



Lord Anders stepped down from his carriage and took a long look at his old alma mater.

How long had it been since he'd visited the College of Arcane Studies? A decade at least. Not since his wife had passed, anyway. Things had always been so busy about the estate. Managing the lands, the money, making sure things were in order. Why, he hadn't even stopped by when his son, Lewis, enrolled here.

At the thought of his son, Anders's smile dipped to a frown. He rubbed his chin, feeling the roughness of an unshaven morning.

"Honestly," he grumbled. "That boy deserves a good hiding..."

"Mister Anders?"

He looked down in surprise to see a young woman walking across the grassy grounds towards him, radiating sweet innocence. Dressed in the familiar blue robe of a student, she couldn't have been

over nineteen, her blonde curls bouncing around her heart-shaped face, the front of her robe undone to reveal the plump firmness of her breasts beneath a tight shirt, while a ludicrously short skirt hugged her hips. A style that couldn't conform to any dress code Anders knew, save in certain red-light districts.

"Er, yes?" he said, catching himself from staring. "Can I help you miss..."

"Tessa!" the blonde said. "But if you wanna call me Tessy, you totally can!"

"I... see. Well, Tessa? What can I do for you?"

She giggled, hiding her smile behind a hand. "That's so sweet! But I'm actually here to do something for you."

"You are?"

"Yep! I'm supposed to be your guide. Isn't that wonderful!"

Anders frowned a little. He'd expected to be shown around the school by someone a bit older, not to mention experienced. A professor perhaps. Not that he had any exact objection to Tessa. She was undeniably attractive, though he shouldn't notice that sort of thing. She was far too young for him to have such thoughts about.

But he couldn't quite help but admire the breasts she was fairly flaunting in her tight shirt...

He shook it off, forcing himself to look her in the sparkly eyes. "Right. Well, Tessa, in that case, shall we begin? I'm most anxious to meet with the headmistress."

"Of course! Right this way," Tessa said, twirling on her heel and bouncing towards the front doors. Anders did his best not to focus on the way her robe outlined her ass with every step, forcing himself to focus on the more immediate situation. As he climbed the steps, he felt a tingle of ambient magic. Some sorcery about the school no doubt. Hardly surprising. He wondered what it was for?

"Now, about my son..." Anders said.

"Oh, I don't really have all the details," Tessa said merrily as she walked him up and past the towering doors, her heels clicking off the stone floor of the cool, silent halls. "But Miss Morrin should be able to tell you everything. She's got a real finger on the pulse of the student body. Knows just what they need."

"So I've heard," Anders said, eying a couple of sophomores he could see through a passing window. It looked like a girl with a male student, with him trapped between her and a tree, his expression downright rapturous as the gorgeous coed kissed him hungrily, her leg pressed between his legs and teasingly rubbing him. And... He peered at the male student. What was that around his neck? It looked almost like... a collar?

Odd, Anders mused, turning away from the sight. But after all, students always engaged in unusual fashions at that age. Collars would hardly be the strangest he'd seen.

But what suddenly crossed the hall just might have been.

Anders stopped dead as a raven-haired young woman in a short skirt strutted by, a leash dangling from her hand and tugging along a lovesick looking young man behind her, his eyes affixed on her unerringly. Anders gaped at the sight before they vanished.

"Sir?" Tessa said, having paused.

"Was... was that student wearing a leash?" he demanded.

Tessa glanced at the retreating figures and giggled. "Oh. That!" she said with an exasperated roll of her eyes. "No biggie. A tradition around the college these days. Pretty new, but all the students are really into it."

"What... what is it about?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing serious," she assured him as she began walking again, Anders hastening to catch up. "It's a kind of... test of self-control. You know? The boys have to basically keep it in their pants for the month, or the girls get to make one request of them. And if they succeed, then the girls have to do the same! It's loads of fun."

"I... I see," Anders said. But did he? Well, he supposed so. When he was a student, would he have been able to turn down a chance to make a request from the women of the college? He felt an unfamiliar blush warm his neck and face. Well, maybe... But maybe not.

