

Alternative Ending: Changed in Quarantine (Jocks to Swedish Hotties 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 for Hank when his three friends all start to change as a result of the outbreak. Soon they'll be the kind of Swedish hotties he's always dreamed of, and they won't be able to resist being his new girlfriends.

Alternative Ending: 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. We always joked that we were gonna knock up some Scandinavian hotties.

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 that I had a whole shelf full of panties and bras I'd 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.'

"You're kidding, right? Is this 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. All I can tell you is that a local genetics lab studying the condition known as Lumin's Syndrome had a security breach. Apparently they are worried that one of their test samples could be temporarily infectious. Most are immune, but just in case, the quarantine is there. 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."

I thought about advocating extreme action, but decided against it. Banging Swedish chicks was literally my dream, and if I got deported and banned from re-entering the country, then I'd never get to achieve it. I mean, there were Finnish and Norwegian girls, but they just

didn't have the same reputation, y'know? Still, the idea of breaking out and going for a quick run, or just getting out of the limited outbreak zone (it was only a few city blocks, really) was definitely voiced, and the others talked about it even more than me in hushed whispers, as if we were on security camera or something.

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. Hell, there could even be Swedes holidaying from elsewhere, and still no dice. 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 wanted 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 when I was a little younger and dumber, or wooed others looking for romance, though these days I just went for the one-night stands or the self-aware flings. I wasn't proud of my past, but I wasn't going to be goddamned ashamed of it either; I was a red-blooded man, after all, and I'd learned my lessons.

Still, it was so damn hard to resist the call to get a little radical. The others could tell I was continually fighting that impulse.

"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.

"Exactly," I said. "We can't risk it. I mean, I bloody well want to, but that'd be stupid."

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.

"It's a bad idea," he said. "But . . ."

"But?"

"But we're here to fuck Swedish girls, not be fucking stuck. I'd risk everything to have a little bit of fun. Remember, we're here to get some Swedish girls pregnant, mate!"

Tommy smiled. "Well, when you put it like that, maybe we should break out?"

Like I said, Tommy was as dumb as a doorknob, and his opinions could change on a whim. And Rory was convincing.

“Well, if we’re travelling together . . . ?” Angus asked, meek enough to go along with the growing majority.

Rory grinned, slapping him on the back. “Exactly! We’ll duck out of here, get out of the quarantine zone, and grab a taxi to elsewhere. It’ll be fine!”

I hesitated. I wasn’t sure. This was my dream. I knew I could be an absolute dog, hell, practically a thirsty *hound* when it came to sex, but something about this didn’t feel right. Maybe I was just finally starting to grow up . . . you know, apart from still really wanting to bang some foreign chicks.

“Look guys, if you want to do that, I won’t do anything against you, and I’ll wish you good luck. But . . . I don’t want to run afoul of the law here. I’ve done that too many times. I’m here for a grand time, but not to be a fugitive or anything.”

Rory just shrugged. “Your loss, dude. They’ll only tighten security outside soon, so this is our only chance. Anyone that wants to come with me and make sure no Swedish girl is without a male companion, let’s get moving. That means you too, Angus.”

I was shocked that even meek Angus went along with it, though he’d always followed Rory more than me when it came down to it, even if I was still the group leader. Maybe I wasn’t the leader anymore. I extended my hand to Angus.

“Best of luck then,” I said.

“We’ll send you photos of our conquests.”

“You’re such an asshole.”

We chuckled together, and then he got to packing light along with the rest of my buddies. Part of me truly wanted to go with them, but a more stubborn part didn’t want to be like Angus and just go along with the crowd. I stayed back, and when they exited out the window and lowered down the short balcony, I wished them the best.

Now it was just bloody me. I waited a few minutes, letting the temptation to follow them fall away, and then I turned on the TV right in time to get a broadcast on this very subject.

“Investigators are saying that the laboratory was studying several strains of the genetic condition known as Lumin’s Syndrome, which manifests at any time in an individual’s life past puberty to change their gender completely and irreversibly, often affecting their personality as well. But the specimen being altered for study at the lab was found to be contagious, and was slated for destruction. Unfortunately, the break-in perpetrated by a group of religious activists released the sample into the air. Some members of the group have already been caught and found to be undergoing the gender-change process, and the rest of the local community is on lock-down until the situation is contained.”

Jeez, I thought. It was definitely a good thing I stayed back. I liked girls a lot, but not so much that I wanted to grow a pussy myself. No thank you!

I just hoped that my buddies didn't end up catching more than a cold themselves.

I'll give the Swedish authorities credit, they were on the tail of my three friends pretty fast. They caught them the very next morning; Rory hadn't even managed to lead them out of town. In fact, they were just two buildings over, and were found to have 'no contact status,' being returned immediately to my block.

"Thank you for not being stupid like your friends," a figure in a HAZMAT suit said. "They will be charged when this is over, and much more serious charges will be laid if they attempt to escape again."

