

Self Control - Part 7

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

I woke slowly; sighing happily as the morning light spilled in through my window and across my body. It hadn't been easy but somehow I had managed to enjoy walking around campus in my sexy female body without sleeping with another man. It had felt glorious, strutting in that new outfit I'd purchased, feeling eyes on me. The attention seemed to feed the part of me that lusted after men and after several hours I'd exhausted myself to the point where sex would have been impossible anyway.

I'd barely been able to keep my eyes open as I stripped out of my new outfit, leaving only the panties on as I fell into bed. As I rubbed the sleep from my eyes now I couldn't help but chuckle, seeing the bra hanging off my bedhead; I must have been even more tired than I realised. I plucked it off and got to my feet; surprised to find that I wasn't unbearably horny anymore.

There was still a warmth and emptiness between my legs, but nothing unmanageable; perhaps I was starting to gain more control over myself. Take that Jackson. Feeling proud I skipped over to my tiny kitchenette and made myself some cereal, enjoying walking around this little private space naked.

It felt nice feeling my curves move; though they seemed a little less jiggy than yesterday. Or perhaps I was simply getting used to them? Surely women weren't constantly aware of their moving bodies? I wasn't sure if the idea that I could be getting used to this was a good or a bad thing. At least they weren't a constant distraction.

I lifted the spoon of cereal to my mouth and took a mouthful, feeling the milk dribble down my chin and onto my breasts. I looked down and ran a finger along the stream, ready to clean it off when I paused. My tits seemed...smaller. Maybe by half a cup size or so. I felt my brow furrow and left my breakfast forgotten, racing back over to the bed and slipping on the bra I'd bought less than twenty four hours ago.

The cup didn't sit right; where it had been flush against the curve of my tits yesterday now there was a slight gap. It took me an embarrassingly long time to realise what was happening.

“oh...I'm changing back.”

It had been a while since I'd cum, the bimothyronone was losing its effect. A strange swirl of emotions formed in the pit of my stomach; chief among them was regret. Not that it made any sense, that was the whole point right? I should be happy right now but more than anything I felt conflicted. I swallowed the odd lump in my throat and forced a smile onto my face.

"This is good." I nodded trying to sound convincing, "It's just been an emotional few days that's all. You're all messed up inside, once I start to fully change back I'll feel stupid for not jumping for joy right now."

Silence rang out in my empty dorm.

"Yipee!" I jumped, forcing myself to look and sound happy. It felt forced.

A genuine smile formed on my lips but only thanks to the feeling of my butt and breasts bouncing from the movement.

"There you see, jumping for joy." I told myself, "It'll sink in soon enough."

A few socks to fill out the now too small bra meant I could at least still wear my new outfit; though I couldn't help but notice it didn't fit me quite so perfectly anymore. I refused to feel sad about it though; this was a good thing. After all, what sort of man enjoyed wearing women's clothing? Just because they were super comfortable and I felt amazing and sexy in them didn't mean I should enjoy it! It was wrong because...well, because it just was.

Once I was dressed I made my way to the bathroom and sadly washed away the remnants of the make up from yesterday. I then spent several long minutes carefully brushing out my long, luscious hair (it was slightly shorter now), I sat down on the couch and realised I had no plans for the day. There was that lingering warmth still between my legs and the idea that I could masturbate popped into my head.

If it was my own fingers there would be no chance of me getting stuck like this but...it would probably make me change more. And if I did it once I knew I wouldn't be able to stop at just the one orgasm. I'd keep swirling my finger around my clit, cumming over and over again until my breasts were round and full again and my hips fit snugly against my jean shorts...

I shook my head, trying to clear away the sinful thoughts; I couldn't get lost like that. No, staying inside all day on my own with nothing holding me back I'd be cumming in minutes. A little voice in the back of my mind asked if that would be so bad but I silenced it.

Hopping to my feet I found myself humming a little song as I slipped into my new pink heels, frowning when I realised they were just a bit too tight. My body was reverting faster than I had anticipated.

“Good. That’s good.” I reminded myself.

Once outside my dorm I realised that just leaving my room wasn't much of a plan. Without any destination in mind I started to walk. As I turned the corner toward the elevator my eyes locked with a man waiting by the vending machine. He was only wearing a towel, having clearly stopped on his way back from the shower block.

