

Self Control - Part 8

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

I spent the afternoon at the shopping centre; trying on outfits and even indulging myself in a few ones to keep. I knew they wouldn't last long but when I saw the silky set of black and red panties with the matching bra I just couldn't help myself. They felt so lovely I couldn't resist sleeping in them; feeling the soft satin inlay cupping my folds was a luxury I could never experience again; I wanted to make the most of it. So imagine my surprise when I woke the next morning and my pussy was still there.

So were my tits, and my feminine figure. I ran my hands over my face and felt the gentle curve and soft skin; not even a hint of stubble. Confusion quickly gave way to understanding and a small amount of panic. Surely it had been long enough since I'd slept with a guy that if I was going to start changing back, I would have by now. Just like yesterday morning.

That meant I wasn't changing back. Surely I hadn't let three guys cum in me though, I'd been careful...hadn't I? The last few days were starting to blur together, the memories a haze of pleasure, fun and freedom. So that was it; I was stuck this way forever, all because of a hazing ritual.

Why wasn't I more upset?

I scoffed; that was obvious really. The last few days, stressful as they had been, had also been the most fun I'd had in years. The wild sex, the make overs, even the way I walked. It added a new spice to my boring life; way more than joining some bro filled fraternity could ever grant me.

The whole point of going through the hazing was to make my life more exciting; to make it so that I could finally have all the sex I wanted. Well, I'd achieved that without ever having properly joined and frankly, sex as a woman was far more enjoyable than sex as a man.

What was I really missing out on now that I was a woman? Yes the logistics were going to be a pain to sort out, getting a new driver's licence, updating all my information online, verifying my identity and all that. Not to mention the awkward Christmas dinner with the folks that would soon be incoming. Once all that was dealt with though...what had I lost? Nothing and with so much gained I couldn't even bring myself to feel bad about it.

Added bonus, I could actually go and buy all those extra clothes I spent yesterday trying on! For real this time, my old male clothes weren't worth much but I could sell them and earn enough for at least a few cute outfits. Maybe something extra girly, and a new clubbing dress to hit the town in celebration of my 'rebirth'.

Feeling lighter than air I practically flew out of bed, balancing on my toes and grinning at my reflection. The black and red bra really brought out the best of my features, drawing the eye in all the right ways; and they were so comfy! I couldn't resist sliding a finger along the outside so that the soft fabric pressed into me. My nipples hardened and I was tempted to keep going but decided against it.

After all, I was stuck like this now, I could sleep with as many men as I pleased, women too now that I thought about it. It wasn't like I could get any less stuck and having a partner was so much more satisfying than my own fingers. My hole quivered; basically begging to be filled; yes, today I would fully indulge myself. The idea that I would no longer need to hold back at all I needed to fully let go of my old male self. I was sure there were things I would need to adjust to in the future but for now; I'd never felt more free or alive.

I rummaged through the shopping bags, I hadn't bought much considering I'd assumed I wouldn't need them but I had enough. A short, cropped button up shirt that showed off my midriff and a pleated skirt fit the bill. It was a slightly more boho style than the clothes I'd worn before but it suited my short, slightly shaggy hair.

As a man, it had always made me look messy but as a woman, all I needed to do was run my fingers through it a few times and it took on that deliberately messy, slightly styled look. Beautiful. It gave me a wild edge, perhaps that was part of why men found me so irresistible, besides the obvious; the hair gave me a wild edge that made me look like I was up for anything. I liked it; mostly because in a way it was true, especially now.

I stepped out the door and took a deep breath in; logically I knew nothing about the world had changed but I couldn't help but feel like it was all different. Stepping through the campus the air seemed crisper, the light brighter and the smells and sounds more peaceful. The world felt new and exciting all at once, inviting me to go out and live my best life as a woman. It was an invitation I intended to take.

Two other women walked past me; they had one arm around each other's shoulders and the other held their heels. Both had last night's makeup smudged across their face and naughty grins graced their lips. Their eyes met me and an unspoken conversation took place; the walk of shame. I grinned right back at them; no judgement here. I followed their path as they passed me and noticed they were coming from none other than the fraternity house that had started it all.

The door was slightly ajar as the front steps were littered with empty beer bottles and cans; they'd had a party no doubt. It was only then I realised I hadn't checked my emails the

last two days; I'd been too busy enjoying myself. I'd probably missed an invite to one of the hazing events; not that it mattered. Even if I wanted to join now I couldn't, still, best let them know why I dropped off the face of the Earth.

