to.”

“You fucking bitch!”

Bayonetta laughed as Nero went to attack her. She struck another pose and summoned a giant torture wheel behind Nero. Unlike its usual appearance, this torture wheel didn’t have spikes on it and had legs on the side that prevented it from touching the ground. Chains erupted from it and latched around Nero’s limbs like when she summoned the rack. They pulled him onto the torture wheel and forced him to stay on it, no matter how much he struggled.

Bayonetta smirked. “Ready to go for a ride, darling?”

She then kicked the wheel hard, sending it spinning. Nero cried as she swirled rapidly on the wheel. The pressure on her spine increased as the torture device accelerated. She tried to force herself off but could barely raise her head and arms.

Bayonetta watched it spin around with an amused look as Nero screamed. Then, she snapped her fingers, and the torture wheel faded away right when Nero was at the apex of it. Its sudden disappearance sent Nero flying through a pillar and across the ground. “Did you enjoy the ride, darling?”

A tired groan was her response as Nero forced herself off the ground as the world spun around as if she was standing on a spinning top. She stumbled forward and almost fell over again but managed to regain herself.

Nero noticed that her posture was different. There was an arch in her spine that automatically made her push her flat chest out. She tried to stand up straighter to reduce it, but it only brought more attention to her flat chest.

“You know, darling, if you just let me continue, then you won’t have to endure any more pain. I’m sure I can make it quite enjoyable for you.”

“As if I’m just going to bend over and let you do what you want to me after you took away my dick!”

“Oh, you truly are a rowdy one. You must have been a troublesome brat for your teachers. Still, that fire of yours is nice and adds to your appeal. Perhaps a good spanking is in order?”

Bayonetta said. She smirked as her body was enveloped in a purple aura.

Before Nero could launch herself at Bayonetta for another bout, medieval stocks trapped her, ensuring she couldn’t escape. Nero’s face darkened again when she realized she was positioned in a way that showed off her flat butt and would have given everyone a perfect view

of her cleavage. She tried to break out of them, but the stocks kept her in place, preventing her from getting out.

“There we go. That should keep you nice and in place for this next part.”

“Oh god damn it! How many more magic tricks will you pull out of your damn ass? Wait, what the hell do you mean by next part?”

Bayonetta smiled playfully, which sent a shiver down Nero's spine. Nero's eyes followed Bayonetta until she moved past the stock. She bit her lips as her heart pounded faster.

Nero frowned. *'What is she going to do now?'*

SMACK!

“Ahh!” Nero's face burned. Pain shot through her hindquarters as Bayonetta giggled in naughty glee. “What the fuck are you doing!”

“Spanking you, something none of your teachers ever had the nerve to do clearly. Perhaps this will make you calm down.”

“Calm me down! This is going to do the exact opposite of it!”

SMACK!

Nero winced. “Are you doing this shit now just to humiliate me?”

Bayonetta smirked. “Darling, if I truly wanted to humiliate you, I would have done this with a crowd or recorded it. Perhaps I should do that now that you say it. I'm sure many people would enjoy seeing the show.”

“Don't you dare!” Nero struggled against the stocks with renewed vigor, desperately trying to break free.

“Oh, you still think you have a chance after how our entire fight is gone?” Bayonetta raised her hand again and slammed it on Nero's bottom cheeks.

SMACK!

“Gahhh!”

Bayonetta smirked as more padding appeared on Nero's end, increasing its size. She spanked Nero as hard as she could, earning another scream from her.

Nero winced at the pain that shot up her spine. Her buttocks bounced again as another bit of mass was added to her rear end.

“Wait.” Nero noticed the extra weight her behind had. She hesitantly rolled her hips and noticed a slight delay in her buttocks. Her rump took a little longer to follow her hips, and there was a bit more of a bounce when her caboose swung from one side to the other. When she stopped her hips, her buttocks took longer to settle than before. She paled despite the arousal and embarrassment in her heart. “Are you making my butt bigger?”

Bayonetta laughed. “You tell me.”

SMACK!

Nero’s rear swelled as another layer of fat appeared before it regained the tight tone it had before. Again the leotard dug a little deeper between her cheeks before adjusting to her new rear’s size. To her horror, her new clothes felt as if they were lovingly holding her behind and gently caressing them and her crotch.