A heavy thunk echoed down the hall as a can rolled into the depository and the man reached down to grab it. His skin was slightly pink from the shower and there were beads of moisture running from his hair down his broad shoulders. I felt my mouth go dry and my pussy do the exact opposite.

“Hey, you okay?”

I blinked, realising that I had been staring. The man was looking me up and down now and his quizzical look turned to one of sly curiosity.

“See something you like?” He teased.

“Y-you wish.” I scoffed, feeling my cheeks heat as I tossed my hair over my shoulders and walked past him, keeping my eyes firmly on the ground.

“Room 305 if you’re interested! I ain’t got any other plans today!” He called after me and I felt my face burn further as I stepped into the elevator and slammed the door close button several times before it complied.

I took several deep breaths, feeling my chest heave and crush against the socks I’d stuffed my bra with. It felt humiliating, not even having enough tit to fill up a stupid bra. My eyes started to burn with embarrassment and I quickly wiped the tears away. This was stupid, crying over a fucking bra? Not to mention the fire between my legs. God I couldn’t wait for this to be over.

I stepped out and started walking again, maybe that’s what I needed to do, just walk around until I was too tired and then go back and sleep. Sleep the day away and then by

tomorrow maybe I'd be a man again, my chest totally flat, a cock between my legs...yup, that sounded...great.

I let frustration fuel my footsteps as I walked, anger speeding me up as I made my way through the campus and out onto the city street. I needed...something. A distraction. Anything. Anything to stop my damn brain going around and around in circles.

My clothing was starting to feel wrong; it didn't fit right anymore and my curves jiggled less and less. Were they shrinking even now? I pressed a hand to my chest and felt the bra give way slightly despite being stuffed; I must have gone down a full cup size by now. Instead of exciting me though it just made me feel even worse.

I tried to distract myself by window shopping as I walked the street but that turned out to be a mistake. My heart skipped a beat as I saw a beautiful dress, its fabric flowing gracefully like a cascade of blue water. The vibrant colours danced in the sunlight, whispering promises of confidence and allure.

I paused, momentarily captivated by it. But a moment later I caught myself; I didn't need any more girly clothing; I'd already spent a fortune on my nails and makeup yesterday.

I tore my gaze away reluctantly, reminding myself of the frat boy life that was waiting for me. Yet, it seemed as though fate had conspired against me. Everywhere I turned, there were more windows beckoning, each displaying garments that held the power to transform me into someone extraordinary. The windows boasted an array of elegant suits, their impeccable tailoring speaking of success and sophistication.

My heart ached as I imagined myself slipping into one of those tailored masterpieces, commanding respect and admiration with every step. How wonderful it would be to have my round, peachy ass pressed into one of those pencil skirts. I was suddenly hit with a vision of myself walking down an aisle of cubicles in an office in that skirt. With all the men turning to watch me as I walked by. My horniness grew with each second that passed and I tore my eyes away with more effort than I cared to admit, even to myself.

My gaze landed on a flashing neon sign; a dive bar. One of those seedy places where they sold alcohol at nine in the morning and didn't ask questions. Perfect. I didn't hesitate before stepping inside and breathing deep the scent of old cigarettes and cheap wine. Normally this was the sort of place I'd steer clear of but right now it was perfect. I sat up at the bar and a tired looking man who seemed more irritated at my presence than anything fixed me with a look as if to say 'what do you want?'

"Gin." I answered the unspoken question, "No uh, beer."

Beer was a man's drink.

As expected the bartender didn't seem to care, I was fairly certain I could have ordered his first born on toast and he wouldn't have flinched. He slid a glass down the wooden bartop to me, filled with golden bubbles and I gave him a grateful smile before downing half the glass in one go.

It took all my strength not to cough as the bitter liquid bubbled in my throat. I should have stuck to gin. I grit my teeth for a moment before drinking the rest of the glass and asking for another; I was a man dammit and men drank beer and I was going to sit here until I forced myself to like it again!

I was halfway through my third pint when I realised my mistake. Or rather, somebody pointed it out to me.

"Now, what's a pretty lady like yourself doing, drinking like a sailor at this time of day, all alone?"