They looked suitably chastised, particularly Rory, but when the door closed and they could be sure no one was listening, they all broke into massive cheers and smiles, much to my own shock. And then it clicked.

"Holy shit, you did it?" I asked.

"You missed out, man!" Rory announced. "We got that Swedish pussy alright! A whole room of hotties! A couple of Finns, too. They were holidaying away here and looking to party as well, and it all came together perfect."

I sighed, looking at the way Tommy and Angus were comparing notes. Goddamn *Angus* had seen more pussy action than I had.

"Damn it, I should have come."

"Well, I can tell you, we certainly *came*, mate. Quite a bit, ha! Isn't that right, Tommy?"

"Had a fuckin' threesome," he announced. "They were horny as hell."

"They knew it was probably the last dick they were getting for over a month!" Angus cheered. "You should have been there, Hank!"

And that was the thing, I should have. Goddamn it, they'd actually beaten the odds. Seriously, what were the odds? I looked at Rory and caught his clever grin, and I knew in that moment that he'd organised something. Probably looked up local chat groups and translated as best as he could, tried to find party girls willing to be rulebreakers. The bastard hadn't told me the full story. Maybe he was just angling to be the new cool leader of the group. Not that I could accuse him of anything without looking like an asshole.

Goddamn it, it was so unfair. I'd done the right thing and now I wasn't getting any action at all. For four whole weeks.

Boredom quickly set in. There's only so much you can do in quarantine. We had been bored as hell, mostly watching television and playing games. Thank God that Angus had brought his console and extra controllers. He may have been the lowest scoring when it came to our official pussy count (though I was really the big loser on *this* particular trip, all things said), 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, have some good harmless time just as we all wanted. All parties satisfied! Maybe show some of the local boys up with our foreign flavour: it was always fun to be the cool, fascinating guys from elsewhere; chicks often loved that.

But we were stuck, and it was making stomachs turn. In the case of my three friends, that was actually entirely literal, too. They were continually complaining about feeling sick and weak, even our big brawler Tommy. He collapsed heavily onto the couch, practically breaking it, and laid there clutching his stomach and clenching his eyes occasionally. Rory was no better, lying back in a sofa chair with his eyes half-lidded, watching the screen and running his hands through his brown hair. Angus didn't even make it out of bed, and I had to play the damn nurse and bring him food!

"M-must have eaten s-something bad while out there," he said sheepishly. "It was totally w-worth it, though."

Rory echoed the same sentiment. "I'll h-happily be sick for four weeks if it means I get to keep those h-happy memories of fucking those hotties."

I wasn't quite sure I felt the same, but perhaps it was just because I'd missed the sexcapades. Sure, I was damn envious they got all the pussy and I got none, but Angus was starting to throw up and Rory was definitely looking green around the gills.

"Muscles are s-so damn weak," Tommy complained. "Feel like thinning out."

He looked it, too. Even after just two days, his massive frame was looking like it had lost a noticeable amount of muscle mass. Even his shoulders seemed to be diminished, and they were footballer shoulders at that. He could only get up to grab some food and drink before collapsing back down to comment on how hot the female presenter was on the local TV (she was pretty damn hot, but despite his comments, I highly doubted he was in any damn condition to 'bang her' as he said). He just lay there, occasionally scratching his chest, though occasionally I saw him fondling his nipples.

"Tommy, get a damn room to yourself," I said to him.

"Huh? What the hell are you talking about?"

"You keep touching your nipples. Mate, I get that the chicks you banged probably had some big tits, but massaging your own won't get you a nice pair."

He blushed, realised what he was doing, and stopped. Rory laughed, and even Angus from the bedroom chuckled, their voices cracking from their raspy throats. But then I realised that Rory was doing the same thing, pinching his left nipple, which was literally poking an impression against his white shirt, it was so distended.

“Dude, you’re doing it too!”

“I - fuck! It’s just so itchy. Probably some fucking reaction to whatever stomach bug we got, I don’t know.”

I was feeling a bit sceptical, but maybe they were just punking me, I don’t know. Or it really was just a weird side effect of their conditions. Still, Rory’s hair was looking longer, and Tommy way thinner than he should have been. I thought about the broadcast about Lumin’s Syndrome, and part of me wondered . . .

“You guys are starting to need a haircut,” I mentioned. “Especially you, Rory.”

He just huffed. “Who’s gonna give it to me? You? Besides, I had one before coming here.”

“Wait, really? Your hair seriously looks longer. Tommy’s too. Someone check on Angus and-”

“Mate, just because you’re jealous we got to have fun knocking up some hot Swedish chicks doesn’t mean you get to mess with us.”

“What?”

Rory grunted, rubbing his right nipple and clearing his throat, which sounded hoarse and higher-pitched than usual. “You can admit you were wrong not to come with us. But just let me get over this bloody virus in peace without trying to make me worry about shit, okay?”

He looked at me, and I looked at him, and in the end we both looked away. I was clearly reading into things, and had touched some kind of nerve.

