

Self Control Part - Part 6

For Anon

By TheSpiralledEye

The mirror had become my greatest joy and worst enemy in a matter of hours. I couldn't stop staring at myself, no matter how I tried to distract myself with games or TV my mind would wander back to the woman reflected back in the glass. She was so hot, so sexy, far more attractive than I had ever been in my life. It was hard to believe she was me! I kept walking past the reflection and stopping to pose, each time I would find a new way to display myself that was even more fetching than the last.

Yet as I stared, I couldn't help but think something was missing. My face, beautiful though it was, was so plain. I felt a yearning to add to it, to apply make up and add jewellery to my look and finally complete this transformation inside and out. It was so wrong, yet the taboo of it made me shiver with want.

Speaking of want; my lust had not abated one bit. I knew it was too risky to seduce another man though. If I did, it could mean staying this way forever. I could not be sure if the fuck behind the gym had counted or not but it wasn't something I could risk. One more cock cumming inside me and I'd be a woman for life. A sexy, horny woman...

I really hoped it was the drugs making me think this way; but the longer I dwelled on it the more the idea of staying in this form appealed to me. I had always dreamed of being a big man on campus, king of the frat houses but now my mind went elsewhere. To pillow fights in sorority houses and bikini car washes; maybe even a little bit of lesbian experimentation.

Did it count as being a lesbian if you were straight to begin with? Was I even straight now? Surely not, considering how much I was craving more cock. Sex as a woman just felt so much more satisfying than as a man. The memory of the strength of my past orgasms seemed to haunt me. Cumming as a man happened all at once and then it was over but as a woman it seemed to last forever.

I was in front of the mirror again, giving my reflection a pouty kiss and wink. It felt so natural and that alone made me worried. I was having a little bit too much fun with this situation now. I thought about Jackson, how smug he would look when I walked back into the frat house as a full, busty woman. He would be so superior, maybe he'd even try to seduce me himself, bend me over the benchtop in that fancy frat house kitchen and take me from behind...

Wetness began to form in my panties once more and I shuddered, forcing the sinful thoughts away.

“Gah! Come on!” I dig my nails into my long hair in frustration.

Sex or girly things, it seemed my brain only had two modes and I was stuck between them. I couldn't risk getting too horny though, if I fucked one more guy...

I took a deep breath and looked in the mirror again, staring hard at the reflection before chewing on my lip. Sex was dangerous but the girly thoughts; of clothes and make up, those were comparatively harmless. Perhaps I could distract myself from the dangerous thoughts of finding another man to fuck by indulging myself in other ways. After all, I looked so different now nobody would recognise me.

A new sense of confidence and excitement began to build up inside my chest as my heart began to race. I could kill two birds with one proverbial stone; spend the day indulging in this new feminine side to my heart's content while also ensuring I didn't stay this way forever. It was so perfect I couldn't believe it had taken so long to come up with the idea!

I grabbed my wallet and immediately dropped it trying to slip the thick leather into my back pocket. These jeans were stretched so tight there was no way I was fitting anything in these pockets; they may as well have been fake. I moved 'purse' to the top of my to buy list and headed out the door with an excited grin on my face.

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It hadn't taken long to find the sort of place I was looking for; an all in one boutique that sold everything from jewellery and clothes to makeup and shoes, it even had an attached salon that did hair and nails!

As I stepped into the massive boutique, the sheer opulence overwhelmed me. It was like entering a glamorous world filled with sparkling chandeliers, mirrors reflecting back infinite possibilities, and an array of elegant mannequins dressed in exquisite garments. It made my simple, revealing outfit look slightly tacky but if anything the taboo of sticking out filled me with a new kind of thrill. I never liked standing out too much before now, it was part of why I wanted to join a fraternity in the first place, to gain the confidence. In that respect at least, I had succeeded. I took a deep breath, gathering my nerves, and reminded myself of the purpose of my visit - to embrace my feminine side and have fun.

