

## Changed in Quarantine (Jock Tourist to Swedish Hottie TG)

By FoxFaceStories

### A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

*When a group of four bro-type tourists fly to Sweden to party hard and have sex with the gorgeous local girls, they are distraught to learn their hotel is in lockdown due to an outbreak of disease. Their plans are sunk for four weeks, but things begin to change when Hank, the one with the largest 'body count' of girls and by far the biggest dirtbag of the group, begins to show symptoms of Lumin's Syndrome. As his body changes into the very kind of Swedish hottie he wanted to be, will his friends be able to resist him?*

### Changed in Quarantine

It wasn't fair. It wasn't bloody fair. Me and the guys had saved up together. We'd even lowered our gym membership benefits just to scrape together some extra money, even laid off the booze a little more than usual for a few months, all so we could go for the trip of a lifetime. It was my idea, of course. Stockholm, Sweden. The capital city of the capital country of hot, tall, leggy blondes. Not to mention that Swedish women were busty as hell, with perfect jaws and that platinum blonde hair that just drove all of us wild.

Tommy agreed. As did Rory. Angus would have preferred to go to France, but that would have been too basic. No, Sweden it was, even if it was a longer flight and more expensive to stay. Besides, I was their natural leader, and the oldest, even if we were all still just twenty one. Certainly, I had the highest body count by far. I'd slept with so many hotties and sluts that I had a whole shelf full of panties and bras I'd secretly kept as trophies. I was a conquest king, and now it was time to take my conquests overseas and abroad, and show the lads how it was done.

At least, that was the plan: to get drunk, hit the party scene, and fuck all the tall, hot Swedes that we could. But we didn't even get that. We'd arrived in Stockholm around midday, checked into our hotel, and made our way to our set of rooms, which were all connected (this was deliberate, because it meant that we could 'compare notes', so to speak, and even swap out girls if necessary. We'd done it before, though I was the only one who'd successfully wrangled two girls at once, much to the boys' jealousy). But then the fateful call came from reception. I thought they were just buzzing us about room service conditions or about our hire care or something, but instead the news was so much worse.

*'Hello, is this Hank Bartlett? Room 209?'*

It was a sweet voice. I wondered if I could bag a girl from reception. That seemed worthy of a nice boast if I could - talk about room service, am I right?

“That’s me,” I said with a charming tone.

*‘I’m very sorry to inform you that the hotel is under quarantine. You may have missed the general alert when moving into your rooms due to an alarm oversight. I am currently ringing others with similar situations to you. We apologise for this, but it is very serious. It is an outbreak of the KNA Virus, which can cause horrific gastrointestinal disorders and transfers through livestock, which is fatal to other animals.’*

“You’re kidding, right? Is this is a joke? Tommy, did you tell reception to pull this stunt?”

Tommy looked at me like I had three heads.

*‘I assure you that this is not a joke, Mr Bartlett. We apologise profusely for this. A group of quarantine experts from the government will be around shortly to explain the situation in further detail. Naturally, you will be compensated for this unfortunate delay.’*

I swore under my breath. We had planned to party on our first night. It was a competition to see who could bag the first hottie. Naturally, it would have been me, though Rory was looking quite confident since he spoke a little Swedish. Now, that plan was shot.

“How long are we quarantining for?” I asked.

*‘At least a fortnight,’* came the response. *‘Potentially longer. You will need to wait for official work from the authorities.’*

“You’re fucking kidding me, right?”

*‘I am sorry, sir, truly. I am also quarantined here. Food and drink and service will still be provided to your rooms. But it is local law that you must follow quarantine or face jail time.’*

I sighed, barely able to believe what was being said. “We’ll wait for the authorities to explain this shitshow. This better be fixed!”

I slammed the phone down. Angus, who had always been the most casual of our bunch, looked up from his comfortable resting on the couch in the centre space connecting our rooms. “What’s going in?”

“We’re fucked, that’s what. And not in the fun Swedish way.”

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I was the only one advocating extreme action. The authorities had come and gone, clad in Hazmat-looking gear and making us sign all sorts of legal waivers. The first of the hotel food was delivered to us, and an alarm system was set over the doorway; the one we weren’t allowed to leave through. We could interact with each other, but the outside world was gone to us, as were any close rooms. There could be a hot French girl or a sexy Spanish woman right next door to us and we’d never know the opportunities. Pussy might as well be on the

other side of the world for all we could reach and compete for it. Naturally, after all the details were explained, and the full length of our quarantine - the entire fucking four week stretch we had planned - told to us, I was ready to just break out of there. I'd gotten into scrapes with the authorities before, broken more than a few rules in my short life. Hell, I started drinking and partying under a fake ID years before I turned eighteen, and I got clean away with it. I'd cheated on sexy girls who'd lost their appeal, or wooed others looking for romance, all so I could get what I wanted. I wasn't proud of it, but I wasn't going to be goddamned ashamed of it either; I was just a man in a man's world, doing what any red-blooded man would do when he sniffed some fine pussy nearby. So I wasn't afraid to get a little radical.

Unfortunately, the others didn't exactly agree.

"We can't just break out," Angus said, always the most cautious of the group.

"Yeah, we'd be fucked, and not in a fun way," Tommy added. It was a surprisingly wry comment, given that he was dumb as a doorknob. He was the football jock of the team, and probably crashed his head one too many times, not that he seemed to care.

I looked to Rory, who was often just trailing behind me in the 'body count' of women we'd slept with. He was a charmer, and could put on airs of wealth too. I knew he'd be on my side. At least, I thought I knew.