“Yeah, sure thing, Rory,” I said. “You just rest up, mate. But you’re cooking up when this is all done because I’m not your nurse either.”

He huffed, but it was important I got the last word in. I retreated back to my room to chill on my own. As I did, I passed Angus, who was actually looking taller than usual. Maybe he was lucky?

“Hey, Hank, be glad you don’t have this bug,” he murmured, voice cracking. “It’s a real bitch.”

He rubbed his chest as he walked past me. I shook my head and isolated away. Whatever was going on with my mates, I didn’t want anything of it.

Some suits and eggheads in the same Hazmat suits came and went. One of them looked kinda hot behind her faceshield, mid-twenties at best. Normally, we would have all competed to flirt with her, and I'd come out on top. But the sense of competition and appreciation for her good looks was wasted on the fact that my three friends were all still out of it. They took samples from each of us, which sucked, but it at least led to a funny moment with Tommy.

"Hey there, you I-look pretty hot. Nice tits for a doctor!"

"I'm a paramedic, asshole," she said. "And you look like you've got nice tits, too. Bit of manboob swelling there."

My friend red red as a raspberry at that, and Rory and Angus and I cackled with laughter even as she left. It was true: he really did look like his chest was swelling up, though Rory and Angus were clearly hiding their own fronts as well. They were starting to look real willowy. It was only day three since they'd gotten back from their little escapade, and it was clear it was wasting them away. The weird thing though was how much they were eating. It was like the more they ate the more their bodies changed, in fact. I'd already noticed that Rory's dark hair was getting lighter, and the same was true for Tommy. Angus already had blonde hair, but now it was almost getting *platinum* blonde. It actually reminded me of the very Swedish chicks we were trying to get laid with on this adventure in the first place. God knows we'd talked about them over and again while stuck together.

"Ugh, that was a fun little piece of excitement for just a few minutes," Rory complained, heading for the bathroom. I kind of blinked at the sight of him walking away; had his ass always looked so damn peachy? I couldn't believe it, but that was my first thought. I was even starting to get aroused looking at it, and I had to hide my growing erection.

"Well, that's what you get for breaking quarantine, guys," I said, trying to change my own focus.

"Eat a dick," Tommy said.

"Only if you suck it off first," I replied. "Those lips of yours are swelling up pretty nice for BJ's, I'd say."

The three of them looked at me like I was a lunatic. What the hell was wrong with me, that that was my first thought?

"Dude," Tommy said.

"Too far," Angus said.

"Hey, it's not my fault you're all starting to look like chicks."

Angus, Tommy, and Rory were definitely starting to look odd, and even as tired and aching and sleepy as they were, they were starting to realise it. All of their hair was now blonde, and

their frames were far more slender. Every part of them seemed to be softening, and I couldn't help but notice that their arm and leg hair was just . . . gone, leaving their skin smooth and womanly. It made me turned on, and I kept having to hide it, especially since they really were looking more like chicks in the face. Tommy's manboobs were still swelling up, and now Angus and Rory were joining him. They tried to hide it, claiming it was just a side effect of their sickness, but then why were they always rubbing their nipples, which now looked fucking huge by the way?

Only Rory seemed to be realising what might be going on. He kept retreating to his room, checking himself out, and agitating. I couldn't help but stare at his nice, juicy ass as he went, salivating over how his skin had lightened along with his hair, and how the latter was getting longer. His hips were starting to sway just slightly, and when I was alone in the main room or in my bed I couldn't help but imagine my three buddies as a trio of totally fuckable Swedish chicks; tall, blonde, and with big, fat titties I could practically suffocate in.

"Mate, do you think you might have-"

"No fucking way!" he snapped at me, even as his voice cracked higher yet again.

"Don't even mention it. It's just . . . some kind of condition!"

"But your hair is gonig blonde! It's getting longer! And your lips - your starting to look like a fucking babe, mate!"

"Stop it, for fuck's sake! Don't - ugh!"

He stomped off, and it made me wonder if he was getting taller along with Angus, who had been the shortest of all three of us. Later, I heard him moaning and mumbling to himself in his bedroom, and I was shocked at the muffled words I could hear within.

"F-fuck me . . . fuck me with your b-big dick. Fuck, what is wrong with me? I don't want to grow a pussy!"

I shouldn't have been surprised, but I was anyway. I had the suspicion that they had somehow caught this outbreak of the 'L-word,' and I wasn't talking about *love* in this case. Far from it. But if I did admit that they were changing, then that meant *I* might be changing too! And the idea of growing tits, even if I was behind the curve of the other guys, was too fucking much to bear. I lived life to squeeze tits, sure, but not on my own fucking chest!

It took two days for word to come back on the test results for all of us, but when it came, it was a hell of a doozy. The guys were all exhausted, even as they shed body mass in some places and grew fat in others. Rory and Angus were developing tits, and both were trying to hide it. Rory was doing his best to fight it, I could tell, but Angus was crying privately, retreating back to his room to masturbate for God-knows-what reason, though perhaps the

Lumin's was just making him horny. Tommy, despite losing so much of his muscle and broadness and gaining some hips that made me touch myself just to think about, was still too stupid to know what was going on.