I hopped up the steps two at a time; the spring in my step made my curves bounce slightly and I grinned. Last time I'd walked up these stairs I'd been a string bean of a man full of nerves, how times change. I was about to knock when somebody moved to close the door and I came face to face with none other than Jackson.

"Hey."

"Oh hi, did you uh, leave something here the other night when visiting?" Jackson grinned, "Don't worry, no judgement here, with this many guys in one frat house we have ladies over all the time."

"No..." I blushed, "My name is...well I was one of your hazing recruits."

Jackson's eyes went wide and to my surprise there was no arrogant grin like before; he seemed genuinely shocked and was that a flash of guilt I spotted?

"Oh shit. You'd better come in."

"I've been doing that a lot lately." I joked darkly.

"What?"

"Cumming."

"Oh."

Jackson's ears turned red. This was not what I had been expecting at all. We wandered through the house and up to his bedroom where he slowly closed the door; that strange mixture of emotions was still playing out across his face.

"So," I shrugged, "I had sex with at least three guys and let them cum in me so I am stuck like this. I guess I wanted to tell you I won't be joining."

“Yeah, guys only.” Jackson twiddled his thumbs, “Uh, but I should probably let you know, that whole three times rule? That’s just shit I made up to mess with you.”

My brain seemed to short circuit for a moment.

“What do you mean?” I asked slowly, “It can’t be, otherwise I’d be changing back by now.”

Jackson’s ears turned an even more vibrant shade of red.

“Well...I have heard that Bimbathryone can be affected by psychology. It’s why trans people want it so much... ‘cause if you really come to accept your feminine side you sort of stay that way.”

The information hit me like a truck but not in the way it probably should have. I could have been having so much more sex in this body; that was my first thought. Not ‘oh no’ not, ‘am I secretly a woman and if so how long have I been like this?’, it was regret that I hadn’t had more sex. It was a bit embarrassing actually, I could feel my own cheeks start to burn.

There was no embarrassment however, about this body or staying female. In fact, a sort of weight fell away knowing that at least on some level this was now my choice. My subconscious had made it for me and I was glad. My lips curled into a small smile.

“You know what? I am okay with that.” I said after a moment and Jackson nodded stiffly.

“I suppose that makes sense.” He replied, “Still, sorry for putting you through all that man, I mean uh, girl? Shit, it was just meant to embarrass guys not actually make women. Not that there is anything wrong with that!”

I giggled; it felt nice, light even. After all that showboating and arrogance, Jackson was just as nervous as I had been now. Getting humbled by the consequences of your own actions would do that I supposed.

“Well...at least you look hot? Ending up a grenade would have sucked.” He said eventually and I felt that newfound confidence flooded through me.

He was right, seduction had never been easier, or more fun, since I changed. I wondered just how far I could take it. With a wicked smile I stepped toward him, watching the subtle shift in his body language as the tension in the air suddenly became sexual, rather than awkward. One shift from me and the very air itself felt different; that's how powerful and sexy this new body was. I remembered how nervous I was the last time I was in this frat house; all of that anxiety was nowhere to be found now, in fact I felt confident.

With each step toward Jackson I felt the air grow more charged until I was right before him, barely a hair's breadth away.

"You know, I have learned a lot in the last few days." I whispered huskily, "And I know I can't join this frat anymore but maybe...I could still enjoy some time here. With you and your brothers?"

Jackson swallowed, then smiled, that same cocky smile from the first night I came for hazing. Rather than fear it elicited desire in me; he knew exactly what I was implying and his excitement was palpable.

"I can't believe I made you this." He shepherded, running a finger along the curve of my shoulder before dipping down to gently squeeze at my breast.

It felt wonderful, but I wasn't about to let him get away with fondling me so easily.

"I made myself this." I corrected, gripping his hips hard to show who was in charge.

"Yes, ma'am."

Oh. Yes, I liked that a lot.

"You certainly embraced dressing for your new body quickly as well." Jackson continued, pressing down on the tight button at the front of my low cut top. It was already stretched to an impossible degree so all it took was the lightest bit of pressure for the button to easily pop open to reveal more of my new breasts. He continued, slowly popping open each button until the cropped blouse hung open and my new bra was on full display.

"Really fast." Jackson breathed, his voice dropping lower as a bulge slowly formed in the front of his pants.

“Just wait till you see what I learned to do with all this.” I growled, pressing forward and pushing my lips against his. There was no hesitation; I pressed my tongue past his lips and immediately claimed his mouth, eliciting a deep groan that went straight to my pussy. Apparently it was loud enough to attract attention too because the sound of a door and footsteps in the hall made us both pause.

