



Titania University

Be the Man You Were Meant to Be.

With a sense of pride Zack read those words on the brochure again. There weren't a lot of men that were invited to attend Titania. In fact, until a decade ago, it had been an all-female school. Not only that, but it had been one that catered almost exclusively to demi-humans. So to be a human and get accepted? Well, needless to say he appreciated the honour.

And it had been an honour. Admissions had made that very clear when they gave him the good news, explaining how only the choicest of male students were admitted.

And now he was here.

But where was the orientation officer?

He looked about the campus, adjusting his grips on his bags. Miss Cutter was supposed to meet him by the front doors on the hour, but it was now fifteen minutes past and no sign of her. He was starting to get worried.

And he noticed he was getting a fair bit of notice.

He nervously shifted from one foot to the other, trying to avoid looking at the girls around campus. Of course, he knew Titana was the biggest and most prestigious college in the country that accepted monster girls. And he'd be lying if he said that hadn't played some role in his decision to attend. Still, he wasn't used to this much attention. Some goblin maids near the trees kept shooting him glances and giggles, and he was sure those three centaur girls had walked by at least half a dozen times by now. He caught himself fixing his hair again and swallowed nervously.

"Zachary Newfeld?"

"Huh? Sorry?"

He whipped about and started back a step, finding an absolutely gorgeous woman in front of him. She wore a prim jacket and almost scandalously high skirt, while silver scales shimmered on her neck and cheeks. Small fins flicked instead of ears, while lustrous black hair framed her face. Her eyes had a certain... reptilian quality about them, he couldn't help but notice. But far from being unnerving, Zack found them oddly intriguing.

She smiled, "Clarissa Cutter," she said, putting out her hand. "Orientation supervisor."

"Oh, ah, hello," he said, taking her hand and shaking it. "Nice to meet you."

"Likewise," she said, flashing a brilliant smile, her voice sonorous and sweet, like a wave of gentle sound carrying him away. "Sorry for the delay. We've had quite the crop of freshmen. Were you waiting long?"

"Oh, no. No. Not at all."

"Excellent. Shall we?"

She opened the doors and ushered him inside, smoothly taking the lead.

"I hope you appreciate the privilege being bestowed on you," Cutter said as they walked down the polished hallways of the school, her heels clicking rhythmically.

"I do. Really!" he insisted. "And I intend to do my best to honour the rich culture of the school."

"Yes. About that," she said with a sideways glance. "I'm sure you've heard some things about the low graduation rates of male students."

"I have," he admitted.

She nodded along. "Yes. You see, unfortunately, a number of our attendees tend to come to Titania for, shall we say, less than academic reasons."

He felt his face warm. "I ah, assure you, ma'am, I'm absolutely dedicated to getting my degree."

"Let's hope so," she said with a sweet smile, yet the subtle teasing in her tone slid through him with a strange shiver of nameless anticipation, and made his manhood pulse and harden in his pants. "But all the same," she continued, her voice tugging him back to the present, "we have a daily orientation class in the afternoons for our male students. One of the projects we've undertaken to increase retention."

"Is it uh, mandatory?"

She nodded sympathetically. "I'm afraid so. But not to worry. I try to make it engaging, and I hope you won't mind listening to me for an hour everyday."

Zack sincerely doubted he'd have a problem with that. Her voice was so soothing and relaxing, he felt like he could listen to it all day.

"I don't mind."

"Wonderful," Cutter said with another of those winning smiles that made him feel like he'd just stepped under a tropical sun. "I'm sure you'll make a splendid addition to our school."

Zack nodded along eagerly, resolving to do his best at Titania, if only not to disappoint the gorgeous woman. Especially if he'd be meeting with her every afternoon.

His own expectations about the college were more than satisfied as they toured the place, taking in the cafeteria, gyms, extensive libraries and study halls. All of which, he couldn't help but notice, were positively stuffed with female coeds of every race imaginable. And though he spotted more than a few male students, it always seemed like they were outnumbered by females at least two to one.

"The dorms are this way," Cutter said as they once more crossed the lawn and towards a tall brickwork building on the other side. "And there is... one thing I should warn you about."

"What?"

She gave him a backwards glance, for the first time looking a bit apologetic. "You see, due to the... periodic shortage of male students once the year gets in full swing, Titania has made the decision not to segregate the dorms by sex. It just complicates things unnecessarily when the boys clear out. We keep the rooms male and female only, but am afraid that you'll be sharing the dorm with a number of female students. You don't have a problem with that, do you?"

"I don't see why I would," he replied.

She beamed and stopped before the doors. "Wonderful. Now, this is your key," she said, producing one from her pocket. "Room two two one. I'm sure you'll enjoy your time here at Titania. And, of course, I'll be seeing you tomorrow at four sharp in the Shimmer Annex. I'm so looking forward to helping you adjust to your future here."

Again, Zack felt that thrill of anticipation at her words. "Me too," he said.

She gave him a last smile and left him at the door to the dorms.

He watched her go, knowing he shouldn't stare at the way her ass rocked in her skirt, but unable to quite resist. When she was out of sight, he finally made his way inside, climbing to the second floor and hunting down his room. It took him some time to find it, but when he did, he tried the key and teased it open.

