

Impulse Control – Part 2

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

Glen was in a mad panic. All he had to do was not cum for three days. Three measly days without any sexual touching and he'd be himself again and he could put that bitch Sasha in her place. He was almost tempted to track her down now but in this lithe body there was no guarantee he would win in a psychological fight, best to wait it out and get his revenge when the odds were in his favour. Not cumming for three days sounded simple on paper but as a dude, he'd gotten his rocks off at least once a day on average when he couldn't find a good hook up. His body was primed and used to at least one orgasm a day so going cold turkey wasn't exactly going to be easy. But he had more self-control than Sasha gave him credit for; each time he felt the urge start to grow he imagined that smug smile falling from her face when he showed up as a man again.

It had worked for the rest of that first day but when he'd woken up the next morning with moisture already gathering between his lower lips, he knew he couldn't just sit around the house all day with nothing to distract him from it. He would go out and walk, walk until he was so tired he could just fall into bed and sleep without dreaming, then do the same tomorrow and bam, problem solved. A quick text to his boss to take a few days of sick leave later he was up, skipping the shower for obvious reasons and opening his cupboard to look for anything that could possibly fit him.

His hips and ass were far too wide for all of his jeans and his considerable bust prevented him from even pulling half his shirts on at all. He pouted, stamping his foot and then flushing at how prissy the action was. After almost thirty minutes of rummaging, he finally found a pair of grey sweatpants that fit over his rump, just. The thick fabric was unflatteringly tight across his cheeks, one glance in the mirror showed his cleft was clearly visible. Something that could have been solved by some underwear if he had any that fit. For his shirt, an oversized graphic shirt from his college days, before he bulked up. It had hung loose of his old frame but now the graphic image, a cartoon dog, was stretched across his bare breasts. Looking in the mirror he grimaced; everything about this outfit looked awful on his new body, he *hated* looking ugly.

He shook his head free of such thoughts, it wasn't as if anybody would recognise him and he couldn't very well walk around naked for three days; it would be far too tempting. At least dressed like this he wasn't liable to get aroused by his own reflection again.

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Glen could feel people staring at this awkward woman in her ugly outfit as he walked through the mall. He tried not to focus on it, but all the eyes on him felt like red hot poker. The judgment, the disgust; it was awful! He was desperately tempted to go into one of the boutiques nearby and buy some clothes that fit his new body properly; even if it was just temporary. On some level, he knew that was the spell talking, trying to make him give in to his new bimbo urges but he was determined to fight it.

Until that man walked past.

He was just like Glen's old body, muscular, broad and deeply sexy. Glen met his eye for a split second and he saw the disdain cross his face, the rejection hit harder than he thought possible. Glen wasn't into dudes, of course not, but the idea that such an attractive person could look at him with disgust was just...it was too much. He had to buy a new outfit, it was a need, not a want at this point.

"Nothing too girly." He whispered to himself, stepping into a nearby shop, "Just grab a pair of pants and a shirt and get out."

Despite his vow not to get caught up in the experience like a real girl would, Glen found himself dazzled by all the options on display. He felt his eyes widen as he walked, trying to deny how attractive all the pink and frilly options were. Then his eyes landed on a display rack of lingerie and he actually felt himself whimper. A set right in the middle caught his eye and almost in a trance he walked toward it; bikini style panties patterned with pink and white stripes, edges fringed with lace and a matching push up bra. It was exactly the sort of thing he was supposed to be avoiding; but something about them drew him in.

"Just one girly thing couldn't hurt..." He rationalised, "Nobody would even see them under my other clothes."

Before he knew it he was walking to the back of the shop and into the changing rooms, giving the attendant a flustered smile as he passed. This was so wrong, so why did it feel so right?

"If you try on underwear you have to purchase it." The attendant informed him, hanging him a little plastic hook to hang his clothes on.

"That's okay." Glen replied in a voice that was just a little too perky for his liking, "I know I'll be keeping them."

He actually sighed in relief, stripping off the ill-fitting clothes, it felt so good to get them off his skin. He turned his back to the mirror; not wanting to take any chances and then reached for the panties. After those old sweat pants, the silky fabric felt like heavy, even the slight scratch of lace on his inner thigh felt like a gentle caress. He swallowed, watching that dark curly hair disappear behind the pink and white fabric; they fit perfectly. Next came the bra.

