

Shane hummed to himself as he lowered the shades and blinds in his house. He and his wife were planning on having *quite* the fun evening tonight, and their intimacy wasn't to be shared with any other person in the neighborhood.

Still humming, the crimson Lucario double-checked all the windows, just to be sure. To be honest, it was mostly busywork to keep him occupied until Novia got home. He could feel the pleasant tingle of low-key arousal down in his loins, just from anticipation alone. The two of them had been married for a few years now, and he knew that when Novia promised him a fun evening, that's what he was going to get.

Finally running out of things to distract him, Shane retreated to their bedroom. He'd made sure the sheets and covers were warm and plush, and he'd even taken the liberty of dimming the lights so that he and his wife could fuck by candlelight. One of the candles (only one; he didn't want to drown out the other senses) was scented, filling the room with a quiet background of spice. Leaning back on the silken pillows he'd piled up at the head of the bed, the Lucario shuddered as he touched his sheath. His cock poked out slightly, pre already dribbling from the end. He had enough self-control not to go full tilt on himself, but the quiet tremors of pleasure that shivered through his being with every touch were more than enough to bide his time.

He didn't have long to wait. He heard the door open, close, and then lock as Novia arrived home, the familiar sound of her steps trailing up the hall dancing through the air. The door creaked open and she smirked at the sight of him.

"Well well," the Gardevoir said, "I *knew* you were excited for this evening." She blinked and then her smile deepened. "And what's that spice touching the air?"

"Just a little reminder of how much we're going to enjoy tonight," Shane replied. By now his cock was almost fully hard, and he was sliding it back and forth in his paw.

"Mmmm." Novia set down her book bag and glanced sultrily at him over the rims of her glasses. "That seems to be giving you some trouble, love. Mind if I help out a bit?"

Shane returned her gaze, feeling flushed with arousal. “Not at all.”

Novia crawled delicately up onto the bed, her skirt—a starry blue, unlike other Gardevoir—splaying about her slender white legs as she approached. Delicately shooing his paw off his cock, she traced a finger down his rod, giggling as he tensed with delight. “Oh, you like that?” she teased, as if she didn’t already know that he lived for her touch. Grasping his rod delicately with both hands, she began working it, sliding her hands up and down. The feeling of her soft skin on his cock was divine, and Shane leaned back against the headboard of the bed, grunting at the sensation. His eyes were closed, but he could feel more pre beading at the tip. Every touch of her sent his body dancing with delight.

After a few minutes of a smooth, low-key handjob, she suddenly plucked her hands from his cock. Before Shane could react, a new sensation met him—Novia’s mouth, hot and wet, was suddenly caressing his dick.

Gasping with sudden arousal, Shane’s eyes flew open. Novia was carefully bobbing her mouth up and down on his cock, moaning around it as it filled her mouth. She had one hand on his thigh, bracing herself, while the other trailed back between her legs. He heard a delicate *shlick* as she pleased herself.

Grunting, Shane leaned back and let her attentions luxuriate through him. She idly traced her tongue up his member, swirling it around his head, and sucked the pre down. The moan of pleasure she made was as erotic to Shane as her touch.

Bobbing down even further, Novia slowly took his cock into her throat, depthroating it. She swallowed, and the feeling of her throat massaging him was incredible. Her lips touched the base of where his member left its sheath in a tender kiss.

Arousal raced through Shane like a drumbeat, and he panted with pleasure. Damn, she had almost made him cum from oral alone!

Slowly taking her head off his cock, Novia smirked at him and wiped her lips. “I take it you liked?” she said impishly.

“You’re such a tease,” he replied.

She giggled. “Well, *I* need some attention too...” Leaning back, she spread her legs and showed off her by-now dripping pussy. “I’m thirsty for your tongue, love.”

Shane grinned. He didn’t need any more encouragement than that. Dipping his muzzle in, he teased her with small, fast licks, delighting in the gasps and squeals she made as his tongue flitted over her folds or skipped past her clit. After a few minutes of this, she placed her hand on the back of his skull and gently pressed.

Getting the message, Shane plunged in with fervor. His tongue dipped into Novia’s folds, making her cry out and squeeze around him, and then he lapped fervently over her slit and found her clit, swirling and teasing it with the very tip of his tongue. Every touch made Novia’s voice hike with pleasure.

Even buried in his lover’s sex as he was, Shane was able to glance up and take in her loveliness. Novia had full lips, and her long and luxurious hair was a deep and soulful aquamarine that was unlike other Gardevoir. Currently, her pale porcelain cheeks burned a deep scarlet, blushing red with ecstasy and delight, and her eyes were shut and her face tight with barely-contained arousal. Pride and confidence swelling in him, Shane dove in even deeper, lapping at her and giving her all the attention she deserved with his tongue. Damn, but she was the world to him.

After more of this, Novia released her pressure on his head, an indication that oral was done. As Shane rose off of her, he felt the tickling sensation of Novia’s psychic power against his cock—she was using it to clean it off from her previous excursion with it.

