



Baron Lukas Instaf fell into his office chair with an audible groan.

Yes.

His office.

He had to keep reminding himself of that fact. To think, he would inherit the barony at a mere twenty years of age. It was quite a bit of pressure, he had to admit.

He found himself looking back at the imposing portrait hanging over the mantle of the fireplace. His father's picture was of a grim, sullen man with dark hair and a face of hard, disapproving lines.

Lukas had inherited the man's hair, if not his rough features. He was slimmer than his stocky father. Many said handsomer, and certainly younger. He flexed his hands on the arms of the chair uneasily and scanned the study. He didn't much care for the decor. But that had always been his problem, as his father had frequently berated him. He was indecisive. Weak.

Well, Lukas had best start getting decisive. For this was his home now.

Well, mostly.

The door swung open with a bang. "Good morning master!"

He sat up sharply as a familiar figure bounced into the room. Clarissa, the family's maid of two years, was a forceful personality in the house. She filled every room she stepped foot in with her presence and somewhat unconventional character. Lukas had no idea why his father had kept the boisterous redhead.

Well, that wasn't entirely true. He had a good idea. Two of them, actually. Clarissa was bustier than some holstaurs. In fact, there were rumours that she was one of those bovine maidens, but had filed down her horns. Lukas wasn't sure how much he believed that, but he did know that she did attend that new cow goddess church that was making waves. And she was unbelievably brash and forceful for a servant. Not to mention teasing. He'd often been at the receiving end of her attentions, leaving him flustered and annoyed.

And she was wearing scent again, he noticed with a sigh. Honestly, it seemed like every day she wore a new kind of perfume. The current one was jasmine, and was shockingly potent. Well, at least it was better than the rosemary she used to wear around his father. In fact, it was almost... pleasant.

"Clarissa!" he sighed, forcing himself not to stare at the maid's impressive bust. "You-"

"Here with your tea!" she said, sliding the tray into place before him with a wink of her long lashes. "Starting off the morning well, as the big, strong baron should!"

"Clarissa, really. You can't just-"

"Not to worry, my baron! There's plenty of cream. I know how much you like it," she added, picking up a pitcher and pouring a generous helping into his cup. "And you'll need it today! Because we have quite a bit of work to do."

In the midst of tidying his papers, Lukas paused. "We do?"

"Of course, my lord! Now that you are baron, we must decide on your betrothed."

"M-my what!"

"And I have them right here!" Clarissa chimed, lifting a folder out from some hidden recess of her scandalously short skirt (it had to be custom. No other maid in the estate had such a revealingly tight uniform). "Shall we take a look, my baron?"

"Wh... Hold on now, I can't just-"

"My baron!" Clarissa cried in mock horror. "Surely you realize the importance in choosing your bride? The barony cannot be left without a mistress. Not only for the hard work running the estate, but also the vital work of carrying on the family line! Which means we must choose the most ample, breedable, lovely wife for you."

"B-breedable? Clarissa! That is-"

“Not to worry, my baron. I’m sure you can manage that. Why, any woman would consider herself lucky to be bent over your table as you thrust home, stuffing her full of your droit de seigneur.”

Lukas’s face burned as it always did whenever Clarissa got going like this. Not to say she was wrong, unfortunately. She was absolutely right. He did need to get married, but it still seemed so early to be shopping for a bride. “Clarissa, really. I-”

“Early to start, my baron! We must be. Once word gets out that Baron Instaf is not only single, but such an adorable, impressive, handsome piece of stud meat, why, we’ll be besieged by eligible young ladies looking to have you mount them like a prized mare! And whichever does will be lucky to have you. Take my word for it!”

“Clarissa! This is... that sort of talk is hardly-”

“You’re so right, my baron. Here I am, chattering away, and you haven’t even gotten a chance to look at the choices! Let’s take a look at the candidates, shall we?”

Lukas sighed, finally giving up. It was near impossible to stop Clarissa once she set her mind to something, though by gods he would soon. He’d have to talk to the head butler about firing her. She treated him far too casually. But for now, he supposed the best thing was just to get this business with the portraits over with.

“Fine,” he said. “Let’s take a look...”

“How wise, my dear baron,” Clarissa chirped merrily as she opened the folder to the first page, propping it up just underneath her immense bosom.

Lukas cleared his throat, forcing himself to look at the portrait and not the impressive pair of breasts just above it. “And this is...”

“Mirria Mable. Daughter of a lord in the southern country. Quite the pick specimen. An attractive if air headed young thing. Pretty, but not terribly bright. And not nearly as endowed as me, hm?”