“Perhaps I should lock the door.” Jackson rumbled.

I gave him a wide, cheeky grin.

“Hell no.”

I ran for the door and stuck my head out; immediately coming face to face with another of Jackson’s frat brothers.

“Oh, sorry. I didn’t realise Jackson had company.” the dude smirked, “Have fun!”

“Don’t you want to join us?” I purred, enjoying the way his whole body froze and stiffened half way through turning to leave. I could see the gears turning in his mind; weighing the risks which of course he dismissed within a few seconds. Especially once I grabbed his hand.

“Come on.” I whispered, “I am sure Jackson won’t mind sharing me, will you Jackson?”

Jackson looked like he’d hit the jackpot; perhaps he wasn’t quite as straight as he made out to be. Not that I could blame him anymore, now that I was free to admire men I could tell that Jackson’s frat brother was hella hot; he looked like every muscle bound gym bro there was, generic, but hot all the same. He managed to make Jackson actually look small, which was no easy feat when the man was almost six feet tall.

“Nah, Greg’s a bro, I suppose I don’t mind sharing.”

“Good.” I purred, taking Greg by the hand and leading him back into the room as he kicked the door closed behind us.

I was a little sad; I wanted the whole world to hear the sound we were about to make. I wanted to shout from the Heavens and let the whole universe know who and what I was now. But that could wait I suppose.

I stood between my two men, a little unsure of how to continue. With two lovers a whole wealth of options opened up to me and I found myself paralysed with indecision. Fortunately, Greg had no such issue. He reached for my waist, easily slipping his fingers between my skirt and panties and pulling them down. He didn't hurry though, he took his time, letting my ass slowly reveal itself to them.

“Damn, you’d never guess you were a guy.” Jackson breathed, pressing his fingers to the front of my panties.

Greg chuckled.

“Bimbathryone?”

“Bimbathryone.” I confirmed, “But I decided I-ahhh!”

He’d cupped my ass at the same time Jackson grabbed for my breasts; both sets of my curves were now in the firm hands of two men and it felt exquisite. Greg’s hands slipped inside my panties to cup my bare cheeks as Jackson pressed down on my nipples through the bra.

“T-tease.” I choked out.

“Which one of us?” Greg chuckled.

“Both.”

“Well you’ll love this then...”

His hand slid to the front of my panties, cupping my pussy. Heat flared between my legs as well as moisture and he slowly parted my folds with a single finger while Jackson pulled me closer against his chest so he could reach the back of my bra. Just as Greg’s finger hit my clit, I felt the bra strap snap open; both in tandem made me gasp.

Jackson made short work of my bra but rather than continuing to fondle my tits he decided to use his mouth. Lowering it down to clamp over my nipple. Somehow, the two men

seemed to communicate and Jackson began to suck in the same rhythm that Greg stroked along my folds.

“Oh yeah...” I sighed, leaning my head back against Greg’s neck where I could kiss and bite.

His finger grew more insistent, as did the bulge pressing against my back. I could feel a similar one against my thigh where Jackson was also getting hard. As wonderful as this felt I figured it was time to turn the tables.

Fumbling slightly from pleasure I managed to unzip first Jackson, then Greg. Pushing them away so that I could more comfortably reach a hand into each of their pants and stroke down the lengths. It was curious to hold two cocks at once. Jackson was longer, with more of a curve while Greg was shorter, but thicker. Both would feel wonderful inside me; it was so hard to pick!

Hands became more insistent on all sides as we began to devolve into a sexual frenzy. Clothing was ripped away until we were all naked and wanting. I would stroke one man while the other touched me, then swap. I experimented, kissing Greg followed immediately by Jason, moaning and comparing each of their skills. Both were fantastic; I simply couldn’t pick a favourite.

With breathy laughter we all fell onto the bed and I crawled up Greg’s muscled body, pressing myself against him only for Jackson to come and sandwich us together. I could feel one cock pressing against my pussy, the other the cleft of my ass. I had never felt more wild; my heart was beating fast enough that my whole body seemed to throb with need.

He rolled and tumbled together, positions switching faster than I could make sense of. All I could concentrate on was the delicious sensation of skin against skin until finally I found myself resting my chin on Jackson’s hip bone.

His cock was upright as he laid on the bed, a dot of precum glinting in the light. He looked down at me before putting both his arms behind his head and smiling in invitation. I was on my hands and knees in a second, Greg behind me, his hands holding my hips. Anticipation and understanding made me shudder and I slowly lowered my lips down to Jackson’s cock. Parting them and taking the length deep into my throat.