I was about to retreat to my room to masturbate yet again - however shameful that was - when the hotel phone suddenly rang. I picked it up immediately; the others were either too tired to move, or, in Rory's case, too busy hiding the growing boobs on his chest.

'Hank Bartlett? Is this Hank again?'

"Yeah, it's me," I said, trying not to become too nervous.

"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. I was developing a full blown erection right there.

"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, which you may already suspect: you and your three friends - Angus, Tommy, and Rory - have all come into contact with the Lumin's Syndrome virus, and you all currently affected by it. This is not a curable situation, I'm afraid.'*

I tried not to cry. I knew there was something deeply wrong with me. Why else would I be getting so damn horny at the fact that my friends were getting tits and ass? Nothing else could explain me suddenly dreaming about fucking their brains out.

"Just a moment, doc. I'll get the others. And I'll put you on speaker."

"Of course, I understand."

I waved at the others, and had to brush the arm of Tommy just to get him to sit up. It was an unexpectedly erotic sensation. Then I gestured to the phone and quickly explained the situation, before unmuting the hot-sounding doc.

"As I was saying, your tests are all showing that you are affected by the Lumin's Syndrome, likely a result of the breakout that occurred."

Rory grimaced, and I couldn't help but feel good that he knew he fucked up.

"Holy fuck, we really are becoming chicks," Angus whined. His larger bottom lip trembled. "I don't want to become a chick!"

"I'm afraid it cannot be stopped," continued the doctor, her voice loud and clear in the hotel room. *"This is why the quarantine was put in place."*

"What - what's gonna happen to us?" Rory asked. It was my question too.

"That's where things get complicated. In most cases of Lumin's, the subject changes gender, likely influenced by the arousal of a nearby member of the opposite sex. This can include mental changes too."

Tommy gasped. "Is that why I've been thinking about Hank and his big-

“Shut up and listen to her, you moron!”

“That is the case for Rory, Angus, and Tommy’s blood samples. You are all showing an influx of Double-X chromosomes, and you will likely be fully female in several days. But in the case of Hank, there seems to be a different change. Your cells are reacting against the other three, but there is no distinct change on your own. It seems a link has formed between yourself and your three friends, and likely you are influencing their changes, just as they are forming some kind of deeper attachment - possibly sexual - to you.”

I stammered. “Um, I’m changing them into girls? They’re . . . into me?”

No one could meet my eyes. I had just noticed that their nipples were stiff in their shirts, their chests more proudly displayed, and ampler, too.

“Likely, yes. Unfortunately, we can’t remove you from their situation due to your exposure. I suggest trying to avoid thinking of women - including voices like mine, it seems - to prevent your friends from radically changing much. I’ll be in touch with more details, but for now this is all I can tell you.”

Everyone had questions, but the doctor had to call another subject of the outbreak, leaving us in an awkward silence. Each of my friends took in their changes, and for the first time I noticed that each was not only developing cleavage, but wearing shirts with the buttons undone in order to expose said cleavage.

“You fucker!” Rory finally declared.

“What’d I do?”

“You’re turning us into girls! We sound like chicks!”

There was even a slight accent creeping into his voice as well. Swedish, perhaps?

“How was I supposed to know I was doing that! Besides, I can’t help it if the idea of you turning into tall, blonde-haired Swedish chicks with huge tits turns me on! We all came here to fuck Swedish women, of course I’d be thinking about some hot chicks like you to get pregnant.”

The words had tumbled out of my mouth without my thinking properly, as if my mind was overridden by my dick.

“You want to f-fuck us?” Angus asked awkwardly.

Tommy was rubbing his crotch without thinking. “We - we don’t want that! Even if it sounds . . . mhmm!”

Only Rory kept himself in control. “None of us d-do! You’re fucking us . . . fucking us up, I meant to say!”

“This isn’t my fault, it’s yours! You broke out and got exposed, then brought it back to me! I’m just lucky I’m not changing into some bimbo too!”

“We’re not becoming bimbos! And there’s no way I’m going to have sex with you, no matter how big and hard and perfect your dick is!”

Another silence fell over the room. I never expected *those* words out of my friend's mouth, especially directed at me.

"Fuck, that was the Lumin's," he said. "It's playing tricks with my mind."

"M-mine too," Angus admitted. He was touching his chest. Breast matter had clearly grown there, and he almost looked like he was *cupping* his new boobs. "I've started having weird . . . dreams."

"You too?" Tommy said. "I keep, like, thinking about hot guys. And about Hank here. Ahhh . . . it's so fucked up but I want to become his Swedish babe."

By this point I was harder than I'd ever been, my cock throbbing visibly in my pants. My friends' eyes all shot down to take in the sight of it, especially since I stroked it briefly despite myself. It was like I could see the women they were becoming, and it was making me aroused as hell.