“Clarissa! That’s hardly appropriate,” Lukas said, though he had to admit it was true, and his eyes did quickly steal a glance at Clarissa’s chest as if just to make sure of that. Gods, the room felt suffocating in the perfume she wore. He should open a window, though the scent wasn’t unpleasant. In fact, it was a bit... soothing.

Clarissa giggled. “Very true, my baron. We cannot judge a woman less blessed than myself in that respect. Some of us were merely born with a generous bosom. Perfect to lay one’s head upon.”

Lukas rolled his eyes, but felt his cheeks warm at the thought. “I ah... Well, what about the others?”

“The others? Of course, my lord,” Clarissa said, turning the page, her chest bouncing as she did so.

The sight made Lukas realize quite suddenly his mouth was very dry. With haste, he picked up a teacup and took a sip. Mm. Normally he wasn’t a big fan of cream in his tea, but wherever Clarissa got hers, it was delicious.

"Now then," Clarissa said. "Lady Blumen from the duchy of Clausen seems like a perfect match for you. Nearly as busty as I am, and I know how important that is for you, my baron."

"Not that important..." he mumbled.

"Ho ho!" Clarissa laughed, the throaty mirth making her breasts bounce most distractingly in her tight top. "How droll you are, my baron! But I know how much you value an impressive pair of breasts. You can barely keep your eyes off mine!"

Lukas flushed again, realizing he had been staring at her chest. He hastily took another sip of tea. Gods, he was feeling a bit light headed. "I ah... What else is there about her?"

"Why, only that she is something of a black widow, my baron. A nasty piece of work. She delights in wedding rich men, then crushing them beneath her heel. Nitpicking them until they don't dare breathe without her approval. And what a cruel thing, my baron! Why, she cannot understand true love. The love of a good husband willing to do anything for his darling wife. Adore you. Worship her! She's only in it for the quick cash! No sense of adoring her new spouse like the good boy he is."

"S-sorry. Good boy?" Lukas said.

Clarissa giggled, her long lashes fluttering again. "Oh yes, my baron. A husband must be assured what a good boy he is. What a good, obedient, lovey dovey dummy he is to his beloved wife. Otherwise, he might get the most silly ideas in his head."

Lukas felt his cheeks redden at the degrading words, even if they weren't addressed to him. And he found his eyes looking at Clarissa's breasts again. Big and soft. The subtle heave as she breathed. Or rather, the not so subtle. Looked like she was as into the discussion as he was.

"Er, right. Sure," Lukas said, taking another sip of tea, sinking back into his seat with a sigh. "So, not her."

"Oh no, my baron. You deserve so much better. So much bustier! So much more loving and adoring. A sweet wife who would show you what a good boy you are. Who would let you adore her like the happy, dopey husband you were always meant to be."

"Er, yes. Yes. But uh... Who is the next one?"

"Oh yes, my baron. That would be the Countess Francesca," Clarissa said, turning the next page. "But she wouldn't make an appropriate wife for you either my lord."

"Hm?" Lukas said, taking another sip, barely paying attention as he watched Clarissa's breasts bounce. "She wouldn't? Why... why not?"

"Oh my baron! Why, she does not want children."

"O-oh," Lukas said as he took another long drink of his tea. "Yes, that might... might be a problem. Need an heir..."

"Oh no, my baron. Not just one."

"S-sorry?"

Clarissa gave him a knowing look. "Why, my dear baron, your wife must bear you many children! A dozen at least. A dozen happy, lovely children. Your wife needs to be very eager to take your virile seed. Because I know, my dear baron, that you're far too much a stud to be satisfied with just one child. That you would like nothing more than to breed your beloved wife at every opportunity. To make her breasts so big... so heavy... so creamy and soft that you can't help but play with them and kiss them every night."

Lukas stared at her breasts. Gods, he could imagine it. Imagine those breasts bouncing. Heaving. Wobbling and Clarissa positively glowing from... from...

But... but no. He... he needed to only think of... of his wife like that. Yes. Only his wife. His beloved wife, whoever... whoever it turned out to be.

"I uh..."

"Oh dear, my baron," Clarissa sighed, closing the folder dramatically, crossing her arms beneath her jiggling bust. "This just won't do! It seems like there isn't a noble woman in the land who can satisfy all your needs. A woman so busty. So loving. So beautiful and fertile to satisfy your very high standards."

"I... y-yes. No one..."

"Oh!" Clarissa suddenly said, brightening visibly. "But then, of course! How silly of me. I didn't think of that at all! Why, you don't need a noblewoman for your wife."

"I... I don't?" Lukas said, frowning a little, brow wrinkling in concentration. Didn't he? He was under the impression that was important...