A rush of excitement coursed through me as I wandered through the aisles, taking in the vibrant colours and luxurious fabrics that adorned the racks. The clothing called to me but I decided against it, my new outfit was sexy as all hell and I didn't want to risk getting

turned on by my own naked reflection in a changing room mirror. Instead I headed to the cosmetics department and was immediately overwhelmed by the sheer amount of makeup on display.

"Need some help?" A woman with a thick Brooklyn accent smiled at me, "Looking for anything in particular?"

"A full makeup look." I said, brushing away the last of my nerves, "To suit this outfit."

"Oh of course sugar!" The woman smiled warmly, "Come sit, I love a blank canvas to work with!"

A blank canvas. I like that term; it made me feel like a work of art. Feeling a flutter of anticipation, I took a seat and let the woman begin her work. She picked up tubes and powders I couldn't begin to identify and gently dabbed them against my face, skillfully enhancing my features, accentuating my eyes with a smoky effect and giving my lips a soft pink hue. As I caught glimpses of my reflection when she shuffled to the side and my heart began beating ever faster; I'd never dreamed to think how much fun this could be.

Finally she stepped aside and allowed me to see my new face. It was strange, the make up was thick, yet somehow not overwhelming; my eyelashes felt heavy with the extensions but I could not deny how beautifully they framed my eyes. I looked as though I'd stepped straight out of the pages of a magazine. My heart clenched in my chest oddly. I'd never felt more confidence in my own body before it made the idea of going back to my old male body feel almost wrong.

"Don't you like it, sugar?" The woman asked, sounding concerned.

"Oh no, I love it!" I replied honestly, "I just got distracted...can you do my hair as well?"

"Absolutely!"

The salon area of the boutique was a hive of activity, filled with the sounds of hairdryers and lively conversations. I took a seat in front of a large mirror, my reflection gazing back at me with anticipation. The stylist leaned my head back into a warm sink and began to rake her fingers through my now long hair. Gently she massaged shampoo and conditioners into my

hair, massaging my skull and forcing me to hold back a moan as relaxation filled my entire body. No wonder women spent so much to go to the salon, this was wonderful!

She skillfully washed, conditioned, and styled my hair, coaxing it into soft waves that cascaded around my shoulders. With each stroke of the brush, I could see it taking on even more lustre and shine. When she was finished I was so in awe of myself I didn't even care that the service had cost me well over two hundred dollars. In fact, I forked out just as much to sit down and get my nails done; as I walked away from the saloon I held them up to the light. A sheen of sparkling silver over each perfectly rounded nail glinted back at me; I felt like I was some sort of precious gem finally polished to perfection.

Walking back through the boutique I could see eyes subtly turn to regard me; appreciative ones from the men dragged here by their partners and jealousy from the partners themselves. To be the object of somebody's desire and jealousy was intoxicating. I could feel myself getting turned on again at the thought and forced my eyes toward the one section of the shop I had ignored until now.

I had stolen these clothes but not a pair of shoes to match. When leaving my dorm I'd slipped into my old running shoes and it was painfully obvious they didn't go with the rest of my look; especially now that my hair and makeup was so perfect.

The racks of shoes seemed to go on for an eternity with so many different things to try. My eyes came to rest on a pair of pale pink high heels; it was so feminine it was practically cliché. They looked like something a little girl would put on her barbie doll; the ultimate symbol of girlish fun. And yet I picked them up. The moment they came to rest in my hands I knew they were for me, I didn't hesitate to slip off the old sneakers and kick them away under the shelf. I didn't even care that they were expensive, the universe was telling me I had to have them.

I slipped my feet into the smooth faux leather and felt a shiver go up my spine; they were a perfect fit. I tightened the thin straps around my ankles and stood, expecting to wobble on my feet as I leaned to balance on the stiletto thin heels but to my surprise, it wasn't difficult at all.

I felt as though I were made for these shoes. Taking my first step forward was as easy as breathing and the loud click clack of my heels on the ground filled me with confidence. I let my hips sway and my butt bounce as I walked toward the counter and paid for them without even removing them from my feet.

Stepping out of the boutique and onto the street I felt something come over me; a sort of realisation. I felt as though I'd been reborn and it was wonderful. I almost wished it wouldn't be over tomorrow.