

## Self Control - Part 2

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

*Resisting the urge to cum gets harder and harder as a fellow party member decides to play the role of seducer.*

~

I ducked my head down and walked away before Jackson could tease me more. Partly out of humiliation and partly because I could still feel the heat of his fingertips on my small breasts; even through the shirt. My nipples were hard already and I swallowed several times trying to keep my mouth from going dry.

Nervously I glanced around the party; I couldn't see any other pledges around. Were they off doing exactly what I had just done? I felt a stab of jealousy at the idea. God I wanted to touch myself again but I couldn't risk it. I crossed my arms awkwardly over my chest; the tits were small enough to be easily hidden but one more orgasm and they would be easily noticeable.

For the first time I doubted myself; perhaps coming to this party was a mistake. Maybe I should just go back to my dorm and wait it out till the HyperSex wore off. But the idea of being totally alone in a dark room, beholden to no one, able to touch myself as long and as much as I like...No, that was a far more taxing situation to put myself in. At least with a crowd around I knew I couldn't just whip it out and start going to town at any point.

My eyes fell on the punch bowl, still half full of fizzing red liquid. A drink, to calm my nerves; that's what I needed. With trembling hands I filled my cup and swallowed the whole thing in three quick gulps. The alcohol burned my throat and provided a much needed distraction so I swiftly refilled it.

"Damn dude, going hard?"

I turned to see a man about my own age, he wasn't from the Alpha frat so he must have been from one of the surrounding houses. Judging by the sheer amount of muscle on the guy, I was willing to bet he was here on a sports scholarship. I gave him what I hoped was a confident grin and he smiled right back at me.

The small friendly gesture made my heart flutter. I'd never been interested in men before but all of a sudden my eyes kept darting to this man's various features. The strong

jawline, the sparkling blue eyes, the handsome and broad shoulders. My cock twitched and to my horror I felt blood begin to flow southwards.

“Sorry, got to go!” I choked out, throwing down my now empty cup and pushing past him into the house.

My heart was racing and I willed my erection to go down. Being tempted by the girl at the pool was one thing but a guy? A very sexy guy to be fair, with rippling muscles that would feel so good holding me down but-no! I ducked into the bathroom and locked the door breathing heavily as I ran my fingers through my hair. Surely drugs couldn't make you gay or bi or whatever. Was I having some sort of sexual awakening? But I'd never had any sort of temptation when it came to guys before tonight! It had to be the bimbathryone; it was turning me into well...a bimbo.

I had to fight it. Not just for the sake of my place in the fraternity but for my masculinity! I couldn't let this drug turn me into some cock hungry slut. Speaking of cocks though, mine was still hard. I closed my eyes and pulled down on my hair, letting the pain centre me and trying hard not to focus on how it was slightly longer than it should have been. I'd not even noticed it growing shaggy as I came before but it must have.

The universe granted me mercy, my erection went away and I breathed a sigh of relief. I could do this. I just had to last a few hours till I was too exhausted to even think about masturbation; then I could go back to my dorm, fall into bed and sleep it all off. The bimbathryone would last a few days but the Hypersex surely had to wear off after a few hours. Right?

I pushed open the door with renewed confidence only for it all to shrivel up into nothing as I came face to face with that handsome man from before.

“Hey! Are you okay?” He asked with a look of concern, “You ran off so quick after chugging that punch I thought you might have been sick.”

His voice was deep, so deep in fact I swore I could feel it vibrating in my chest along with the bass from the music speakers. My heart began to pound once more and I forced myself to smile.

“No I just uh, really had to go.” Then I giggled, honest to god giggled like a schoolgirl.

My face burned with humiliation at the sound but the man just smiled warmly and leaned forward. Resting one hand on the closed door behind me, effectively pinning me in place as he loomed close.

“Name’s Brandon, what’s yours?”

Oh God, those eyes. They were hooded now, sexy and full of sensual energy. Had I given off the wrong vibes? Did he think that giggle meant I was flirting with him? Was I flirting with him? I didn’t even know. My mind was racing so fast and nothing I did could make it slow down and stop. So rather than excusing myself as I should have, I simply squeaked out.

“Dustin.”

“Dustin, nice to meet you.”

Oh, the sound of my name in that deep timbre sent a thrill through me. My face was burning hot and before I could stop it my tongue darted out to wet my lips. I watched Brandon’s eyes follow the tiny movement and like a moth to flame my eyes found his lips as well. Firm and thin, masculine in every way. It should have been a turn off, I should have been wanting full, sensual, soft lips but I didn’t. Instead I just got hard again looking at Brandon’s and wanting them on my own.

“Ummm, I uh..”

