

## Self Control - Part 1

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

*While pledging to a fraternity a man takes a series of drugs which slowly turn him into a woman with every orgasm.*

I'd heard about it online of course; hazing rituals going wrong. When I decided to try and join the college's hottest fraternity I had been prepared for all sorts of humiliations; drinking, dressing up, hell maybe even running naked through Greek Street. But when Jackson appeared with a handful of pills called Bimbathryone, half the pledges had left then and there. Ecstasy or another party drug would have been less shocking but Bimbathryone? The drug was the worst kept secret on the internet, a popular dark web drug that could turn a man into a woman.

Jackson was grinning, handing us each one of the nondescript pink pills along with another powdery white one.

"It's simply fella, one bimbathryone, one of my own creation." He announced, "Being a chemistry major has its perks. You'll be glad to know that bimbathryone won't turn you into a woman all at once."

"What do you mean?" Asked Dan, one of my fellow pledges.

"This is a special kind of bimbathryone of my own creation. Every time you cum, it'll activate, making you more and more girly with each orgasm."

I felt the blood drain from my face.

"And the other pill?" I whisper.

"I call it HyperSex, the best damn drug on campus. Makes you horny as hell, me and my girlfriend take it occasionally and wow, let me tell you, I've never cum so many times in a single night."

I swallow, the tony pills feel heavy in my palm.

"Take the pills and go about your normal lives, at the end of pledge week, we'll see how many men are left. The bimbathryone will stay in your system till then, so it's up to you to keep your hands out of your pants."

I look around and watch as yet another pledge leaves, dropping his pills on the floor as he goes. Getting into the Alpha Frat was known to be nearly impossible, their small numbers and rich benefactors meant your life was basically made on campus if you were a member. Not to mention the connections you could make, the doors that opened for you. Knowing

Jackson alone, whose family owned the biggest pharmaceutical company in the country, was a boon.

I opened my mouth and slapped my palm against it, sending the two pills tumbling onto my tongue. They tasted bitter but I swallowed them down before I could overthink things. I came from nowhere, I was a nobody; getting into this fraternity was the difference between spending my college years a loser and becoming a living legend. It was worth it. Besides all I had to do was not cum for a few days, even with that HyperSex drug, how hard could that be?

Dan meets my eye and does the same. We're in this together at least. Only half a dozen others follow our lead and Jackson is grinning ear to ear.

"Congratulations gentlemen! Now, as a reward for coming this far, you're all invited to a pledge party with the rest of the crew over at our sister sorority house!"

I cheer along with the others, this is exactly the sort of thing people join the Alpha's for. No doubt there would be all sorts of hot chicks over at the party, not to mention pledge girls ready to prove themselves. My cock twitched in anticipation and I had to bite my lip to keep from popping a boner right there. Normally I have more control than that, I may be young but I was no teenager. I could see Dan's pupils dilating, his mind obviously in a similar place to my own. That HyperSex stuff must take effect fast to have us drooling already.

No matter; I knew it was just the drug. I could drink and have a good time while keeping my horniness in check I was sure. We made our way over to the sorority house; it wasn't hard to find, every light was on and the music was so loud you could feel it in your feet from the street. Voices yelled and excited squeals came from the back followed by splashes.

Like a dog following a scene I found myself walking around the side to find a massive, lit up pool filled to the brim with party goers. There was a woman wearing the skimpiest bikini I have ever seen floating on an inflatable raft. Men did cannonballs off the side and in the process, soaked her body so that it glistened under the bright lights. I felt my mouth water, watching the droplets roll down her body, imagining my fingers in their place.

Beside me Dan groaned; I hadn't even realised he'd followed me. A quick glance down showed his pants tenting. Before I could stop him, the man was gone, moving forward at a rapid pace to sit with a girl at the poolside. It was if he were in a trance, unable to hold back his desire.

I shook my head, there was no way he would last the night without cumming at least once. Judging by the desperate look on his face he may even cum just from looking; how sad.

I could feel my own lust growing but I at least had better self control. I spent a moment taking deep breaths and thinking unsexy thoughts. I wasn't going to let this little test ruin my first real college party.

I tried to walk with confidence, like I went to these events all the time. Walking past a table laden with red plastic cups I grabbed myself a drink; trying not to sputter when the sheer strength of the alcohol burned my mouth. There was a giggle to my left and I turned and felt my mouth go dry.

