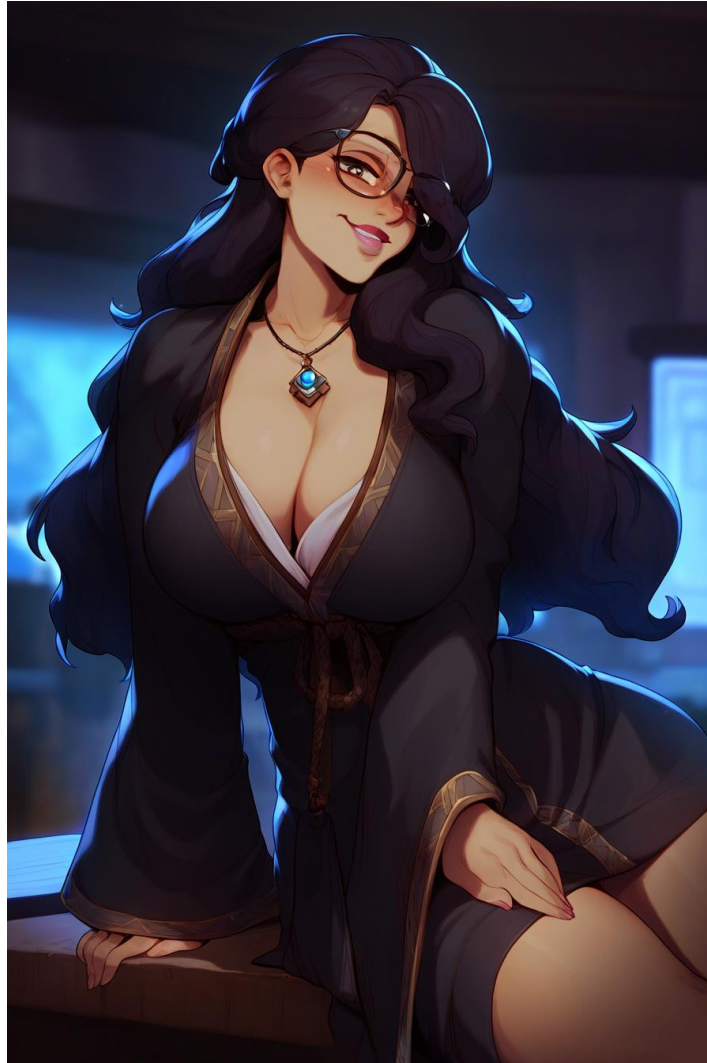




There was something... odd about the College of Arcane Studies that year.

Professor Zavian Wiles wasn't quite sure what it was, but it had something to do with the female students. The males in his classes were fine. Almost unnaturally well behaved, in fact. But the girls more than made up for it.

Zavian wasn't sure when it had begun. Probably just after he got back from his vacation in January. Certainly his class hadn't been so disordered when he went away for a few months in October. (There were always issues at the family farm around Halloween. He told his brother not to plant pumpkins during curse season, but did the damned idiot ever listen?)

Yet when he got back after Christmas (because his brother had been trying to also harvest mistletoes, and Zavian had had to deal with all those blasted kiss-cursed plantgirls), Zavian had discovered a certain new... atmosphere among his female students.

Namely, that they were shameless flirts.

This wasn't wholly unusual for Zavian, true. He was still a younger man, in his late twenties, and was quite fit. Working at the farm during his off times would do that, so he had gotten used to the occasional unsolicited whispers. A giggle or two. Maybe even a young coed lingering in class to try and talk to him and get some extra 'tutoring' time.

Now though. Now, things were downright... well, lewd.

Like someone had flicked a switch, his classes in the new year for Upper Arcane Spell Applications had become almost ninety percent female, and of those, a good three quarters wore skirts so high that when they sat down, he could see straight up to their panties. And then there had been the chocolates and other treats on his desk every morning, more than a few of which had the distinct whiff of love spells and even lust enchantments. And all were positively glazed in aphrodisiacs.

Then of course there were the bedroom eyes cast his way. More than a few female students had even taken to writing certain... messages on their eyelids so whenever they blinked, they flashed him suggestive invitations. He'd even taken to running out of the room after classes to keep from being swarmed by students, all of whom would cluster close with shirts half undone to the point it was a miracle or surely witchcraft that their firm, perky breasts didn't pop right out.

Zavian was really starting to wonder if education was right for him.

Which was why he found himself waiting outside Miss Morrin's office.

He didn't particularly relish it. The headmistress was something of a ballbreaker at the best of times. He had the distinct feeling that he'd barely gotten his job when he applied, so he would much rather avoid pissing her off.

But he was really reaching the end of his rope here.

He sat up when the secretary poked her head out the door. "Professor Wiles? The headmistress will see you now."