His dorm was about what he expected, consisting of two beds on either side of the room along with a pair of desks. One side was barren, but the other was clearly occupied, the bed heavy with bags, while a poster of an amazingly busty woman with cow horns graced the wall, framed by Christmas lights.

As he stood in the doorway, Zack heard the familiar sound of a shower from the room's shared bathroom. Making his way towards the unoccupied side of the room, he dumped his bags onto the bed.

The hiss of the shower cut off and Zack heard the thumping of someone moving around. A few minutes later the bathroom door opened to reveal a fit young man in a pair of loose pants and no shirt, a towel covering his head as he dried himself off. As the towel came free, it revealed a head of lanky brown hair and two surprised eyes.

"Hi," Zack said. "Name's Zack."

"Oh, hey. You must be the roommate," the stranger said with a lazy grin. "Name's John. Nice to meet you."

"Thanks. Already chosen your space?" Zack said, nodding at the messy bed and lights.

"You know it," John winked, tossing aside the towel and sauntering to his bags. "Not that I expect to be spending too much time in here."

Zack frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Come on, man," John chortled as he pulled on a shirt. "You kidding me? Getting into a school that's seventy percent hot monster girls? You better believe I'm going all in on this. Doubt I'll be in this room at all with all those hotties looking for a guy to share their bed. Right?"

Zack frowned. Not that he was surprised. As Cutter had said, there was going to be some male students like that. Zack was just annoyed he was going to be rooming with one who so clearly didn't appreciate the opportunity they'd been given. "That so?" Zack said neutrally as he pulled clothes from his bag.

"Oh yeah," John said, tugging on his shoes. "Going to really enjoy my school life. Get me?"

"I do," Zack said as he put his things into his dresser. "But I'm really more focused on classwork."

"C'mon," John said with a wry look at him. "You really didn't think about getting laid when you got here? Really?"

Zack cleared his throat. "Well, I mean..."

John guffawed. "Of course you did! Every guy here is coming to get some of that sweet monster girl tail."

"That would explain why men so rarely graduate," Zack muttered.

"Eh," John said, shrugging. "Some guys might not be able to handle it. Especially with the rumours."

Zack paused and glanced back. "Rumours?"

"Sure," John said as he finished lacing up his shoes. "You must have heard them, right? That the reason most of the guys don't finish is because they fall in love with a girl here? Drop out to marry her? C'mon, you have to have heard that bit."

"Not really. But, well, seems unlikely."

"Too true. I mean, monster girls are great for a quick fuck. But marrying them? C'mon?"

Zack scowled. "Nothing wrong with it, in my opinion," he replied.

"Sure. Sure. Whatever you say," John said, pushing himself off his bed and to his feet. He smoothed back his hair and grinned into a nearby mirror. "As for me, I'm going on the prowl. Rawr!"

"Good luck," Zack said, not really meaning it. If John noticed he didn't show it, instead strolling out of the room with a lazy saunter.

Zack sighed and turned back to his new dresser. Pulling out more of his clothes, he cocked his head as he heard the door open again. "Forget something?" he asked without turning around.

"Maaaaaybe."

The feminine drawl made him start, but before he could turn around a pair of arms looped around him and tugged him back against a soft chest. His head whipped about in surprise and he found himself almost nose to nose with a strikingly lovely face. Eyes with reptilian slit pupils in spiral rings sparkled impishly amid a mane of copper hair. A brush of scales gleamed on her cheeks, and a hint of fang was revealed in her grin. She wore a t-shirt with the words *ManEater* warped by the curve of her breasts, while a skirt hid her hips, but not so much he didn't see her lower body was that of a snake

"S-sorry!" Zack gasped. "Who..."

"Just your neighbour from across the hall," she purred, squeezing him again, in more ways than one. He suddenly felt a tightness around his legs and looked down to find serpentine coils wrapping around him. "Name's Sammy."

"O-oh. Nice to uh, meet you. I think," he gasped. "I'm Zack. But uh-"

"Sorry," she giggled, though she didn't look apologetic. She did take her arms off him, though her lower half remained tight about him. "When I saw you in here, I just couldn't resist having a little fun."

"Er, right. Thanks. But the, uh..."

"Oh, don't mind my tail," she said dismissively. "I swear, it sometimes has a mind all its own!"

"Kinda hard to ignore it," Zack replied as her coils slid further up his thighs and to his hips. If they went much further, they'd come across the unmistakable bulge in his pants.

"It's because you keep tensing up. If you relax, it won't think you're prey."

“Relax?”

“Sure! You gotta learn how to relax around here. Or college will just gobble you up!” she giggled. “Want some help with it?”

“I-”

“I know some very good techniques,” she said, her voice dropping a little. Becoming sly and sonorous as she moved in close again, her t-shirt stretching wide across her bust. Soft breasts outlined sharply by the fabric, warping the logo like the letters were being stretched across a pair of basketballs. “In fact, that’s what I’m taking. Massage Therapy. How about you?”

“Oh, uh, Transportal History.”

“Oooh, bit of a dry subject. And not much money in it,” she noted.

