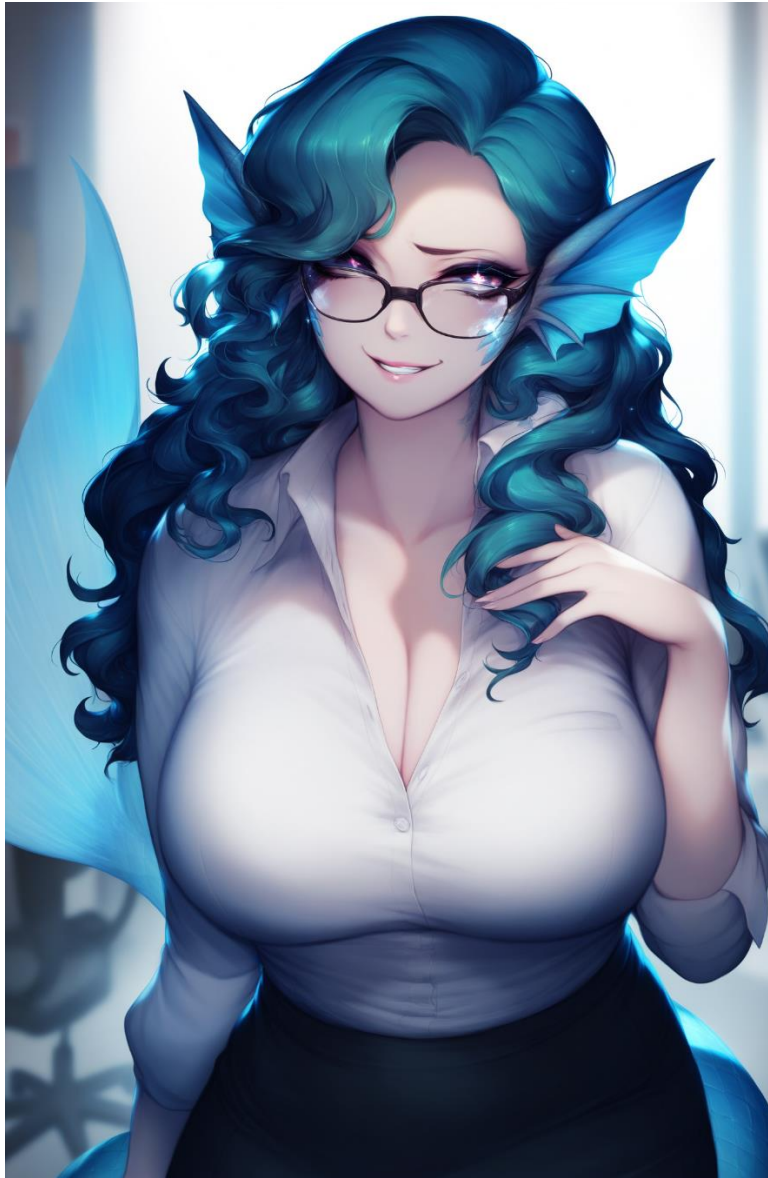


Making Music



Three years.

Three long, terrible, trying years.

That was how long Trevor had spent suffering in Titania University. Though, it had to be said, it would have been very easy not to endure those trials. Hell, all of his male classmates had found a way.

Well, former male classmates. Trevor was the last man in his year, but hardly the last person. Though, person might be stretching it a bit.

“Well hello cutie!”

Trevor winced and tried to ignore the leering gaggle of girls hanging around the entrance to the school. There was always at least one group of them, often of the same species. Today it was a collection of lamias, the serpentine women lounging about, but perking up as he walked near.

“Ladies,” he said, hurrying to go by.

“Hey now!” one crooned, suddenly twisting into his path, her snake-like curves blocking the steps as her human half reared up in front of him, a smirk sitting comfortably on her lips. “That’s it? Just a hello?”

“Yes,” he said, careful not to look into her eyes. “If you’ll excuse me.”

“Come on, why not stick with us? We’ve got some space over here, and we’d love a bit of company. Right girls?”

“Oh yesssss,” cooed the rest of the lamias, forked tongues flicking tantalizingly, their eyes shimmering with hypnotic potency.