Zavian rose, smoothing back his hair as he swept through the door, trying to ignore the way the secretary's eyes lingered on him as he stepped inside.

Miss Morrin's office was severe and utilitarian. The only decorations were degrees on the walls and a few paintings of the school and headmasters past. Her desk dominated the room, but the woman herself dominated it, and was seated with a look of sober disapproval.

Despite this, she was an attractive woman, provided one liked an ice queen. She was immaculately beautiful, without a hair out of place, her eyes lidded with long lashes and lips full but thin with rigid discipline. Her hair was done up in a bun, held by some deadly looking pins, and her hands were clasped before her face, her eyes looking over them.

"Professor," she greeted, her voice cold and measured as she spared him a nod. "Please, come in."

"Thank you, headmistress," he said, taking a seat.

Her hand moved, picking up a sheaf of paper from several meticulously ordered piles. "I received your report, but I'm interested in hearing it from you in person. You've been having some issues in class?"

"In so many words," Zavian replied.

Morrin nodded absently. "Yes. Apparently some of the female students have been acting a bit... inappropriate towards you. Flirting. Wearing short skirts. Such things."

"More or less, yes, headmistress. And I was worried--"

"You are a recent hire, are you not?"

Zavian stammered, his train of thought sharply derailed. "Pardon? I... well, yes. I am."

Morrin nodded again. "Yes. You'd been with us only a year before going on your short sabbatical. So perhaps you aren't aware of the intricacies of campus culture."

"I... beg your pardon?"

Morrin didn't appear to have heard him, and as she laid down the pages she again scrutinized him from over the halfmoon lenses of her glasses. "Professor Wiles, it seems to me that you don't quite understand your position."

He wasn't much liking where this conversation was going... "My position?"

"I can't say it's terribly surprising," Morrin continued, almost to herself. "Our male professors often have this issue. You see, the reason you've been given such attention is because you haven't selected a student assistant."

Zavian blinked. "A what?"

"A student assistant. Normally, within the first year, our younger instructors select a student to assist them in class. Help them acclimate to the school. Run errands. So forth. No doubt you've noticed some of your fellow professors have been escorted about by students, yes?"

Zavian had, though he wasn't sure he'd call them students. Pets would be more accurate. He'd noticed several of the female faculty had male students follow them around with almost puppyish eagerness. He even thought he'd seen a leash on one or two. And he'd certainly heard them. He'd taken to avoiding the staff offices around noon, when moans and the thuds of furnishing banging against the wall had been quite... distracting.

"I... think I understand," Zavian said. "And, once I choose a student to assist me, this will end?"

"I don't know about that," Morrin observed. "You appear to be quite the appealing professor. Your class is in very high demand, and the girls are liable to still show interest. Nevertheless, having a student assistant will surely be an effective bulwark."

Zavian nodded along thoughtfully. What she said did make sense. It would explain the somewhat amorous propositions he'd been receiving. They weren't flirting with him. They were trying to get a job!

He sighed in relief. Well, if bringing a female student on board would fix that, he supposed he could look into it.

"I see," he said, rising. "Thank you, headmistress. I think I'll look into that."

"Excellent," Morrin said, the shadow of a smile on her lips. "I'll have the profiles delivered to your office."

He paused with a surprised look. "You will?"

"Oh yes," Morrin hummed, leaning back, her lidded eyes watching him like a predator through tall grass. "Any student of your class who wishes to should be interviewed, don't you think?"

"That... that could be all of them," Zavian protested.

"Indeed," Morrin said. "And it would be unfair to screen them without an interview. It's only fair, professor. I'll have their files delivered tomorrow and inform the girls to stop by for interviews the day after. Best of luck. And please, close the door on your way out."

Zavian hesitated for a moment but finally nodded, doing as asked as he left the office. Well, if this was the way things were done at the College, he supposed he may as well just make the best of it...

#

Zavian shook his head, seated at his desk as he leafed through the names of his students. As he'd feared, every girl in his class had applied. It would take damn near a week to get through them, and that was even after giving each only a half hour. He sighed.

Interviews it was, then.

He heard a knock at his office door and raised his head. "Yes?"

"Tricia Allbright, Mister Wiles."

He forced a smile, checking the clock in the corner. Punctual. Good, he liked that. "Ah, yes. Please, come in."

Tricia opened the door and walked in, smiling shyly. Well, her face was shy, but her attire was anything but. Zavian tried hard not to stare at the low cut of her student robe, or the high trim of her skirt. Full, plump breasts threatened to spill out of her top at every step, and her skirt flared prettily around her plush thighs. Red headed, she wore a strange, crystalline amulet set in gold like the petals of a flower, and her eyes peeked from under low lids.

