

PANDEMIC BLUES

By Bewci

The world had come to a standstill. The German government had officially declared a nationwide lockdown 12hrs from midnight. The college dorms were empty, the airports were packed, the media was going haywire with non-stop breaking news, and I was asleep. I was an immigrant who came to Berlin to study at HTW University. I'm half-Indian, and half-British, born in the UK. I was neither aware of the pandemic nor the lockdown. I was stoned and unconscious from last night, the only immigrant student still present in the college dorm.

"Holy shit!" I howled as I realized upon waking up from my deep slumber. My jaw dropped as I read the headlines bolting across the screen in the reception. The only flight back to the UK had left fifteen minutes ago! I had no idea how to survive in a country far away from my homeland, with no money or friend. I had no way back, and the college was getting closed. Finally, my parents called and assured me, sending me a considerable amount of money and telling me to rent a decent place and stay until the whole thing was over. The embassy was a riot, so I took their advice.

I packed my bags and left the dorm, looking for somewhere to stay for the rest of the lockdown. I was lucky to get an apartment with a bedroom, kitchen, hall, and bathroom. It wasn't fancy but expensive because of the pandemic. I paid the security deposit, signed the necessary documents, and went to the nearby mall to stockpile a month's worth of ration. Finally, settled and prepared, I waited.

Days passed, followed by weeks, and things only got worse. The virus spread like wildfire, and the government kept

extending the lockdown indefinitely. I stayed put, hoping to survive all of this. My father's business suffered until he went bankrupt. His savings were just enough to survive for the next few months. After that, he had no choice but to reserve his finances and send me only \$400, which helped me with the daily expenditures, not the rent. Sooner than later, I had to consult with my landlord, Jacob Wilkins.

"Mr. Wilkins, I'll clear the dues, I promise. Unfortunately, my dad suffered some financial loss, but he will send me the money soon," I informed him.

"Is that so? Well, I don't want to suffer the same way he did. Times are tough. I'll need you to pay me one way or another," he said with a sly smile.

"What do you mean?" I asked, looking at him ominous expression.

"Hmm," his eyes scanned my body. As a young man, I cringed. I anticipated his intentions and wondered if he was a homosexual. "I want you to have this." He proffered me a bottle of medicine.

"What is this?" I said as I took it and opened it. It was full of red-white pills. "Have them one per day until your dad sends me the money. Or you can always leave."

"What?! This is illegal! You can't throw me out during a pandemic! And what makes you think I'll be eating whatever this is?!" I bawled.

"You signed the papers, remember?" His grin grew wider. "You're bound to pay me the due amount, or I have the right

to recover it anyway I wish, legally speaking. Now, I'm just asking you to have those pills. Of course, only if you consent to it."

I had nothing to say. I stood silent for a few moments, deep in thought. Then, finally, I chose to stay instead of living in the streets and getting mugged. "Very well! I'll personally make sure that you're taking your pills every day!" That Bastard! I was planning to dump them down the sink daily, but he was one step ahead of me! Finally, with the conversation over, he sighed deeply and walked away.

I slogged up the stairs and walked into my room, staring at the bottle of pills in my hand. It had no labels or markings that would tell me what it was. I knew it wasn't anything good. But nevertheless, I had the house to myself and wouldn't suffer in the streets. Moreover, I wouldn't have to pay a cent and live free as long as I eat these pills! This can't be that bad of a deal, I thought.

Soon after the evening supper, Mr. Jacobs visited me and ensured I took the pill. I reluctantly swallowed it and chugged down a glass of water. He nodded with his sinister smile spread over his face and retreated back to his floor. I shut the door and went to sleep.

This happened for a few days until, one night, I noticed something different about me. I couldn't put my finger on it. *Am I malnourished?* I thought. I chalked it up to my poor eating habits, or maybe the pills were *diet pills*? But as days passed, my body mass alarmingly decreased. My arms and shoulders had lost all gains, and my chest felt pudgy. "Am I growing manboobs?!" I said, covering my chest in

embarrassment as my landlord barged in. “What are you doing to me with those pills?!” I hollered at him. He laughed and said, “I don’t think you should blame me. You consent to have it daily and stay here. Why don’t you do some exercises like jogging or squats in the hall instead of sitting all day long, watching porn?!”