“Afraid I can’t,” he said, slipping by the lamia in his path. He heard her squawk in surprise, but then he was past her and into the university, though that wouldn’t offer him much protection. Or any, if he was being honest. None of the female students would attack him or anything, but he knew for a fact there were a number of betting pools up for who or what would end up getting him to drop out.

Because that was the thing about Titania, he mused as he strode down the hallway, a brisk walking pace his best defence from leering female students. No man had graduated from the university in its history. Which wasn’t to say there was a lack of male enrollment these days. It wasn’t an all female, mostly monster-girl academy anymore. Even as he walked he spotted many male students. All of them, however, were being aggressively flirted with by various female students.

Often more than one.

It had been like that since Trevor had first enrolled. Maybe a fifth of his freshman year class had made it to their second without dropping out, usually to marry a girl they’d met at school. And only him and two others had actually managed to make it to third year.

And now here he was. On his fourth year, alone.

And the object of great temptation.

Especially among girls in his year. They seemed to consider it an affront that none of them had managed to snare him for their own. Hell, he knew for a fact many of the girls now coming after him already had a boyfriend. Often said boyfriend had been a former classmate of his. He'd actually had to start living off campus. More than once he'd gotten back to his dorm room and found a monster girl had 'accidentally' wandered/broken in, and also just so happened to be naked.

Gods but it was a trial. And his studies had suffered for it. He'd barely squeaked by every year with all those flirtatious females.

But none had gotten him yet. And none of them ever would.

Of course, one might ask just why he, Trevor, remained at the school when it was clearly so dangerous to be an ambitious man. And true, he likely could have dropped out and gone somewhere less... tempting, but Trevor had always had a contrarian streak. The fact that no man had graduated Titania only spurred him to try harder. To succeed!

And gods as his witness, he would make it out of Titania as a graduate.

"Oh, there you are, Trevor!"

Trevor was forced to stop as a female student blocked his way into the classroom. And blocked was right. Normally he'd try and slip around her, but Patricia Walker had some impressive tools to prevent that. A holstaur, she positively towered over him with her bovine horns and ample curves. Blonde hair tumbled down her shoulders in braids, and her smile was both teasing and a bit airy.

"Patricia," he said, forcing his eyes not to look at the positively absurdly sized bust that stretched her tight shirt. One that probably required a constant gravity spell just to keep her from toppling over. "Could you please move out of the way?"

"Uh uh," Patricia giggled, her bust wobbling dangerously with her amusement as she leaned against the side of the door, utterly blocking his path. "You didn't say please. Naughty naughty."

Trevor sighed. Honestly. So immature.

"Now now. None of that, Miss Walker."

Trevor stiffened at the smooth, sonorous voice. He turned his head slowly.

Clarissa Cutter loomed behind him, her expression cool, amused. She wasn't young, but carried herself with a sort of indeterminate yet lovely maturity that made his heart leap. She wore a pair of glasses, her hair bound tight in a bun behind her head. A formal suit and short

skirt completed the ensemble of professional loveliness. It was the severe sort of dress that should have denied her the beauty of her sex, yet somehow just enhanced it, much to his consternation. Silvery scales patterned her skin, and a pair of fins flicked from the sides of her head.

Patricia's face fell. "Aw, but Miss Cutter..."

"Into class, Patricia," Cutter said.

Pouting, Patricia did so, spinning about so fast her skirt fluttered around her shapely thighs as she flounced into the room.

Trevor sighed. "Thank you, Miss Cutter. I'll just be going then."

A hand landed on his shoulder. "A moment, Trevor."

He stopped dead and looked back at her, swallowing hard. "Yes?"

She smiled gently, removing her hand. "I would like to speak to you in my office after your class. Would you be so kind as to come by?"

Trevor really didn't want to. And for a number of reasons. Carter intimidated him like none of the female students did. Though he'd enjoyed her orientation classes during first year, she'd always made him nervous. There was just something about her. His fellow students were almost painfully transparent, but Carter was an enigma.

All that being said, there was only one answer that really could be given. "I... would be happy to come by, miss."

"Splendid," she said, her voice smooth as silk. "I look forward to finally have a proper meeting with you. One on one..."

#

For once, Trevor didn't need to worry about being accosted and delayed by his peers. Just the words, "Miss Cutter needs to see me," instantly cleared his path. Though, the sly looks the girls exchanged gave him a twinge of unease. Not that he was too worried. He hadn't a single mark on his record. He was a model student. Did well in every class. Well, mostly. And he never fraternized with the female students.