My tongue felt thick in my mouth, I couldn’t think straight; in every meaning of the word. Brandon just chuckled and the sound went straight to my crotch. The world seemed to move in slow motion as his eyes dipped and I felt more shame than ever before flood my system as he looked down to see the obvious tent in my pants.

“I’m guessing you’re pledging to Alpha?”

“Yeah.” I swallowed.

“Great, I think we could have some fun.”

“Oh no, I d-don’t think...I’m not...”

Brandon just laughed.

“Me either dude, but if these are anything to judge by,” He pressed a hand to my small tits, “You’re not entirely a guy.”

“Oh...Ohhhh, that’s nice.”

The words were out before I could stop them and it was the truth. Somehow his hands on me felt even nicer than my own and instantly my lustful thoughts went wild. If a little press of his fingertips felt that good, how good would it feel to have his whole hand on my bare chest? Or on my cock. I shivered, and Brandon’s eyes glinted with mischief. For a moment I was sure he could read my mind.

“There’s a bedroom upstairs.” He leaned in close, “We could go find some privacy.”

He leaned in close enough that I could feel his breath on my skin. His mouth was so close and I wanted to lean forward so badly it was killing me. I knew I had to fight it but my head was starting to get foggy with lust. My erection was almost painful and the need for release was unbearable. I could feel precum dripping from my tip and soaking into my boxers and despite myself a whine escaped me.

“You know you want to.” Me whispered, pressing his lips to my neck and my whole body went rigid.

That spot on my neck where his lips felt hot and sparks seemed to dance across my skin in a wave moving out from that point. It felt so good, better than any kiss a girl had ever given me. I felt dizzy; he was so close, my whole world was shrinking to the man in front of me that I desperately didn’t want to desire but did.

It would be so easy to reach out and touch and be touched in turn. I...I couldn’t fight it, not entirely I needed to find some sort of release even if it wasn’t an orgasm. As Brandon pulled back my body moved of its own volition and pulled him back to me, slamming our lips together. He felt warm and solid as his body pressed into mine; trapping me between the door and his muscles. I could feel his thigh pressing against my hard on and I shuddered as his tongue pressed into my mouth.

There was no soft, romantic making out here, only hard desire. His hands came to rest on my shoulders, holding me tight and making my entire body quiver before they slipped between us to play with my tits.

They were still small, there wasn't much he could do but press and squeeze them in his palms, rolling the nipple between his fingers intermittently. Sparks flew, shooting from my breasts to my crotch and making my balls tighten and pulse with pleasure.

"Let's make these a little bigger, why don't we?" Brandon taunted.

I wanted to say no, I knew I had to stop but it just felt so good I couldn't do it. All that escaped my mouth was a whimper as he pulled away and I tried not to mourn the loss. This was the perfect time to slip away and gather myself. I already felt precariously close to the edge and I didn't want to risk another orgasm, who knows what changes it could bring.

Yet I stayed frozen in place, paralysed by the rushing emotions swirling around inside of me. As Brandon's hands snaked under my shirt, part of me wanted to scream, the other part wanted to beg him to move faster. Neither side won, all I could do was let my head fall back against the wood and sigh as his hands found the bare skin of my tits.

I'd never realised just how sensitive they were, despite their small size the skin was so sensitive it was almost like a live wire. Brandon massaged them, pressing the rough pads of his fingers into my nipples and pulling them hard enough to make me moan. I knew people were probably watching, we were still against the bathroom door for fuck's sake. I needed to get a hold of myself, I came here in order to get a fresh start, to finally be the cool guy on campus and here I was letting myself get felt up in public.

I would stop, I had to...after a minute or two more. The pleasure just kept building, with every tweak of my nipples my insides tightened and the ecstasy increased. I kept telling myself I would stop after the next touch, then the next and then I stopped thinking all together. There was only pleasure and then to my horror I felt a familiar tightening in my balls; it came on before I could even think to stop it. With a guttural groan I was cumming again. Cock pulsing as hot seed spilled into my pants like a horny teenager.

With each pulse, my breasts grew, going from tiny pert things to fully formed double D tits. My face burned with shame as Brandon watched me writhe, finally slipping his hands out of my, now stretched to the limit, shirt.

"I...Oh god, I can't believe I just let you..." I couldn't even speak. I was so ashamed of myself.

"Oh that's nothing, I can do something even better for you."

"Better?" I croaked, already the lust was building, I no longer had the willpower to keep it down.

“Yeah, let’s go upstairs to that bedroom, eh? Now that you’re ready for a real lay.”

At first I was confused by what he meant but then I felt it; the absence between my legs. I looked down in horror at my pants and realised that despite my obvious arousal, there was no bulge there.

My cock was gone.