“Stop it!”

“No.”

SMACK!

Tears welled in Nero’s eyes. She tried not to let them crawl down her red face but failed. The jiggling of her ass only intensified and became more prominent to her horror, which made them heavier and more sensitive. With every smack, her blush and aroused shame grew. Her wobbling buttocks took longer to stop every time. Despite it all, she unconsciously rolled her hips, her body savoring the tiny bud of pleasure she got from it all.

‘God damn it! I can’t believe I’m enjoying this! At least no one is seeing this. Dante would probably laugh his ass off if he did.’

SMACK!

Nero moaned hungrily as her booty swelled again. Her legs trembled like a faun learning how to walk. She bit her lips, trying to keep a lustful moan under. Her fingers dug into the palm of her hand. Yet still, she continued to roll her hips, silently asking for more.

‘If this keeps going, I’m going to...I’m going to.’ Nero couldn’t finish her thought.

Bayonetta hummed as she admired Nero’s slightly red cheeks, somewhat surprised by how large it was. She looked at her refined tight bum and then back at Nero’s. Nero’s rump looked like it was twice, or even thrice, as large as hers. Someone would have been able to use her

ass like a pillow, and they would still have room to move their head around without leaving it. Yet the most amazing thing was that those twin cheeks were just as toned as when they first began.

“My, my, dearie, I didn’t think that your behind would wind up being so...fat.” Bayonetta grabbed a buttcheek and massaged it, earning a squeal from Nero. “And with such tone as well. Everybody will be watching you walk away with this. You have to see it for yourself, darling.”

Bayonetta traced it as she slowly stepped away. She stomped the ground, causing the medieval stocks that kept Nero in place to disappear.

Nero fell to the ground, her ass up in the air, and then quickly turned herself around. She flinched when her sore buttocks touched the cold floor and swiftly stood up. Her ass jiggled, and the leotard, to her dismay, still felt like it was lovingly caressing the bottom of her buttocks. She twitched, and her breathing flared again at the bolt of arousal that shot up her spine like a roaring fire. Then, with a heavy heart, she looked at her rump and froze.

Nero’s mind stalled, unable to fully comprehend her new phat ass. The damn thing stood out like a blimp behind her, and if she weren’t careful, she would surely knock something over if she turned too quickly. With a heavy heart, she hesitantly grabbed her cheeks and shuddered as another round of heat went through her body. Its impeccable ripe tone only served to emphasize its new immense size. She squeezed, making her shake again as large portions of her ass escaped between her fingers. Yet despite doing so, her fingers went in less than expected.

Nero blushed. “Why the fuck is my ass so huge!”

“I wouldn’t have put it so crassly, but your buttocks truly is rather huge. My magic only made your butt grow. It only got that big because of your genetics. I can only imagine how large your breasts will be when we’re done.”

“Oh hell no, you are not giving me tits too!”

“Sweetie, it would be criminal not to give you breasts now, especially after how far you have come. And besides, I’m more than a little curious to see just how big those girls of yours will be by the time they finish growing.”

“You’re going to have to keep dreaming because there is no way I’m going to let that happen!”

Nero charged at her, raising her Devil Bringer again as Bayonetta posed. Magical power encompassed Bayonetta’s form and traveled to her hands. The energy hardened and formed into a pair of clawed tongs.

Bayonetta raised Nero’s Devil Bringer with one of them and smacked him on the hip with the other as if it was a club, making Nero stumble. Then, she slammed the sharp edges on Nero’s

pecs and squeezed, earning a gasp from Nero as they roughly dug into her peccs. After doing so, Bayonetta pulled them away, tearing Nero's leotard.

Nero looked down at the holes the tongs made, which immediately repaired themselves. She looked back up and saw Bayonetta leaping back, sitting on a broken pillar.

"Looks like my dreams are about to be realized, darling, due to these rippers." Bayonetta smirked as the magical weapons vanished. "Now then, let's see how big your girls become."

Nero glared at her and was about to go on the offensive when a heat formed in her chest. She froze, all of her aggression gone instantly.