Plus, Miss Cutter had always been one of the more, well, sane women about the school, at least in his opinion. He recalled his first year, when she'd had him attend the orientation courses about what to expect as a student. Oddly, he couldn't remember much of what had been discussed, but he did remember it had been amazingly soothing. How listening to her voice had made all his problems just... disappear.

Yet why, then, did she want to see him?

His lips thinned and his back stiffened as he came to her office's door. Loosening his shirt's collar a smidge, he raised his fist and knocked.

"Come in," hummed the voice from beyond.

He shivered, the sound thrumming through him. Taking a deep breath, Trevor opened the door and stepped inside.

Clarissa waited within and behind her desk. Her office suited her, Trevor had to say. The walls were a calming blue, with what looked like wave patterns of white. Paintings of the sea hung here and there, while in the corner a massive tank sported some very interesting looking tropical fish. From some incense sticks came a scent of the sea and lilacs. A strange blend but oddly appealing.

"Trevor, how wonderful. Please," Clarissa said, gesturing to a plush seat across from her, "come in. I've been quite eager to speak to you."

"You have?" Trevor asked as he assumed the chair, finding it surprisingly comfortable and soft. He practically sank into the cushion like it was a miniature water bed.

"Of course," Clarissa replied, nodding sagely. "I've been keeping an eye on you, ever since you first arrived. There was something so different about you, Trevor, compared to our other male students. Something more motivated. Driven. But some in the academy are growing nervous that you're spurning the female student body. Is there a reason for that?"

He squeezed uncomfortably into his seat. "Reason?" he asked.

"I know it's not because you find them unattractive," she observed gently. "Which leads some of your instructors to worry your disinterest might stem from certain... prejudices."

Trevor's eyes widened a bit. "Oh," he gasped, sitting up sharply. "Oh, no. No no no! Nothing like that, miss. Not at all."

She gave him a sympathetic look. "Then why, Trevor?" she asked, her sonorous voice forming a yawning pit of guilty feeling in his stomach. "Won't you share?"

He hesitated, yet sitting before that sympathetic face, he found himself beginning to explain.

"Well," he admitted. "It's something like this, Miss Cutter."

"Clarissa."

"Excuse me?"

She smiled gently. "You can call me Clarissa."

Trevor felt a flush begin to warm his face and cleared his throat. "Er, right. Clarissa. It's like this. It's not that I don't, you know, appreciate the female form at all, of course. Or don't find, er, monster girls attractive exactly."

"That's very good to hear," she said warmly, nodding along.

Trevor felt his face heat again and shook it off. "Right. So, anyway, it's not that I dislike monster girls, exactly, but I came here to get an education. To advance my prospects. I didn't come here just to play around like the other men who applied here."

"No?"

"Not really," he admitted and gave a slight laugh. "Besides, most of the women here are a bit, let's be honest, immature."

"Some of our students are hundreds of years old," she noted.

"I didn't say they weren't old. But immature. Not like you."

"Ah," Clarissa said, her eyes twinkling, her soft lips turning up. "So that's how you see me, hm?"

Trevor's eyes widened. Did he really say that? "I uh..."

"Don't worry," Clarissa said playfully, her light voice smooth as a song as she waved it off. "I don't mind. But please, continue."

Trevor coughed, but did relax. Being in there was so like her orientation class. So easy to just let things go and relax... "W-well, anyway," he continued. "I have no interest in being a... a house husband to some immature monster girl. I have my own ambitions."

"And one of them is being the first man to graduate from our fine academy?"

"I'd be lying if I said it didn't play a role," he admitted.

"Hmm. I imagine so," Clarissa said. "But that's not all that's going on. Is it?"

Trevor glanced away from those knowing eyes. "What do you mean?"

"You have something else you're hiding."

"I'm... not sure what you mean."

"Don't you?"

He shrugged uncomfortably. "Well, I know the girls here use some enthralling magic to, well, seduce the boys," he admitted. "I've just never found it particularly effective one me."

"Is that right? Why not?"

"Well..."

Trevor trailed off, his brow furrowing. He... he really shouldn't be sharing that kind of thing, he realized. In fact, wasn't it... wasn't it something of a mistake to have said as much as he had? He'd been very careful to keep much of his thoughts close to his chest. And even if he did respect Clarissa a great deal, did he really... had he honestly spilled so much just like that?

