

Self Control - Part 4

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

Now fully a woman, the fraternity pledge learns the stakes are higher than just a place at the frat house. If he doesn't get control of himself he may end up a woman forever...

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I leaned against the door of the bedroom, hearing the muffled sounds of the party on the other side. I'd managed to squeeze into my clothes again but it was obvious they didn't fit right. My breasts had stretched my shirt beyond repair and the fabric was so thin across my chest my nipples were prominent.

The waistband of my jeans was cutting into my hips, even though I couldn't even get them fully zipped up at the front. The fabric was threatening to burst at the seams across my butt cheeks but hung loose around my thin legs. At the very best, I looked like a woman wearing her hookup's clothes, at worst...well, if Brandon knew what the challenge at my fraternity was, everybody would know exactly what happened.

I was stuck between a rock and a hard place; unable to leave this room but I couldn't very well stay here either. Already I could imagine the looks on peoples faces when I opened the door, no doubt Brandon was already bragging about his conquest; the odds of me getting out of here unnoticed were basically zero.

If I went through the door that is. My eyes slid to the window; I was on the second floor, then somehow climbing down into the garden and hoping nobody saw. Still, it was worth a shot. Awkwardly I shifted open the window and leaned out, squashing my new breasts against the sill and wincing; how did girls do anything with these getting in the way all the time? Luckily, this wasn't a tall house and I managed to lower myself out the window and drop to the ground.

Immediately my tiny new ankles gave out and I landed on my rump with a small gasp in the middle of some bushes. For a moment I froze, waiting for the inevitable jeers that thankfully didn't come. Quick as I could I dove for the side hedge, escaping the party all together and running for dear life down Greek Street.

Thankfully, seeing a woman in ill fitting clothes running like mad wasn't particularly rare during pledge week and nobody stopped me. I kept running, trying not to enjoy the

feeling of my butt and boobs bouncing as I did so, not stopping until I was safely tucked under my blanket back in my dorm room.

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I didn't expect to fall asleep, so it was a shock when I woke up the next morning rubbing sleep from my eyes and feeling a strange ache in my hips. The memories of last night came flooding back and I threw off the blankets to look at my naked new form.

Supple breasts, beautiful hips, long soft hair; female in every way. I swallowed nervously; I was in some serious trouble here. My pussy quivered remembering what it felt like to have Brandon inside me. The exquisite pleasure of him thrusting against my velvet walls made a shiver go down my spine and I felt a now familiar slickness forming between my folds before I refused to dwell on the memory any longer.

I needed to focus on the problem at hand; at least the strongest effects of the HyperSex should be out of my system now and I would be able to think clearly. If I just stayed here and managed to abstain from touching myself, everything would be fine. The Bimbathyrone would leave my system, I would change back and this whole nightmare would be over. I could walk back into the frat house, join and laugh about the whole thing.

Nervously I glanced down at my naked body once more and found a lump forming in my throat. Perhaps some clothing was in order, just to lessen the temptation. The only thing that even remotely fit was an older football jersey that hung off my frame and brushed against my mid thighs. At least it did a good job of hiding my curves. If I didn't look too hard I could pretend I was still male.

Although, my skin did feel different. The loose fabric wafted against it so gently and yet I could feel every inch. My nipples began to harden as the fabric teased them gently and I whimpered. A distraction, yes, that's what I needed. Just something to make me stop thinking about how nice that felt and how it might feel even nicer with a bit more pressure from a finger...

I practically dove for my phone, eager to pull up something distraction and distinctly non sexual. Funny animal video compilations or something but instead what I saw was an email. From Jackson.

Morning fellas!

If I can still call any of you that. That sure was a wild night, I have heard some stories let me tell you. Now, something to keep in mind I forgot to mention; if you let a guy cum inside you three times while like this, that's all folks! Say goodbye to your cocks,

they won't be coming back! Either way, enjoy your week. I look forward to seeing you Friday at the house to swear in anybody who's left.

Jackson

A cold sweat broke out over my body, I felt a drop slide down the gentle slope of my spine and disappear into the cleft of my ass. I'd already done it once! I was probably more womanly than any of the other pledges at this point! I bit my lip; I just had to avoid seeing anybody for a few days. How hard could that be?

I was not a slave to my baser instincts, it was just that Hypersex that had me acting out of sorts last night. I was sure. With renewed confidence I strode over to my mini fridge to make myself some breakfast. A few days lazing around my dorm, easy done. I might even crack open the books and get a head start on some of my subjects. Yes, everything was going to be fine.