"You ah, you've done it, then?" he said.

Tessa giggled again, giving her pigtails a lazy toss. "Oh gosh no! The boys here are so... well, immature. Right? College guys have only one thing on their mind, and just zero self-control. I'm looking for a bit more... experience."

"Really? But, you're still so young," he noted.

"Old enough to know better than to hook some lovesick puppy boy to leash," she giggled with another wink. "But anyway, here we are!"

They'd stopped before an imposing oak door with the name '*Miss Morrin, Dean*' written on a gold plate. Tessa knocked. "Miss Morrin? Mister Anders is here," she said.

Anders heard a soft sound from within. Was that a moan? Anders frowned, waiting until, a few moments later, the door opened, and a male student hastily exited. He looked flushed, his clothes dishevelled and a black collar shining around his neck.

Tessa giggled. "Hey Julian," she said. "Get a dressing down from the dean again?"

Julian flushed harder. "I um... it's not..."

"Sure. Sure. Can we go in, then?" Tessa asked teasingly.

"Uh, yeah. Of course. I'll just be um... bye," Julian said, hurrying away.

Anders watched the student race off. Julian. Julian... The name sounded familiar. But no time to dwell on it, for Tessa had opened the door and was ushering him inside.

The round office exuded the sort of prim, controlled dignity that Anders expected to find in a college such as this one, and the sight alone helped relax him significantly. Through the window he could see the college's grounds, as well as a number of the spired towers. Paintings on the walls shifted and shimmered with arcane animation, their light glow radiating through the room, and a large desk sat before the window. Behind this was the austere, sober figure of the headmistress.

Miss Morrin radiated the sort of stern, matronly control that Anders found deeply reassuring after the strangeness he'd seen. She wore a robe whose upper reaches were closed by some criss-crossing laces, teasing the heavy orbs of her breasts. With sharp framed glasses, hair tied up behind her head in a bun, and an immaculate uniform, she gave a polite smile his way.

"Mister Anders," she said, rising and extending her hand. "Welcome."

"My pleasure," he said, taking her hand and shaking it. "It's good to visit the old stomping grounds now and then."

"Indeed. The College of Arcane Studies is always eager to keep in contact with our successful graduates. Especially those who have their own children attending their studies here."

"Yes," Anders said, once more somewhat uneasy as he released her hand and took a seat. "My son. Your letter mentioned some... matter concerning him. How is he?"

"He's doing quite well, actually," Morrin said. "Really calmed down once he found a new girlfriend."

Anders was surprised, his brow knitting in puzzlement. "I... see. He's not causing problems?"

"Quite the contrary," Morrin said. "He's been very well-behaved these days. So obedient and polite."

"Is... that right?" Anders said, not sure he quite liked the word choices there. "Then... well, what does seem to be the problem?"

"The problem. Yes. The problem," Miss Morrin mused, her index fingers tapping together as she leaned back, scrutinizing him from across her desk. "As you know, our academic standards are very high here. The demands quite gruelling."

Ah. With a sinking feeling, Anders started to suspect he knew where this was going. "Yes, indeed," he said soberly.

"These standards are, of course, a source of pride for the academy," she continued. "But it's not uncommon that some of our students have some... trouble meeting them. At first they do alright, but as things progress they start having trouble concentrating. Studying."

"But not in stud-ing in another way," Tessa giggled.

Anders glanced at the blonde, then back to Morrin. "You mean..."

"Yes. I'm afraid your sons grades have slipped significantly, and as such, we're not sure he can continue his education here."

Anders sighed heavily. "I see," he said grimly. Damn that boy! His tuition had been bloody expensive. "And it's too late for anything to be done?"

"Not entirely," Morrin said.

Anders perked up slightly. "Oh?"

Morrin nodded, leafing through some papers. "Your son has gotten into a relationship with another student," she said. "Far from unusual, of course. In fact, we often encourage it. For you see, Lord Anders, though the College of Arcane Studies has many accomplished alumni, others are... less so. However, we do believe that our less accomplished students can nonetheless contribute to our alumni in another way. A novel formula, I'm sure you'll agree."