Was there... was there something more going on here?

Clarissa tilted her head, her scales shimmering faintly. "You did enjoy my orientation classes, didn't you?" she asked suddenly.

"What?" Trevor stammered, jolted out of his thoughts by her smooth voice.

"My orientation classes. You seemed so relaxed in them. Not at all like you are now. Are you feeling stressed at all, Trevor?"

"Stressed? Me? I uh..."

She lifted an immaculate eyebrow, her smile deepening. Warming. "You do know how troubling being stressed can be to a student, don't you? Especially when you're so close to graduating. It would be an awful shame if it impacted your test scores. If it made you... fail some class. Maybe be have to repeat a year. Wouldn't that be awful?"

Trevor shivered. It... it would be awful.

...Right?

"The future is very uncertain, Trevor," Clarissa continued, her gentle voice like waves eroding a stone. "Wouldn't you like me to... help you?"

"H-help me?" he stammered.

"Of course. It's what I do," she said, her words rolling along, so easy to follow. So easy to listen to the sweetness of her voice... "Help our dear students be... all they can be. And I'd be happy to help you try and get to the root of things, if you liked. But of course," she said, her voice a smooth, musical hum, "it's entirely up to you..."

Trevor licked his lips. She... she did have a point. He'd been struggling in class more than usual. Things were so stressful with the end of year. The girls so aggressive. Even so, he... he

should just say no. He didn't *need* to share with her. Spend longer with her. He'd be fine. He'd squeak by. He always did.

But then... he remembered how he felt in her classes. That smooth relaxation. That calmness. That clarity. Utter bliss. A tremble passed through his body. Gods, he wanted to feel that again, even if only for a moment. So, why turn it down? Was he afraid?

He realized with a start that Clarissa was humming as she watched him, her eyes intent, patiently cunning, her smile gentle. Encouraging. Such a pretty hum. So smooth and soothing.

Yeah.

There was... was no reason not to share a little.

"I... guess we could try," he said at last.

"Wonderful," she said sweetly, rising.

Trevor uneasily watched her move around the desk. "Uh..."

"Just relax," she said, resting her hands on his shoulders. "We have to be a bit more... hands on for a case like yours. Trust me."

"I um..."

"Just... trust me..." she said, her voice singsong sweet.

Trevor blinked.

Blinked again, his eyelids feeling... heavy...

"Let's begin, Trevor," she said gently. Soothingly. Her voice soft and pleasant, sending tingles through him as if he were floating on gently rocking waves. "Just listen to my voice, Trevor. Just let it relax you. Calm you. Feel all those worries drift away. Feel all those cares wash off you and sink deep... deep... deep beneath the waves..."

Trevor sighed, doing as she suggested, his eyes lidding, sliding slowly shut. And it was funny. He was feeling relaxed. Listening to her voice roll over him. Her hands moving from his shoulders to his neck, then higher to cup his cheeks. Her palms were cool against his warm face as she tilted his head so it rested on the cushioned back of the chair

"Are you relaxed, Trevor?" she asked, her voice almost like a song. A song of waves and soothing rockings that sank him deeper into the calm buoyancy of his own mind.

"Yeah," he breathed. And he was calm. So very calm.

“Good. That’s excellent, Trevor. So wonderful to hear. Now, you do enjoy the company of lovely women, right?”

“R-right...”

“But the girls who’ve been flirting with you aren’t up to your standards. Is that it?”

He shifted. “Um...”

“Relax,” she hummed.

He did, the momentary tension evaporating. Leaving him to sigh happily. Gods but it felt good to be like this. Just like it had during orientation. Those wonderful classes listening to Clarissa’s voice as she hummed and spoke. Explained expectations and cultural matters among monster girls. The clarity of an empty mind. A thoughtless head. So calm. So soothing...

“You know, Trevor,” Clarissa continued gently, her hands gently rubbing his face. “Many girls have been so troubled by how hard you’ve been working. They can see how driven you are, and really want to help. And they can, you know. They have ways of relaxing you just like me. Relaxing and helping you study and pass your courses. Don’t you want to graduate from Titania?”

“Not really.”

He felt her pause. “You don’t?”

Trevor smiled dreamily, the words escaping him like birds whose cage had been left unlocked. “No,” he sighed. “Don’t... really care...”