Zack tried not to wince. He knew only too well it wasn’t a very practical degree. But it was what he was interested in, and what he would take.

“It’s an interesting fi-ield!” he gasped as the coils slid up around his waist, rubbing his bulge in a very unsubtle way.

“I bet. Pretty intensive too. Takes lots of... concentration.”

“Er, s-some,” he admitted in a tight voice.

She gave him a knowing look. “Mhmm. Well, I think I think I’d better keep an eye on you,” Sammy said, tapping a finger to his nose, her eyes flashing with amusement. “I bet you’re gonna need a fair bit of... help. But be careful,” she added teasingly, her finger stroking his cheek before sliding off with a flick to his chin. “Cute guy like you will have lots of interest soon. Reaaaal soon.”

“What?”

“Nothing,” she giggled, her tail loosening from around him as the lamia sidled out of the room with a backwards wave.

Zack watched her go, shifting his weight from one foot to the other as he felt his cock throb in his pants. He shivered again at the memory of those scales. The intensity of her eyes.

But he steeled himself. He wasn’t here to date, after all. He was here to study. To graduate. With conviction he resumed putting away his clothes.

And tried to ignore the needy throbbing in his pants...

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Zack yawned, his hand fanning his mouth as he plodded up the stairs of the dorms. He’d known that his chosen subject would be difficult. But maybe he hadn’t quite appreciated just how difficult it would be. Transportal science was a heavy subject, and took a lot of effort. Especially given the professor tended to single him out a lot. Something he didn’t appreciate, given how much attention the female students gave him as a result. He practically ran out of the room at the end of class.

Though, avoiding his fellow students wasn't the only reason for that. Or his exhaustion. To be fair, he kind of suspected that had more to do with orientation.

Zack berated himself with frustration. Though he'd been attending Cutter's orientation class, he only ever seemed to come away drowsy and heavy headed. Just listening to her voice seemed to take all he had. That sweet, wonderful voice. So smooth and lyrical it was like listening to a song that ferried him away on soothing waves. It was a struggle not to close his eyes and just... fall asleep listening to her. He knew some of the other male students were, but she never seemed to notice.

Even then, though he managed to stay awake, he never seemed to remember what was talked about in there. He was only glad there were no tests for it. Especially since he came away from them so tired. He groaned as he plodded up the stairs, reaching his floor, and smiled in relief as he saw his room. He couldn't wait to get in there, get into bed, and just...

"Oh you have got to be kidding me," Zack moaned as he spotted the sock on the doorknob. Fucking hell. Every night like this! It never seemed to fail that John had some girl over when Zack got back. Honestly, he was starting to wonder if John went to any damn classes.

And John was definitely in there. Zack could hear the moans and thumps of bed posts against walls. And likewise, Zack knew that banging on the door to try and get the pair's attention would be an exercise in futility. He'd tried that a few times with all of zero results, and when he brought it up later, John didn't seem to give a shit. Just off in his own little world. Zack sighed. He would just have to wait.

Again.

Of course, he grouched, this wouldn't be a problem if the last orientation session hadn't gone on for so long. Gods. Every time he finished them, he had such a headache. How was he supposed to study with all this bullshit happening?

"Fuck's sake," he snapped, slamming a fist on the door even though he knew it wouldn't do any good. "It's ten, dammit! I need to sleep!"

Moans and pants were all he heard and Zack banged his head into the door, resting it there with a groan. Dammit. Was he really going to end up spending the night in the cafeteria again?

"Problems?"

Zack turned his head to find Sammy in the doorway across the hall, the lamia leaning against the frame and giving him a knowing smirk. He also couldn't help but notice that she was only wearing a sports bra to restrict the immensity of her bust.

"Just... locked out of my room. Again," Zack said, trying not to sound bitter and knowing he failed utterly. "My roommate is having some... fun."

Sammy's smirk widened. "Aw. Poor thing," she crooned, sidling out of her room and towards him. "What are you going to do?"

He sighed and shrugged. "I guess go study in the cafeteria again."

"Oh no no! We mustn't have that," she said, her tail sidling around him.

Zack barely bothered to notice. Sammy's tail always seemed to be touching him whenever they met. Which was often. Though he'd been put off from her at first, he'd grown unexpectedly comfortable around her. Largely because she always seemed to pop up wherever he was, and had little concept of personal space.

And to be fair, he wasn't against getting to know the gorgeous snake-girl. He just... wasn't sure how to deal with her. She was very forceful. He hadn't thought he liked that in a girl, but Sammy had a way about her that put him at ease.

"Not like I have a lot of choice," he told her with another look at the sock.

"Of course you do. Just stay in my room until they finish."

He gave her a startled look. "Your room?"

"Sure. My roommate is never around anyway. And it's quite cozy. Promise," she said, her tail drawing him in towards the door like a fisherman reeling in a trout.

Zack wasn't too sure about that. But as her spiral eyes gazed into his with that hopeful look, he found his arguments dying on his tongue. And... it would save him an awful lot of walking to and from if he did stay with her for a bit.

"I... guess I could..." he said.

"That's the spirit. Now, come along," she purred, drawing him after her.