A red haired girl with bright blue eyes was standing surrounded by sorority girls. She looked nervous but excited as she carefully climbed atop one of the pool tables and waved to the small crowd already gathering. A sorority hazing ritual no doubt. I knew I should look

away, with my system compromised by both those drugs watching such a sexy girl in a skimpy outfit was risky but I couldn't tear my eyes away.

She called out to the crowd and then, before dozens of eyes ripped off her bikini top and jumped through the air landing in the pool. I felt my own eyes widen, watching those bouncy breasts fly through the air. For a moment her body was hidden by bubbles before she burst through the surface, tits wet and glistening as they jiggled against her chest. I could feel myself getting hard as the girl clambered out of the pool, laughter bubbling from between her lips. My eyes were glued to her chest, swaying free and wet in the evening light.

All of a sudden, I became aware of my hard on. The front of my jeans tenting obviously in a crowd of people. Fortunately, almost everybody was still staring at the woman and I was able to step back surreptitiously behind the pool shed.

I looked down at the bulge in my pants, trying to will it to disappear but my thoughts kept returning to that woman's heavy chest. My mind kept replaying her jump in extraordinary detail resulting in precum staining the front of my pants.

Maybe...maybe just a little. How much could one little orgasm change me really? If I could just cum once then I could think clearly and be satisfied for the rest of the evening right? The music was still pounding and voices carried from the other side of the pool shed; nobody would notice me here. Just a little touching, maybe I wouldn't even need to cum, I just needed to relieve a bit of the tension; at least that's what I told myself.

I unzipped my pants and my manhood immediately sprung free, hard as diamond and aching to be touched. My head fell back against the wall as I hissed through my teeth as I grasped it. I was so horny I almost came just from that. The roughness of my palms added to the stimulation and slowly I began to pump. Almost immediately as the pleasure began to build between my legs I felt something else, a pressure at my chest. It was almost like a stretching sensation and I watched as the front of my tight shirt began to stretch slightly. My nipples seemed to grow until they were easily discernible through the fabric and hard as my cock. The bimbathryone was working already; fuck.

I had to stop, I knew I had to stop but I was just so damned turned on. My eyes fluttered closed and images danced behind my eyelids of that girl on the inflatable raft, of the red hair flying through the air basically naked. My grip increases as does my speed; my hips bucking now against my will as my chest continues to stretch. Just a little more; a bit more and then I'll stop. It just feels so good. My balls were tightening, the base of my cock tingling.

I imagine the red hair before me, her hand in place of my own and a thrill passes through me. I realise it's too late to stop, I'm cresting, right on the edge and-

"Ahhh!"

Fortunately, the music is loud enough that nobody can hear me crying out in pleasure as my balls tighten and I cum. My cock pumping harder than it ever as pleasure washes over my entire body. That stretching feeling continues, my whole body spasming as two pretty, pert breasts form on my chest. I collapse back against the pool shed, legs trembling with the intensity of the orgasm. I let go of my softening cock and gasp for breath, feeling my chest rise and fall with new weight atop it. Without hesitation I rip off my shirt and see my new tits. Small, only just larger than an A cup...I could hide that easily enough.

I swallow nervously, a jacket, that's all I need to hide them. Then if I make sure not to cum again I will be fine. Unbidden the thought of what I would look like with great heavy tits like the red haired woman before filling my mind. If I keep cumming, will my tits get even

bigger? How many orgasms would it take to make my cock disappear entirely to be replaced with a wet pussy? The thoughts elicit a groan much to my embarrassment. I could not let that happen, I needed to be stronger.

I clean myself up as best I can and zip up my fly, noticing that my cock was already semi hard once more. That orgasm had only been a temporary relief, already I could feel my lust building. If anything now that I knew how good it felt to cum on HyperSex I wanted it again more than ever. The addictive nature of sexual pleasure was almost too much to bear.

I walked out from behind the pool shed ready to rejoin the party when Jackson stepped in front of me.

“Well, well? What have we here, you seem to have put on a little...weight. In the last few minutes.” He teased, poking my noticeably bigger chest.

“I’m just a bigger guy.” I lied, “Gotta hit the gym you know, heh...”

He didn’t believe me, I could tell. Without warning he reached out and ran three fingers across my chest, fingers brushing against my nipples and rousing them to hardness once more. An indignant squeak escaped me and my cheeks burned as he laughed.

“Sure. Whatever you tell yourself, *man*. Good luck with the rest of pledge week. You’ll need it.”