

Impulse Control - Part 4

For Anon

ByTheSpiralledEye

It had been an hour since the beach and Glen's legs were still shaking with the intensity of his orgasms. He wobbled his way home, not trusting himself around any men. The pleasure was just too tempting. His pussy throbbed with aftershocks and his mind kept wandering back to just how lovely the experience of being held up against the wall and fucked raw was. Even now, as he passed men on the street he was tempted to seduce them, he knew how to use this body to do that now. A bat of his eyes, a subtle pushing out of his chest and they would be his. He'd lost count of how many times he'd come and subsequently, how long he was now stuck in this bimbo body. This awful, wonderful bimbo body.

His phone buzzed in his back pocket, sending vibrations across his peachy ass cheek and making him shiver. He never realised just how easy it was to get turned on.

"Hello?"

He totally forgot to disguise his voice, answering in that bubbly girly tone that was now his norm without thinking. Luckily, the one person in the world who he wouldn't have to find an explanation for was on the other end of the line.

"Still a woman then? How are you finding it?"

"Sasha..." He sighed.

"Enjoying yourself? Ready to settle down and become a man's submissive little plaything? That is what women are supposed to do, isn't it?"

He swallowed; that sounded like Hell...and Heaven all at once.

"I am enjoying myself...a bit." He said eventually, Sasha cackled on the other end of the line.

"Well, I hope you don't enjoy it too much more, eventually you'll just get stuck like that if you keep cumming."

That suspicion he had after the alleyway sex was right then, he really was in danger of staying in this horny, bimbo's body forever if he didn't get a hold of himself. Anger boiled in his blood and Glen gripped the phone so tight his knuckles turned white.

"I'm stronger than you think, I can fight off these urges you cursed me with! I'll go home right now and stay there till I change back."

"Oh?" Sasha teased, "That'll be boring, just sitting at home. All alone, getting hornier and hornier until your fingers start to rub."

Glen whimpered. His pussy throbbing with want as she spoke.

“And we both know once you start, you won’t be able to stop.” She whispered huskily.

There was a click and then dial tone. Her damage was done, the seed of temptation planted and even as he walked back to his apartment he could feel it growing. The knowledge that there was nothing to stop him from touching himself again just like before. Glen bit his tongue; he could do this. He just had to be strong.

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What followed was a tortuous few days. Each morning he woke up from dreams of wild sex, praying that when he opened his eyes his old male body would be back. It never was though, instead all that greeted him was his pretty pink pussy and sheets stained with slickness. He was so turned on it was almost painful and after so many orgasms before his bimbo personality was stronger than ever. Being trapped inside, away from admiring eyes was awful. He wanted people to stare, he wanted to walk down the street wearing the skimpiest outfit possible so that all the men would look at his fat ass and pert tits. Maybe one would even take him aside and pound him against the wall just like the other day.

He had taken to walking around naked, even his clothing felt too stimulating on his sensitive skin now. Each time he put on his new panties and bra he shivered and whimpered, feeling the lace tickle his inner thighs. His nipples were constantly hard to the point of soreness and he desperately wanted to massage out the tension or better yet, find somebody to suck on them. Sasha was right though, he knew if he started he wouldn't be able to stop. His breasts were so sensitive now he was sure he could cum from playing with them alone. Glen felt almost feverish, the heat of his skin like fire as he paced back and forth. If he could just cum once, maybe he could think straight.

The doorbell rang and he almost jumped out of his skin; he had been so distracted by his own lust he'd totally forgotten about the food he'd ordered. Going out to the supermarket to get food seemed too risky so he had taken to using DoorDash and other such websites. Most of the time he waited until they left the delivery at his door and then went to collect it but this time he could see the shadow of somebody standing outside still, waiting.

“Hello?” Called a male voice, “I have a delivery for Glen? Sorry man but I spilled half the fries, I just wanted to apologise in person.”

Glen's whole body quivered; that voice was so deep and masculine. So strong. He could only imagine how he looked...and felt. Before he could think Glen was on his feet, hand on the doorknob and breathing heavily. This was it, his breaking point his want had become needed and to his surprise he realised the loss of control itself was turning him on. He flung open the door and was greeted with a tanned man around his own age holding a paper bag of food. A bag which slipped from his fingers the moment he laid eyes on Glen's beautiful, still naked body.

“I'm uh...looking for Glen?” He swallowed, looking away with some effort.

No, no that would not happen at all. Glen wanted the man to look at his body, admire it, *touch it.*

"You spilled the fries?" Glen pouted, "That makes me sad, they're my favourite."