My new found confidence left me as soon as I opened the fridge; in my excitement to pledge, I'd forgotten to stock it. I was going to have to go shopping.

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I was at least thankful nobody would ever know the busty brunette walking through the campus supermarket in nothing but an oversized football jersey was me. I wasn't the only one looking slightly dishevelled; there had been more than one wild party last night and plenty of the shop's visitors looked like they were still half drunk. Still, I felt as though there were a thousand eyes on me. What's worse, part of me liked it.

Each time I passed a man and his eyes dipped to where my breasts were hanging against my chest I blushed. Without a bra I had no choice but to let them hang; free to move at the slightest provocation. The eyes felt like red hot poker against my skin, but instead of pain they bought something far more tortuous; pleasure.

I grabbed a random assortment of instant ramen, drinks and snacks and quickly paid the cashier; trying very hard not to focus on how green his eyes were, how they sparkled under the fluorescent lights. Enough food for the rest of the week in hand I hurriedly made my way back towards my dorm while desperately trying to keep my mind straight, literally.

My eyes managed to find something to admire in every man I passed, especially the ones I could see admiring me back. Chiselled jaws, broad shoulders, towering heights; all things I never knew were turn ons for me until now. I tried keeping my eyes on the path ahead but that just resulted in me power walking right past my own dorm and straight into a wall.

No, not a wall, a window. I blinked away the confusion and blushed profusely as I noticed several people inside snickering at the dumb bimbo who just managed to walk straight into the large pane of glass. I rubbed at my forehead, hoping there was no mark forming when my eyes focused on what was on the other side of that glass. The moment I did I felt my mouth go dry.

The campus gym. The window was lined with treadmills where men with thick, strong legs were jogging; their packages bouncing up and down in their tight shorts for the whole world to see. Behind them were two men spotting each other at weights. One was bench pressing a huge dumbbell while his ripped arms shone with sweat.

Instantly I felt wetness spurt from my hole, soaking into the short briefs I'd slipped on beneath my oversized shirt. It was like a full buffet of man meat and my appetite soared. I couldn't blame this on the HyperSex, surely it had to be out of my system by now. So why did I desperately want to run in there and let one of those men plough me against a mirrored wall for the whole gym to see?

A sharp whistle made me jump and I realised one of the men on the treadmills was grinning at me.

"See something you like, babe?" He jeered and I felt my face turn red.

"I uh...ummmm..." My tongue felt thick in my mouth and the words wouldn't come, my eyes kept ducking down to where his shorts were, the front bulge prominent even though it was clear he wasn't hard.

"Tell you what, why don't we-"

"I have to go!"

The words blurted out and I was thankful; before he could say any more I turned on my heels and dashed down the side alley between the gym and another building. My body felt hot, especially my face and between my legs. I knew, on some level, that if I had let that man finish speaking I'd have agreed to whatever he suggested. A date, a quick fuck in the bathrooms, anything.

What the hell was wrong with me? I was so damn horny I was genuinely worried that I might jump a random on the way back to my dorm if I didn't do something. I bit the inside of my cheek and looked down at my heaving chest. I was already fully a woman, so masturbating couldn't hurt, right? Yes it might take me longer to change back but it was better than having another man cum in me; no matter how badly I wanted that right now.

Hurried, I bunched the shirt around my waist and held it in place as I plunged a hand into my pants. The soft pad of my ring finger came to press against that wonderful bundle of nerves that was my clit. It was so desperate to be touched it was almost as hard as my nipples and the moment skin made contact I couldn't help but wail.

The sound was pornographic and only fuelled my touch as I began to furiously rub at my clit, circling it, pressing it, trying all manner of different touches to test out the different kinds of pleasure I could elicit. My hole burned, begging to be filled but I couldn't bring myself to move my hand away from my clit. It felt too good. I was wrong before, I was a slave to my baser instincts. No better than a cheap whore; because if you put a gun to my head and told me to stop touching myself I still don't think I'd be able to.

With a gasp of ecstasy, I came. Slickness coated my briefs and threatened to seep through onto my legs as they trembled. I was leaning against the alley wall, trying so very hard not to focus on how my hole was still aching. The masturbation hadn't helped at all, if anything I felt even hornier now than I had a few moments ago.

The sound of a door opening made me freeze and I looked up in horror to see the man from the gym window looking at me with wide eyes as his face split into a predatory smile. My hand was still in my pants, my face flushed from orgasm.

“Well, what do we have here? I guess you didn't reject me after all.”