"Novel?"

"Oh yes," Morrin murmured, shifting in her seat, her tongue teasing along her lips. "You see, we've been working on a new project. When one student seems a bit less... motivated for studies. Perhaps, to put it politely, dumber than others, we encourage them to partner with more intelligent students."

"To bring up their grades?"

"Not quite. Marriage."

Anders blinked. "I'm... sorry. Did you say..."

"Marriage. Yes," Morrin said. "You see, it's only natural for our less strong-willed, intelligent, and motivated students to support our more brilliant and able ones. And by being married to a clearly more successful, competent, clever partner, we can hope they find their true purpose of serving and adoring their betters. It's a natural solution. Therefore, we are hoping that, once the female student your son is seeing graduates, he will drop out and move in with her."

Anders stared at her, his jaw slack. "This... you... you can't be serious," he finally managed to say.

"Is it so wrong?" Morrin asked, shifting in her seat, her hips lazily rising. Rocking, her eyes as hard as ever, yet glowing hotly. "Why shouldn't he be a proper trophy husband? Countless men and, yes, women, enter college looking for their future spouse. Your son should consider himself lucky. Many men would be honoured to be chosen by such a successful woman as Beatrice Lovegood."

"I... Miss Morrin, with all due respect, this is absurd!"

"Naturally, we expect some resistance from parents," she said. "Which was why we informed you. If you wish to discuss it with your son, we should be delighted to give you the opportunity. Tessa?"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Will you show Lord Anders to his son's room? I'm sure he'd like to speak to him about this."

"Sure thing! Shall we?"

Anders looked between Tessa and Morrin in wonderment. But when no smile, words like 'just joking,' or confetti rained from the ceiling, he realized that they were, in fact, serious.

Anders's face grew grim. He stood stiffly. "I will speak to my son. And others," he said. "I want you to know that I do not approve of this... this project of yours."

"I do hope your encounter changes your mind," Miss Morrin said, easing back in her chair.

Anders frowned at her, then turned sharply and followed Tessa out the door, forcing himself not to slam it behind him.

Absurd.

Utterly absurd!

Fuming, Anders followed Tessa back into the halls. The blonde glanced back at him, smiling coyly. "Are you mad?" she asked.

"I'm upset, yes," Anders said. "This idea... the whole thing is absurd!"

Tessa put a finger to her lip thoughtfully. "Mmm. You think so?"

"Of course! Such a project is just... it's lunacy."

"I don't think so," Tessa mused, bubblegum pink lips pursed with thought. "I mean, bimbos should totally marry smarter people. Right? Having to be smart and achieve and work so hard is just, like, not in some people's nature. So why not depend on someone much better at it? I mean, if you're good at being pretty and cute and sexy, why not put more effort into that. Right?"

"I hardly wish to see my son be some primping fool!"

"Oh gosh no," Tessa giggled. "But boys should totally be, like, all over adoring pretty girls. A good husband should just, like, want to tell his pretty wife how gorgeous and sexy and clever she is all the time! It does so much good for their egos. Right?"

He gave her a baffled look. "Well, I mean... I suppose. But--"

"Right? And wives should just, like, adore their husbands too, huh? Love them and make them feel so important and sexy and hot. And how better than to kiss and pet and snuggle them like big, silly teddy bears!"

Anders stared in confusion at the blonde, utterly thrown off. If Tessa was the sort of student Morrin considered 'successful,' then the college was suffering from some severe grade inflation.

Among other things.

His eyes again wandered to Tessa's bust and bottom. An hourglass figure of flawless beauty and youthful vigour. Firm with the flowering of womanhood. He felt again the creeping flush and shook it off. Gods, what was with him today? He was so distracted, he barely noticed when they reached the student dorms, though he did become aware of a number of thumps from nearby rooms.

"Here we go," Tessa said, opening a particular door.