"No, it's a bad idea, Hank," he said.

"You too, Rory?"

He shrugged. "Et tu brute, eh?"

"The hell does that mean?"

"Nevermind. Look, I'm not trying to stab you in the back here, but I like travelling. A lot. I'm not going to fuck myself over with Quarantine laws in the EU."

"Sweden isn't in the EU," Angus noted.

I jumped on this. "See? Who cares!"

"Well, it's still pretty closely aligned. Anyway, my point is I want to come back and fuck Swedish blondes, not spend a month evading the police or going back home and probably getting arrested anyway. It'll be a shit look. You want to end up in the papers? *The Sun* would have a field day. Imagine the *Daily Mail* shit rag article about us."

I sagged. He had a point. Besides, women cared way more about quarantine bullshit than men, and if I ever became locally famous for not giving a shit about that stuff, goodbye a lot of good pussy.

"Fine, fucking fine," I said. "We stay here in hell for four weeks and find things to do. We'll bloody sue them if we don't get our money back though. And then when we come back, no Swedish girl will be safe. Right?"

"Right!" the others cheers, Rory loudest of all. Well, Tommy was loudest, always, but Rory was the most enthusiastic. This was torture for him too.

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Five days into our stay and I was worried that I had contracted the KNA virus or whatever it was called. We had been bored as hell, mostly watching television and playing games. Thank God Angus had brought his console and extra controllers. He may have been the lowest scoring when it came to our official pussy count, but he had come in clutch here. I was still frustrated every day at our quarantine, even if the hotel rooms were quite spacious. Swedish television showed off so many hot platinum blonde types, all tall women with impressive chests and faces that looked carved to perfection. It made my bloody mouth water at the sight of them. I just wanted to fuck some foreign girls, love 'em and leave 'em. Maybe tick off the locals along with the boys by getting drunk and outrageous, showing them a bit of wild foreign flavour. It was always a bit of fun to annoy the local authorities and show them up in their own country.

But we were stuck, and it was making my stomach turn; literally. I was feeling woozy and starting to look a bit pale in the mirror. Even my freckles were quite dim, and it looked like I'd lost a little bit of weight on my figure, and certainly around my face. The others had all commented on it, Rory especially who definitely didn't want to catch anything. I tried to catch as much rest as possible - God knows I had plenty of time to do that at least - but nothing seemed to make it better. My body was tired and feeling weak, and my muscles were all sore. Even my damn cock felt a bit numb, while my nipples were constantly going hard and soft, hard and soft. It made for some embarrassing moments in front of the guys.

"At least someone's nips are out!" Tommy joked, at least the lunthead's excuse for a joke.

"Har har," I monotoned. "It's just me getting bloody crook again. Seriously, I'm surprised I haven't thrown up."

"Great, we need to isolate while *in* isolation," Rory said. "You need to contact the authorities, mate. Get checked out. You're seriously looking ragged. And you need a haircut."

"And who will be getting me a haircut, Rory? WHO!?"

We all had a good laugh about that one. He wasn't wrong though, my hair was longer than I thought it was. Lighter, too.

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Some doctors in the same Hazmat suits came and went. I was glad that, behind the face shield, one actually looked like she was a hottie in her late twenties at best. We all had a bit

of a flirt with her, competing to at least get the hot doc to give us some attention (hell, maybe she'd help us break quarantine if I was convincing enough), but it didn't work out. She was bored and over it, and when she left I decided to rib her a little and just mention that she had 'real nice assets for a doctor.'

"I'm a paramedic, asshole," she corrected.

"Well, even when you insult people, you sound hot."

She rolled her eyes and left. The testing would come back in a day, and they'd be able to tell me what I had. Certainly, I was looking a bit off. My normally dark hair was indeed a bit lighter, and even my eyes looked off. They were meant to be brown, but in the mirror I had noted little flecks of blue there. Even the brown was a bit lighter. Meanwhile, my skin had continued to get softer even as I sweated from the nausea. It was like my pores were closing up or something. And had my arms always been lacking in hair? I could have sworn I was meant to be hairier. Not, like, Tommy levels of hair. The man was a muscle-bound bear, but I was no Angus either; he was a real softie-looking guy, though he could neg a hot babe with the best of us and make her pliable.

"Looks like I'm quarantining away from you gents until this whole mess gets sorted out. I'll be in my room."

"Don't tug yourself off too much," Rory joked.

"Yeah, and you lot try to avoid fucking each other out of desperation. I bet Angus would be a real bottom."

"Hey!" he called. "The only one looking like a bottom is you! Have you seen your ass lately?"

I winced. It had blown up a little. Water retention, obviously. I didn't realise it was obvious to others, but Tommy and Rory both sniggered at this.

"Whatever," I said. "If I end up throwing up and dying of the KNA virus, you can all choke on my dead dick."

I made a thrusting motion, smirked, and went to my room.

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It took them two days for word to get back. The call came in, by which point I had lost a bit of leg hair as well. It was seriously bananas, and we'd only been here for a little over a week. I'd showered numerous times to get the sweat off me, and used the hotel services to order in new sheets constantly, leading the guys to joke about how much I was clearly cumming on the sheets or whatever. But the truth was I wasn't feeling turned on at all, not even by the hot blondes on telly, or the Swedes in porn I looked up on my laptop. I didn't feel like masturbating at all, and not just because quarantine had me miserable; my dick was feeling

off. Tingly and small. It looked a little shrunken, in fact. I was just inspecting it for the umpteenth time in the little bathroom when I got the call.