"Oh no." Nero groaned as her nipples perked underneath her leotard. They grew slightly larger and thicker against the fabric. She brought her hands up, and the finer points tickled her fingers. Her breathing stalled. The areola had to be the size of quarters, and her nipples had to be as big as erasers, but she couldn't say for sure.

Bayonetta giggled. "Now, then, we get to the fun part. Feel free to get a feel for your new girls as much as you like."

Nero panted as small little lumps formed on her chest. They rapidly swelled in size. She whimpered as her growing spheres pulled on her back muscles. Panicked, she brought her hands to them and squeezed them as they filled her hands. She groaned, unable to fight the pleasant warmth that invaded her chest. Despite the sudden burst,

"Please stop." Nero said. She studied her bust and grimaced. Her hooters had grown so massive that they hid her lower body from view as if they demanded her attention. Even so, Nero squeezed and tried to smooch them down again as if they would deflate if she did. All her efforts earned were a cute moan from her, and the raging, burning heat of need and arousal demanded more.

Nero growled, but another power shock from her ballooning bosom broke her train of thought and made her let go. The weight of her twin orbs made her stumble as if sandbags had been suddenly dropped on her shoulders. Yet to her relief, her bosoms growth slowed. She carefully cupped her chest. Her grimace grew when she noticed how her leotard mushed them together, making them look even more outstanding. Yet, despite their size, they still had a perfect teardrop shape perkiness to them. Seconds later, her bust's growth finished when it became an enormous G-cup that rivaled milk jugs.

"Oh, darling, you are just as beautiful as I thought you would be!" Bayonetta leaped from the broken pillar and rushed over to Nero.

Nero didn't answer, still far too focused on her breasts. Her hands roamed over her immense rack, trying to process them. She cupped them and moved her hands, only to grab them again.



“Oh, dear...Considering how phat that ass of yours was, I thought they would be big, but I didn't think they would be that big. Some ladies might call you a cow, but remember, darling, they're only jealous about how blessed you are.”

“S-Shut up.” Nero glared, her voice cracking and her face red. “This isn't a blessing!”

Bayonetta tittered. “Many would beg to differ, darling. I get plenty of looks from women because of my breasts alone. But I'm sure you'll be dealing with it far more with those knockers.”

“I don't want that!”

“You might want that in the future, darling. Trust me, there is plenty of fun to be had.”

Nero wanted to lash out at her, but her trembling legs stopped her. Instead, her toes curled as the heat in her chest and loins built.

“What’s the matter? Worried you’ll fall over? Don’t worry, I’ll catch you like a good teacher,” Bayonetta cooed.

“I doubt that, considering what you’ve been like so far.” Nero rolled her shoulders back, grimacing at the ripple of her new breast flesh.

“Tough lough, Nero darling. You won’t get any better if I take it easy on you, and you’re more than able to handle any small fry, but you need to be more. As my apprentice, I’ll make sure that you’ll be able to punish anyone that even thinks about messing with you.”

Nero growled and moved to get into a fighting stance, but before she could do anything, Bayonetta pulled Nero into a tight hug. Then, she lifted her off the ground with ease.

“Oh, you are just the most beautiful and adorable student I ever could have asked for.” Bayonetta cheered.

“Mhhh!” Nero mumbled, her face red. She flailed around trying to escape, but the lack of leverage made her unable to escape Bayonetta’s loving embrace.

Suddenly Nero’s leotard changed. Silver sleeves and pants legs extended from the top and bottom of her leotard. She tried to see what was happening to her attire, but Bayonetta’s sizable bust and hold prevented her from doing so. The sleeve on her fully human arm wrapped around her hand and formed a glove, while the one on her Devil Bringer ended above it. Her growing pants legs wrapped around her feet and turned into high heels.

“Need a little air, darling?”

“HmMMM!”

“Well then, I’ll be a generous master.” Bayonetta laughed as she let go of Nero.

Nero fell to the ground. She landed on her feet and stumbled because of her new heels. Her embarrassed, hateful expression turned into dismay when she looked down and saw what her leotard had become.