"M-maybe you should go get Glen?" The man tried, a bulge beginning to grow in the front of his trousers.

"No, it was for me, I just put in the wrong name." Glen lied smoothly, taking a step forward. "Maybe you can come make it up to me? Hm?"

"I don't think that's appropriat-ah!"

Glen took hold of the man's trembling hand, pressing his palm to his breasts and sighing in pleasure. It felt so good to have a man's hands on him. He needed more.

"Please?" He begged desperately, "I need it, so bad."

The man began to stammer, saying something about other deliveries he needed to make as Glen grabbed his other hand so that it cupped his other breast. He leaned into the touch, feeling warm wetness begin to dribble down his legs. It had been so long, far too long. Why had he even been fighting? This body was pure ecstasy, he never wanted to give it up. Whether by instinct or temptation the man gave Glen's tits a squeeze and he groaned, throwing back his head, not caring if the whole building heard.

"Yes! More, just like that!"

The delivery man repeated the gesture, taking a step closer and they both stumbled back into Glen's apartment, slamming the door behind them and leaving the bag of food forgotten on the doorstep. Glen let the man's hands roam over his body, tracing down the sides of his hips and shoulders, brushing a finger down the cleft of his ass. He was in Heaven, he couldn't stop moaning and begging for more. He couldn't even bring himself to feel embarrassed; the pleasure was too great.

"Best job I have ever had." The man growled, latching onto Glen's shoulder with his mouth and sucking hard enough to leave a hickey.

Glen shuddered in pleasure; he wanted this man to mark him all over. He wanted to walk down the street and proudly display those marks, letting everybody know just how naughty he was.

"Bedroom?" The man growled and Glen took a shaky step forward, pushing them toward it.

Glen let himself get pushed back onto the bed and immediately spread his legs as the man shrugged off his shirt and pants. As his erection sprung free Glen couldn't help but stare. It was thicker than the others he had felt, not quite as long but wider at the base. It would stretch him to his limit. A tiny squirt of moisture escaped his hole in anticipation. The man climbed down onto the bed, pinning him in place but instead of pushing inside his aching hole as Glen hoped he lowered his lips to his nipples and began to suckle. It was exquisite,

he smoothed the flat of his tongue across the sensitive skin there before giving it a hard suck, only to repeat the gesture again and again. Glen's whole world shrunk till it was that single pin prick of pleasure and his insides began to tighten. It had been so long, he knew it wouldn't take much. His back arched as all the muscles in his body tightened and he crested, cumming hard enough to squirt as the man continued to suck. Turns out he had been right about being able to cum with his tits alone.

The orgasm had him seeing stars but also something else. Something in his mind locked into place and Glen knew he would never turn back; he needed this too much, the feel of a man dominating him, of feeding him pleasure; he couldn't live without it. He felt his hips rise ever so slightly as his ass inflated just that bit more, forcing his pussy to rest against the man's hanging cock. Just that gentle touch was enough to drive him wild.

"Please!" he begged, "Gods, pleasure I need you to fuck me!"

The man said nothing, but he did finally pull back, reaching down to position himself at Glen's hole. Yes! *YES!*

He pushed inside and Glen wailed. His inner walls did indeed stretch to their absolute limits; the painful burn only adding to the pleasure as he continued to push inside. Glen scrambled, gripping the man's shoulders to try and ground himself as his whole body quivered under the intensity.

"Fuck! You're so tight."

Glen could only nod, squeezing around the cock harder as his partner began to thrust. Yes, he was tight, he would make himself tighter, then more men would want him. God he needed to be wanted, he needed this feeling of being filled so much. Each thrust was a tease, the man's tip just missing his G-spot by inches. The pleasure grew but each time the anticipation of more made him whine in desperation. This man was not concerned with Glen's pleasure, only his own; Glen loved it, the feeling of being used this way was such a turn on.

"I-I don't think I can hold on-!"

The man was cumming, hot seed splashed against the deepest part of Glen's pussy and he shuddered, that tiny brush of stimulation the last thing he needed to be tipped over the edge once more. He came and then, as the man began to pull out he came again. Slick wetness soaking both of them as he sighed and moaned. He was left gasping and weak by the intensity, only vaguely aware of his partner leaving. As if in a trance he reached for his phone, ordering more take out before flopping back against the sheets. Humming contently with a soft smile on his face as he revelled in the silky fabric on his naked skin. Part of Glen was sad, humiliated that he would never again be the alpha male he once was but most of his mind was already daydreaming about the next delivery man and what ecstasy he could bring.