Zack followed the pull of her tail and found himself in a room almost the mirror image of his own in design. The same two desks and beds. The same single bathroom. Even the same solitary window between the beds.

But the decoration was considerably different. He had no trouble picking out which side belonged to Sammy. Clothes were strewn about and spilled from dresser drawers left hanging open. The sheets of the bed were in a tangle and practically lost among sumptuous pillows.

By contrast, the other side of the room was neat and primly made up, the bedsheets tucked in, the desk arranged in almost meticulous uniformity. Zack would have wondered if anyone even lived there, if not for the fact he was sure Sammy's mess would have migrated to the other side of the room if given the chance.

"Here we are," Sammy cooed, sidling onto the messy bed and depositing him beside her. She smiled at him, her long lashes fluttering as she nestled her chin in her hands and stared intently at him. "Feeling better?"

"More comfortable than the hall," he admitted.

"I bet."

He saw the tip of Sammy's tail tug the door closed. Only then did he realize the situation he was in. Alone in the room with the gorgeous snake girl, he suddenly felt his face warm and looked about uncertainly.

"So, uh..." he coughed. "I should maybe get to studying..."

"If you think it'll do much good," Sammy said as more of her tail wrapped about him, sliding around his midriff.

"Why uh, wouldn't it?"

"Remember what I told you?" Sammy asked with a knowing smile. "How bad stress is for studying?"

"I think so..."

"Well?" she said coyly. "You certainly sound stressed. Very stressed."

"I mean, yeah. But who wouldn't be?"

"Mmm. Want me to help with that?"

"You?"

"Sure," she said, drawing herself up beside him. "Didn't I tell you? I'm an expert in massage, and I can help make you so very relaxed."

"I... don't know..."

"Come on," she crooned, moving in closer, her eyes bright and gazing into his. A smirk on her lips. "I promise it'll be sooooo soothing..."

Zack opened his mouth, on the cusp of refusing again.

But as he gazed again into her bright, shining eyes, he felt the urge to refuse fade. His mouth slowly slide shut as he looked into those golden orbs. Why, the spirals of her pupils almost... seemed to swirl...

"I... guess it couldn't hurt," he said at last.

Sammy's smile widened. "Attaboy," she purred. "Now, let's get started. Go ahead and take your shirt off."

Still uncertain, but figuring that he may as well at this point, he grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it up. He felt himself warm under the intense gaze of the lamia as he bared his chest and abs. He didn't have much of an ego about it, but knew he was fit. And he swore he heard her whisper, "Nice."

"So uh, what next?" he asked.

"Next, we get you laid out on the bed," she said.

Zack yelped as the serpentine coils around his legs suddenly twitched him onto his back.

"Then we get you nice and tied up," she purred as her body slithered more securely around him, his arms suddenly pulled tight against his sides. Her coils wrapped about him head to foot, and he tensed with a sudden instinctive alarm as he felt her body lazily flex around him. As he sensed the power in her coils and realized he was at the mercy of them.

"Now now," Sammy giggled as she suddenly loomed above him, smirking down at him. Predatory. Dominating. "No use getting all rigid now. This is all part of the process."

"I-it is?" Zack said.

"Of course," she purred, her human half almost on top of him, her breasts hovering over his chest, her hands planted on either side of his head and her eyes right above his. "Lamia massage is very... special... indeed..."

Zack shivered beneath those eyes. The heat in them made him shift in her tight coils. Yet, strangely, he started to feel a bit... thrilled to have her wrapped around him. To have her coils lazily flex, squeezing and rippling around him in slow, heavy motions. To be surrounded by the gorgeous monster girl. Utterly at her mercy...

"There now," Sammy breathed as she lowered her face a bit closer. "Isn't that nice?"

"Y-yeah," Zack admitted as he gazed into her swirling eyes. Yes. They... they were definitely swirling....

"Don't you feel relaaaaaxed?"

"Yeah..."

"Don't you feel easy? Soft? All that tension just ooooozing out of you?"

"Yeah," Zack breathed, and realized it was true. He could feel the tension escape him. Hell, it almost felt like... like all of the tightness was being squeezed out of him.

"That's right," Sammy breathed, her voice almost as smooth as Cutter's. "So soooooft. So eeeeeasy. Just let it all out, handsome. Just look into my eyes. Look deep into them, Zack. Just look deep. Deep as you can go..."

Zack nodded vaguely. He did his best to follow her directions, and found it remarkably easy to do. Her eyes were like endless pools rippling before him. Drawing him from his body, yet always leaving him aware of every sensation. The gentle, subtle squeezing of the coils around him. The shudder of pleasure that ached through him. Even the feeling of her soft breasts coming down lower. Pressing into his chest. Soft and heavy and making his cock throb with desire.

"Does it feel good?" Sammy breathed, her voice faintly hissing, slithering into his ear and wrapping around his thoughts. "Does it feel so nice? So pleasant? So wonderful to give in and relax?"

"Yeah," he breathed again.

"Then do it," she whispered. "Just let all that tension go. Just relax for me, Zack. Just let those silly thoughts get squeezed out. All that tension pushing down. Down. Down into that big... throbbing... cock..."