He nodded encouragingly and gestured for her to take a seat, which she did at once. "Thank you for joining me," he said.

"Of course, professor. Any time," she said sweetly, wriggling back and forth in front of him, the light catching off her amulet as it slid against the slopes of her pale breasts.

Trying to keep from staring at the very distracting display, Zavian smiled at her. "Wonderful. Now," he said, clasping his hands on the desk. "I assume Miss Morrin provided you with the details of what I require?"

"Oh yes, sir," she said demurely, peeking at him from through her lashes. "I know exactly what you need."

Zavian shifted. The way she said that seemed a little... odd. Especially with the way her amulet kept glinting. Distracting him. And now that he was looking at it, the gems seemed to form a... a spiral pattern...

"Yes," he said slowly, forcing himself to focus again on her face. "A student assistant should know what her instructor needs. Chores, course assistance, that sort of thing. So, I suppose the big question would be, ah, how would you see to helping me with the... new culture here at the academy?"

"Well," Tricia said, leaning forward with a lazy smile, her amulet again glinting prettily as it rode the curves of her pale breasts. "One thing I feel could help would be to have you relax a bit."

He blinked as her amulet flashed. "Relax?"

She nodded, which made her bust move in some very interesting ways. "Exactly. You're so tense, professor. So... wound up. Is it any wonder you overreact sometimes when girls get a bit... flirty? The school is much more laidback than it used to be. How can you begin to understand it if you're tighter than an overwound clock?"

Zavian frowned. "It seems to me that the changes at the school are a bit more than that."

"But it's not a bad place to start," Tricia said softly, again peeking at him through her lashes. "Should I show you?"

Zavian hesitated. He had a bad feeling about this. He peered at Tricia, who smiled. Shifted back and forth.

Her amulet glinting.

Spinning...

And Zavian wondered why he was being so... well, stuffy? After all, he was the one who asked her. He was the one who needed help. "I... suppose that might be appropriate," he said.

"I'm so glad you think so," Tricia said, rising to her feet and sauntering around his desk.

Zavian turned with her, perplexed, but when he found her behind him he began to rise.

"Professor, please," she said, her hands landing on his shoulders, gently pressing him back down. "Let me work."

He stiffened, feeling the telltale tingle of subtle enchantment. "Tricia, you..."

"It's just a massage, professor. To try and... get you into the mood with the students. Just a simple relaxation mantra. Nothing else."

Zavian wasn't so sure, but he allowed her to gently push him down into the chair. He focused on the magic in her hands, and it was true, there was some fairly simple spells woven there. Nothing dangerous, at any rate. "Well... alright. But I can't say I'm convinced."

"Then it's my job to convince you, isn't it?" she said sweetly.

And began to gently knead.

Zavian gasped, taking in a sharp breath as he felt her magic soak into his shoulders like a warm balm. "O-oh. That's..."

"Nice, isn't it?" Tricia cooed.

"Very," Zavian admitted with a sigh.

"See?" Tricia cooed. "I knew you'd love it, professor."

He did like it.

He'd never dreamed a mere touch could feel so good. He groaned, rolling his shoulders lazily, his eyes lidding.

Oh, that was so very good.

"Feels nice, doesn't it, sir?" Tricia crooned. "Feels comfortable, huh?"

"Mhmm..." Zavian sighed.

She giggled. "All the boys I've tried it on just love it. But it's been so hard to find a decent one."

"Hm?"

"Yeah," Tricia sighed as she leaned forward. "There used to be so many boys in the school, but now they're all claimed by girls. And there's never enough new students to fill the gaps. Some girls have even resorted to sharing their boyfriends. Can you imagine that?"

Zavian had a hard time doing so. Less because he didn't believe it, more because he'd become aware of Tricia's immense breasts pressing right against the back of his head, forming a pair of soft, lush pillows that made him stiffen instinctively.

"Oh dear, professor," Tricia breathed. "You're even tenser than I thought! I better give you a very special massage."

"I ah... nnnnn..."

Zavian moaned as another pulse of warm heat throbbed from Tricia's hands, oozing through him like warm honey. He sank deeper into the chair, his head pressing against the plump mounds of her bust.

"There we go," she crooned, and maybe it was just him, but he thought he could hear amusement in her voice. "Just like that. Just relax, professor. It's so easy... to just... relaaaaax."

It was easy.

Gods above, it really was. Every muscle seemed to turn to mush under her touch. Knots he never knew existed unwound. His mind clouded with bliss and pleasure. It was almost as good as sex! In fact, it was so good, that the only thing about him that remained hard was pressing against the inside of his pants.

"Everyone's so relaxed at the academy these days," Tricia breathed, her voice rhythmic, slow. Oozing into his ear like honey. Sweet, thick honey. "Except you, professor. And seeing how stressed you were, I just knew you'd be unhappy around here. So if you choose me, I'll make very sure you're very relaxed. Very in tune with the student body. With my body..."