"C-can we see it?" Angus pleaded, voice even softer than it was moments before.

"J-just one touch," Tommy replied. With each breath, his enlarging chest was rising and falling. Since when did he have such perfect hips?

"F-fight it, guys!" Rory said. "Everyone to their rooms, now! Hank, don't you d-dare fucking interact with us! When you do, we fucking change, man!"

He got up and ran to his room, holding his bouncing chest, his blonde hair having grown to fall around his shoulders. With a startle, the others followed suit, though Angus was slower. He kept looking back at me and biting his lip. His clothing revealed his midriff now that he was so much taller, and it was a toned and beautiful thing to behold.

"I kn-know it's not your f-fault, Hank," he said. "But please, you gotta help us. I keep . . . thinking about you."

"I'm caught in this too, mate," was all I could say. "I'll, uh, go take care of myself, then."

He cringed, and I could see that his eyebrows had lightened too, his eyelashes long and lovely. Fuck me, what a gorgeous creature he was becoming.

"D-don't tell me that. I need to take care of myself now, too. And it's becoming s-something else, down there! It's shrinking, man!"

With that, he retreated. The guys were all in their rooms, and a series of moans started not long after. I could still hear maleness in their voices, but they were starting to sound like babes too. With a sigh, I unzipped my pants, grabbed a few tissues, and started to skin my sausage.

I gotta be honest, I didn't even *try* to focus my thoughts elsewhere. Instead, I imagined myself banging three sexy identical Swedish triplets, each with big boobs and long legs and long white-blond hair.

The boys continued to change as the days passed. Sometimes it was subtle things: their nails becoming long and perfect, restoring even after being chewed at. Or the way their eyes all began to change, turning to an icy Scandinavian blue by the end of the next day. Their foreheads were more prominent, and their cheekbones had raised to prominence also. Tommy complained about how dainty his hands were, while Rory had to stretch the elastic in some of his PJ shorts to have something to wear, since his hips had swelled. Angus, meanwhile, needed bigger socks due to his increased height, which included the size of his feet. All three of them were now equalising in that area, ending at roughly six feet tall, which was slightly intimidating *and* a total turn on since they were now taller than me. It made me think of that sexy fantasy of being able to bang a group of sexy Scandinavian triplets.

But there were bigger changes too, the ones they *really* tried to hide. Rory continued to cut his pale blonde hair, only for it to grow back with a vengeance across the course of the day. Tommy and Angus had given up in that regard, and now their hair fell past their shoulders and was starting to creep down their back. There was also the matter of their overall figures, which were definitely becoming more and more hourglass with each passing day: Tommy once had the figure of a footballer, now he had a female athlete's figure. Angus, who had been the shrimp of our group, now towered impressively, but this was matched by a real set of babymaker hips. Rory continually tried to hide his boobs, but occasionally something really sexy would happen:

"Nghhh!" he would grunt, arching his back to display his growing chest against his tightening shirt. "N-no! They're g-growing again! Ahh!"

And then he would cup them, and I would see them visibly expand upon his chest, becoming a pert set of C's that could not be hidden; a real pair of palm fillers that made me salivate. And then he would look at me.

"What the f-fuck are you doing out here?"

"I wanted to watch the telly! What are you doing out here?"

"I n-needed some food, goddamnit! We're not meant to be out here at the same time, and now you're turning me on! I mean, you're changing me! You're fucking changing me into your dream woman, you bloody moron! Ugh!"

He retreated after grabbing a bite to eat, but his hips were starting to sway a bit. I shouldn't have said what I did next, but after he had brought this on us, I couldn't resist.

"That's a real sexy ass there, Rory. I'd love to cop a feel."

I expected an angry comeback, but instead he let loose a moan in a surprisingly hot voice, sticking out his ass even further and running a hand over it.

“Mhmmm . . . s-stop saying shit like that, please. It’s m-making me so fucking turned on, Hank.”

Rory tried to escape just a couple of hours later, only to be caught immediately. The security around the hotel was a lot stronger now, but it meant that another round of samples was taken from us to get a sense of our changes. I received another call from Doctor Olsson where she asks for updates on their progress.

“Well, they’re getting tits. And turning blonde. Look, I’m not gonna lie here, I think they’re turning into my Swedish fantasy.”

“Fascinating. Obviously, I am sorry this is happening, but at least this tragedy is giving us good data to one day overcome Lumin’s. It’s good that you are isolating from each other, at least. Do they need anything?”

I looked over to see Angus exiting his room to go to the toilet, his shorts now tiny on him, his shirt like a crop top, his boobs bouncing uncomfortably on his chest.

“Well, new clothes to fit them wouldn’t be so bad,” I said, and I tried to give her the dimensions that might be needed. When it came to cup size for bras though, I got a little hopeful.

“Yeah, they’re definitely Double-D’s at least, probably E-cups actually.”

So I was getting a little mischievous. Call it hopeful. Of course, the boys didn’t quite appreciate the clothing drop when it arrived with our food.