Zack shifted where he lay, blushing at the suggestion, even as he found it oddly compelling. "I um..."

"Just relax, Zackie," Sammy crooned as her coils gave a particularly tight squeeze. "Don't worry about it. Just enjoy it. Just do as I say. Just listen to my voice, and let all your worries melt away..."

Zack found himself nodding. Found himself doing as she said. He shuddered softly, the tightness of her coils oddly pleasurable. Restricting. Yet exciting. He felt like her coils weren't just squeezing his body, but his mind. Massaging his thoughts until his scattered worries just... melted away, as she'd suggested.

He sighed, relaxing as commanded, and found it was amazingly easy to do as she said. To just let all that tension seep down into his crotch. To throb in his hardening cock.

"I can feel it, Zack," Sammy purred as her fingers danced down his naked chest and sides. Down and to his crotch. Her coils shifting so his bulge was bared, helpless as her palm pressed against it. Her fingers gently squeezing. Pumping him. Making him gasp and moan in ecstasy as she massaged his balls. "I can feel all those worries down in your cock. Filling up your balls. Poor boy. We need to take care of that, don't we?"

"Ah... Y-yeah," he gasped.

"That we do. That we definitely do," Sammy cooed, her face leaning in closer. Her eyes spinning with wonderful hues as her tongue slid hungrily around her lips. "Can I, Zack? Do you want me to? Do you need me to do whatever it takes to get that heavy... aching... tension and stress all out of you?"

"Y-yesssss," he groaned, arching beneath her.

"Just what I was hoping to hear," Sammy laughed, her fingers sliding to his zipper and tugging it down.

He gasped as his cock popped free, throbbing with desire. He heard Sammy croon as her fingers played along his manhood, stroking it slowly.

"Oh my," she breathed, her fingers wrapping around him, beginning to slowly pump him. "Look at that. You were really stressed. Look at how big... and thick... and full you are. Big and hot and heavy. But don't worry," she teased tenderly. "I'll fix that. I'll free you from all that heavy cum. All those heavy, tight thoughts."

"S-Sammy?" Zack gasped. "I um... is this..."

"It's all very technical," she murmured as she pumped him. "Very specific. I've gotten lots of lessons in it. So many. All to make good males nice and happy. Nice and relaxed. Nice and obedient. You want to be happy, don't you, Zack? You want to be obedient, right?"

"I um..."

She leaned in closer, her eyes thrumming. "Right?"

Zack stared into those eyes, his protests fading from his thoughts. And why would he argue? Hadn't he agreed? Didn't she know what was best? She was the expert here. She knew what he needed.

Yes.

Yes, there was no reason to doubt. To hesitate.

She knew best.

Sammy knew best.

"Y-yeah," he sighed, the tension oozing from him yet again.

Sammy smiled, her eyes lighting up, and the sight filled Zack with a strange pleasure that rushed through him like mulled wine.

"Good boy," she purred, leaned down, and kissed him.

Zack shivered with delight as those lips met his. He moaned in pleasure as her fingers pumped his throbbing cock. He shivered in ecstasy as Sammy's coils rippled and tightened around his helpless form. Squeezing him adoringly.

Zack wasn't sure when he started undulating in her coils. Squirming in her grasp. Thrusting into her pumping hand. He only knew that he couldn't stop. That it felt better than anything he'd known before. He only knew he had to cum.

Cum.

Cum!

"Mmm. Mmm! Mmmmmm!" he moaned into her kiss, shuddering as he came. His cock spurting into her stroking hand in sharp bursts of pleasure.

Sammy sighed in delight, her warm breath washing over his face as her fingers lazily stroked him a last few times, coaxing out the final few bursts of his seed. At last she lifted her lips from his, her eyes lidded and sated, her smile wide and amused.

"Mmm. Did you enjoy that?" she asked teasingly.

"Y-yeah," Zack gasped.

"And are you feeling more relaxed?"

Zack nodded happily. "Very," he agreed, realizing it was true. Even the headache he had from orientation was gone.

"How good to hear," she purred, her coils giving him another loving squeeze. "Which means I'm sure you'll be needing lots more relaxing, right? Gotta ace those assignments, right?"

"Uh..."

"Right," Sammy breathed, the rings in her eyes pulsing.

Throbbing.

Spinning.

Zeke blinked, then smiled and relaxed. "Yeah. Exactly," he said agreeably.

"Good boy," Sammy said, her body squeezing him again. "Good boy..."

#

Zack winced as he checked his marks on his latest assignment.

How?

How could this be happening?

He checked it again, as if he might have read it wrong, but no. It remained just above a failing grade.

Which meant that if he didn't pass the next exam...

"Fucking hell," he groaned, slipping his phone back into his pocket, his shoulders drooping as he trudged through the dorm. What was going on? He'd been completing all his assignments. Working so hard. Making sure he kept nice and relaxed in order to get the assignments done.

So how?

How was this happening?