Zavian stifled a moan as another warm pulse of pleasure throbbed through him. As his head sank deeper into her breasts. Such soft breasts. Such warm breasts...

"See? Isn't it easy to relax?" she asked playfully.

"Yeaaaaah," Zavian groaned.

"And I'll make absolutely sure you're always super relaxed, professor. So wonderfully calm and easy so you can properly... connect with the student body. In fact, I have a very special technique to do it. Do you want to try it?"

More of this? Zavian smiled blissfully. "Sounds... wonderful."

"Oh, it is, professor," she giggled. "It very much is."

He felt her hands leave his shoulders and his eyelids fluttered, rising. Just in time to find Tricia climbing onto his lap, straddling him, her panty-clad mound pressing up against the bulge of his crotch and her breasts bouncing an inch from his face. His eyes widened as he saw her top had been undone, the creamy orbs of her impressive titflesh bouncing an inch from his face as she settled down, the amulet's gems seeming to spin before his eyes.

"Here we go, professor," Tricia cooed, her arms wrapping around his head, her body arching forward, and before Zavian could fathom a word of protest, he found himself buried in the soft valley of her bust.

A flash of panic raced through him, a brief uncertainty, but then he felt those fingers on his head, pressing him deeper into her breasts, a warm throb of magic and pleasure surging through him. The amulet dangling, sparking before his stunned eyes.

And protesting became... not quite so important anymore.

To be sure, Zavian felt uncertain. Uneasy. He had been suspicious before, but this was very clearly improper. He had to put a stop to it.

Absolutely...

Positively had to.

Any moment now.

Not that Tricia seemed to be objecting. In fact, a glance showed him her expression was positively rapturous. Soft coos escaping her as undulated, the softness of her breasts squeezing his face with every lazy motion.

"T-Tricia," he finally managed to gasp. "This..."

"Such a good exploration of the student body," she cooed.

Well, she was right about that.

No, stop it. He tried again to focus. Focus on something other than how good her breasts felt. How sparkly her amulet was. "Tricia. I um... I..."

"Just relax, professor. Just... relax..."

He knew he shouldn't.

That this was wrong.

That he was the professor. The mature one. He had to put a stop to it.

But when he opened his mouth to protest, he instead... well, he wasn't sure how or why, but his lips instead of forming words made a soft circle. And then... well, there was no other way to describe it than that he started to kiss her breasts.

Tricia cooed. "Oh professor," she breathed. "That's so goood. So nice you're reciprocating. Maybe you're more in touch with the students than you realized," she giggled.

He felt his face burn. And yet his lips again kissed her. Again. Again. Raining adoration onto those soft, creamy orbs. What was he doing? Was he going mad? He must be. Or maybe this was a dream. A wonderful, amazing, glorious dream. Especially with the way that Tricia continued to rock herself against his bulge. Rubbing him through his pants. The throb of his cock further stifling his protests. For if he stopped her, he'd stop that.

And he... he really didn't want that. As much as he knew he should stop this, he couldn't quite bring himself to.

And so he kissed.

And moaned.

And sank deeper... deeper... into his chair. Into relaxation.

Into her big, soft, bouncing breasts.

Into the pretty, shining spiral of her amulet.

So lost in the moment. The pleasure, that he barely heard the ringing of his clock. But Tricia did, the student pouting a little as she pulled back.

"Oops," she said, rising off him. "Looks like my interview time is up."

Zavian blinked dully up at her. "It... what?"

"Yes," she said, climbing off his lap, and Zavian barely managed to suppress the moan of protest that threatened to escape him. "Too bad. I think I was doing super well. But I do hope you take me as your assistant, professor. Then we can get really... deep... into my expertise."

Zavian stared at her. Well, mainly her breasts, which she teasingly hid as she shrugged the top of her robe back on. With a playful wiggle of her fingers and a giggling, "Ta ta!" Tricia turned and left his office, his door closing behind her with a click.

#

For a long moment Zavian stayed in that chair, staring, bewildered and his cock still so terribly hard. His mind struggled from the honeyed mire of relaxation as he tried to process what had just happened. Something magical for sure, but he was fairly sure it hadn't been good magic. Well, that wasn't right. It had been utterly amazing magic. But... but to think a student would take such... such liberties with him.

He flushed again, slapped himself, trying to regain his focus. He was a professor, dammit! To think he'd... that he'd do something like that was... was...

There came a knock at the door.

"What? Yes?" he gasped, sitting up sharply, blushing even hotter as if Tricia were still in his lap, smothering him between her breasts. As if some mark remained on him, and one did, he realized. That of his furiously tenting pants.