“A fucking bra, seriously!?” Rory snapped.

Angus fitted his against his shirt. “It’s bigger than it should be.”

Hilariously, Tommy was the most on target, perhaps because of his love of boobs: “Yeah, but we’re gonna grow into them, right? Big, sexy boobies for Hank to pl-”

He cut short, and they all looked at me.

“What? You’ve been complaining about backpain lately! I can hear you! Besides, this is irreversible anyway. You’re all becoming hot chicks. And you’re boobs are still growing. I thought I was doing you a solid!”

“And the yoga pants?” Rory said, eyes narrowing. “And the crop tops? And the goddamn dresses?”

I shrugged. “I don’t know how you’ll turn out. Besides, it’d look good on Angus, right Angus?”

He smiled sweetly, captivated by the light blue dress he was holding. At that moment, he looked far more like a woman than a man, and it was making me really want to see the end result.

“Yeah,” he said, as if hypnotised. “I’d look really totally sexy.”

They retreated, but I couldn’t help but notice that Rory still took some clothing, including a sexy white E-cup bra with him.

Interactions like those were increasing as the time passed, too. I never ventured into their rooms, though I did often have run of the main living room. But as my friends continued to transform, they seemed to keep finding excuses to come out. Tommy was the worst at it, still being dumb as a brick. He would wander out claiming to be 'looking for something' without ever specifying what it was. He was changing faster than the others, with Angus just behind him, though Rory was still stubborn. In fact, I was finding it real hard to think of him as a 'he' at all, anymore.

"Damn, I guess I got a real cute ass now, right?" he giggled softly as another change manifested on him, one I think I definitely spurred with my arousal.

"You sure do, Tommy. Hey, you're speaking in an accent now, like a Swedish chick."

"Super hot," he grinned, showing a set of now-perfect teeth. Even his nose had become button cute, and his blue eyes were like those of a princess. Fuck, I really wanted to have sex with him, as batshit insane as that was.

"Wonder what else I'll get that's hot," he purred. When he left, I could see Rory and Angus looking out from their half-closed doors. They almost looked jealous.

In the end, it was Angus that brought it to a head. He had been feeling better at being taller, I could tell, and was now wearing yoga pants. I knew from his whispers that his dick was almost gone, but everything else about him was female, and a good healthy female at that. While I was watching TV in the main room he snuck out and sat next to me, now several inches taller than me.

"This sucks and everything," he said meekly, "but are these looking bigger to you? Do you think I'll get Double-D's? That'd be so shit, right? If I had big sensitive tits you could touch?"

I just raised an eyebrow. "Do you want me to feel your tits, Angus?"

"No! I just - they're growing so much and . . . why, did you want to?"

Damn, if I wasn't so horny that I didn't want to. "Just a quick cup, then."

He exhaled. "Thank fuck. I feel like I'm I-letting Rory down, but I really need this, man. Please just play with them - just a little! I'm consenting to all of this, mate, just do it already!"

He didn't even sound or look like Angus anymore, but it was clear he wanted this, truly. Somewhere along the way, he'd started looking far more like a Swedish girl, though from the way he and the others' complaining about their shrinking dicks, they obviously weren't all the way there yet. I shifted and grabbed his tits, letting my hands squeeze them and feel his nipples. They were hard through his shirt, and he was obviously bra-less.

“Ohhhhhh, f-fuck, mate. Keep going. Ahhhh, f-fuck yeah. I’m so fucking turned on by you. Squeeze them. Make them grow and stuff! I want to have b-bigger tits than Rory!”

But I imagined them all being the same. Again, that fantasy of sexy triplets came into my mind. Angus was already looking pretty cute, but I shut my eyes and imagined the woman he could become, a sexy six-foot-one Swedish hottie that I’d climb like a tree, with tits she could press right into my face and suffocate me with.

“Fuck yeah, you want this, don’t you?” I found myself saying. “You want to be my hot Swedish girlfriend. You want me to conquer you. To fuck your tight wet pussy when you grow it, right?”

Angus whined, making sounds right out of a sexy porno.

“I was thinking of taking on the n-name Anna, or maybe Aina.”

“Aina is way hotter,” I said, continuing to play with those tits. “You should take off your top.”

He did so immediately. Hell, *she* did so immediately. I couldn’t think of this lovely woman as male anymore. She released her bountiful tits, and I immediately sucked on her large pink nipples, willing her boobs to grow. She moaned, and they *did*. I could feel them swelling against my face, in my hands.

“Y-yesssss! Ohhhh, yes! My dick! It’s becoming - OHHHHH!!!”

Her cry was loud but I didn’t care. My hands ran over her naked torso, and I cupped her ass, squeezing it. She moaned against me, and I felt her grow again, raising in height another inch.

“D-don’t s-stop, please!” she pleaded, still her meek self. Her hair trailed down to the small of her back, and soon we were standing so I could press my face into her titties, shoving her against the wall to make love with.

