

Self Control - Alternative Ending

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

I woke up feeling groggy; my eyes were sticky and half glued together by the thick mascara I'd fallen asleep wearing and I could feel the oily smudge of lipstick across my cheek where I had wiped at it in the night. I sat up and groaned, feeling my spine pop as I stretched and rubbed the sleep out of my eyes. It had been a long day; the effects of which were all over my bed. A veritable forest of clothes I'd bought on impulse for no good reason. I'd become addicted to seeing my sexy body in different styles; even the conservative ones somehow looked good. Before I knew it, I was at the makeup counter, paying for look after look while the tired make up artist cleaned my face and started from scratch over and over.

I'd done girly looks, punk looks, goth, preppy, hyper stylised; all of it. And all of it felt good and new. I'd never realised just decorating my body could be so much fun. Then again, I'd never had a body worth decorating. It had also had the desired effect of tiring me out. Even though my pussy had ached and yearned for more, I had sated my need with shopping, rather than another orgasm. It had been hard; but worth it.

I leaned back on my hands and looked down at my naked chest; I'd decided to forgo clothing all together for my last night as a woman so I could feel the sheets against my soft skin one last time before it turned hairy and coarse again. My breasts were still there of course but they had started to shrink...no wait, they hadn't. My brow furrowed as I sat up straight and lifted them with my hands, feeling the weight and heft. They felt just as full and bouncy as yesterday, but that couldn't be right surely.

I rummaged through the piles of clothes I'd bought home with me before finding a beautiful cream and black lace bra. It had been my favourite purchase yesterday because it fitted perfectly, almost as if it had been moulded to my breasts. With practised ease I slipped into it only to find that it was the same; a perfect fit. The very thing that had brought me so much joy yesterday now made me feel as if a cold bucket of water had been dumped over me.

My breasts should have gotten smaller; I hadn't cum in hours, well over twelve at the very least! So why wasn't my body changing? I'd been careful! I was sure I hadn't had three men cum in me, even though I desperately wanted them to on some level. There had to be something else going on.

I leapt to my feet and began to pace, there had to be a solution for this. Jackson; he was the one who'd set this all in motion. He would have the answers. My blood boiled with

anger; had he lied? What if it only took two times to make the change semi permanent? Or, even worse, what if cumming had nothing to do with it at all? What if the changes were totally random and Jackson had just been fucking with me this entire time? Hazing rituals were supposed to test people, even be humiliating but this had gone too far. Yes, it had been fun but I was getting a little sick of things being out of control.

I threw clothes this way and that until I found the matching pair of panties for my bra, then reached for a pair of slimming jeans. My hand hovered over the fabric...this was definitely my last day as a woman, I was sure. So why not enjoy it as much as possible? My hand moved to a short mini skirt and matching singlet top. The shirt was pale pink with a tiny black bow in the centre that drew the eye to my cleavage. I don't know exactly why but it brought a smile to my face.

As did the looks I got as I crossed campus; the clicking of my heels against the concrete alerting anybody in front that I was coming. I couldn't help but enjoy the high as being noticed for all the right reasons, I walked straight and people moved around *me* for once. I flicked my long hair over my shoulder and did my best to turn my satisfied smile into an annoyed smirk by the time I reached the fraternity house.

As I reached for the door to knock the door flung open and a woman stumbled out. Her face was freckled and flushed red and one of her earrings was missing, her feet were bare and she clutched a pair of heels to her chest. Our eyes met and she turned an even deeper shade of crimson.

“Uh, sorry! Hazing went uh...bye!”

It took me a moment to understand what the stammering had meant; could that have been another pledge like me? Turned into a woman by the Bimbathryone? I suppose there was no way to tell at this stage; we were both fully female, indistinguishable from those born that way.

The other woman had left the door open in her wake, revealing a messy frat house hall, strewn with the evidence of a party. I'd not checked my emails since that first one from Jackson, I'd gotten so caught up in enjoying myself as a woman I had totally forgotten about the hazing rituals. They had probably planned other challenges and assumed I was a no show. Somehow, my greatest desire, to be a big man on campus and impress the fraternity, had been completely forgotten. Even now as I thought about it; I couldn't muster much annoyance; it didn't seem that important anymore.

I let myself in and peered into the lounge; several of the men were asleep on the couches, one even had a lampshade on his head. I'd never seen that outside of cartoons and it made me snort with laughter. Clearly they were all pretty hung over though, since

none of them even stirred at the sound, nor the clinking of bottles I accidentally kicked as I walked the halls and headed upstairs.