Anders stormed in and looked about, frowning. It was typical of most college student rooms, with the tangled sheets on the bed, the couple posters on the wall, a single desk and various empty bottles scattered around every surface. But what it was lacking at the moment was a student.

"Where is he?" Anders growled.

"Probably just away. He doesn't have classes, so should be back soon," Tessa said, closing the door behind her. "How about we wait? I'm sure it won't be long."

"Very well," Anders said, taking a seat on the edge of the bed, still fuming.

Tessa sat on the bed beside him, and even in his temper Anders couldn't help but notice her. Her figure straining the tight skirt and shirt she wore. Buttons utterly creaking under the strain of her bust. Lush thighs folded under her, skirt riding high up them, teasing what else might lie beneath.

Anders frowned deeper. This was exactly what he was worried about. His son becoming the plaything to some... some gold digger like Tessa. Anders knew young men too well. Always thinking with their cocks instead of their heads. Why, a girl like Tessa would have wrapped his fool of a son around her little finger with uncanny ease. Just a chance to glimpse those straining breasts. Touch that pale skin. And her scent. Like blueberries and cream...

"It's hard, huh?"

"Wh-what!" Anders sputtered, hastily shifting where he sat.

"Having a son," Tessa said sweetly. "It's hard, isn't it?"

"Ah," Anders said, relaxing a bit (and surreptitiously crossing his legs to hide a prominent bulge therein). "Well, somewhat."

"I bet. Being so worried and concerned about him. Wanting what's best for him. And then, finding out that he's getting pawned off on a pretty girl like he's some bull stud being sold off the paddock."

"Well... Yes. Frankly."

Tessa nodded, her blonde hair bouncing. And so did her chest, much to Anders's distraction. And... were those upper buttons always undone? "I can tell," Tessa said, again sidetracking Anders as she leaned in closer, her perfume wafting around them. "You look so tense. How about I give you a massage."

"This is really not the o-oh," he gasped as she slipped behind him, her hands touching his shoulders, gently pressing down.

"Nonsense!" Tessa giggled. "It's what I'm here for. You'd really be doing me a favour! I could use the practice. Arcane massage is so... hard at times."

"I ah... well," Anders grunted, arching slightly as her fingers kneaded and squeezed, coaxing out the knots of stress. Gods that was good. And her scent was even stronger now... "W-well. Only for a... ah... a few minutes, maybe."

"Of course, my lord," Tessa giggled, leaning in closer. Anders could tell, for suddenly the soft, plush orbs of her breasts were pressing into his back. "After all, a man like you deserves to be... spoiled a bit. Right? Treated so well. So lovingly by pretty girls. Get adored and relaxed and easy."

Anders wasn't sure about all that. Her words seemed to swirl around him like smoke. Scented smoke. So sweet. So... tantalizing. And her touch was indeed doing wonderful things to help him relax. Though he knew he shouldn't, he felt the tension and anger he'd been feeling begin to melt away under Tessa's marvelous fingers.

"You're very... very good at this," Anders murmured.

"Aren't I?" Tessa giggled. "My professors all tell me how good I am at it. But I'm just the worst at academics. Just a dumb bimbo. But I am awful pretty, aren't I?"

"You ah... you are quite lovely."

Tessa shivered behind him. "Mmm. I like it when you praise me, Lord Anders. Got any more compliments? Pretty girls just love compliments. They love attractive men telling them how gorgeous and cute and sexy they are."

"I..."

"C'mon. Oh! But you might be having some trouble thinking about how pretty I am. I know what to do!"

Anders blinked drowsily, his mind scrambling to catch up as Tessa suddenly moved back around him. He sucked in a breath as she sat down on his lap, her skirt riding up high, her firm, rounded ass grinding down onto his cock and... and surely she used to have more than two buttons holding shut her shirt? S-surely she did. He remembered that.

Didn't he?

Not... not that he was complaining, exactly. The sight of her plump, shapely breasts straining the fabric was just... just incredible. He could barely look away.