“...I see,” Clarissa hummed, continuing to stroke his cheeks. “How interesting. Then, why are you here? Is it to find a woman?”

He felt his cheeks warm. “Y-yes,” he admitted softly, the confession leaving him like a sigh. A weight lifted off him. So easy to be honest. To admit. Like some lock had been undone deep inside him. Every moment with Clarissa easing it open further. “Yes. Staying for... for a woman...”

He heard the knowing chuckle in Clarissa’s voice. “Mmm. As I thought. And there are many women at Titania who’d be delighted to have such a smart, driven, handsome young man as a husband.”

“Like you?” he asked dreamily.

He felt Clarissa still. “Oh,” she said softly, and as his eyes cracked open, he saw surprise writ plain on her face. “Oh, Trevor, well...”

"You don't?" he asked, pain tightening his chest.

"Oh no, Trevor," she said gently, again that soothing smile. "It's not that. You're a wonderful young man. And I would love to have such a handsome young thing, but surely I'm too old for you, Trevor? Surely I'm not as beautiful as the other girls in this school? So young and nubile and eager?"

"No," Trevor sighed happily, relaxing again, smiling anew. "Loved you, Miss Cutter. Loved you since... since I walked through the doors. Saw you. Couldn't stop thinking about you... That's why I'm stressed. Why I don't want... want the other girls in class. Just wanted you. Only you..."

For a moment Trevor didn't understand what he was seeing. A flash of worry went through him as Clarissa's face turned a faint purple, her mouth agape. Then he realized what it was.

The siren was blushing.

"Oh," Clarissa stammered, her voice piping with surprise. "Oh, Trevor, that's... well..."

Trevor reached up and touched her hand, staring into her eyes, feeling so relaxed, so happy, all the hesitation and uncertainty gone. He knew what he wanted. Had always known. And now he was willing to say it. Willing to admit it.

"I want you," he said again. "Please?"

"But what... what about school? University?"

"I hate it here," he admitted. "Only reason I stayed was to be close to you. I'd drop out in a second if I could be with you..."

Clarissa purpled a bit more, but then her face softened. Her hands cupped his cheeks and lifted his face up. "Then," she said softly, moving around him.

"Th-then?" he asked, another tremor moving through him.

Clarissa smiled, and then straddled his legs and settled into his lap, her weight making him grunt as she pressed against his tenting bulge. "Then, I don't see why not."

Trevor's heart quickened and his eyes widened. "You... you mean it?"

"Of course," she said, her voice thrumming with a new note. A sound that echoed through him as she leaned in closer. Towering over him, her breasts nearly level with his face. Her hands cradling him. "It's hardly every day a handsome young man is able to resist almost four years of temptation from a bevy of gorgeous monster girls, all to confess to a woman. I'd be ashamed to refuse your feelings, Trevor."

Trevor shivered, moaned softly as her mound pressed down on his crotch, rubbing against his cock in his pants. "C-Clarissa... I..."

"Shhh," the siren breathed, leaning in closer. "Let me show you... how I accept your feelings..."

Trevor stared upwards into her lovely eyes, trembling with anticipation as Clarissa's face dipped down towards his. His eyes closed, a moan escaping him as her lips met his, capturing him with a kiss.

And filling him with a song.

He shuddered, gasping softly, the sound swallowed by her lips. Clarissa moaned hotly, her arms wrapping around him, pulling him against her as her breasts rubbed against his chest. Her thighs pressed around his legs, trapping him beneath her. Something he certainly wasn't complaining about. The feel of the utterly gorgeous woman pressing down on him was almost more than he could bear. His arms wrapped around her, fingers running through her luxurious hair as she continued to kiss him. Her lips tasting of the tang of the sea. Her body supple, yielding, welcoming his every touch. Her own hands roaming over him as a musician might their prized instrument, coaxing moans and groans from him as he trembled with the power of her love song.

At last her lips broke from his, her eyes stormy with passion. Her breasts heaving with excitement. He gazed up at her, rapt with worship. With awe. With love bursting through him in a fountaining of emotion. She was incredible. Better than he'd ever dreamed as she leaned in and kissed him again. Filled him anew with trembling ecstasy.

And she was his.

All his.