"Oh no, my beloved baron," Clarissa cooed as she planted her hands on the table, climbing onto it and crawling towards him, pendulous breasts swaying teasingly, her eyes hot, molten with something that made Lukas's pulse quicken and pound. "Not at all. Why, if the noble stock isn't up to the standards, then we must simply find another who is. One who is capable of seeing the greatness in you. The handsomeness. The virile... powerful... studliness in you."

Lukas found himself instinctively retreating, pressing into the back of his chair, watching his maid move towards him like a she-wolf on the hunt. "Wh-who?"

"Now that is the question, isn't it, my baron," Clarissa giggled, straightening so she was kneeling on the desk in front of him, her hands cupping her breasts, fondling and massaging them teasingly. "She'd have to know your domain inside and out. She'd have to have every servant in the house already under her thumb. She'd have to know the ways you love things done. She'd have to be so pretty... so clever... so very... very... busty that you just couldn't say no to her. Every idea she had would just seem like the bestest idea ever. Oops! Did I say breastest?"

"D-did you?" Lukas said, fairly drooling as he watched her bounce and mold her breasts together.

"Maybe I should have, hmm?" Clarissa said. "Because I know how much my baron loves breasts. Big... bouncy... soft breasts. That's why I know he'll make the right choice. I know he'll decide on exactly the right person to be his baroness. To be his loving wife. His devoted mistress. His gorgeous... bouncy... beautiful bride. But who, my baron? Who is busty and smart and beautiful enough for that."

"Wh-who?" Lukas gasped.

"Think hard, my baron," Clarissa crooned.

Lukas tried to. He really did. But his mind just didn't seem to want to cooperate. Every thought he had swirled and squished and bounced and wobbled like Clarissa's breasts. He whimpered, biting his lower lip, trembling with need as his maid continued to massage her breasts, her buttons straining against her ample tit flesh until... until...

"Mmmm," Clarissa moaned, tearing open the front of her uniform, her ample, pale breasts spilling into the open. Bouncing with heavy softness. Nipples dark accents to their creamy slopes.

Lukas gasped, jolting like from a physical blow as her breasts bounced free.

"Whoops!" Clarissa giggled. "Did I do that?"

"Y-you... you..." Lukas stammered.

Clarissa's smile widened. "Me, my lord?" she said coyly. "You want me to be your gorgeous baroness?"

Lukas blinked blankly, his sloshing thoughts struggling. "I..."

"Well, it is true, my lord," Clarissa cooed, her leg extending, foot pressing against his chest and pushing him and his chair back with a squeak. "I am so very smart. So very beautiful. So very..." she breathed, sliding off the desk, into his lap, Lukas groaning as her weight settled on the hardness of his tenting cock. "Very..." Clarissa moaned as she leaned forward, her ample titflesh pressing against his face. "...Busty..."

Lukas shuddered, inhaling, breathing in the heady scent of Clarissa's breasts and body. A scent so potent and strong it made his toes curl. Sweet. Heavy and wonderful. Something so real. So potent. The jasmine stuffing his nose. Suffocating his thoughts. And with... with just a faint hint of cream...

"Oh, but whatever would society say," Clarissa groaned, her hips rocking, rubbing herself upon his thick cock, making Lukas moan and pant under her as his cock throbbed with need. As her breasts squished his face between them and Clarissa's weight ground him under her. "They might say such terrible things..."

"Ohhhh," Lukas groaned.

"You're so right, my baron," Clarissa giggled. "True love overcomes all odds. And oh, but you do love me, my baron. You do love my big... soft... breasts. And I love you. Loved you so much I tried all sorts of alraune perfumes before I found the one that just. Makes. You. Melt."

"Mmmm," Lukas moaned as he inhaled deeply.

"And you love my wonderful, clever mind, don't you?" Clarissa cooed as she gave her breasts a bounce, swirling his thoughts again to a lather. "So smart to think of buying that holstaur cream for your tea. So clever to know how malleable it makes a good boy. How needy and aroused by big breasts it makes him. How adoring and dumb. How needy and horny and obedient."

"But there is something bigger than my breasts, my baron," Clarissa moaned as she squeezed her tits around his head. "Oh yes! Believe it. And that is my warm, adoring heart. Perfectly made for my darling baron. Utterly devoted to him. Because I know, my beloved baron, how haaaaard it is for you to think with me around. How distracted you get from a big... soft... pair of breasts. How hard it is for you to rule. You're not suited for it, my lord. You're just suited to be a lovey dovey bimbo. A perfect, obedient stud to your darling wife. And oh, my baron, do you really want me? Do you really need me?"