He tried not to focus on how nice it felt to cup each of his tits as place them into the cups, or how lovely they looked as the padding pushed them together. Getting the hooks done up was tricky,

especially because his fingers were trembling but eventually it was done. He stood, frozen in the change room, dressed in nothing but his new lingerie and feeling at war with himself. He should grab his old clothes and throw them on, then walk out. He didn't need to see his reflection; he didn't need to admire how good his body looked in these new undergarments. He shouldn't look. He couldn't look, he knew what would happen if he did and yet, Glen found himself turning toward the mirror anyway, gasping with pleasure at what he saw.

Those curves which had been so unflatteringly squashed before were now on fully display; accentuating his hourglass figure. He couldn't help but run his fingers down his sides; admiring the shape of his sexy new body. He turned and gave a soft moan looking at his pretty peach shaped ass with those panties stretched across half his cheeks. The creamy skin there taking on a dusting of pink as his blood began to race. That same blush spread across the curve of his breasts and cheeks; he looked so damn sexy. He turned back to face the mirror proper, resting a hand against the cool surface; he was breathing heavily, chest rising and falling with every breathe, watching his tits move like that was almost hypnotic.

Glen didn't even realise his other hand was moving until it brushed against the front of his panties causing him to quiver. A small wet patch appeared on their front and seeing it made his new pussy clench, an aching emptiness forming that begged to be filled. The attendant was right outside, he had to keep quiet; he wouldn't cum, just a little touching, a bit of touching couldn't hurt, right? His finger slipped into the panties, stroking along the mound of damp hair and then parting his soft lips. Glen had to bite down on his lip to stop any sound escaping. His pussy was so soft, the rough pads of his fingers pressing down on his clit made him want to wail.

With some hesitation he began to slide his finger along his folds from clit to hole, coaxing more and more slickness into his new panties. His eyes were glued to his reflection; the dusting of pink on his cheeks turning to bright red as his pace increased. He'd stop in a moment, just a little longer. Each stroke felt better than the last and yet, never fully satisfied him. If he just touched himself a little longer, he would be gratified enough to stop.

"Are you alright?" Called a voice, "You've been in there a while?"

"I'm fine!" He could barely keep the waver out of his voice, "I'll be out in just a moment."

Knowing he was touching himself with somebody only a few metres away added more fuel to his horny fire. His finger began to press at his puckered hole, slipping inside and making his legs begin to shake the intensity of the sensations. Having something inside his pussy was...incredible, there was a level of pleasure that came from having his sensitive inner walls rubbed that nothing else could quite replicate. He began to thrust his finger harder, adding a second to double the sensations. His pussy was starting to pulse, he was getting closer to the edge, he had to stop, why couldn't he stop?

His breath began coming in short bursts and he watched, too horny to be horrified as his hair began to pale, turning bleach blonde from root to tip. Just as the last of his brown hair was replaced with golden locks, he came. A hot stream of pussy juice pouring over his fingers and his whole body quivered; despite his best efforts a soft, shaky moan escaped his lips.

Shame immediately washed over him; he'd lost himself again. He pulled his fingers from his pussy, wiping them off on the side of his panties as he breathed heavily. He then ran his fingers through his now blonde hair, this was bad, he'd basically reset the timer! But...he did look good.

He took a step back, standing on his toes and turning side on in the mirror; the blonde hair really did suit this body and he couldn't be sure but Glen was sure his ass looked even rounder. He knew he shouldn't, but he couldn't help but feel proud of this body; what he wouldn't have given to date a girl who looked like this?

"Ma'am?" The voice echoed again, "I thought you might like a new outfit as well, so I picked out a few things for you."

Several hangers appeared over the top of the changing room door and Glen took them with an eagerness that surprised him. All of them were pretty; a flowing summer dress, a tight pair of skinny jeans, even a tank top patterned with flowers but it was the final items that really caught his eye. Jean booty shorts with framed hems and a bright pink tank top with a black lace fringe to match. The outfit basically begged to be worn by a girl with his figure. A wide grin split across his face as he pulled them on, they were going to look amazing on him, he could just tell.

He smiled ear to ear as he admired himself in the mirror; the cleavage, the long legs; the long blonde hair; he looked incredible. He watched the attendant do a double take as he walked out, likely confused as to how his hair had changed so dramatically but he didn't care. He didn't even look at the price tag as he paid; any amount was worth looking this good. This was still temporary but still, no harm in at least enjoying looking good while it lasted, right?