Just the thought filled him with peace. With calm. Yes. This was what he needed. All of his ambitions had been a screen to protect himself from a woman so far out of his league. But it had only been a lie he'd told himself. A lie of fear of rejection, torturing him all this time. She wanted him.

And he would relish every moment.

Clarissa broke the kiss again, leaning back, looking fondly down at him. He in turn gazed up at her, panting. Wanton. Needy.

"Trevor," she breathed, reaching up, undoing the buttons of her jacket. "I'm going to make you all mine. You're going to drop out of here, because you don't need Titania to see me. You'll have me every night. Trevor... it's going to be so wonderful. I want you. Here. Now."

"Take me," he gasped, his trembling, eager hands helping her undress. Helping her shed her jacket, baring her plump breasts and the thin bra that cupped them. "I want you so much."

Clarissa giggled, the sound like silver bells as she rose, wriggling out of her skirt and panties. "And you'll have me," she breathed, her hands undoing her bra, slipping it off. Trevor's jaw dropped at the sight of those firm, large orbs. The subtle bounce as they came free, the nipples hard, needy nubs. "All of me," Clarissa hummed as her hands returned to either side of his head as she leaned in anew. "And I... will have all... of you..."

Trevor found himself kissing her again, and his hands finally found their way to her body. They grasped her hips, sliding along her smooth skin and the shimmer of her scales. Stroked the fullness of her firm, perfect ass. He moaned as one of her hands slipped between them, his belt clicking under her delicate touch. His zipper purring.

"Mnnn," he groaned as his manhood fairly ripped free, twitching with need. Arousal.

"A wonderful sound," Clarissa murmured before capturing him in another kiss. She rocked forward, her breasts rubbing against him as she eased upward, her hand guiding his cock towards the slick heat of her pussy. Trevor's heart hammered. His eyes grew wide as Clarissa lowered herself.

"Mnnnnn!" he moaned, eyes rolling back as she sank onto his lap, the tightness of her depths devouring his cock. He shuddered in utter ecstasy, groaning as Clarissa purred with happiness, her hips rocking, starting slow. Riding him in tune to the humming of her voice.

Gods.

Gods above, it was... it was everything he'd hoped it would be. Everything he'd dreamed! The slick tightness of her pussy squeezed and massaged him. Her breasts bounced against him. Her body rocked to their pleasures as his hands slid along her sides and hips.

Gods.

Gods, she was perfect. This was perfect. He'd been afraid so long. Afraid of rejection. Afraid of failure. He'd never dreamed this moment would come. It was like a dream. A song. A story that was happening to him.

He loved it.

Adored it.

Adored her.

The music which she hummed and moaned vibrated through him in tremors of pleasure. Her body rocked against him in delight. He could feel the crescendo building between them. The

rapturous score. The sound of angels singing as his orgasm rose with hers. As the beat of flesh on flesh drove them towards it like oars in the sea.

“Clarissa,” he gasped, even his voice in tune with her humming. His eyes drinking in her lovely face. “I... I love you. I love you!”

“And I,” she moaned as she rode him harder. Faster. Her breath hitching, yet she never lost the note. “I... love... youuuuuu!”

Her cry filled the room with her climax. Her pleasure rang out in their ears as she settled down atop him a final time. A cry of utter ecstasy as her body devoured his cock in that final note of completion. Her rippling inner walls convulsed with her orgasm, and the triumphant feel surged over Trevor, lifting him on a wave of bliss. He cried out with her, his voice a perfect counterpoint to her own. A song of long and completion at last delivered to them both.

The moment seemed to last an eternity. But even eternity will end. Slowly. Wonderfully. Trevor sighed as he sank into the chair under Clarissa, feeling spent. Satisfied. And oh so very good.

“Mmm. Well, Trevor?” she asked, looming over him with a tantalising smile. “Shall I get those discharge papers for the university?”

“Yes please,” he whimpered happily.

Clarissa beamed. “Wonderful. And when I do,” she added, leaning in closer, her eyes gleaming in adoration as she tenderly stroked his cheek, “shall I get our wedding papers all drawn up too?”

Trevor shivered in excitement. “Yes. Love that.”

“Good boy,” she cooed, leaning in and kissing him again. Slow. Passionate and gentle.

Trevor soaked it in, moaning softly in joy. It was everything he dreamed. Everything he wanted.

Everything he could have hoped for... from Titania...