The door opened, and a warm scent wafted into the room. Something that made Zavian blink rapidly. A scent of rose petals and lilacs. A scent as potent as it was pleasant.

As was the woman who entered his office.

She was not so busty as Tricia, though not lacking in the chest department. But she outclassed the previous student below. Wide hips and a plump bottom stretched her skirt. Fishnet leggings hugged her thighs and more fishnet played down her arms to end in dark gloves. Half her face was covered with a lock of hair, and her smoky smile seemed to hit his heart with an arrow of beauty.

"Hello, professor," she said, her voice a pleasant husk that coiled in his groin with a warm heat. "My name is Prina Lovegood. I'm here for my interview?"

"O-oh. Oh!" Zavian gasped, struggling up in his seat, a throb of desire aching through him. "Yes, of course. Come in, please."

Prina sauntered in like she was walking down a catwalk, her luscious hips rocking side to side rhythmically, her scent growing stronger as she sat across from him. Zavian inhaled deeply, tingling from her perfume. Magic enhanced, he had no doubt. And he'd likely be able to figure out what sort of magic she'd put in there if he weren't feeling so out of sorts.

"So," Zavian said, digging through the paperwork on his desk, trying to find Prina's paperwork despite her tantalizing scent swirling around him. "Prina. What makes you think that you, er, would be the best candidate for my... for my assistant?"

She laughed throatily, and Zavian tried hard not to blush at the mocking note in it. Or stare as she lazily crossed her legs, giving him a flashing tease of inner thigh, and something more deeper in the shadows. "Simple, professor. Because you need me."

"I need someone," Zavian said, trying to sound annoyed, but knowing he came across more petulant. Like a puppy. A cute doggie that loved to be played with and cuddled... He shook himself, trying to focus. Such strong perfume. Made his head feel light. But he had to focus. "But I'll decide if it's to be you."

"Of course you will," Prina said, that teasing tone again making him flush and glare at her. Glare at her soft lips. So red. Ruby red. Glistening soft and kissable...

Zavian cleared his throat, gave up on finding the paperwork and sat back, trying to look stern. Trying not to look at her chest. At her skirt as she uncrossed and crossed her legs again. "Miss Lovegood, do you have experience being an assistant?"

"Absolutely," she said, leaning forward, planting her elbows on the desk as she smiled at him, offering a stunning look down her top. Her perfume washed over him in another wave. Roses and lilacs, yes. But something more under it. Something so tantalizing and nearly identifiable...

Zavian blinked, realizing he'd gotten distracted. He tried to focus on the woman across from him. "Sorry, you said you had experience?"

"A lot," she purred, resting her chin in her palm, looking across the table at him with a smirk. "I've always known I belonged in academia, and I've been a big fan of your classes. But I've noticed you've had a lot of trouble connecting with students."

Zavian shifted in his seat. Had it been that obvious? "Well, I..."

"But I just know I'd be just perfect helping you fit in. Helping you really connect with your students. Getting through to them. Getting on their level. Maybe even lower."

"Lower?"

"Oh yeah," Prina said, and he realized at some point she'd gotten up. Was leaning on his table, her ass thrust out as she smirked at him. Her face so close. Her scent so sweet. Her eyes so deep and molten and filled with such promise. Such depths. Fathomless darkness he could just fall into... "Yeah," she breathed, and even her breath was warm and scented. Lips so close. So glistening red. "Sometimes, you've gotta put yourself in their shoes. Think about how it must feel to be under someone else. Under their control. Under their domination."

"I... I've never tried to... to put myself above students," Zavian said, his voice small. He felt small. Like the gorgeous student was looming over him. Overpowering him with her sheer presence. Her scent. Her lovely eyes and lips that words dripped from like honey...

"Oh no. Of course not. But you've never really tried to understand us either. Ever since you came back you've been so lost. So confused. So uncertain how things have changed. And they've changed so much, professor. And we want you to know how. We want to show you. Don't you want to see? Don't you want to understand us better?"

"O-of course," Zavian said shakily. "I want to. Want to understand. Trying to... to understand."

"I know, professor. And I've got just the way to help you. You just need to... follow my lead a bit."

"Follow..."

"My lead. Like... like a pet," she said, grin inching wider. "Like a good boy."

Oh.

Oh, something about those words. Something about that phrase thrummed through Zavian like a shock. He gasped, a throb aching from his balls. His cock.

"Professor," Prina crooned, actually on his desk now. Crawling on it. Sensuous. Unstoppable. Her hand teased over the edge. Into his lap. "Let me show you what it's like... to be a male student..."

Zavian shivered as he felt her hand on his leg. Teasing to his fly. He opened his mouth, but only a strangled moan escaped him as his pants were opened, and her fingers stroked him through his oh-so thin boxers.