I peered into a few of the rooms, finding most occupied by a sleeping frat brother, sometimes alone but more often than not with a woman. My knees felt a little weak and my heart burned with jealousy for those women and what they had experienced last night while I was trying to satisfy myself with clothes.

Embarrassment flushed my cheeks at the thought; I was jealous of women who got to be fucked. How had I gotten this far gone? I really needed to get a hold of myself, more importantly, I needed to get my original body back. Once these urges were gone, I would be able to think clearly and punch Jackson right in the face as he so rightly deserved after messing with my head like this.

Eventually I pushed open a door and saw the face I was looking for. Jackson was sitting up in bed, wearing nothing but his boxers looking at his phone with a bored expression on his face. The bedside table had a half empty box of condoms, a drained glass of water and an empty blister pack next to it. As well as a single gold earring, a match of the one the girl who rushed outside had been missing.

"It's on the table." Jackson drawled, pointing to the earring, not bothering to look up from his phone.

My anger burned anew; the sheer audacity of this man! I cleared my throat and he finally glanced away from the screen before his eyes widened in surprise.

"Who the hell are you?"

"Who am I?!" I cried, "I'm one of the poor sods you drugged the other day!"

"Woah." he breathed, his eyes moving up and down my body. "Looking good. I'd never have guessed."

I grimaced, crossing my arms over my chest and began to tap my foot, waiting for the penny to drop. Jackson just kept looking at my body with that cocky smile before he suddenly froze; realisation flashing across his face. I expected horror, perhaps even guilt but instead he threw back his head and *laughed*. The fucking prick; he was actually laughing at me!

"Holy shit dude! Or should I say girl. Wow, I didn't think there would be more than one of you staying this way."

“So that girl I passed at the door was one of the other pledges you fucked over.” I replied coolly.

“Well, fucked yes, but fucked over? No.” Jackson smiled smugly. “And hey, it’s your choice.”

“Choice? Choice!? I didn’t choose to stay this way! I was so damn careful about that whole cumming thing. So clearly you lied to me about something, so spill and tell me how to change back.”

Jackson gave me a funny look and then started to laugh again; this time it was a full belly laugh that echoed around the room and my skull. My hands curled into fists in frustration as he seemed unable to contain himself. Jackson wiped away a tear and managed to clear his throat.

“Oh my god, you’re serious.”

“Yes I am serious!”

“Girl, you’re not like this because of the cumming thing, that was just me messing with you all.”

“So you admit it!” I pointed a finger accusingly at him.

“Big surprise, you got messed with while pledging to a fraternity; did you also not realise the sky is blue?”

I began to grind my teeth and Jackson held up his hands in defence, finally stepping out of the bed and walking towards me. He was in nothing but a pair of tight black boxers that did nothing to hide just how much he was packing. I tore my eyes away and back to his face, though they took a wandering path across his muscled chest and broad shoulders; I couldn’t let myself feel attraction to this asshole!

“Alright, I’m going to spell it out for you.” Jackson sighed dramatically with a roguish grin. “Bimbathryone has a psychological component, if you want to stay transformed, you can. At least with the pills I used. The orgasms just jump start the process”

I blinked in confusion.

“But I don’t want to stay like this!”

“Uh, yeah, you do.” Jackson said as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. “Otherwise you’d be changing back. I’m betting that started to happen a few times already but once your subconscious decided its mind was made up, it stopped.”

“But...but...” I stammered.

That couldn’t be true; all that rationalising I’d done wasn’t me trying to put off the inevitable, it was just me trying to make the best of a bad situation, right? Yes I’d had fun, a lot of fun, and being a woman had me feeling more confident and at home in my own skin than I ever had as a man but that didn't mean anything!

“You’re lying!” I yelled, “You’re messing with me again!”

“Look girl,” Jackson sighed, “I’m not about to try and help you through your gender crisis. That’s a you thing. I swear to you, I’m telling the truth, take it or leave it. Unless you wanna hang here and keep me company, you can go deal with yourself somewhere else.”

I stamped my foot down on the ground and huffed.

“I...okay maybe there is some truth to what you’re saying.” I pouted, “I have been enjoying myself...a lot.”

“Especially on the HyperSex, I bet.” Jackson chuckled, “It’s a wild time.”

“Speaking from experience?” I teased and to my surprise he nodded.

“Hells yeah, done my share of Bimbathryone. Of course, I changed back, cause I am all man deep down to my core-not that there's anything wrong with being a lady!” He chuckled awkwardly as I gave him the side eye. “And hey, you’ve transitioned remarkably well, your clothes are fire, girl.”

I couldn’t help but blush a little at that.