"Tell me how pretty I am, my lord," Tessa moaned, her lips glistening. Soft. Plump. Kissable. Her eyes sparkling and shining with coy vanity. "Tell me all about it."

"I ah... W-well..."

"Use your hands if you've gotta," Tessa giggled, taking his hands and placing them on her hips. "Just admire my young, sexy body. My gorgeous curves. I just gotta know, my lord. I neeed it."

Anders swallowed, his hands moving automatically, stroking the swell of her hips and rump. Feeling how pliable yet taut her body was. Perfect. Gorgeous.

"So beautiful," Anders said, almost without thinking.

"Mmm," Tessa moaned. "Yessss. Like that. Tell me how, my lord. Tell your bimbo how pretty she is."

Anders felt his flush grow, but couldn't stop himself. Couldn't stop his hands from stroking, nor his tongue from wagging.

"Your legs are so... so pale and long."

"And my eyes?" Tessa cooed, fluttering her long lashes.

"So sparkling. Like stars," Anders said as he gazed into those shimmering orbs.

"Mhmm. And my lips?" Tessa said, popping the syllable.

"Red as roses."

"Mmm. And my ass? Tell me about my ass."

"As firm and perfect as... as a peach. Like it was carved by... by the hand of the gods," Anders murmured, breathing slow. Hard. Heavy. His pulse thudding like a drum. His head aching like it was being stuffed with pink clouds.

"And my breasts," Tessa moaned, taking his hands, lifting them, placing them on her perfect tits. "Tell me how goooood they are."

"Oh g-gods," Anders gasped, her shirt giving way, slipping open, his hands filled with the perfect, firm, pink globes of her breasts. "So soft... So firm... Flawless. Perfect."

"I am, aren't I?" Tessa giggled. "Perfectly pretty. Perfectly gorgeous. Perfectly fuckable. Perfect... wife... material..."

"Yes," Anders breathed. He blinked vaguely and looked up at her. "W-wife?"

Tessa giggled again, but Anders felt a tremor shoot through him as her eyes glinted and her smile turned wicked as a cat's. "Yes," she moaned, her body lazily undulating, grinding his cock beneath her until Anders felt like his pants would rip apart under the need of his erection. "I'm such perfect wife material. A perfect babe. A perfectly sexy, gorgeous, busty girl. Perfect to find a studly, successful guy to make me his.

"Because see," Tessa crooned. "I'm not like most of the girls here. I don't want to keep some silly brainless boy as a pet. I wanna be the pet! I wanna be the perfect, perky, sexy wife to a smart, successful guy who'll do all the work. Who'll spoil me. Who'll let me do whatever I want while he runs things. And the boys here? Most are just too dumb now. Too horny. They'll be nothing but trophy husbands to the girls.

"But me? I'm super bad at studying and all that boring stuff. But one class I was always really good at was enchantments! So, I just enchanted myself. See? I made my body so sexy. My scent so enthralling. My eyes so deep and sparkly that the more a guy gets turned on by me, the more he's just, like, obsessed with me! The more he sees me as stupidly cute. The more he wants me. Wants to make me happy. Make me his. Possess me. Keep me. Pet me and adore me and love me to bits! Miss Morrin was super impressed, which was why she suggested I make you mine!"

Anders's hands trembled, but couldn't stop stroking her. Something... something about what she was saying set off alarm bells in his mind. "T-Tessa, I-"

"Ooooh," Tessa moaned, grinding herself down harder on his lap, her teeth nibbling on her lower lip. "I loooove it when you say my name. Make me feel so special and sexy. And you've got such a good bod." she crooned, easing off his jacket, her hands stroking his chest even as she undid his shirt. "So firm. So strong. And you're so confident and manly and virile! And my potions'll make you even more so. Give you the energy to fuck me all night long. Stuff me so full of cum on our honeymoon I. Choke me with your big cock as I suck you off. I can't wait, Anders, my sweet and handsome hubby. I want to make you mine."