Her leotard had changed into a silvery-white bodysuit that would have aroused anyone with a drop of warm blood. The right sleeve of the suit went down to her bicep, ending just above her Devil Bringer. To her dismay, the large cut-out exposing her cleavage remained. A breeze brushed her back, and she turned to see a heart-shaped hole on the back of the suit. She could tell she was wearing heels with how the back of her feet was raised.

“What the hell happened to my clothes? And why am I wearing heels?”

“There we go! Now it seems like your Umbran Witch blood has fully awakened!” Bayonetta clapped. “Now, when we start your next lesson, we can truly begin teaching you everything you need to know. The only thing you’re missing is your guns. We could probably get you a spare made and then set them up on your heels. Considering your heritage, you might not be able to make a normal pact, but we can focus on the magical and fighting aspects for now.”

“Next lesson? You think I’ll go through any more 'lessons' from you after this?”

“We will need to get you an Umbran Watch. Thankfully that won’t be any trouble at all. Though, what would be the best place to put it? If we leave it on your chest, it might get lost between those tits of yours.”

“Hey, I’m talking to you!”

“But before we do that, we’ll need to get you some new clothes. No cute little student of mine’s wardrobe will be lacking. Thankfully you seem to have good taste already with how stylish your clothes were. You can keep the punk look, but we can certainly get you some other nice clothes.”

“Shut up, dammit!” Nero threw another punch with her demonic limb, aiming at Bayonetta’s skull.

Bayonetta smiled and activated Witch Time. Then, with a flick of her wrist, she summoned a choker and wrapped it around Nero’s neck.

“What the?” Nero patted her neck and frowned when she noticed the choker. “When did you slip this on?”

“Umbran Witch trick love. Until you learn to mind your manners, that choker will stay on.”

“I’m not a damn dog!” Nero tried to rip it off, but it remained firmly in place.

“Stop! No tugging on your new collar now. You’ll bruise your neck before you manage to get that off.”

The choker glowed. Suddenly Nero let go of her collar, yet not of her own accord.

“The hell!” Nero said. She tried to grab the choker, yet her arms refused to. After a second, Nero gave up on trying to remove the necklace and was finally able to touch her neck. Then she tried again to grab the collar but couldn’t wrap her fingers around it to rip it off.

“Now let’s be off, darling. It’s time that we work on getting you settled. There’s much we need to do, and only a little bit of time left before it gets dark,” Bayonetta said. She went to the door.

“As if,” Nero said as she picked up her sword. She hesitantly placed it on her back, and to her shock, it remained. In the distance, she could see Blue Rose and quickly retrieved it.

Bayonetta looked over her shoulder and sighed. She snapped her fingers, and a long leash formed in her hand connected to Nero’s chocker. With a firm tug, she pulled on it, forcing Nero to come to her as it diminished.

“Hey!” Nero almost fell over from how hard Bayonetta was pulling. She struggled to stay standing as it got smaller. “Stop pulling, damn it!”

“If you’re going to act like a child, I will treat you like one. Now come along, darling, or will I drag you like a dog until you learn to go with the flow? I think it might be a little fun to do so.”

Nero blushed. Whatever witty remark, she had died on her tongue in a fiery blaze. She bit her lip but continued to glare in defiance.

“Seems like someone doesn’t like being embarrassed. That’s a good girl.” Bayonetta giggled.

“Don’t call me that.”

“Then you better be a quick learner if you want me to call you by your name sooner,” Bayonetta said.

‘Just you wait, you witch.’ Nero mentally snarled. *‘I’ll get you for this bullshit. We’ll see how you feel about teaching me once I’m kicking your ass with all you’ve taught me.’*

Nero wondered how Bayonetta would feel when she kicked her ass with her techniques. She smirked at the thought. Still, a part of her liked the idea of learning more about her mother’s heritage. To have a genuine connection to her heritage and what her family was like. She was brought out of her thoughts when she stumbled, earning a bounce from her massive rack and colossal butt.

‘Wish I didn’t need tits like barrels or an ass like watermelons to do so,’ Nero thought. She glared at her breasts, wishing they would get smaller, but sadly they remained just as big and eye-catching as when they finished growing.

Epilogue

“Oh darling, it’s good to see you again, dear!” Jeanne said as she walked toward Bayonetta.