Eying his form—taut, erect, and ready to fuck—the Gardevoir smirked and then, with a casual wave of her hand, summoned even more psychic power. Shane gasped as he felt the power coalesce into loose bracelets around his hands. With a flick, his lover used the psychic energy to lift his hands upwards: a gentle domming.

“Enough playing around,” Novia said, her voice edged with sexual hunger. “I think I’m going to enjoy you proper, now.” More psychic power touched his thighs, spreading his legs apart for better access to his rod.

Novia’s face was confident, but as her eyes met his, Shane read the unspoken query in her gaze—*this is good, right?* Shane grinned and nodded. Getting occasionally dommed by psychic powers was fun, and besides: he had every trust in Novia.

Smirking with renewed confidence, Novia hoisted herself up, positioning her body right over Shane’s fully-erect member. Then, slowly, she sank down on it. Her breath exhaled in a ragged groan, and Novia bit her lip in appreciation. She had lowered herself enough to take the slightly-flared tip of his canine cock.

Sitting there for a moment, acclimatizing herself to its presence, Novia raised up off of it before sinking down further. Now a fair portion—almost half—of Shane’s cock was in her, and Novia’s cheeks burned with pleasure as she slowly swirled her hips, feeling his cock tickle her inner walls. For his side of things, Shane felt exquisite; the feeling of his lover’s pussy was tight and supple around him. Grunting, he flared it slightly, and was rewarded by a high whine of unexpected delight from Novia.

Once more, Novia raised herself off of him, and then slid down even further, well past halfway. As she rested there, her tunnel clenching around him, Shane decided to have a bit of fun with her.

Although Novia’s power was still controlling his wrists and his legs, Shane had full control over his hips. He bucked them up, hiling himself into his lover with a sudden surge of power.

Novia's gasp quickly hitched into a high squeal, and she almost collapsed against him, quivering with delight.

"Oh, sorry," Shane said teasingly. "I just couldn't help myself..."

"You," Novia replied without malice, her words thin due to her breathlessness, "are just the worst." More psychic power touched him, binding him up tighter and truly restricting his movement, now. "But that's why I love you."

Wriggling her hips from side to side, she *nnnnnnnned* with pleasure as his cock filled her, and a wildfire of wonderment raced through Shane as well, the feeling of their hips grinding against each other almost as sublime as the way his lover's pussy tightened around him.

Shane leaned back into the restraints of her psychic energy and closed his eyes, appreciating the sensations and the scents of their lovemaking. Every movement or clench from Novia's slit was like magic, the touch of her pussy feeling so natural that it was like coming home. The smells, too, were everything Shane never knew he wanted. The supple spice of the scented candle labored in the air, and mixed in the background was the enticingly humid aroma of Novia's arousal. The bedroom would be heavy with the scent of sex for days to come, and Shane wouldn't have it any other way.

Novia was going fast on him now, riding his rod up and down with surging speed. Every move of hers sent an electric thrill playing down Shane's spine, and he quickly began panting with delight at the thorough pace with which his wife was fucking herself with him.

Cracking his eyes open, he found Novia smirking at him. "Does that—feel good—" she panted amidst the action. "Do you like—getting held up—by your wife—so she can—*nnn*—u-use you?"

"Oh, as if you have to ask," Shane replied, his voice a lusty growl.

“Hahh—*hhhahhh*—it’s p-pretty good, h-huh?”

“Yeah,” he said. “I’m pretty close, babe. I can feel it... my core is building up, and my knot is just begging for me to let it out and tie us together already.”

*That* got some attention out of her. “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” he growled back. “In fact, if I could, I’d just spin you around and—and rut you without abandon.”

“Ohhhh,” she murred, still riding away, “I do like the sound of that.” Gazing at the psychic binds, she raised an eyebrow. “Enough of these, love,” she said. “Go ahead and claim me. I want to get fucked, so hard!”

The telltale tickle of psychic power dissipating touched the parts of Shane where she had been binding him, and now he was free. Grabbing his lover’s hips, he hoisted her off of him, and then, suddenly, flipped her around to position her on her hands and knees. He angled so that the tip of his member was juuuuuust teasing the entrance to her pussy.

“You want this?” Shane taunted.

“Yessssss,” Novia whined in response, wriggling her hips in a vain attempt to get it in her.

“Shane, I feel *empty* without it, I need it!”

“Beg for it.”

“Oh please, Shane, fuck me, *rut* me, I need it so bad!”

And that was all he needed.

The Lucario surged forward, burying his cock into his lover's waiting pussy. He heard Novia's voice hitch in high, breathless appreciation as he claimed his hole as her own. They'd made love so many times, and yet each time he surged into her, it was like finding heaven for the first time—waiting, wet, and wonderful.

He bent down over her head, whispering in her ear. “You want to get fucked hard?”

“*Plow* me, love,” she breathed in response.