*'Hank Bartlett? This is Doctor Olsson of the Vaccine and Disease Control Specialist Agency. We are contracted out by the government in unique situations like this, and yours.'*

Goddamn it, she sounded like another hot Swede. At least the voice turned me on a little, not that my dick recognised that brief return of a libido.

"You've got a nice voice, doc. Do you have my results?"

She paused, clearly confused by my compliment. *'We do, and I'm afraid there's some bad news. Don't worry, it's not the KNA virus, nor is it fatal or technically debilitating to your health.'*

That was good news at least. "But?"

*'But it appears that you have - had - a dormant variation of Lumin's virus, one that has become active due to the release of stress and confinement from lockdown.'*

Lumin's Virus? What the hell was - oh no. No, fuck no. There was no way. My mind raced with numerous scenarios and news reports and jokes and even a few acts of masturbation. That hot chick married to the footballer who used to be a football captain herself. That weird religious chick with the huge tits and great ass, when she wasn't knocked up, that was. She had been a cranky old conspiracy theorist bloke. The office lady who was a damn hot blonde knockout with a pair of hips I just wanted to squeeze and never let go; she'd apparently once been a man, though the office kept it all under wraps who she'd been before. So many others examples, from girls who'd turned to surprisingly buff blokes to guys who'd become trashy street sluts, and even some who'd become total MILFs or changed race or whatever. Lumin's Syndrome was that genetic condition that made you switch gender and even changed your personality sometimes! Shit fuck shit fucking shit!

*'Mr Bartlett? Are you there? I understand this is major news, but I must reiterate that we checked your bloods and hormones several times. It is definitely Lumin's Syndrome, and your body is definitely changing. By law we can't retrieve you from quarantine, but we can deliver some helpful pamphlets, supplies, women's clothing for your changing body-'*

"I'm not changing," I said. "I don't have Lumin's Syndrome. You made a mistake. Run the tests again."

*'We can take another sample if you wish, but I must stress that the changes have already begun. They seem more located in your lower half, but that's only for now.'*

"Run the tests again," I repeated. "You made a mistake. I'm not becoming some stupid slut."

*'That . . . is not the best wording, Mr Bartlett. The pamphlets will help explain what you can expect from-'*

“Send someone round,” I said, and put the phone down. It was a quick and easy way to establish dominance. Still, I swallowed, and looked down at my cock. It was smaller, just like my ass was bigger and my legs *smoother*. Not to mention a bit longer; I was measuring almost an inch taller than I should have been, and I was a little over average height already.

“I am changing,” I admitted to myself. “Fuck!”

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I didn't tell the boys, at least not right away. I didn't want them to get any ideas or see me strangely. Besides, I held out hope that it was all a mistake and I was just panicking, and that I'd return to normal soon. But three days later the test results came back, and I was called by Dr Olsson again, who confirmed once more that it was definitely Lumin's Syndrome, and it was advancing fairly rapidly, day by day. I knew that well; my cock was less than half its proper size by that point, and my legs no longer had any hair on them at all. They were feeling tingly and strange, and my boots no longer fit: my feet had become surprisingly dainty. Even my nails, which I admit weren't the best, were self-correcting and becoming neat. Cute. Girlish.

“Nothing does that,” I muttered to myself in my room, nervous to come out. “Nothing but Lumin's. It's happening. It's actually goddamn happening. I'm turning into a bloody woman.”

He had pamphlets, but he'd kept them secret from the other boys, despite their curiosity over the call.

“Just leave me alone, will you? I'll tell you when I'm ready!” he shouted through the door. “Just go find Tommy a brain or something.”

I read obsessively over the information pamphlets and advice sheets again and again. They were called *So You've Got Lumin's Syndrome!* and they were way too sing-songy in their written tone. But it gave me some valuable advice to try and avoid the worst kind of changes: avoid porn, avoid discussion about the opposite sex or fantasising about the archetype (dumb word) of the opposite sex that you prefer. Avoid stimulation of your body, avoid representations of the opposite sex, avoid doing anything out of the ordinary. The last was easy and hard; quarantine was not ordinary, but the outside world was closed off.

“That shouldn't be too hard,” I said to myself. “I can slow the changes, and apparently some people even reverse them, or can get surgery to cover them up. Maybe I'll just look a bit like a total weakling and come away with still having my dick and balls. That's all I need. That's the bloody victory condition.”

I wasn't sure if I'd even accepted it yet. What were the five stages again? Fuck if I wasn't still teetering on denial. It was just hard to deny when your hair started growing way too quickly and hips started getting wider.

"Maybe I'm just eating too much in quarantine," I muttered under his breath, though part of me knew that wasn't the case. I liked girls with wide hips. It was an evolution thing or something, I was sure. I didn't want kids, but I liked the ladies looking mighty breedable regardless. I just had to stop thinking about it; that was the suggestion of the pamphlets. Or I might end up looking breedable too.

"Ugh, no way. No fucking way."

I took in a deep breath, and emerged out into the main living space to raucous applause from the boys, though the applause faltered when they took me in and how much I had actually changed.

"Whoa, dude, you looked . . . weird."

That was Rory. He was shirtless, and it made me feel briefly strange for a second. My focus lingered on his chest. I was taken aback by how impressively muscled he was, and had to tear my gaze away for fear of looking like a total nutcase.