Anders panted, blood on fire. Lust threatening to consume him. "Tessa. I... I..." he whimpered as his hands continued to stroke and fondle her, as if independent of his flailing will.

"Don't you like me?" she cooed, her hips rising, her fingers slipping into his lap and undoing his belt and pants, her lashes fluttering teasingly. "Don't you find me sooo sexy? Soooo pretty? Sooo gorgeously hot and good? Don't you wanna fuck me?" she purred, her eyes gleaming, her smirk growing. "Don't you wanna just... be... mine?"

"Y-yours?" Anders gasped. "T-Tessa, I... I don't..."

"What? Think you're too old?" Tessa giggled. "Mmm. I don't mind. See... most of the girls? They're suuuuper into the guys here, right? Wanting hot young studs to easily dom. Energetic boys who'd do just anything to make their gorgeous mistresses happy! But I'm not like them."

"N-no?" Anders said breathlessly as she wiggled in his lap.

"Nope," she giggled, leaning against him, kissing his neck, her hands drawing out his cock, fingers stroking him. Slowly. Lovingly. Adoringly. "I didn't come to college because I wanted to be smart or work hard. Because I'm just a dumb bimbo. Just a pretty girl with big tits and a hot bod. I didn't come here to study. I came because I'm pretty... and sweet... and gorgeous... and deserve to be spoiled! And I need a man to do it."

"A... a man?" Anders gasped, trembling with need.

"Oh yessss," Tessa moaned, arching against him, her body rocking forward, pressing her naked slit against his cock, her arousal slickening him as she ground herself against him, her breasts rubbing his bare chest. Her eyes staring into his with hungry passion. "I want a man who's got money. Who's got property. Who has a nice career and lots of cash to give his precious wife. I want a man who'll look at me like I'm all his. His prize. The best fucking thing that's ever happened to him. Who'll buy me anything I want. Who'll kiss and adore me. Who knows how to fuck me."

"And that's why I want you. Oh, I tried with some boys here. Absolutely spun them around my little finger. Made them my obedient puppies. My horny slaves. But I need a stud, Lord Anders. I need a man like you with just a bit of grey. I need you, Anders. And I'm going to make you so happy."

"H-happy? I... I don't..."

"Of course you do," Tessa giggled, leaning down, wantonly kissing his neck and chest, leaving prints of her lips behind in large, red marks. "Mmm. Every man wants a hot trophy girl to fuck. Every man wants a babe who'll just hang off him. Who wants him to fuck her hard. Make her moan. Make her beg. And I want you, Anders. I want to make you happy. And what I want, I get!"

Anders trembled. Need overwhelming. Overpowering. Desire thudding in his veins. "Y-you... you..."

"C'mon," Tessa cooed, wiggling in his lap, rubbing up against him like an affectionate cat. "You know I'm right. You know you want me too. You wanted me the second you saw me. You wanted to bend me over and fuck me raw. You wanted my hot, firm bum in your lap and your cock inside me, taming me like some bratty filly. And I want you to do it. I want to be yours. And you're gonna be mine."

"See," she giggled. "There's a silly little curse around the college these days. I bet you felt it when you walked in. A silly little thing that makes you all hot and bothered for a pretty babe like me. All that sexual energy here makes you so vulnerable to my enchantments. You're already mine, Anders. And pretty soon, all that teasing will just... push you over the edge. Unleash your wild side. I want the old wolf, Lord Anders. And I want you to rut me, and make me your missus."

Anders panted. Madness. This was... was madness.

And yet.

And yet...

He couldn't look away from her. As she leaned back, straddling his lap, her robe framing her naked flesh, her ample breasts and needy nipples, her slick pussy, he found he couldn't focus on anything else. So beautiful. So sexy. So... So...

"Do it," Tessa breathed, her hips rocking.

Something snapped in him.

Anders's shaking hands grabbed her, heaved her around. Tessa gasped as he shoved her down onto the softness of the bed, her blonde mane spreading in a golden halo on the tangled sheets, her legs kicking playfully as he tugged her skirt and panties down, revealing the lush folds of her pussy. Tessa's eyes flashed and her smile grew as she arched under him. She giggled, looking up into his red and flushed face, her chest pushed out, her body quivering wantonly. "Go ahead, my lord," she moaned. "Ravish me!"