“My f-fucking hot Swedish girlfriend,” I muttered. “That’s what you want to be, Aina. Right?”

“Y-yes! Of course I want it! I’m not even f-fighting it! I want to be the first to - AHHHH!!”

She trembled, writhing against me as an orgasm rolled through her. Her breasts grew yet again, fat and round and fucking perfect, a true set of E-cups just like in my fantasy. Her face shifted, becoming perfection in real time, her lips becoming more full, her eyebrows defined, her jaw strong yet feminine. God, I never wanted to fuck a woman like I did my friend just now. But her own concentration was on her lower half. With wide blue eyes she reached a hand down to feel herself, and then she squeaked.

“Shit! I’m - I’ve got a pussy!” she cried in her new accent. “Ohhh, and it’s w-wet!”

“Good,” I said, putting my hand down there and feeling it. “I can finally fuck you like you need.”

I was just as lost in it as her, though I was undoubtedly better off. She moaned, trying to fight her arousal for a moment, and then gave over to it.

“Fuck, this is so weird but . . . I need you to be my hot boyfriend!”

Doors opened, Rory and Tommy pouring out to see the commotion.

“What the fuck!?” Rory said. “Angus, what are you doing?”

“I’m - ahh - Aina, now! I’m sorry, Rory, but I need Hank so fucking b-bad. I need to be his hot Swedish babe. It’s what we came here for. I’ve got a pussy and I’m going to be the first he fucks!”

“No!”

But I could tell that Rory was turned on by this. He was feeling his tits, moaning and writhing at the sight of us. And I knew in that moment that I could tip him over the edge/

“You know, Rory, I read that a rare Swedish girl’s name is Ronya. That would suit you, right? It’d be just as sexy as your twin sister Aina here, right?”

He swallowed. His hair was growing longer. “My - my sister? What are you talking about?”

God, that voice, that accent! Tommy was murmuring, drawing closer to use. He probably hadn’t even realised he had shedded his top to reveal his own tits, or that his hair was also growing too, his tits as well.

“It’s my fantasy, mate. You’re not really sisters, but you look the same. Plus, I’d be banging a set of Swedish triplets. Don’t you get it? Why do you think you’re all looking so similar? Because you’re about to be identical! You’re gonna be hot identical Swedish hotties that want me.”

“But - oh God, why is that so fucking hot? I don’t - I shit, I really *do* want this!”

“Me too. The Lumin’s affects me as well, remember? That’s why I’m palming Aina’s tits right now.”

She moaned as I did so, and I took the time to suck her left nipple, making her hold me tight. Tommy moaned in unison.

“I’m connected to you guys. I guess I just got the best deal of the bunch. But don’t worry, I’ll make you all happy. I promise.”

“But - but - oh shit! I bloody well want this too! I’m sick of pretending I don’t!”

To my surprise, Rory somehow gave in quicker than Tommy, perhaps because I’d directed my words at him. *She* tore off her top, letting her boobs bounce as she moved to me, and in that moment she was Ronya in my eyes. Soon I was sandwiched between two hot Swedish sisters, making out with both.

“No fair! I want in!”

Tommy joined not long after, grabbing my shorts and pulling them down, hands already on my cock and stroking it even harder. It was in absolute heaven, surrounded by

three beautiful Swedish chicks. It was the kind of fantasy scenario I could only imagine but never hope to experience, and we were all in tune with one another.

Connected.

We moved to the floor, thankful for the long-hair comfort of the rug. They were all over me. Rory grimaced, fondling his tits as they expanded.

“Screw you!” he whined. “But I need this. I fucking need you, mate. Let me be the first!”

“Aina first,” I said. “Then Tora. That’s you, Tommy. You’re Tora, now.”

Tora nearly lost a breath from a shudder of arousal, even as she pressed herself against my side, squeezing my ass as I squeezed hers. She was now identical to Aina, and Ronya was following.

“You go last Ronya, but don’t worry, I’ll fuck you best.”

She bit her lip, and to my surprise she was hella submissive to that order. “Of course, Hank. Of course. We all want what’s best for you. Don’t we, s-sisters?”

“Yes!” they proclaimed in identical voices and identical accents.

And then they were all over me. I’d dreamed about a threesome, but a foursome was even better. I fucked Aina right there on the carpet, sliding into her wetness and planting my face in her tits, an easy position thanks to her height. I could only tell it was her due to keeping track of their positions, and it made me realise I’d maybe need to colour code their clothing or get them matching necklaces with their names or something. For now though, I just wanted that sexy Swedish pussy, and I got it as I thrust into her.

“S-so good!” she moaned. “Never want to g-go back! Sisters, you’ll I-love it! Aiiieeee!!!

She came so easily, and I did too, ejaculating into her and grunting as I held her. I could have lasted way longer, but Ronya was kissing my back, and Tora was kissing my face, pressing her tits against my side. In the aftermath, Aina panted, her big tits rising and falling. The other two were already eager for their turn.

“N-need some time, ladies,” I replied, struggling to control my breath. “I can’t even tell you apart at the moment.”