He sighed, rubbing his face with his hand. Fuuuuck, he felt his shoulders tensing and stomach tightening with stress, sensations that seemed to torture him these days. Whenever something went wrong he just... well, felt confused. Like he was too dumb to figure it out. He had to get a fucking grip, or he'd fail! Fail like all the other guys in orientation class. When he first started with Cutter, there'd been over fifty male students. Now, he was one of just a handful. All the others had dropped out, he'd been told.

"Goddam it," he groaned, shaking his head and pushed open his dorm room.

And froze, staring blankly.

For a second he thought he'd walked into the wrong room (not an unusual occurrence these days), but a quick check showed that his side was still there. John's things, however, were gone, aside from a pair of boxes on the bed.

But the most startling addition to the room was a tall holstaur standing by the desk.

She'd turned in surprise at his arrival, the movement sending her chest wobbling in a way that instantly arrested his eyes before he could drag them away. She was tall and unbelievably busty, with a soft face that seemed made for smiling and did so at once. She wore cut off jeans that positively strained around her ample hips and rear, a short blouse pushed open by her bust and over a sports jersey. A pair of bovine horns broke from her wavy, straw blonde hair, which she brushed back as she smiled at him.

"Well hey there," the cowgirl said, her voice thick with a southern drawl. "You must be Zack."

"Uh... hi," he said. "Who..."

She laughed, which made her chest do some very interesting things. "How silly of me. Do forgive my manners. I'm Bess. John's girlfriend. How funny we haven't met. But I've heard a lot about you."

"You have?"

"Oh yeah. And I imagine you've heard a lot of me and John," she said with a wink.

Zack flushed slightly. "I uh, right. Where is John anyway?"

"Him? Aw, poor thing. I'm afraid he's done and dropped out."

"D-dropped out?"

"Sure! Turns out his grades were fallin' somethin' awful. Poor thing realized he just wasn't cut out for college life. But don't worry! He found his true callin'. Yes he did."

"Er, what's that?"

"Why, bein' a handsome hubby a course! And I was most happy to accept his hand in marriage."

Zack's jaw dropped. "Marriage? But, he... I mean..."

"Oh, I know," Bess said with a lazy laugh and wave. "That boy was a real player. But once he got a good feel of these girls, he just couldn't get enough!"

Zack felt his jaw drop as Bess cupped her breasts and gave them a teasing bounce.

"I uh... I..."

"And I bet you know what that's like. Don't ya, handsome?" she asked with a sly look his way.

"S-sorry?"

"Ya know," Bess said, lazily moving towards him, her chest bouncing in the tightness of her shirt. "Seein' a gal around the school. Gettin' a good gander at her assets. Maybe thinking about how much nicer it might be not to have ta study so hard? Work so hard? How much... easier it'd be ta just be a nice, happy house husband? Eh?"

Zack realized he was backing up and forced himself to stop. Which may have been a mistake as before he knew it Bess was right in front of him, the heavy orbs of her breasts right before his face, their subtle bounce arresting his attention. He felt his cock thicken in his pants. Dear gods, he swore he could hear a sloshing in those ample tits. He sucked in a breath, and the sudden scent of her body and the flowery perfume she wore made his head spin.

"I uh..." he stammered.

"You're a real cute one, darlin'," Bess said, her hand reaching out, stroking his hair, nudging him forward. "A real cutie. Why, hard ta believe ain't no one claimed you yet."

"O-oh," Zack gasped as his face was gently compelled into her chest. Against the immense heft of her breasts, a shudder working its way through him as he felt that perfect softness press around his warm cheeks, a wave of aching weakness radiating through him as her hands gently pet his head.

"Poor boy," Bess cooed as her arms folded him into an embrace. "Look at you. All helpless. Such a silly thing. But I'm willin' ta share myself between two cuties. I got two breasts, after all, and both a them could use some real... lovin'... attention..."

Zack groaned, his eyelids fluttering, his head swirling like he was drunk. Thoughts spun in clouds of pleasure and his body was hot with need and desire. So much so, he barely felt the coils wrapping around his chest and suddenly giving him a possessive squeeze.

"I'm afraid he's not up for grabs."

Zack blinked, Sammy's voice breaking through the fog in his head as her serpentine body tightened around him. He looked up at Bess and saw the holstaur looking past him with a wry smirk.

"Ain't he?" Bess asked sweetly. "But he's still a student this late in the year..."

"That's my business, cow. Not yours."

Zack looked uncertainly between the two women, feeling the tension crackle between them. At last, with a lazy shrug, Bess released him, Sammy's tail wrenching him back and against the lamia's body. The bovine beauty chuckled throatily and gave them a smirk.

"A'right. A'right. I can take a hint. But best be careful there, snake. Or that boy'll get snapped up lickity split."

Sammy hissed, and Bess merely chuckled again and strolled out the door.

Zeke watched her go, enthralled by the sight of her ass as it swayed with every step, her jeans flexing against those perfect curves until she was out of sight. He came back to himself as he felt Sammy's tail squeeze him again. He glanced nervously at the lamia, whose lips were pursed with thought and annoyance as she stared after the holstaur.

"S-Sammy?" he gasped.

Her eyes snapped to him and she smiled sharply. "Come with me, Zack. There's ssssomething I want to talk to you about."