Anders's pulse pounded. Heat thumped through him. An inferno. A consuming flame that demanded satiation. His vision swam. Tessa's confidence, her teasing, it enraged him. Aroused him. Begged him to take her. To make her answer for her teasing.

"You... you..." he gasped.

"Fuck me," she moaned, hips again swinging, brushing his bulging cock with her pussy. "Punish me! Give me that cock. Make me yours!"

Anders knew he shouldn't.

He mustn't.

He couldn't let himself be entrapped in her spell.

Lose himself to her.

But he couldn't stop himself.

Because more than his mind, his soul, his freedom, he needed her. Needed the harlot. Needed to feel her body yield to him. Arch beneath him. Ride him. He needed to fuck her. Needed to take her. Needed it more than anything in the world!

And so he did.

Aligning his cock, he pushed forward, filling her with a single needy stroke.

"Ohhhhh!" Tessa moaned, her head falling back, her body quivering as her inner walls clamped down on his thick shaft with needy desire. "Oh g-gods yesss!"

"T-Tessa!!" Anders groaned. "You.. y-you..."

"Yes! Love me! Adore me! Fuck meeee!"

Anders wanted to deny it felt good, but he couldn't. Not as he began to saw into her. Rutting into the gorgeous blonde. Fucking the dumb bimbo under him, her naked breasts bouncing. Her legs wrapping around him, pulling him into her, driving him into her.

"Yes!" Tessa cried. "Yes! Oh gods yesss! Fuck me, stud. Fuck me hard! Breed your gorgeous wife! Make me your bride! Be mine. Be all mine! Oh gods. Gods yes!"

"Yours," Anders gasped, the words escaping him, his thoughts swirling, lost in a haze of pink and heat and lust. "Yours!"

Tessa laughed, then gasped as he shifted his stance, ramming into her at a new angle. Her hands grabbed his back, clinging to him, her soft breasts bouncing, rubbing against his chest.

"Oh f-fuck!" Tessa cried out. "Fuck yes! Like that! Oh. Ohhh! Rut me like a fffucking animal! So much... so much better than those boys. Yes. This... this is a man! Fuck me! Fuck me like that, stud! Cum in me. Cum and claim me! Love me! Adore me! You gotta... gotta when you cum. You gotta be mine. Mine! Mine forever! Oh yesssss!"

Anders's head pounded. The strength to hold back fled him. He couldn't stop fucking her. Pounding her beneath him. He wanted to make her scream. Make her moan. Make her his. Damn the cost. Damn everything! Why not? Why not keep her? Why not when he'd get to fuck her like this? Fuck her forever? What did he care? What did he care compared to this? To how good it was?

"Cum! Please!" Tessa gasped, stroking his cheek, her eyes glowing with magic and lust and desire. "Cum in me! Be mine. Be... all... m-miiiiine!"

Tessa wailed, pushed beyond the edge, her inner walls rippling, squeezing, massaging his cock as her orgasm hit her like a freight train.

Anders couldn't help himself. The sudden pleasure was too much. Broke that final wall of his shaky self-control with a helpless, moaning cry.

And came.

He gasped, hips bucking as he surrendered to the sudden swell of mindless pleasure. As he felt the spell tighten around his mind. His soul. His will breaking before the wave of adoring pleasure as he gave in.

“Ohhhhh!” Anders moaned, eyes rolling back as his balls emptied, the spell consuming him with love.

Love.

Love for Tessa.

Love for the blonde.

Love.

Love for her.

“Love,” Anders gasped. “Love youuuuu!”

Tessa giggled, her pussy lazily milking his cock, drawing out the draining force of his orgasm. Reaching up, grasping his face, she eased him down close towards her lips. “Love you too,” she cooed.

And kissed him hard, as a good wife should.