The voice sent a shiver up my spine, deep and mature. Exactly my type, apparently. I turned and there was an older man, in his thirties perhaps with a nine o'clock shadow and slicked back hair. He was wearing a suit that had seen better days and his top two buttons were undone giving me a glimpse of his muscled chest.

"That's my business." I blushed, "What are *you* doing here?"

"Lost my job, my wife thinks I am at the office." The man smirked, holding up a briefcase and flicking it open to show it was empty. "So now I spend my days here, looking for good company."

"I'm sure your wife would be interested to know that." I responded, my throat had gone dry and no amount of beer seemed to fix it.

The man simply shrugged.

"She's sleeping with our neighbour anyway, so I don't give a fuck."

"Oh...uh, sorry."

I did feel sorry for him, really. But the mention of a woman sleeping with anybody made images dance in my mind's eye and I found myself distracted.

“Nobody who comes to a play like this, this early in the morning has any fucks to give except the obvious ones.” He winked, “You can call me Will, by the way. Since you didn’t ask.”

“Is that your name?” I smirked.

“No.” He replied without breaking his smile.

“I’m...Kelly.”

What was I doing? Why was I flirting with this guy when it was so risky? And why was I enjoying it so much? I felt torn in two directions at once; female and fun on one side male and serious on the other.

I thought back to yesterday; how much fun it had been to embrace my fully feminine side and treat myself. It had been wonderful, not only had I felt relaxed for the first time since this whole ordeal began but I had enjoyed myself. More than I had in a long time.

It was risky, indulging that side of myself again, especially with a handsome, flirtatious guy with me with nothing to lose but my rational mind was slowly disintegrating thanks to the heat between my legs that was slowly spreading throughout my whole body.

“Is Kelly your real name?” Will asked.

“Nope.”

“Good, so we’re on the same page.” He slid into the seat next to me, “Had enough to drink to make bad decisions yet?”

“Almost.”

The thrill of the situation began to rise as Will started buying us both rounds, matching me drink for drink and slowly inching closer. I could see the toned physique beneath his clothes. A body honed at the gym with a personal trainer no doubt. This was the sort of man who up until recently had it all.

He placed a hand on my leg, at the top of my thigh half resting on my shorts, the other my bare skin. My heart began to race and I felt a squirt of wetness escape my hole. There was no going back now, I knew that; I was going to sleep with this man. I swallowed down the last mouthful; anticipation began to build in my veins.

“Now.”

“Excellent. Follow me.” He threaded out fingers together and I felt a shiver go up my spine as he led me toward the back of the bar. A shabby door swung open to reveal what must have once been a private dining room. Now it contained only a large wooden table and a handful of chairs.

“In here?” I asked incredulously.

“What, too lowbrow for your high tastes?” Will chuckled.

“T-the bartender-”

“Couldn’t care less, trust me.”

This felt so naughty and the inherent risk only added to the allure of the situation.

“So is this what you do all day?” I giggled, “Seduce girls in bars to get back at your wife?”

“Do you care?”

“Not really.”

“Good, me either.”

A second later he was on me, hips pressing against my own and crushing me between him and the table. My whole body seemed to sing; this was what it was made for. I can’t believe I managed to hold out for so long. Will was a greedy kisser; rough with his mouth, forcing his tongue inside mine and even scraping his teeth across my full lips. It was exhilarating.

I had been in this position before though and I yearned for something new. I wasn’t going to be a slave to this body and its urges any longer I was going to use them to their fullest potential. I fought back, forcing my own tongue into his mouth and sliding it along his own. Rather than tilting my head back and letting him have control I fought for it.

I could feel him trying not to smile as we made out harder; he was enjoying the fight. I dug my fingers into his back, raking them down his shirt and feeling the corded muscles

beneath. Eagerly I moved them to the front and began to rip open the shirt further so I could press my palms to his bare chest.

There was something primal about this bout of sex compared to the first ones. I didn't feel like I was losing control, if anything, I felt like I was gaining it. I gripped Will's hips tight and switched our positions; pressing my mouth into the bulge at the front of his pants. He groaned and I drank in the sound. I felt wild, yet not out of control. I could do this, I could fuck this man without him cumming in me. Right now I felt like I could do anything.