"P-Prina. I... we shouldn't..."

"Don't think, professor. Just... breathe..."

Zavian did. It was very easy. He was breathing hot, hard, fast as her fingertip traced lazy circles around his bulge. Electric pleasure surged through him, making him whimper and tremble in helpless lust. He tried to formulate something to say. Something to deny her, but it felt like his thoughts were wandering through a pink fog. A fog that grew thicker with every breath.

Only then, perhaps because his mind had sunk so deep into the basics. So low into her control. Into impulse and instinct, that he finally recognized the scent he'd detected under her flowery perfume.

Sex.

It was sex.

Pure, liquid, animal lust that urged his body to take control. To betray his mind. To work in tandem to make him helpless to the seductress stroking him through that thin fabric. Teasing it open. Grasping his length. Drawing it out.

"Oh professor," Prina crooned, her voice making him moan in helpless lust as her fingers wrapped around his length. "You're as big as I hoped."

"P-Prina," Zavian gasped. "I... I..."

"Tell me to stop if you want me to, professor," she cooed. "But none of the boys ever do. Not when they can just... feel..."

Further protests were lost in a groan of utter pleasure as she began to stroke him. Pumping him lazily. Making his cock throb and twitch as he sank deeper into the comforting cushion of his chair. Into the haze of her perfume. Her scent.

Her desires.

And his own.

"Good boy," Prina crooned. "Just let pretty girls take the lead. That's all you need to do. Just relax. Just give in. Giving in is so good, and you were so easy, professor. So primed. So ready to surrender to my hand."

He couldn't deny it.

Couldn't deny her.

Couldn't resist the sensations throbbing from his cock and through him. Aching in his muscles. His breathing coming slow. Deep. Heavy. More perfume clouding his senses. Only sensations remaining. The throb of his cock. The ache of submission.

"Give in, professor. Just... give... in..."

"Ohhhh," he moaned, feeling his peak approach. The throb and pulse of his balls. The urgency of his lusts. He rocked his hips, thrusting into her hand, his mouth open, gasping. His thoughts sinking. Lost. "Oh. Ohh! Ohhhhhhh!"

He cried out in pleasure, his body tightening, his cock throbbing, a sudden surge of orgasmic bliss claiming him, squeezing him. His cock throbbed, unloading into her teasing hand. Like a star exploded in his mind Zavian seemed to fall into oblivion, staring into Prina's shining eyes. Those dark pools seeming to drink his thoughts and leave only the experience of her pleasure.

Prina smiled again at him. Those ruby red lips smirking as she drew back her hand and delicately licked her fingers. She glanced to the clock and giggled. "Oops! Looks like my interview is over, professor. I really hope you make the right decision about your assistant. You have my paperwork, right?"

"I... ah..." Zavian groaned.

"Of course you do," she laughed throatily as she rose off him, slipping off his desk with a click of heels. "See you soon, sir."

Zavian was barely aware of her departure and the closing of the door. For her presence lingered long after she was gone.

Long until the sweet scent of roses and lilacs finally faded from the air...

#

More interviews followed.

One after the next after the next.

Zavian rapidly lost track. Lost focus. They bled into each other. Over a dozen luscious young women moving into his office like nymphs. Playful giggles and cooing promises. Lips and touches that stole his strength, his resistance. Each time the clock rang and a girl left, he felt less capable of doing anything but whatever his students told him to. Helpless to resist their magics. Unwilling to even attempt to do anything but give in to whatever pleasures they offered.

At last, he sat alone. The clock continued to tick, but the room was empty.

He lay in his seat, panting, body covered with lipstick marks. Clothes cast aside, leaving him naked and helpless. His body ached with wonderful pleasure. His cock throbbed. At some point, one of the students had given him sweet bonbons that he'd eagerly sucked on, and from them drew the energy to cum again and again for his buxom students.

But now quiet.

Peace.

And laboriously, agonizingly, Zavian finally tried to pull himself together.

When a knock came at the door.

"Wh... y-yes?" he managed to articulate, lips still buzzing from the press of a hundred kissing lips.

The door slid open, Zavian stared in vague befuddlement as Tricia and Prina sauntered in. He swallowed hard, their smug smiles awakening a tingle of unease, though also a sudden flutter of his heart and throb of arousal. "Ah, girls," he said. "Where is... Um, didn't you..."

The pair exchanged a knowing look and giggled, then sound making him blush, feel aware of his nakedness and blatant evidence of what had happened to him.

"Well well, professor," Tricia said. "Looks like you had a busy day."

"I'll say," Prina purred as she sauntered in beside her busty companion. "Been very busy. I bet you can't even remember who'd make the best assistant."

He felt his cheeks warm with the knowledge she was right. "I... I ah..."