"Yeah mate," Tommy added, looking up from the game he was playing with Angus, "what's up with you? You look seriously ill."

Angus cleared his throat. "Are you sure you don't have the KNA virus? You must be down with something. Um, no offence."

I held up my hands in a placating gesture. "Free and clear of any potentially killer viruses, boys. But . . . uh, I do have something. It's not contractable, though."

"What is it?" Rory asked. "I mean, it looks big. You even sound a bit odd, like your balls are squeaking again."

"Fuck off," I said light-heartedly, trying to keep things normal. "It's just a little thing. They're checking it out. But they think I might lose some more weight before I get any back on. There'll be fluid retention and stuff. It's shit."

"At least you didn't get it while in quarantine," Angus suggested.

"Yeah," Tommy said with a laugh. "Then Rory would finally beat your 'high score.'"

Rory grinned. "It wouldn't count. We have to go neck and neck for the lovely birds, isn't that right, Hank?"

But I was briefly distracted by his chest again, particularly since he was stretching. He repeated what he'd said and I had to snap out of it again.

"Oh, um, yeah. Right."

"You sure you're okay? Seriously, you almost look like a sick lady more than a sick dude. No offence."

I told Tommy where he could shove his huge cock. I probably shouldn't have weirdly emphasised the huge bit, because even he thought that was odd. I don't know why I didn't tell the boys I had Lumin's. I guess I barely believed it myself. I mean, potentially turning into a woman? Getting a pussy? I was going to become one of the weaker sex. Sure, everyone always puts in a whole thing about equality and all that, but I knew that I was top of the food chain, especially with all the pussy I pulled. Now these Swedish eggheads were telling me I was going to turn into some bitch? No way. I just had to fight it, and there was a chance. It was what the pamphlets and info sheets said.

Even if I did have Lumin's, I wasn't going to go full bitch. No way. I was going to come out the other end still a man, work myself up, and get some nice Swedish pussy. I kept that thought on my mind as I sat down with the boys and we played *FIFA* together, cheering and laughing. I just had to ignore the weird numbness in my penis, and how my nipples were starting to ache.

It was weird to look at them all being bros and not knowing what was happening to me. It was even weirder how tingly I got when I saw their muscles.

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The changes continued, and I was getting fucking scared. We had hit two weeks, and the boys were looking at me differently, especially Rory. He and I were usually tight. Competitive, but tight. Now, he shifted away from me at times, but when he thought I wasn't looking he certainly looked at me. Closely. Doctor Olsson had talked to me twice more over the phone, and I had hissed into the receiver in the hopes they wouldn't hear.

"You've got to get me out of here! My voice is going higher. My penis is seriously like the size of a goddamn baby's right now! I can't put up with this: my ass is blowing up."

*'Are you following all the instructions? You should be able to suppress some changes if you avoid focusing on-'*

"I can't exactly stop myself from dreaming, doc!" I exclaimed before hushing myself. "I came to Sweden to bang hot local women, and they're in my bloody dreams! And I'm with four other guys who are sitting around, bored, watching porn or rating actresses on TV or chatting about old conquests. I can't bloody escape it. You've got to be me somewhere else!"

*'I'm so very sorry, Hank. I know this is difficult for you, but the fact remains that the KNA virus remains a much larger priority for us. The potential results of an outbreak would be catastrophic. Once quarantine is over-'*

"I'll be a goddamn woman by the time quarantine is over! This shit is ridiculous! You're just fucking me over because you hate men or something! What, it makes you laugh to think I'm turning into some bitch, doesn't it?"

*'I can tell you're upset, Hank. That's understandable. I'll call back when-'*

As was my habit, I terminated the call. I then placed my head in my hands. My hair - increasingly lighter - fell onto my hands. I'd cut it down haphazardly just two days ago, but it was still growing at a rapid pace. In fact, it seemed to regrow even faster every time I cut it.

"Why me? Why me? Why couldn't have it been Tommy, or Angus, or even Rory? Goddamn it!"

I exited out into the room, rubbing my eyes first to dispel the tears. I was even getting all emotional like some hysterical woman lately.

"Dude, was that your doc?" Rory asked, stepping forward to look at me.

"Yeah," I muttered, not wanting to elaborate.

"We need to get you out of here man, because whatever she said, it's getting worse."

"Yeah, no offence," Tommy said, "but you're looking super weird. Like, your ass is pretty big now. Hips too. Like you're a woman or something."

"Mate, shut up!"

"What? I can't be the only one that sees it, right? C'mon boys, I'm not seeing things, am I? His hair is growing longer, his face is all soft, and his limbs are all thin and stuff. Plus his hair is longer."

"You already said that, dumbass," Rory said. "But Tommy has a point. Something is going on here, and we've been mates a long time, Hank. I know when you're lying to me, especially when your voice is seriously squeaking like your balls haven't dropped yet."

The four began discussing me, as if I were some science experiment. Angus pointed out that my cheeks had gotten sharper, while Rory noted that my nose was a little longer, and my eyes were looking a bit blue. Tommy kept pointing out my hair like he was caught on some loop; he was evidently excited that he could see some light blonde strands there that I didn't notice. Most of the comments were about my lower half though; the way my hips had widened considerably, making me almost have an hourglass figure, and how my ass was curved like a woman's - and a damn attractive one at that. Rory had the epiphany that I'd actually grown over an inch taller, but the worst bit was when I realised I wasn't wearing any socks or shoes.

"Holy shit, you're feet a tiny, mate!" Angus said. "I'm sorry, I don't mean to be rude and stuff, but those are not men's feet."