“Hey, I don’t watch porn!” my cheeks blushed as I recalled shamelessly masturbating last night for hours, watching extreme hardcore videos. I had never been so aroused before. I came three times in succession until I passed out. “Fuck, he must have heard me moaning so loudly,” I whispered. But he had a point. Maybe it was my sedentary lifestyle that was causing me to lose my gains. I had to build a workout regimen for myself.

Almost a month passed, and I had gotten to a point where having a pill after supper became a routine. Jacob knew I would take them on time, even without his presence. I talked to my father; he was concerned yet happy that my landlord let me live in his house. I couldn’t bring myself to reveal the ridiculous terms of my stay as Mr. Wilkins shook his head in denial. When I put the phone down, I was shocked with myself. *Why didn’t I tell my dad about the pills? Since when do I follow my landlord’s advice?* A hundred questions overwhelmed my mind. So, I returned to my mat in the hall and resumed working out. I did some squats, followed by some stretching to relax my brain.

I had intense bouts of erotic nightmares every other night, making me drenched in sweat and cum as I woke up in the middle of the night. I never remembered what I saw in the

dreams, but I knew I was horrified, and it turned me on. It was a weird mixture of emotions that haunted me. My libido stayed high at all times of the day, keeping me in a dazed, weak state. I spent hours masturbating to porn, my choices of videos getting more taboo every passing day. I was shocked by my shifting preferences, yet I indulged in them.

Five months passed since I met Mr. Jacob for the first time, two months since I started taking his pills and living rent-free under his roof, and the government was still wary about the pandemic. My dad couldn't send me any money anymore. Then, to my shock, Mr. Wilkins chimed in, taking the phone off my hand, and said, "Don't worry, sir, your child is in safe hands. I'll look after his expenses." He talked with an enchanting smile, and they became friends within seconds of conversation. I don't know why, but I felt butterflies in my stomach looking at his charismatic personality. So distracted by him I didn't notice until he put down the phone that I was playing with my shoulder-length auburn hair. I yanked my fingers away, thinking, "I need a haircut."

Mr. Jacobs cut his hair with a trimmer, but I had nothing to use. He didn't allow me to use his equipment, and the salon had been closed since the lockdown began. So as I gazed into the mirror, my eyes focussed on the brown hair with golden strands trickling down my cheeks and brushing against my shoulder. I remember vividly having a buzz cut five months ago. *Hair doesn't grow this fast, does it?* I stripped down my clothes, getting butt naked. My hands traced my hips and buttocks as I turned them toward the mirror. They felt so ample and broad, yet my nipples were sore, and my chest

drooped with fat. "I look so... feminine," I gasped as I whispered those words.

It must be the pills and all those squats I've been doing since last month. Why am I doing this to myself?! I thought. The answer was evident; I had no other choice. I was trapped in Mr. Jacob's house, and his words acted like spells over me. I had been a shy person, but this was something else. I was subservient to him, molding to his wishes. Thinking about him gave me chills of pleasure. The heat in my lower abdomen returned in the night, melting my soul as I convulsed naked on the bed. I rubbed my fingers over my limp cock, trying to get myself over the edge. "Ohh... fuck!" I moaned shamelessly, turning myself into a hot mess. Transparent fluid oozed out of my flaccid dick without any force, wetting my bedsheets. *Lick it*, the voice in my head whispered. I wiped some off the tip and hesitantly put it in my mouth. *Mmm*, I savored the salty, pungent taste spreading down my throat. Something awakened in me. My body buzzed with pleasure while I sweated like a horse. *Ugh, I feel so hot!* I breathed heavily, my heart pounding in my chest. I rolled my eyes up as I got numb from intense pleasure coursing through my veins. "Aahh... my voice!"