“I went shopping.” I admitted slowly, “I bought...a lot.”

“I don’t think you would have done that if you really wanted to change back.” Jackson pointed out and I winced with embarrassment; he had a point.

We stood awkwardly for a moment before I realised he was close enough that I could feel the heat from his body wafting onto mine. He stank of sex; clearly he and that other former man had plenty of fun last night.

“Gotta say,” He mused, “You probably turned out the best out of everybody.”

His hand reached forward, slow enough that his intent was clear and that I could step back if I wanted to. I remained rooted in place and his fingertips brushed along the hairs that framed my face before sneaking under them to cup at my cheek. The touch was warm, yet it made me shiver and something inside me stir.

I hated to admit it; but Jackson was hot. Basically the perfect image of what people imagined when they pictured a fraternity brother. Muscled, tanned, perfect teeth and a wide smile with glinting, mischievous eyes. His hair was still tousled from that other woman’s fingers and I felt a strange surge of jealousy; an urge to claim him as my own and wipe away all traces of any other woman.

It was a confusing set of feelings; I was still pissed at Jackson, but I was also attracted to him; was this what people meant when they talked about hate sex? The idea of channelling all this frustration and anger into something so fun sent a thrill through me and I found myself grinning; an expression mirrored Jackson’s face. He could read me like a book, and I loved and hated it at the same time.

“You know, I sort of have a thing...”

“A fetish?” I teased.

“For girls who used to be guys.”

“Is that why you make pledges to take Bimbathryone? You get off on watching them change.”

It was Jackson’s turn to blush.

“Yeah. Hey, I took it myself once, so I know how it feels. I ain't no hypocrite.”

“Or an English major I hope.”

“Oh shush.”

“Make me.”

He did, in the best way possible. It was a rough kiss, with more teeth than I usually enjoyed but somehow, Jackson made it work. He ran the hard teeth across my soft lips and it elicited the most lovely moan from my throat.

His hand moved down to my chest, then to my side where it found the hem of my shift and without warning lifted it off and threw it across the room. He pulled back and looked down at the lacy bra covering my tits and smirked; my blush spread across my curves and I felt the urge to step away.

“D-don't read into this! It's hard walking around without a bra, I needed the support...for my back!”

“Excuses excuses.” Jackson grinned, turning me toward the mirror that faced his bed. “You're all woman now, face it.”

The person in the mirror was definitely the epitome of femininity. Her curves, her smooth skin, her flushed cheeks with the soft jawline...but it was just temporary. It had to be. I refused to let go of that last vestige of my old self, even if part of me really wanted to. I didn't have the mental energy to focus on it anyway once Jackson pressed his chest to my back and began massaging my breasts, slipping a finger inside each cup to press at my nipples.

I gasped, grinding my ass back into his crotch and feeling the bulge in his tight boxers. The rough fabric of my jean skirt rubbed against him and it was Jackson's turn to groan. The sound felt almost physical, racing through me and making me shudder as his fingers moved to my waistband. He could have removed the skirt entirely but instead he just bypassed it, pressing a finger into my panties and over the small mound of hair there.

He paused right on the precipice, the tease, he wanted me to admit I wanted it. He was giving me one final chance to back out and it almost made me pissed off.

“I remember what it feels like.” He whispered in my ear, his breath brushing against the shell of my ear. “

His finger parted my folds easily, I was already wet and my legs spread almost without my thought. To my surprise, Jackson was gentle, stroking his fingers up and down so the rough pad at the top of his finger brushed against my clit and then down to my hole. It was almost tender; or at least it would be if his smile wasn't so predatory. I could tell he was loving this; how helpless I was against my own urges. Damn him and his wonderful, bliss inducing fingers that I couldn't bring myself to stop.

I relaxed back into him, letting his other hand wander over my chest and play with my tit. I could feel the hooks at the back straining as he struggled to fit his whole hand under the cup. Eventually the pressure was too much and the thin wire hook bent and the bra fell off my to the ground. Now He had unfettered access and he made good use of it, squeezing my nipple in an attempt to make me keen.

I bit my tongue, trying to hold back a moan; I didn't want this guy to know just how much I was enjoying this but between his two hands working me and his cock pressing into the cleft of my ass with only his boxers between us, it was a losing battle. My hips began to stutter as he pleasure built and Jackson stopped playing with my clit long enough to remove his own underwear, then my own.

As he pressed his cock back against the cleft of my now bare ass I finally gave in, shuddering and giving a breathy moan of anticipation which Jackson copied.

“Fuck, you sound so hot. You make such a good girl.”