Bringing his paws forward, Shane put them down over her wrists to keep her in place. “As you wish, then.”

He swung his hips back and then plunged into her again and again, quickly picking up the pace until he was rutting her with abandon. Every push, every thrust, every angle of momentum made his lover squeal and brought delight dancing down Shane's dick. Her pussy was so tight around him, and feeling it give way for his rod, tightening and squeezing around it, made him mad with pleasure.

The scented spice played around his nostrils, awakening a passionate, lustful drive deep within him, and he held tight to his lover as he pushed into her again and again. Each thrust brought a reaction from Novia as she clenched (involuntarily or not) around his cock. Her voice was a high, wordless cry of loveliness. He could only imagine what it was like for her, to experience the sensation of being split again and again by the unapologetically breakneck pace of her lover.

Before long, she began quivering underneath him. “Sh-Shane, I...” she said before trailing off, her voice barely able to keep together. “You're going so—so h-hard, I can't... *wwwnnnngh*...”

“Yeah?” he said, punctuating the query with a particularly energetic thrust.

“I c-can’t hold it any longer, I... I... I’m g-gonna...” Her whole body shook and she trailed off into an inarticulate cry of pure ecstasy as her pussy fluttered and danced around him. She didn’t have to say any more—her lover knew what was happening.

She was cumming.

“Well then,” Shane said, and he picked up the pace, fucking her even harder. “No sense for only one of us to come, yeah?” Novia’s voice climbed and she choked out gasping cries of pure delight as Shane’s continued thrusts mixed with the still-crashing aftereffects of her orgasm, the twin sensations moving in sync like a lovely waltz.

Grinning to himself, the Lucario felt the base of his cock swell as his knot readied itself. His body prepared for orgasm, an almost indescribable tightness spreading from his loins to his core and then to the rest of him. He knew he wouldn’t hold out for that much longer.

“This is it, Novia,” he whispered in her ear. She squirmed underneath him and cooed with delight, her wrists still pinned to the bed by his paws. He hitched his hips back until only the tip of his cock was left in her.

“Take—” he said, before slamming home, delighting in her wild cry. “—my—” He slammed in again, and he was so close to erupting! “—seed!” He pushed in all the way, hiltng her in one fell swoop, and orgasm washed over him. He half-collapsed against her, panting, as his dick throbbed, delivering potent seed directly to her innermost sanctum. Beneath him, Novia was sobbing with pleasure, the sound only increasing as his knot swelled up inside of her, tying the two of them together and stretching her even further than his cock could go.

As his orgasm faded, Shane spooned against his wife, holding her tight and idly stroking her soft skin. Novia, too, slowly calmed, and was content to rest there in his embrace, tied to him by his still-erect member and his thick knot just inside her entrance.



“That was lovely, Shane,” she murmured, her voice almost woozy. Shane grinned to himself. She’d asked to be fucked hard, and it seemed he had delivered.

“Yeah,” he replied. He continued tracing his paw up and down her skin, making her coo with delight. The flickering candlelight on the walls and the smell of the spice hanging in the air completed the picture.

Shane finished his ministrations by resting his paw direct on her flat tummy. He knew that just underneath, his seed was flushing her womb. Maybe this time...

He held tight to her. No, no *maybes* about it. It was going to work, he knew it. “Are you ready?” he asked her, his voice soft in her ear. “To be a mother?”

“Oh Shane,” Novia replied, “all I want is our kids.”

They drifted off to sleep, still tied together, and deep within Novia’s womb, what they were hoping to happen finally occurred.

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It had been several months since that lovely night, and Shane couldn’t be happier even if he was busier than usual. After all, his wife was too pregnant to do her usual share of the housework.

Finally having finished, Shane tidied himself up and cleaned up with a brief wash before returning to their bedroom. Novia was splayed out on the bed, her normally trim form changed with the addition of a large globe of a belly. The Gardevoir was tracing small circles over it with her fingertips, and smiling a protective, warm, maternal smile down at it.

Shane positioned himself alongside her, wrapping one arm around his lover to hold her close. “How are they?” he asked.

She sighed happily. “They were active earlier today, but now they’re just resting. I can still feel their heartbeat, though.” She leaned against him, still cradling her belly with one hand. “I’m so happy that you made me a mom, Shane.”

He squeezed her tight in response. “Me too, Novia,” he said. “We worked so hard and it finally happened.” Cupping her chin delicately with one paw, he turned her face up to his.

Bending forward, he touched his lips to hers, and the two of them melted into a long and passionate kiss. As they did so, the gold locket around Shane’s neck—the one containing a picture of his lovely Novia—jingled merrily on its chain.

Finally breaking the kiss, Novia blushed up at her spouse, smiling. “I never knew I could be this happy,” she said.

“Me neither,” he replied.

She turned and leaned back against Shane, and he shifted to allow her space. They spent a good long while like that, just basking in each other’s company, him supporting her as she cradled her fertile womb.

Soon, everything would change—and a happy new chapter would begin.