"His nails are perfect and everything," Rory said, astounded.

Tommy got down close, forcing me to kick at him. He easily caught my leg, his strength even more disparate against mine. "Something fucky is going on here."

"For fuck's sake, fine! I've got Lumin's Syndrome, alright? I was diagnosed a few days after quarantine started, and you guys haven't helped me fight it by talking about hot Swedish blondes and fucking sexy times in the past and all that."

The others gasped, except for Tommy who just scratched his head. "Um, what the hell is Lumin's? Is that like cancer or something?"

"No, you idiot," Rory said. "It means he's turning into a chick. Probably a hot one."

"What? Seriously?"

I extended my hands. "I'm not turning into a woman at all! I'm going to fight this shit!"

Angus raised an eyebrow as he looked me up and down. "No offence Hank, but you don't look like you're fighting this at all. I don't doubt you're trying mate, but you are looking quite . . . well, like a total bird. At least in the bottom half."

"Yeah man," Tommy said, "do you even have a dick anymore?"

I could have killed him, if I had the strength for it. "Dude, of course I do. Fucking oath! Don't even ask that shit."

"I mean, you are becoming a hot girl, right?" Rory asked. "This is crazy. The biggest slayer of pussy in this group is going to actually *have* a pussy. Does this mean you're becoming a hot Swede? I remember something about Lumin's transforming men into chicks they or others were hot for. I bet that's why your eye colour and hair is changing. You're gonna turn into a blonde Swedish bimbo type with long legs and huge tits, right?"

Just hearing the words seemed to send a weird ripple through my body. I can't explain it, but the way he spoke about such a hot looking woman made me feel strangely turned on. My nipples stiffened, and while my cock didn't stir, I felt a strange burrowing sensation between my thighs, as if a tunnel was just waiting to be formed . . . or starting to. It made me fucking shiver, man, and the worst part was I almost felt a bit of excitement about it.

"Bloody oath, stop saying that shit, Rory!" I cried. "I don't want to hear it. It has a fucking effect and I bet you bloody know it. Everyone just calm their assholes down a bit."

Tommy cracked an awkward smile. "Wait, just talking about hot blondes and the like means you might become one? Like, if I talk about how much I really fucking love Swedish chicks with little clothing and long blonde hair and big tits and -"

It was a damn calamity. I actually fucking *moaned* in front of them, clutching myself as the roots of my hair pushed out. That was no exaggeration; my hair grew in real fucking time, and the pressure behind my bigger, pinker nipples became known.

"Fucking stop it!" I yelled, hurling a beer can at his head and landing on target spectacularly. "This shit is what I need to avoid. I'd be headed for the hills to fight it off myself if I wasn't stuck in fucking quarantine."

"Your hair just went a bit blonder," Angus said, entranced.

"And your nipples are showing through the shirt dude. And the shirt doesn't fit well."

I glared at Rory, daring him to say I was growing tits. Thankfully, he backed down, though the way he looked at them made me feel all warm. I'd been warned that Lumin's

Syndrome could make me weirdly horny. I didn't want to feel horny for the boys, that was for sure. I had to set the record straight.

"Right, from now on, no mucking around with comments like that. No talking about hot Swedish bimbos and sluts or whatever. No talking about sex or bringing it up around me. No porn, no videos or movies or whatever with women on them. Basically, we're not mentioning any of this stuff."

Tommy was aghast. "For the next two weeks? What if I see a tall blonde out the window with long legs. Can I comment on that? Can I look? You know I love a pair of long legs with strong thighs. These Swedish chicks man, they-"

"Nghhh!"

That was me. The changes were coming faster now, and right before their eyes my height grew. I was only wearing shorts, so they could see the last remnants of leg hair fall away, and my skin soften, and my legs become far more shapely and gorgeous. They were fully transformed now and for a brief moment a flush of pride ran through me at how perfectly womanly my legs were. Real eye catchers. The kind you wrapped around a man while he fucked you right in your-

"RIGHT! DON'T FUCKING SAY ANOTHER WORD!"

I glared Tommy down, passing my gaze to each of them, before lingering on Rory a little. "Not another word, or things go down. I'm still one of the boys, alright? I'll get through this, and then we can talk about fucking hot girls - ngnhh!"

My hair grew a little further, my nose shrank somewhat, while retaining a thinner length, my nipples tensed as some fat filled in behind them. Worst of all, my penis pulled in that little bit more.

"Goddamn it!"

"Holy hell," Angus said. "Did that just happen? Was that because *you* mentioned it? Doesn't Lumin's work off arousal?"

"Don't tell me you're getting turned on by us, or by looking like that," Rory said. "Or both."

"Just shut up, alright? I'm heading back to my room. No one bother me."

It had been a mistake to tell them, I had already figured that out. For all that the boys were my friends, they were also pussy-chasers just like me. They knew the value of a woman and where a man stood over her; hell, I was the one who had practically led them down that path of thinking. Now it was biting me in my curvy ass.

God, I just wanted to fucking die. And to sleep. And to masturbate.

I tried to play with my dick afterwards, but all that gave me a nice sensation were my nipples, and I didn't like the weird pressure that occurred whenever I played with them. It

made me think of Rory shirtless. It made me wonder if he was as big down there as he often claimed.

I was in hell, and my thoughts were dragging me there.

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The boys behaved themselves, but only for a time. I came out occasionally, and each time they made a show of examining me and commenting on me, some of it encouraging, other times more . . . creepy.