"I uh... okay," Zack whimpered as she dragged him back into her room. He found himself being plopped back onto the bed with a grunt, Sammy's tail still wrapped around him.

The lamia loomed over him, thoughtful, lips pursed as her spiral eyes took him in, her expression unreadable.

"She may have had a point," Sammy finally mused to herself.

"Sorry?" Zack said.

A slight smirk graced her lips. He gasped, reflexively going limp as her coils flexed around him. "Poor boy," she cooed. "Poor, silly Zack. So deep under my sway you'd just melt for any pair of tits or gorgeous gal. It's my own fault, really. I'm just too good at what I do."

"S-Sammy?" he murmured blearily. "I don't... um..."

She giggled. "Did you really think the reason so few boys graduate here is because the courses are hard? I mean, they are. But they're not that hard. And did you really think, Zack, that all those orientation meetings were meant to make sure you understood the culture of the school? To help you graduate? Oh no. No no no. They're for a very... special... reason..."

“Ooooh,” Zack groaned as he felt her coils ripple around him. Pulse and ache through him, his toes curling in his shoes with relaxing pleasure. “Wh... what um, do you mean?”

Her smile widened. The spirals of her eyes beginning to lazily spin. “Simple, my sweet boy,” she sang. “All those precious meetings? That time spent in that dark room as Cutter goes over and over those pointless rules and slides? As her voice fills the room? They aren’t to help you get used to some campus culture. Oh no. You never even thought to wonder what Cutter was.”

“A um... a reptile?” he ventured blearily.

“No,” Sammy cooed as her tail gave him another mind-melting squeeze. “She’s a siren. And her pretty voice has been working so very hard to prime you. To get your mind all soft and defenceless so us sweet girls can swoop on in and just... brainwash you cute boys into happy husbands.”

Zack blinked, an inkling of fear working into him. “I... wh-what?”

“Did I forget to mention that?” Sammy said, her grin widening with wicked amusement. “Oooh, I probably shouldn’t tell you this, Zack, but I have to admit seeing that look on your face is just delicious! That uncertainty. That suspicion. That realization that you were never really meant to graduate from this fine institution. No no no,” she purred, moving over him, her eyes slowly spiralling with hues that seemed to suck at his thoughts. “Titania was made for boys like you, but mainly women like me. Women who are guaranteed an excellent career out of school, but have no time to go fishing for the right man. So the school takes care of that. Makes you boys all dumb and brainwashed and deliciously helpless to our control. Gives us a chance to pick our new, obedient, happy boyfriends and just... melt them into the perfect husbands.”

Zack gaped, his mind struggling to understand what she was saying. He blinked, the tug of her eyes almost irresistible. “You... you’re...”

“That’s right,” Sammy giggled, moving in closer above him, planting her hands on either side of his head, her breasts bouncing in her top as she looked down at him hungrily. “I’ve been brainwashing you to just adore my touch. Just give in to my coils. To relish being under the thumb of a big, busty babe from the moment my tail was all wrapped around you. Too relaxed to think. Too dumb to study. But just right to be my sweet, adoring, dumb bimbo husband.

“And doesn’t it feel goooood,” she purred as her tail gave another loving squeeze.

Zack moaned, shuddering in her grasp, his lips trembling as pleasure ached through him, urging him to do as she said. To relax and enjoy her embrace and her touch. “B-but I’m... I’m not y-yet...”

“Oh no. Not yet. That’s where the fun comes in,” Sammy purred. “I was lucky that dumb cow almost stole you away. I realized how close you were to giving in. To being utterly primed to be the best hubby a girl could ask for. But not quite there. So I’m going to do it now, Zack. I’m going to make you mine right now. I’m going to let you know exactly what I’m going to do so you can understand every bit of it, and then give in anyway.”

Zack panted, flushed, fear tingling through him at the revelation.

But there was worse.

Oh so much worse.

And that was the arousal that wormed through him like a fire.

Intoxicating. Shamefully delightful as he squirmed helplessly in the lamia's coils. Feeling the aching need throbbing from his balls and cock. The position was so familiar. So wonderfully the same. The feel of her entrapping coils squeezing and massaging him as he stared into her eyes as they spun and glowed. Feeling his body yearn to give in. So easy to sink. To give in despite all she was saying. The temptation not to fight.

To just...

Give in...

"It'll be so goood," Sammy purred, her voice seeming to vibrate in his bones. Throb in his thoughts. "To give in at last. To just quit. Why study? Why bother? Don't you like being in my coils? In my grasp? Don't you love all these days and nights when I've had you all wrapped up? Don't you enjoy sssssurrendering? Delight in jussst... giving in? No need to fight. You'll be sssso happy."

Zack whimpered, because he knew she was right. He would enjoy being under her control. Trapped in her coils. Helpless to her whims. His thoughts only about her. About pleasuring her. About doing whatever he could to make her happy and be a good husband.

"Every night we'd fuck," Sammy hissed, her forked tongue licking out, teasing his nose. "Every night I'd wrap you up. Squeeze you. Fuck you. Ssssink you into my eyessss. Deeper under my control. My own persssoal trophy hussssband. Sssso happy to be mine. Sssso enjoying my love. Won't that be wonderful?"