In reward, I felt Greg slowly penetrate me. His girth stretched me to my absolute limit as I moaned around Jackson’s cock. He shivered and began to buck his hips up into my mouth; I matched his rhythm and a moment later Greg did the same.

For the first few moments I was overwhelmed; moving purely on instinct. I couldn’t make heads or tails of the sensations I was experiencing; the beautiful glide of Jackson’s

cock against the back of my throat, the stretch of my inner walls being totally filled and the beautiful sounds filling the air. It was too much to take in.

Then, I found my focus. I bobbed my head and pushed my hips back so that Greg could go as deep as possible while also taking Jackson the same way. Not only had the Bimbathryone blessed me with a beautiful body; it seemed it had negated my gag reflex as well. I hollowed my cheeks and sucked hard, alternating between squeezing with my lips and licking down the length with my tongue, even swirling around the head a few times just to drink in the sounds Jackson made.

Greg's cock was brushing against my G-spot now. He was just that bit shorter than usual, meaning he only hit it every other stroke when the angle was just right. It was a giant tease and made me all the wetter as he prolonged orgasm. I pressed against him, feeling it build slowly, far too slowly for my liking. Two could play at that game.

I brace myself with one hand and moved the other beneath my chin to squeeze and stroke at Jackson's balls. I knew from personal experience just how much ecstasy such a light touch there could add and Jackson wailed. I could feel his balls pulse; he was about to cum and that knowledge pushed me even closer to the edge.

My pussy began to tighten around Greg as his thrusts grew short and shallow, hitting the deepest part of me over and over until I simply couldn't take it anymore. I moaned, sending the vibrations down Jackson's shaft and being rewarded with a thick stream of cum as he toppled over the edge mere moments before I did.

Greg fucked me through my orgasm before finishing himself and we all gasped; my lips making a satisfying pop as I pulled free of Jackson's softening cock. Greg stayed buried inside me until he was soft and shuddered as he finally pulled out before we all collapsed in a heap atop Jackson's bed.

"Best. Morning. EVer." Greg mumbled into the mattress and I giggled.

"Not just yet."

"Oh? You think you can improve it?" Jackson teased

"Oh yes, for me at least." I grinned, "You have more than one frat brother I assume?"

Greg raised an eyebrow.

"Do you seriously intend to fuck every guy int his house?"

“What, don’t think I can?”

“No way.” Jackson shook his head, I simply smiled.

I meant it; now that there were no restraints I meant to live life to the fullest and experience everything this body had to offer.

“You’re on.”

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“What do you think?”

“I think two hundred dollars is a lot for a dress.” James sighed.

I stood in front of him in the change rooms of a classy boutique in a stunning evening gown. It was slinky and black, the fabric was so dark it almost made me look like a part of the night itself. Yet it was tight, clinging to my curves and showing them off perfectly.

“Please baby?” I pouted; batting my eyes.

It was a look I had perfected over the last year of being a woman, James was just the latest in a long line of boyfriends I knew it worked on.

“Alright, I suppose you do need a new outfit for dates.”

“Yay! You’re the best!”

I threw my arms around his neck and enjoyed how it felt to have his strong arms wrap around my waist. James was nice; a little stupid sometimes but ultimately a good guy who treated me well. And bought me presents on his daddy’s credit card.

“Wear it out.” he insisted, “I’ll go pay.”

I blew him a kiss and like a dork, he caught it and held it to his chest making me giggle. Part of me felt bad, this was the third such dress he’d bought me today but I couldn’t help that this boutique had an incredible selection.

I couldn't help it; maybe the bim bathryone had made me shallow or maybe it was just that shopping for women's clothing was so much more fun. I couldn't help it; when I saw a cute outfit I had to try it on and after I'd done that half the time I had to buy it.

Fortunately for me; one thing this body bought me was a seemingly endless supply of men who were all too happy to buy me things to wear so long as they also got to take them off again later. Something I was very much not opposed to.

Was it a little shameful that I had traded in a boring college degree in marketing to set my heart on being a trophy wife one day? Maybe, but I couldn't bring myself to regret it. Why spend my days in a stuffy office when a guy could do that and I could spend my time getting manicures and shopping? No more stress, no more social pressure to succeed. All I needed to do was smile and look pretty; it was a good life.

I wasn't sure if James would be the one I ultimately settled for; he could use a bit of practice in bed. But that didn't matter. I was in no rush. I had all the time in the world.