A shiver of irritation but also pleasure moved down my spine at his words. I glared at him in the reflection of the mirror, trying hard not to let go of that final stubborn part of myself.

“Ready?”

“Oh yes.” I sighed before I could stop myself.

I sank to my hands and knees, locked on my reflection in the mirror, all I could focus on was how hot I looked. How well I could move this body. There was nothing to gawk at anything, I wasn't awkward anymore either. I moved with such sensual grace it took my own breath away and I remember how everybody had been looking at me on the way here.

Jackson thrust in slowly, forcing me to watch as my mouth dropped open and a low, desperate moan forced its way out of my throat. I'd never considered watching myself have sex before; then again, I wouldn't have been much of a show as a man. Now though...

"Enough teasing, let's fuck!"

Jackson pulled out then thrust back in again, hard enough to knock the air from my lungs and I found myself laughing breathlessly trying to get it back. I felt so good, the pleasure between my legs seemed to be infecting every part of my mind as I stared at myself in the mirror. Tits wobbling back and forth below me. I looked so damn good; fuck it, maybe Jackson was right. No man couldn't look so wonton as I did; I really was a woman.

"I made you this way." Jackson gloated, "Fuck, that's how sexy I am, I made a straight dude turn into a girl, and now you love to be fucked, don't you?"

I hissed through my teeth, stopping the word 'yes' escaping.

"Just admit it, give in and enjoy yourself."

I felt that final grain of resistance and stubbornness leave me, fully embracing my new feminine identity as Jackson fucked me hard in front of the mirror. Why had I fought this? It was glorious! I began thrusting back, shuffling backwards and forwards as much as my body allowed to slam against Jackson's cock and he groaned.

"That's it girl!" He yelled gleefully, "I knew you'd get there."

"Shut up, less talking more fucking."

"Yes ma'am!" He joked and began moving faster.

My pulse quickened as I felt orgasm approaching, this time with no hesitation or fear marring the experience. I raced towards my finish, wailing loud enough that the whole house could probably hear. Jackson kept going, clearly trying to keep himself hard as long as possible and I loved him for it. My irritation was still there but somehow my lust had completely overrun everything else.

I shuddered again, cumming a second time as Jackson finally finished and he collapsed onto the rug in front of his mirror. Both grinning like idiots.

“So,” He breathed after we’d caught our breaths, “Still pissed off with me?”

“Oh yeah, you don’t get off that easily.”

“Yeah, cause I have stamina. Unlike you.”

“Ass.” I hit him on the shoulder. “I have to reorganise my whole life now, new student ID, new drivers licence, fuck, I’ll probably need a DNA test to prove I’m not some crazy chick claiming to be me.”

“I’m sure you’ll figure it out.”

“Oh man...I’ll have to pledge to a sorority now!” I groaned, “I really don’t want to move to the girls’ dorm and explain this to all of them.”

“And a giggly group of sorority sisters would be better?”

“At least there would be less of them.” I grumbled.

Jackson was quiet for a moment before he spoke up again.

“You know, I think you passed our pledge week challenge with flying colours, in your own way so...if you want to join still. I reckon the fellas would come around.”

“What and be your token girl for all the guys to perv on and take turns sleeping with?” I asked with a snort and Jackson shrugged.

“Kinda.”

“Deal.”

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Cody slammed hard into me; so much so that I had to be careful not to choke on Jackson's cock as I sucked him off. It was the one year anniversary of my joining the frat and Jackson had insisted we celebrate in style; which was his way of saying a threesome. I'd had plenty since joining, in fact, they were one of my favourite pastimes.

Being the lone sister in the sorority I never found myself wanting for bedmates. Every other night one of them would come to me, moaning about being rejected by some girl or another and I'd treat them right. More often than not Jackson insisted on joining which I always enjoyed. Like it or not, he had the biggest cock of them all and sometimes only he could satisfy.

I continued to let them spit roast me well after I came and when they both finally finished and filled me to the brim we broke apart into a pile of limbs and satisfaction. Jackson laughed, leaning against my shoulder with a wry grin.

"Another successful night."

"Oh yes, I am glad you all decided having a girl around was worth breaking tradition for."

"I'll say." Cody sighed, "I'll be sad when you graduate."

"Well, considering how often I sleep through my classes thanks to you lot keeping me up all night, you may have a few years with me yet!" I giggled.

It was true; it wasn't that I was dumb now, I just had so many more interesting things to do with my time instead of studying. With a body this fire, I wasn't concerned, I was sure I could make a good future for myself somewhere even if I did flunk out. At the very least, I was sure Jackson would need a mistress. I could certainly think of worse fates to bear.