"But don't worry," Tricia assured him, and the soft confidence in her voice made him instinctively relax, like just the sound of her were easing those worried tension from his muscles. "We have a solution."

He looked between them, confused, yet his pulse quickened as if his body knew what was happening, even if his mind struggled in the morass of relaxation and arousal. "Why ah... what solution?" he asked.

Tricia's smirk widened and she moved towards him. Lazily. Sensuously. Like a panther towards a helpless rabbit, her breasts bouncing tantalizingly in her tight top. Amulet flashing as it drank his thoughts. "Because you see, professor, after the last of your students took the interview, all of us talked it over long and hard. And we agreed that a poor, dumb, helpless professor like you needs some extra special attention to fit in here at the academy. The kind just one assistant won't be able to do."

"I do?" he said dully.

"Absolutely" Prina purred, following Tricia with an equally predatory, hungry stride. "You need some extra special care. And so, we decided that all of us would have to help out."

"A-all of you?" Zavian asked, his heart leaping, excitement and fear warring within him, and lust taking first place easily.

"All of us," Prina repeated. "All of your students. Your pretty girls. We just can't leave such a poor, helpless bimbo all alone. So we're going to take turns! We'll work in pairs or more. All of us working so hard, because you're so very high maintenance. But we don't mind."

"Nope," Tricia giggled, stopping beside him, her hand resting on his shoulder, sending a pulse of relaxing energy into him that made him gasp as her hand stroked him, her finger sliding down, tracing

the lipstick marks that patterned his skin like leopard spots. "In fact, we might need to stay with you all the time. I hear the professors get very extensive quarters. Is there space for us in there?"

"I... ah... th-there's only... only one b-bedroom," Zavian managed to stammer.

The two beauties exchanged knowing looks. Smirks lit their faces.

"Well," Tricia cooed. "That's okay."

"So long as it has a big... big... bed," Prina continued as her fingers played across his body, her perfume stuffing his nose. Swirling his thoughts to helpless, hopeless, blissful pleasure.

"So, how about it, professor?" Tricia crooned, her thumb teasing his tip, making him shudder and moan. "Are we hired? Do you wanna sign that wonderful verbal contract? Do you wanna be the class bimbo? The plaything of every girl you meet?"

"Do you get to wear," Prina crooned, lifting her arm, dangling a band of leather and a leash before his eyes, "the good professor collar? The sweet teacher leash? The good bimbo pet for pretty students?"

Zavian looked between them, feeling lost, hot, hopelessly aroused. He vaguely understood what was happening. What he was being led into. What he was being told to do. He eyed the leash. Sensed the magic in it. Knew such sorcery. Simple stuff, but oh so potent. Almost impossible for someone to escape. The trap of happiness. Of endless ecstasy. Of joy and servitude and pleasure unending. Only strong wills could resist it. Only iron self-control could succeed.

And his was not.

He was so terribly not strong enough.

This realization hit him hard, making him moan with despair at his own weakness. But no sooner did the truth settle in him than he felt the tension ease. The shame of it vanish. Settle in him. Acceptance of his own weakness and awareness of the shame of it only making his cock throb more in Tricia's grasp. His body tingle under Prina's touch and the sway of the collar urge him to go further. Give in more. Surrender to the sweet pleasures being teased.

"Y-yes," he gasped.

The two women above him looked at each other. Smirked. "What was that?" Tricia cooed.

"I don't think we heard you, professor," Prina giggled.

His face burned at their wicked game, but he couldn't help but play, even if it was only to lose. But losing was fun too.

"I... I want it. Want you all. To be... to be y-your good boy. Wear the collar. I... I want you!"

The pair again looked to each other with knowing smiles. "Good boy," Prina cooed, leaning in with the collar. "And here's your reward."

Zavian moaned as the smooth leather slid around his neck. He heard the latch seal with a click, and his body jolted as he felt the enchantment surge through him. A simple thing. A wanton thing. Any sorcerer worth their salt could have broken the spell so easily.

Unless they wanted it.

And as the aching, wonderful, perfect pleasure of submission rolled through him like a warm tide, Zavian groaned in bliss, knowing he wanted it. That it was true. That it was going to be so very good.

The pleasure of being collared by the two beautiful students surged down into his cock. He whimpered biting his lip, but couldn't hold back. With a cry he came, his body convulsing as his cock spurted his seed all over his lap in sharp bursts, staining Tricia's stroking hand.

Zavian sank into his chair, painting, head empty, filled with the cloying sweetness of submission and Prina's perfume. He watched, enraptured as Tricia lifted her cum stained fingers and deftly licked them clean.

"Mmm," the buxom student cooed. "Submission tastes so good."