“I mean, at least it’s making our trip not so boring any more!” Tommy said with a laugh, cracking another beer can he’d managed to order into the hotel.

“Fuck, I can’t believe Hank is the hottest woman we’ve been able to see in Sweden,” Rory said, giving a smug smile. “And he’s finally getting tits.”

“Don’t comment,” I said, though my hands felt them anyway. Despite my shirts getting looser, they were starting to become more obvious. My chest had started jiggling the day after I came clean about my condition, and the day after the jiggling was more obvious as they gained fat and tissue and a discernible weight. My nipples were now quite pink, with round areolas that made me moan when I touched them or brushed them. Several times I accidentally moaned in front of the boys, and several times they excused themselves to their own rooms. From the sounds of what was happening inside they were masturbating, and I couldn’t get the thought of their dicks out of my head. It was revolting, but I’d started to dream about it anyway, particularly about Rory and his cock. I didn’t tell them this, but the bloody Lumin’s Syndrome had started to mess with my mind, despite me following the advice of Dr Olsson.

*‘You just need to meditate and keep a clear head,’ she told me.*

“Easy for you to say,” I replied in my increasingly sweet voice, one that was starting to get a trace of an accent to it. “You’re not the one starting to dream about your best friends’ cocks. It’s happening in my dreams, doc! I see them and I feel so warm and goddamn turned on, but I can’t even masturbate because my dick practically doesn’t exist anymore! Get me out of here!”

*‘Quarantine is only ten days to go,’ she replied. ‘I believe you can make it. In the meantime, avoid sexual thoughts, and certainly try to avoid touching your new erogenous zones.’*

“You mean my tits.”

*‘Yes, and other areas. It will only stimulate further growth. You can do this, Hank.’*

But even being called ‘Hank’ felt weird to my changing mind. Each passing day I was becoming more and more of a chick. I broke my own rules for myself and watched some hot

Swedes on television and viewed them on my laptop, just to prove that I wasn't turning gay or whatever. But it only had the opposite effect: I recognised the beauty of these women, especially the silly, flirty, scantily clad ones, but it only made me *jealous* of them, not aroused by them. I wanted to be *like* them. That was the default resting state of my thoughts, unless I concentrated otherwise.

"I'm not going to be attracted to dudes. I'll just be, like, asexual or something for a bit, *ja?*"

I covered my mouth, horrified. I didn't know Swedish - Lumin's couldn't pass on language skills, though it could make pathways easier to learn them. It was in the pamphlet. But even I knew that Swedes said 'ja' to communicate 'yes.' And now I was doing it, accent and everything.

"Fuck," I replied, my voice having that pitched sing-song quality of a Swedish accent in full. "I'm starting to sound like one! Why can't I stop thinking about it?"

It was probably because the boys couldn't help themselves from talking about it. I heard their discussions through the door, and when I exited out there was often a convenient television on or laptop open with a sexy Swedish model or anchorwoman or whatever. I bit my lip whenever I saw them, fighting the urge to look closer and will my hair to become platinum blonde, for my breasts to grow bigger, for my dick to finally go away. I would moan anyway, which elicited a chuckle from Tommy.

"Told you it would work!"

"Fuck you, Tommy! This is my life, man!"

"Sorry," Angus said. "It was a dumb test, I'll turn it off."

But Rory stopped him. "Mind you, you're coming out rather nicely, Hank. You sound like a Swedish hottie, with that musical accent and everything. I fucking love how your tush came out too."

And then he did something I couldn't believe; he actually *slapped* me lightly on my ass, before stopping to fondle it for a moment. His dick was obviously hard in his pants, and my now-blue eyes widened as he felt me up.

"R-Rory! What the f-fuck are you - ohhhhhh - doing?"

"Making you pretty happy, from the sounds of it."

"You know this is m-making me change m-more. You can't - ahahhh, my tits!"

He reached a hand up my form in front of the other guys. I waited for them to step in and stop this madness - I couldn't. I seriously, seriously couldn't. My pleasure centres were going off like crazy, and the sensation of my dick withdrawing further was horrifying but tantalising. It was all bloody wrong. But instead of helping me, Angus simply shifted forwards like a scientist watching a guinea pig in an experiment. Tommy grinned, the big dumbass actually lowering a hand to his pants to stroke himself off at the sight of me.

“R-Rory, stop this, p-please,” I moaned. His hand cupped my nipple, and the other came around too as he took up position behind me. His hardness was right against my rear, I could feel it sinking slightly into the space between my cheeks. It was goddamned wonderful, and it made me want to kill him.

And do other things, things I couldn't even *think* about.

“Tell you what, Hank,” he said. “You pull my hands away - I won't fight you - and I'll let you go. How about that?”

He began caressing my breasts, urging them to grow more. That Lumin's induced tingliness returned, and it didn't stop at my boobs but also raced down to my stomach and dick. My muscles were all gone, replaced with a flat stomach that was starting to look goddamn sexy in the mirror. Now, the final stages of my cock become . . . something else had begun.

“Mhmmmm,” I moaned, watching Tommy masturbate and even Angus look in lustful fascination. “It f-feels good. You have to s-stop! I can't b-become some Swedish s-slut!”

“But you'd be so good as a Swedish slut,” Rory whispered in my ear. My hair descended a bit further, probably lightened as well. There was a small pressure as my waist pinched in that little more. To Rory's obvious excitement, I even grew a little taller, my spine and limbs lengthening so that I became the stereotypical tall Swedish girl.