His hands reached for the hem of my shirt and I barely had a chance to raise my arms up before he was yanking it off. It was thrown across the room without a second glance from each of us; Will instead focused on pressing his face to my chest, laying kissing in my cleavage and sending sparks flying across my skin as he worked on the hooks at the back.

In a moment it was gone and he was cupping my full, naked breasts. He pressed a tongue to the tip of one of my nipples and elicited a gasp from me. For a split second he smiled up at me with mischief in his eyes before he clamped down and began to suck; hard. Each purse of his lips sent a spike of pleasure right through my body and I moaned.

Once I'd started I couldn't bring myself to stop; it just felt so good. I could feel my clit pulsing in time with each suck and I realised to my shock that I was already close to cumming without him even going near my pussy. Helpless against the onslaught I began to buck my hips, pressing against his bulge desperate for more friction.

“Oh....ooooooooohhh....”

Suddenly my whole body tightened and I was on the edge, I opened my mouth but only a strangled gasp escaped as all of a sudden I came. My body shuddered and I felt it changing, my breasts swelling with each gasp and moan, my hips turning wide again; all while Will sucked on my nipples to keep the orgasm going.

His eyes were closed, focusing, so he could see it but I could feel it. My tits grew back to their original size, then kept going. I wanted it to stop but with him sucking on me I couldn't. The orgasm kept going and my feminisation kept accelerating until I'd gone up almost three cup sizes.

I groaned as he pulled back and I watched his eyes widen.

“Damn girl, how did I not notice how fucking huge these were?” He grinned, “Tasty too.”

I could only shudder; my appetite had been wet and I was not in the mood for more flirty foreplay. My hands went straight for his crotch, unzipping his fly and pulling out his cock with eagerness. My own shorts were removed with just as much haste.

“No more talking.” I hissed, pushing him back so that he was sitting on the dusty table.

I didn't need to tell him twice, he reached forward, pulling me onto his lap and for a moment I hovered above his cock; savouring the moment before he finally entered me. Then, I sank down slowly. I was in control this time and I made sure to treasure each inch as it slowly parted me. I let my eyes fall closed and my head tilted back as I groaned in satisfaction. My passage was already slicked and sensitive from the first orgasm. I was in rapture.

Will leaned forward to kiss at my neck, sucking hard enough to leave red marks. Ass. I ground down on him hard, squeezing his cock to the point of pain and making him gasp before I started to ride. Up and down, harder and faster each time. I had my slow moment; now was the time for primal pleasure.

He gripped my hips, holding me steady as I bounced on his cock; my newly inflated ass and tits bouncing along with me. The movement of them sent even more ecstasy flowing through my veins and it didn't take long for a second orgasm to start to build up inside me.

I didn't fight it at all, in fact, I barrelled straight toward it, squeezed and bucked my hips as I bounced until I was wailing in pleasure once more. I felt my feminine features sharpen, my nipples growing in size and colour as they turned a deep blush pink.

Will began to groan, gripping me tighter and tighter as he got close. I grinned; no longer afraid. I could tell by the way his face was twisting he was about to cum, just as he was on the edge I rose up high, pulling myself off him fully as he came, spurting seed into the open air.

He shuddered, leaning back and bracing himself against the table as I smugly hopped back to the ground. Will breathed out slowly and looked at me with pupils blown wide.

“That was great.” He said dreamily.

“The best.” I smiled truthfully, I felt exhilarated.

Not only had I had sex but I'd managed to avoid being cummed into. Yes my body was fully female again but I couldn't bring myself to care. I felt wonderful as I slipped back into my clothes, delighted to find the jeans were now too tight and the bra could barely contain me.

The socks I had used to stuff it lay discarded, easily kicked under the table and hidden from Will's view.

"If you ever want another go, I am here almost every day." Will Called as I made my way to the door.

"I'll think about it." I shrugged, giving him a non committal look, always best to leave them wanting.

I walked out, feeling my new curves jiggle once more. It felt right; especially when even the apathetic bartender's eyes raised to watch me go. I wasn't sure where I was heading now but I knew one thing for sure; the life of a frat boy was starting to feel a lot less appealing the longer I stayed this way.