I mumbled, noticing a higher pitch emitting from my throat as I moaned. *What have I done?!* I screamed in my mind with terror while every cell of my body danced in ecstasy. The fingers over my shriveled penis receded downwards until they rested atop a sheathed nub. "Agh!" I cried as they stroked and slipped into an alien opening brewing in place of my balls. I shuddered as my fingers pushed against the cavernous flesh. "Oh, God!" I wailed, tears of joy rolling down

my cheeks. Drops of sweat accumulated all over my body as I kept exploring the tunnel in my loins. "Oh, it feels so good!"

Everything was a blur until I woke up the following day. "What the fuck!" I squealed in horror, grabbing the supple mounds of fat over my chest. I looked down at my crotch and my golden brown locks cascaded over my face. "They grew so long?!" I screamed. My eyes glanced at my puffy, sore slit and recalled everything that happened last night like a photo reel. "Huh, H-How is this possible... I'm a girl?!" I muttered with a breathy voice. I climbed down the cum-caked mattress and looked at myself in the long mirror again. I was unrecognizable. A gorgeous girl stared back at me with beautiful eyes, plump lips, and a perky nose. She was well-endowed in all the right places to make any man drool. I turned left and right to check my new body in disbelief. *How do I explain this to my parents?!* I had no idea. This was scientifically impossible; if it was, I would've known because that's what I had been studying for the last two years.

It was Mr. Wilkin's doing. His pills had turned me into a girl! But I had to get dressed before I could confront him. So I opened my wardrobe and found it empty, except for a pair of black lingerie! *Did he really just do that?!* I roared furiously in my thoughts. As much as I wanted to kill him, I couldn't barge in naked in front of him. I had to wear it. "Ugh," I groaned, picking up the bra and the panties. "This is humiliating," I whispered, almost on the verge of tears. I wrapped the cups over my protruding orbs and pulled the straps behind me. I was surprised by how flexible my arms were, clasping the hooks with ease. The bra pushed my breasts up, giving me ample cleavage. The feeling of the skin of my chest rubbing

against each other was surreal to me. I put my legs in the panties and pulled them up. I gasped as the soft fabric stroked my inner thighs. It grabbed onto my hips and dug into my crotch, grinding against my folds every time I took a step. I still wasn't sure if this was all a nightmare due to my developed weird porn fetishes. I pinched myself. "Ow!"

I stared at my reflection in the mirror. I tried to feel lust for the woman standing in front of me. But I felt nothing. *If only I had some makeup*, I thought. So I opened the drawers and found them! Mr. Jacobs had taken care of me as he promised to my father. Instinctively, I applied subtle makeup on my face, painted my nails, and put on some lipstick. "Wow," I was in awe of my beauty. I couldn't help but pick up my phone and take a selfie. After a few clicks, I stomped out of my apartment and headed down the stairs toward Mr. Jacob's door.

I knocked on the wooden barrier, ready to charge at him. "Yes?" he asked as he opened the door, butt naked. My mind went blank. "Um, I-I... you, *fuck!*" I stammered, gazing at his half-erect schlong. My mouth watered, tempting to squeeze the tip of his penis against the roof of my mouth. "You were saying?" Mr. Wilkins asked, clearing his throat. He had that sly smile. "Um, can I... can I touch that?" I asked, fidgeting over my choice of words.

My throat dried up as he said yes. Feminine urges took over me, collapsing me down to my knees. I knelt down then and there, taking it in my hand, my eyes focused on the warm member staring back at me. I stroked it gently and stuck my tongue out, licking the base of his tip.

The rough surface stimulated his cock, making it jolt up. "Don't mind my randy behavior, Mr. Wilkins. It's been a while since I touched a penis with such girth and prowess. I couldn't control it," I mumbled as I looked up at him. "Oh, you can do more than that. I don't mind," he said. My nipples puckered up as he green-lit my inner desires. I moaned, my poking nipples chafing against the bra while I leaned forward to take his lengthy rod in my mouth. "Mmm..." I closed my eyes, reminiscing the same salty, pungent taste as before. "Oh, you turned into a good slut," he groaned. I bobbed my head up and down, slurping all over his shaft. "You must be so good in bed... Look at the fat ass!" he cheered. I felt his massive hand over my head, guiding me.