“Mate, wh-what are you saying?” I managed, though saying 'mate' in my new voice and accent was really weird.

“C'mon,” he said. He cupped my breasts, which were growing visibly at that very moment and starting to push against my loose top. “We've been bored as fuck for nearly three weeks in quarantine now. You brought us here. This was your plan, your fault. Plus, you've always been the braggart of the group. The one who has to lead, take charge, make everyone know you're the best. I think we're due some payback. I mean, you brought us here to fuck some hot blonde Swedish nymphos, right? So what's the harm in giving us what you promised? We all paid in, and you make more money than us so we made the bigger sacrifice. And speaking of bigger, wouldn't you like some nice ripe tits to keep perfecting your look?”

I moaned. Fuck me, I *moaned*. I should have slapped him - punched him, I mean - and then kicked his dick so far up his body he'd had to go down on a girl to get her pregnant. But instead I just whimpered, my lips becoming that little bit fuller, my voice higher, my entire body more fucking *hot* as he squeezed my tits. They were swelling up a whole new cup size, now becoming quite the handful, and Tommy could only cheer.

“Fuck yeah, I'm close man, I'm fucking close!”

Rory humped against me lightly, his dick pressing against my backside. I whimpered again, pressing against him without wanting to. Well, I wanted it a little. My body wanted it a *lot*.

“S-stop, or I’ll - ahhhh - become a total hot bird! I don’t want to be th-thinking about your big, hard dicks! I don’t want to be feeling them, or sucking them, or - ahhhh!!”

I couldn’t help it; I orgasmed. His thumbs rubbing over my breasts was too perfect, and their gazes upon me just made it all the hotter. I was becoming a total slut in body *and* mind, and it manifested in one final change below. Even as I shuddered, my heavier breasts wobbling in my top - a top that was no longer loose around the bust - I could feel my manhood disappear entirely.

“N-no! Fuck no!”

I pulled away, horrified, my chest heaving in more ways than one. I clutched my crotch, wincing. Tommy grunted as he came, a wad of tissues already soaking up his semen. I moaned at the thought of all that wasted cum, and my mouth watered, but then I was distracted by an *opening* within me. Between my thighs.

“Ohhhhhh, f-fuck! You f-fucking idiots! You’ve turned me into a - MMMPHH!!”

I shook my perfect hips, shaking as I retreated to my bedroom. I tore off my clothing - it was too tight around the bust, hips, and ass already anyway, and loose everywhere else. Before me was the image of a total woman. I didn’t know if her changes were complete, but she was a damn fine eight out of ten, with full C-cup breasts and an hourglass figure that wouldn’t quit. Her hair went to her shoulders, and her face was sharp and beautiful, with icy blue eyes and nearly platinum blonde hair.

And she had a vagina, perfectly formed.

And she was in the mirror.

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Cocks. Goddamned, fucking, amazing, hard, big, long, girthy cocks. I dreamed of them. I dreamed of my new body getting fucked again and again. Of me on my knees in front of Rory, sucking his big long cock. Of me stroking Tommy to climax. Of me mounting Angus on the bed. Of my hot Swedish body doing all sorts of things to satisfy its new craving. In my dreams I was insatiable, and worst of all that translated to my reality now too. I woke feeling turned on as hell, and rather than follow my instructions and avoid touching myself, I instead rubbed my clitoris and plunged my fingers into my wet expanse, feeling my vagina in full. My pussy.

“Ohhhhh, yessss,” I groaned, far too loudly. “F-fuck me! Fuck me Rory, Angus, Tommy! M-make me a w-woman!”

I shouldn't have said their names. I could hear them sniggering and whispering beyond the door. I had slept in, and my body had changed more. But then it had changed the day before. And the day before that. I hadn't left my room in that time, despite every fibre of my being wanted to show off my new goods. My boobs were easily F-cups or bigger, almost the size of my own head. They were ridiculous . . . and ridiculously amazing to play with and look at. I kept imagining two men sucking on them at the same time, or my breasts bouncing while I went cowgirl. I could do that last bit well, I imagined: my hips were even wider. My hair was down to the end of my shoulders, having finally become platinum blonde. I had to be easily six-foot-two, a statuesque stunner. And yet my height didn't distract from how voluptuous and curvy I was. I couldn't stop touching myself, and once I got started I was soon groping my tits and squeezing them together.

"N-need to be f-fucked, need to be - AAAHHHH!!!"

I came, and it didn't take long either. The first of my female orgasms rolled through me, and I mentally cursed Dr Olsson for failing to get me out of here. There was no coming back from this, or my sexy accent or these slutty feelings. I knew that Lumin's could warp your mind, and now I was attracted to goddamn men. Men and their big, pleasure-bringing penises.

It took a long time to come down from the pleasure and collect my thoughts. I hadn't become a dumbass, at least, not like some. I definitely felt a bit like a bimbo though; just the thought of wearing my old clothing made my flesh crawl. This hot bod wanted to be shown off. I tried several times to put on proper clothing, but in the end all I could manage was wearing one of my smart button-ups with the top buttons undone, so that my new cleavage was full on display.

"I've got goddamned cleavage," I grunted. "So much fucking cleavage. I'm sooooo hot, oh my God. Such a fucking snack. I'm an eleven out of ten."

I posed in the mirror, wearing nothing more than ill-fitting men's undies and a buttoned down shirt. I looked just like the kind of woman wearing her man's clothing after he'd fucked her the previous night. It was an unbelievably hot image that made me moan. The boys outside in the main room area sniggered again. Their hushed whispers were turning me on. I knew they were talking about me. They were such assholes.