Lukas whimpered beneath his maid, his mind whirling. Drunk on lust and love and heavenly cream and her body. His hands trembled as they touched her, stroking her hips and rump. Touching her back and causing Clarissa to lean forward and bounce teasingly atop him, his chair creaking.

"Oh my baron. If you begged me, then, well, maybe," Clarissa giggled. "If you told me how much you loved me, how much you need me, then maybe I'd believe you. Maybe I could be convinced to make you my adoring husband. My sweet, brainless stud of a man who'd do anything his busty wife said. Shall we try, my baron?"

"Mmmm," Lukas moaned into her breasts.

"Let's," Clarissa crooned.

Lukas gasped as her breasts came off his face. He blinked dully as he found Clarissa smiling down at him, gaze smoldering and smirk hot with desire.

"I..." Lukas said.

"I want you, my baron," Clarissa breathed. "Don't you want me too?"

The note of hot passion in her tone dashed any effort of resistance from him. Lukas's mouth trembled and he nodded, the truth escaping him in a panting gasp.

"Y-yes," he said. "W-want you."

"Do you, my baron?" Clarissa cooed as her hips rose, her hands teased down his chest and to his crotch, Lukas gasping as her fingers played with his bulge, undoing his zipper. "Do you want to fuck your beautiful bride? Propose to her and fuck her and breed her glorious pussy?"

"Y-yes!" Lukas whimpered, his cock springing into the open, a shock of pure ecstasy surging through him as her fingers wrapped around his length. "C-Clarissa, I... I..."

"Oh my baron," Clarissa giggled, leaning in closer, her molten eyes hot, her rouged lips soft, enunciating every word as he felt his cock guided under the tickling hem of her skirt, brush the smooth skin of her inner thigh, drawn towards the heat of her naked pussy. "Just say... I do."

"I... I... d-dooooo!" Lukas groaned, head falling back as Clarissa's body eased down, his cock swallowed in the warm tightness of her pussy. His face buried again under the buxom softness of her ample tits.

"Mmmmm!" Clarissa moaned, her hips rocking, riding her atop his cock with slow, passionate motions that sent throbbing ecstasy radiating through his body and manhood. "Ohhhh my baaaaron! Yes! Yes! I will! I'll be your baroness! I'll be your gorgeous wife! Your perfect lover! Your loving, breedable bride. Ah. Ah! Oh goddess yes! Fuck me! Fill me with your cock!"

Lukas groaned beneath her, his lips kissing and licking her breasts, lost in the creamy valley of her tits, trapped in the ecstasy of her figure and the seemingly endless amplexus of her bouncy breasts. His cock throbbed in her, squeezed by her adoring inner walls. Heat consumed him. Pleasure subsumed him.

It was so good. So perfect. He couldn't break free. Couldn't resist. The need to cum surged within him. Devoured him. Urged him towards the inevitability of climax. He panted, gasping, moaning under her.

"Yes!" Clarissa gasped. "Oh my baron! Oh my husband! Yes! Fuck me! Fill me! Stuff me full of your cum! Ohhhhh my baron! I need it! Need your mnnn! Your cum! Ah. Yes. Yes! Cum in me, Lukas. Cum in your bride! Fuck me! Breed me! Now! Breed me... noooooow!"

Her voice rose, a crescendo of shameless pleasure, her inner walls tightening, flexing, squeezing his cock with the glory of her peak. As her breasts shuddered around his head, Lukas cried out, surrendering to her pleasure, his cock throbbing, his balls tightening.

And he came.

Blessed release seemed to burst within him. Sear him. Devour him. His cock surrendered to her, filling her in sharp bursts of heady pleasure.

Lukas moaned, lost in her breasts. Lost in the pleasure. Floating in a sea of creamy ecstasy and delight, his mind sinking under waves of soft, bouncy bliss.

Atop him, Clarissa cooed, giggling as she felt him sag, lost beneath her breasts. Her arms wrapped around her new husband's head, pulling him deeper into her bosom as she looked about the study. Ugh. Such depressing decoration. She'd have to get it cleaned out. And the room would make such a lovely nursery too.

She giggled, admiring the dazed expression of her former master as she smothered him beneath her breasts. She couldn't wait for the wedding. Especially since she promised that holstaur priestess and her alraune friend they could be her bridesmaids. After all, when one was looking for a husband, one needed a foot in the door. And she just knew her beloved betrothed had some friends in need of busty, brainwashing brides.

Clarissa hummed contentedly, lazily rocking her hips, feeling Lukas's cock stir anew within her, ready for round two.

Mmm.

All too easy for a clever, busty girl like her...