They giggled. “I’m Tora, and that’s Ronya.”

“Oh, of course. I just might need some time before I can get hard again. You know, refractory period and all.”

“Is that so?” Ronya said. “Because I bet you turned us into fantasy girls while imagining yourself as the perfect fucking fantasy lover, right?”

She stroked my cock with one finger, and it pulsed. Then, it hardened. To my shock, she lowered her head down, placing her lips on my penishead, and then began to give me the best damn blowjob I’d ever had in my life. My cock became hard almost immediately,

and Tora was soon leaning over my head, dandling her tits in my face so I could suck on them, all while Aina comforted herself against me, stroking my chest hair in glee.

“Holy shit,” I managed beneath mouthfuls of tits. “This - ahhh - something else!”

Ronya raised her face for just a moment. “Still want me to go last?”

I shook my head. “N-no! Keep going! I want to blow a fucking load down your throat, sexy.”

She blushed, humiliated and aroused all at once, then she returned to her eager duties, deep throating my cock as if she’d been doing it expertly all of her adult life. Tora whined even as I sucked on her huge tits.

“Hey, no fair! I was the next one in line!”

“Don’t worry,” I said, cupping her big boobs. “You’ll get your turn. I’m gonna take you from behind, sexy. I know you liked doing that when you were a guy. Wanna bet the sexy Swedish version of you likes it the same?”

“Ohhh, that’s too fucking hot.”

She purred, then kissed me deeply, her tongue snaking down my mouth. Ronya continued to bob up and down, stroking me off and nearly getting me to yet another climax. Aina stirred, moaning with delight at all that was happening.

“Holy sh-shit,” I said. “I’m in heaven!”

And seconds later, Ronya took me there.

Then Tora.

Then Aina again.

And then all four of us together in one final orgiastic climax.

I hoped Dr Olsson was going to get good data from this, because God knew I’d won the bloody first prize in luck.

The quarantine was finally lifted, and we were set to go home. My Swedish girlfriend harem were complete in their changes, and were now totally lustful and submissive to me. They were still *them*, of course: Ronya was the most snappish and charismatic, Aina the most meek and pliant, Tora the bimbo of the group, and still a massive sports fan. But they were also all over me, and utterly dedicated to being my trio of sexy identical Swedish triplets, right down to their matching clothing. Thankfully, they colour-coded themselves: Ronya favoured green, Aina blue, and Tora yellow. It only made them more attractive to me, plus there was the fun benefit of actually knowing who I was having sex with . . . at first. When the clothes were off, I won’t lie, I occasionally thanked Aina for an amazing titty job only for her to roll her eyes.

“It’s me, Ronya, you sexy moron!”

Still, who was I to complain? I was the envy of everyone; men looked on in jealous awe at the guy walking down the street with three super tall, big-boobed Scandinavian girls following him in toe, barely able to keep their hands off him. I got to not only help the cause of science, but ended up getting exactly what I wanted all because I actually followed the damn quarantine rules and my friends didn’t. Part of me was a little turned on by the fact that they were still occasionally embarrassed about it. Once, when I was fucking Tora from behind, doggy-style in front of a mirror, she went all red.

“I can’t believe I’m d-doing thissss!” she cried. “Ohhhh God, it’s so - so embarrassing! Harder! Ohhhh!!”

Yeah, that made me cum a lot. And thanks to my own Lumin’s effect, my body was able to cum as often as I wanted to, with all three of my hottie girlfriends. There was just one little problem lurking on the horizon, and it came in the form of a call I got from Dr Olsson when we arrived back home to our new, shared flat, one that we’d already broken in a couple of times together by the time the phone rang.

“Hello Hank, this is Dr Olsson speaking. I trust I find you well?”

“Very well, doc, very well,” I said, grinning as I watched my girlfriends picking out their outfits for the day, clearly trying to match a new sexy style for me. “We’re all adjusting well.”

“That’s what I’m calling you about. The bloodwork analysis is complete, and as we last talked about, it really does seem that their genetics are exactly that of identical triplets. They are functioning siblings now. Obviously, they are not true siblings in the general sense of the term, but genetically there is a connection.”

“Well, they certainly look and act like it. I’m guessing you’re not calling about that, though?”

“Well, there is one other thing. A side effect of some strands of Lumin’s can be a powerful fertility element. We ran the bloodwork several times. I know you were with them for several weeks before the quarantine ended, and I know how Lumin’s is, so I hold no judgement. But did you use any protection during that period?”

My heart stopped for a moment. “Um, I think we were . . . busy. Oh shit, is one of them pregnant?”

There was a beat. A very long beat. *“Let me just say congratulations, Hank. You’re going to be a father in eight months or so. And please pass on my congratulations to Tora, Ronya, and Aina. I’m sure they will all make wonderful mothers. At least their due dates are all identical too, yes?”*

I gulped. I guess I really had managed to knock up some Swedish hotties, just as I’d joked about from the start.

The End