It would.

Dear gods, it would be wonderful. He could feel his body tremble, yearn to slip into that sweet oblivion. Blessed ignorance and eternal pleasure being promised. He whimpered as her coils again flexed.

And her fingers danced on his bulge.

"Sssso horny," Sammy whispered as she slipped down his pants. Drew out his cock. "Sssso needy. And I have just the fix, Zack. Just the thing to make you feel so good. So happy. So mindlessly wonderful. And all you need to do... is give... in..."

Zack groaned as her hand began to lovingly pump his cock. He couldn't stop his body from undulating, thrusting into her palm despite the shame of it. It was so gooooo! Again her coils constricted, holding him tight. Holding him helpless.

"Come on," Sammy whispered, leaning in closer, her breasts pressing into his chest, her eyes devouring him. "Do it for me, Zackie."

The sound of that pet name seemed to race down his spine with a tingle of unholy ecstasy, race into his cock and throb in his balls. He gave a great groan, head falling back as he felt the pleasure rush into him. The tension tightening as he stared into her eyes.

“Give in, Zackie. Be a good boy. Be mine. Give in. It’ll feel so good to cum. To cum that silly brain away. To give in to me. To be mine. Don’t fight it. Give in. Give in...”

“S-Sammy. Sammy. I... I... O-ohhhhh!”

Zack cried out as he felt that final peak of pleasure consume him. As he surrendered. As his cock throbbed and cum spurted from him in sharp bursts of pleasure. As his mind swam and sank beneath the waves of ecstasy. Dark waters that surged up and swallowed him whole.

And above him Sammy smirked, lazily milking his cock. Even as he remained hard. Throbbing. Horny despite the shuddering ecstasy that washed through him.

“Good boy,” Sammy purred as she manipulated her human half above his twitching manhood. As she eased down and pressed the delicate slickness of her pussy against his cock. “Gooood boy. Going to make it even better now. Going to make sure I milk every thought out of your head. Make you a perfect husband. A perfect boy utterly obsessed with me. Going to teach you how good it is to obey, Zackie. Going to make you all mine. Forever mine. And it’s going to be sooooo good.”

He gazed up at her, his face red, flushed, his lips panting and body tingling with pins and needles of pleasure and knew she was right.

He knew it would be good.

Wonderful.

Amazing.

He felt it in his bones.

Knew his chance to resist was now gone. The possibility of defying her was now behind him.

Her coils flexed again. He groaned in ecstasy as her lips descended on his and kissed him softly. Passionately. And his cock slipped into her slick pussy. Felt her inner walls flex and fuck him as she pulled him hard against her. Her hands stroking him. Confining him in her coils.

In her love.

In pleasure ever lasting...

#

“Dropping out, hm?” Miss Cutter said from the other side of her desk, giving him a knowing look.

Zack nodded eagerly. “Y-yes,” he gasped, squirming as the serpentine tail flexed and squeezed around him. “I ah... mnnn... th-think my life is taking... taking a d-different direction and that... um... that college is m-maybe not what I need in life.”

“Yes,” Miss Cutter said with a smirk at the lamia sitting in the chair beside him. “I imagine so. I suppose you found something a bit more... important in life, right?”

Zack nodded eagerly, biting his lower lip and groaning as he felt Sammy's hand in his lap, squeezing his bulge. "So true," the lamia cooed. "But then, isn't that what school is for? Learning more about yourself and the world?"

"S-so true," Zack gasped, gazing at her, eyes filled with love and devotion. Hearts pulsing in his pupils as he gazed at the seductive serpent.

Miss Cutter chuckled. "I understand," she said, sliding the form across the table. "Just sign here, and we can get everything sorted out."

Zack picked up the pen and put it to the line, and for the briefest moment hesitated. Then he felt a squeeze of serpentine coils, and he exhaled, relaxing again, and happily signed.

"Wonderful," Miss Cutter said, slipping the form out from under his pen. "And since we're so close to spring break, I assume you two have something in mind?"

"Naturally," Sammy cooed as her tail again squeezed Zack. "We're going to get married right away. I have the wedding all planned out."

"Really?" Miss Cutter said with an amused look between the pair. "And are you going to stay, Sammy?"

"Of course," she replied. "I've still got my studies to finish. But I'll be taking my darling husband for a quick honeymoon back home. My mom and sisters will take very good care of him while I'm finishing up school. And they live close enough I can head on up to spend the weekends with him. Doesn't that sound wonderful, sweetie?"

Zack moaned as her hand massaged his bulge, stroking his rapidly hardening manhood through his pants. He nodded eagerly. "Y-yes. Sounds... sounds g-good. Love you."

"I love you too," Sammy breathed, leaning over and kissing him fondly on the cheek.

Miss Cutter chuckled. "Now now. Save it for the dorm room you two."

"Yes ma'am," Sammy cooed, rising from her chair. "Come along, darling."

"Yes dear," Zack breathed, obediently following his serpentine bride, her tail tugging him after her like a leash. But he didn't mind. Sometimes, a husband needed a firm hand to keep him from going astray.

And he couldn't wait for the wedding, the honeymoon.

And especially to meet the family...