“Oh, Jeanne, it’s been quite some time. How you are you doing?” Bayonetta said.

“I’m doing well. Been dealing with some pesky insects and teaching my students.”

"I would say that you're here for a holiday, but I have the feeling that there is another reason you came." Bayonetta smirked, which Jeanne returned.

"I heard from Rodin that you have gotten an apprentice of all things, and I had to see and hear for myself."

"That is true, and her name is Nero. She was already in the hunting business when we met. Nero's a quick learner. Already a crack shot and is masterful with a blade. Her progress for spells is a little slow, though, and making a pact with demons is out since she's connected to the Legendary Dark Knight Sparda."

"Oh my, that's quite the lineage. If I had found her, I would have snatched her up immediately as well. Talent like that shouldn't just go to waste."

"Indeed, Nero has a lot of power, plenty of tricks up her sleeve, and even more potential. Even before I began training her, she would have been able to handle a good amount of demons and angels without too much issue. I even had to get a little serious when we first met."

"You got serious? Are you losing your touch?"

"Hardly love. I'm telling you, she's skilled and has much potential. She's taken to fighting with guns on her heels far faster than I thought she would. Underestimate her at your own risk. Would you like to see her?"

Jeanne smiled. "Of course, I want to see the newest little witch. Where is she?"

"Oh, she's just in the dressing room. I decided to treat her to another shopping trip after our latest session. Nero darling, are you having trouble or need some help?"

No response came from the dressing room. Instead, Jeanne looked at Bayonetta questioningly. Bayonetta, however, smirked.

"Do I have to come in there and drag you out? I'm sure many would like it, especially if you're not fully dressed?" Bayonetta said.

"....I'm coming."

Nero stepped out of the booth in a tight silver dress that did nothing to hide her curvy frame. A slight black veil was over her breasts, teasing everyone with a look at her vast cleavage. With how tight it was, it showed the flare of her broad hips and slender stomach.

Nero's eyes widened at the sight of Jeanne. Her eyes went over to her frame. She noticed Jeanne's height and then the Umbran Watch on her hip. "Oh no."

“So this is your new apprentice. I must say she certainly is a cutie. Everyone would go crazy if they saw her at my school,” Jeanne said.

Bayonetta smiled. “I have no doubt. She’s already been getting plenty of looks from people wherever we go. Quite a few boys have hit on her as well.”

“School?” Nero said.

“Oh, Jeanne is a school teacher.”

Jeanne said. She smiled as she leaned over to get a better look at Nero, who glared at her. “It’s a pleasure to see another Umbran Witch. I hope that your apprenticeship is going well.”

Nero scoffed. “As good as can be since I was forced into it.”

“Like that matters. Perhaps I should give you a private lesson myself. I want to measure your skills and see if they are as good as Bayonetta thinks.”

“Any time, any place.”

Blue and purple power surrounded Nero’s form and formed into her Umbran Witch bodysuit. She stumbled from the sudden change as Red Queen Appeared on her back. Copies of Blue Rose appeared on her feet, the barrels pointing downward and ending where the heels did. She drew her sword and held it at the ready.



"That's the spirit, darling! But save it back for Rodin's love. The last thing you want to do is pay for the damages. Otherwise, I'll have to give you another lesson." Bayonetta said.

"Perhaps I could give you some pointers on how to punish her properly. Our little witch seems like she might need another lesson on manners." Jeanne said.

"...Fine, we'll duke it out at Rodin's." Nero said. Her suit and weapons disappeared and were replaced with her dress. "And then I'll kick your ass."

"Right then, I'll see you there, little girl," Jeanne said. She left the store, swaying her hips.

"Consider Jeanne your next big test," Bayonetta said. "To give you a little extra motivation. If you win...I'll remove the choker."

Nero turned to Bayonetta with wide eyes. She stared at Bayonetta, trying to see some instance that said she was lying. Yet everything about her, from her body language, voice, and eyes, told her she was telling the truth. She smirked. "Then you better be afraid because if I win, then your ass is the next one I'm going to beat."

"Oh, you're welcome to try, darling. I would love to see how far my cute little student has come since we first met," Bayonetta laughed.