"God, what if they want to fuck me in the ass?" I said, wincing at the beauty of it. "I've got the best ass. Mhmhm . . . can't fight it. Need to see them. At least show off my body a little. Talk in this cute new voice. Maybe . . . maybe let Rory feel me, even if he is a jackass, he can . . . ahhhh, know how to treat a hot Swedish girl, I bet."

I wasn't fooling myself. I knew what I wanted. God, I knew. Dr Olsson had already heard that I'd gone full woman, but at least warned me that I could restore parts of my psyche or whatever so long as I resisted acting too flippantly. Too hastily.

But I opened the door anyway, emerging out as the tall, long-haired (down to nearly my ass now) blonde Swedish bombshell I now was.

"I can't keep hiding!" I exclaimed in my sexy new Swedish accent, its lilting tones sounding like I was about to break into song. "I can't stop thinking about all of you and your big hard . . . muscles."

It was a weak finish, but the gasp from me at the sight of them lounging about, each manly in their own way, perhaps indicated what I was *really* thinking about. They each gasped too. They knew I was becoming a total knockout, but I knew from looking in the mirror that I was the most goddamn perfect looking woman I'd ever seen; and I'd slept with the best women out of any of us, with a body count in the triple digits.

"Holy fuck," Tommy said.

"Jesus Christ," Rory added.

"Those proportions," Angus said. "Hank, you look amazing."

But Hank didn't seem like a good name anymore. I didn't know what name I needed, but it had to be different. Thankfully, they gave me the inspiration they needed, because the three of them smirked at each other before producing an article of clothing each.

"I reckon we need to upsize the bra," Rory noted, holding a large pink one in his hands. "But I bet the rest will show you off just fine. We ordered them while you were sulking."

I pouted, petulant. For a brief moment, that enormous humiliation rose in me. Here I was, curvaceous and blonde and horny as all fucking hell - and Swedish, for God's sake - and it was all their fault. But I couldn't help but need them. My pussy was hungry, and the thought of cock - particularly since they were all stiff in their pants quite obviously - was enough to make me desperate. Desperate and forgiving.

So instead I squeaked in excitement. "Let me try them on!" I shouted, practically *prancing* over. I changed right there in front of them, and they whistled and cheered as I put on a much more threadbare and sexy outfit, consisting of a tight pink crop top that could barely contain my enormous breasts, and a tight short skirt that barely concealed my ass. My perfect midriff was on full display, and my legs just as much so. My cleavage was immense, and my breasts muffintopped over the bra that Rory helped put on first.

"You're so fucking hot," he whispered in my ear. "Don't you want to prove how hot you are, Hank?"

I turned, catching myself in the mirror of the room. I was indeed hot. I looked pretty and pink and totally girly, and definitely a native Swede: a perfect ten out of ten one.

"Call me Heidi," I said with a grin. It wasn't my name. Why had I said that? Ohhhhh, but it seemed so damn right. I *was* Heidi now. A hot Swedish stunner who just *ached* to have men feel her up and for her to suck her cock. And right now three studs were in front of me.

I turned around, my huge boobs wobbling in my top. I placed my hands on my fertile hips.

“So,” I said. “Who is going to be the first hot hunk to unwrap their holiday gift?”

The answer was easy, of course. They all descended upon me at once, and had me each in turn in any number of rotations in the hours that followed. Whatever pleasures masturbation gave was nothing compared to the thrill and ecstasy of taking cock, sucking cock, stroking cock, and being penetrated by the boys. By *my* boys.

Soon, any objections in my mind were just the tiny mental screams of my dying masculinity. This hot Swede just wanted to have her brains fucked out again and again and again, and look hot and barely clothed while doing so.

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When quarantine ended, the holiday from hell had become a holiday to heaven, at least for the three boys. The new girl that had replaced Hank on the flight home was very different from the man who had left. As Heidi, I was tall, gorgeous, and my breasts practically had their own area code. I swayed her hips sexily as I walked, and giggled at all the boys' jokes, which were mostly double entendres about me. I readily accepted their hands on my body, and far more than that. I made sure they each joined the Mile High Club on the way home, and more than once each too. My body was addicted to giving blowjobs. Gross but amazing, I know. Some of the passengers looked at me with derision: weren't the Swedes a self-respecting people? Who was this girl who found it practically impossible to wear clothing that didn't bare her midriff, her cleavage, her legs. It was scandalous. It was also jealousy or lust on their part. I couldn't help but thrust out my chest a little more just to tease.

Of course, I occasionally blushed at the attention I received, and even more so when Rory or Tommy or Angus or all three fucked me. I was theirs now, their slut, their girl. Their ten out of ten woman to bang as they liked, and I would always beg for more, only getting more experienced and skilled in the art of lovemaking as a woman as time went on. But I still remembered being Hank, and how I had been a charismatic pussy-chasing beer-drinking jock. A chauvinist who just wanted to love and leave women at his pleasure. The irony of my final fate was not lost on me, and occasionally I could only sigh with humiliation at my fate.

But then I would look over and see Rory staring at my big ripe tits, or feel Tommy touching my perfect platinum blonde hair, or catch Angus' cock rising in my pants as he watched me take on a sexy pose without thinking. And then all regrets would disappear for a time, and my pleasure would start anew. Quarantine had served this Swedish gal well.

**The End**