"Mmph!" I whimpered, feeling his cock stiffen up after a while. The thick, warm seed of my landlord filled in my mouth. I choked on it until I opened my throat and swallowed it down. I gasped loudly as he pulled his deflating cock out. "You didn't come to me for this, did you? Let's talk about it in my bedroom," he said. I followed him like a naïve sheep, ready to be slayed.

His bed was much bigger than mine, and the room was much more spacious. While my eyes explored the room, he wrapped his hands around my narrow waist and kissed my neck from behind. "Ohh... Mr. Wilkins," I moaned, inebriated from pleasure. "So, what was it that you came here for?" he asked as he bit my ear. "Ahh... Mr. Wilkins, I... think the pills... did this to me," I panted in his embrace. "Hmm, go on." His hands unclasped the hooks from behind, releasing the tension in my heaving breasts. "Mmm... Mr. Wilkins... I think

this is," he pushed me onto the bed, "wrong," I whispered, bent over at the edge of the bed.

"Really? What's so wrong?" he asked, smirking. "I'm a... mmm," I moaned as his fingers ran along the hem of my panties, "man, Mr. Wilkins... I have a family," he pulled it down my thighs, "Mmph... this is wrong."

"You think you're a man?!" he laughed. He leaned over me, breathing close to my ears, and said, "Do men have such jewels hanging off their chest?" His hands grabbed my swaying tits and fondled them. I bit my lips and whispered, "Nnngh... No." He squeezed them hard, making me squeal in pain and arousal. My crumpled face gasped as his hot veiny rod rubbed against the swollen dark lips of my pussy. "Do men have a slit that yearns to get touched?" he asked, jolting his hips and stimulating my crotch. "Ah... No, Mr. Wilkins," I fumbled in fervor anticipation.

"Good, girl," he muttered, aiming the bulging tip of his cock at my entrance and pushing it in. "Ohh! Please! Mr. Wilkins! I can't!" I cried as the stabbing pain in my inner walls spread across my abdomen. My virgin walls were stretched to their brim. "Do men whine like a bitch when they get impaled by a man's cock?!" he screamed in my ears as he thrust mercilessly deeper into my womb. Tears rolled down my cheeks as I wailed, "I get it, Mr. Wilkins! I'm a girl!"

I convulsed under his weight, helplessly taking his entire fat cock like a good little slut. I could only resist for so long. Eventually, my constricted walls relaxed. "Oh, God!" I exclaimed in excitement as the pain subsided and pleasure kicked in. The intense sensations coursing in waves

throughout my entire body overwhelmed my mind. My libido was crashing through the roof, causing involuntary spasms in my hips. I was never this alive before. I rocked my posterior in rhythm to his thrusts, milking his cock by squeezing my inner walls against his dick. My eagerness excited him, causing him to jolt faster and increase his pace. "Ah, yes, Mr. Wilkins! Harder!" I unabashedly squealed in passion, harmoniously moving to his rhythm. "Such a thirsty slut!" Mr. Wilkins said, pulling out his cock and lying on the bed. His mast stayed erect, calling me for attention. "Go on," he said.

I giggled, turning over and planting my throbbing pussy onto his pulsating cock. "Aah... so good," a soft moan escaped my lips. I raised my ass and crashed it down over his crotch over and over. I threw my golden brown hair in ecstasy, slapping and jiggling my body over him. The air reeked of lust, sweat, and cum. Finally, I turned my head and looked at him with a sultry smile as his dick stiffened up and loaded my womb with his baby batter. The creamy fluid oozed from the sides as his deflating shaft slipped out from my gaping pussy.

"Congratulations. You're no longer Mr. Patel's son. Instead, you're my wife." Standing at the edge with trembling legs, I looked at him with a dazed smile. Mr. Wilkins called my dad and informed him that his son had succumbed to the pandemic. I was shocked and heartbroken, but I knew it was for the better. I could never convince my family of how things had turned out. Now, they could focus on reviving the family business while I started my own family with Mr. Wilkins.