"How naughty!" Prina giggled. "Mmm. And so productive! Looks like he really liked the taste of Jezel's Cummy Candy bonbons."

"Absolutely. And I bet," Tricia giggled as she plucked at the hem of her skirt, "that he wants to taste me. Isn't that right, professor?"

He nodded eagerly. "Y-yes! Absolutely!"

The pair giggled, then grabbed his hands and pulled him from his seat. He suddenly found himself spun around and pushed down onto his office's divan, propped up on it, Prina sinking between his legs, Tricia crawling onto him, towering over him. He looked up, for the moment stunned at the beauty of the busty student as she smirked down at him, pulled up her skirt, and revealed the dampness of her naked pussy.

"Let's see how fast you learn, professor," she cooed, planting her knees on the cushions on either side of his head and fairly squatting on his face.

The skirt fell around him, trapping him in a veil of darkness. But he smelled the sweetness of his student's pussy, and at once Zavian's tongue licked out, stroking the delicate slit before him. The taste zinged up his tongue, making him moan in pleasure and Tricia gasp.

"Oh f-fuck!"

"Is he good?" he heard Prina's muffled voice ask.

"Mmm. Very. He's done this before."

Zavian flushed, memories of other women in the last hours intruding on his mind. Then he groaned as he suddenly felt delicate kisses fluttering up his twitching cock, while teasing fingers stroked and massaged his balls. He felt a spark of magic and instantly his shaft stiffened anew, just in time for sweet, hot lips to sink down him, enveloping him in an impossible pleasure.

Zavian cried out, his head tilted back, his body trapped beneath his two would-be assistants. Utterly helpless to do anything but desperately pleasure them both, his tongue lapping and strumming the delicate folds of Trina's cunny, even as his cock throbbed as it was claimed by the loving lips of Prina.

"Oh gods yesssss," Tricia moaned, her thighs tightening around his head, her hand pressing down on him through her skirt, pushing him deeper into the sweet pleasures of her cunt. "Oh fuck yes! Right there, professor. Get that... ah... that sweet pearl there. My clit. Strum my slit just like that. Mmmm! Oh fuck. That's... that's a magical tongue. Oh. Oh professor. Professor, I... I... Ohhhhhh fuuuuuuck!"

Tricia wailed with her orgasm, her thighs tightening deliciously around his face, squeezing his head as her juices flooded his mouth. Eagerly, Zavian drank it up, his tongue threading the delicate folds of the woman's cunny, taking it in lovingly.

And Tricia wasn't alone in her orgasm. As she came on him, the mouth on Zavian's cock gave a sudden drag, the tongue a swirl around his tip. Zavian jolted, groaning, his balls tightening in the gentle caress of Prina's fingers as he came in a sudden swell of orgasmic bliss, his cock pumping into the loving mouth of his second mistress.

Panting, gasping, he floated on those waves of pleasure. Of mindless ecstasy, his thoughts so dim and distant he simply basked in relaxing afterglow.

Then light spilled into his dark world as Tricia got off his face, her skirt sliding over him. His former student giggled as she beheld his rapturous expression, slick with her juices.

"Now that's a good look, professor," she teased, making him blush anew yet ache with adoration for her.

"Mmm. I'll say. And it sure sounded like he had a skilled tongue there," Prina said, rising and lickign the last of his seed from her lips. "Which means it's my turn, isn't it?"

Zavian shivered in excitement as he looked yearningly at his former student, admiring every inch of her figure and the soft globes of her rear. "Anything, mistress," he breathed.

The pair giggled. "What a good boy," Prina said, pushing him over, sending Zavian falling back onto the divan as the ravishing woman climbed up and turned around, the soft globes of her ass hovering above him. "And good boys get wonderful rewards."

"So true," Tricia agreed as she crouched above his waist and lazily lowered herself.

Zavian watched, enraptured as the busty student sheathed his twitching length in her pussy. His eyes rolled back, mouth falling open in a moan of unspeakable bliss, giving him an excellent view of Prina's ass moments before she settled firmly on his face, burying him under the soft globes of her bottom.

No sooner did she do so than Zavian found he was a fast learner indeed. His lips

cupped her pussy as it pressed down on his mouth, his tongue stroking her slit adoringly.

And as Zavian lapped at the molten pussy on his face, rutting up into the tight depths of Tricia's depths, he heard the pair giggle. "Miss Morrin was so right. He's gonna make a wonderful toy."

“So true,” Prina moaned, grinding him under her wonderful rump, tugging on the leash and forcing him deeper into her ass. “Soooo trueeeeeee.”

This revelation broke over him as merely another wave. Acknowledged. Dismissed. After all, you were never too smart to learn a lesson.

And he shivered in anticipation of the many, many wonderful lessons that awaited him at the hands of his mistresses...