

Mini-Story: Hot Tub Change Machine

By FoxFaceStories

“Oh my, you are very good-looking, ja? Would you like to join me in the hot tub? There is room for one more!”

The tall, blonde Scandinavian beauty leaned forward in her hot tub, allowing her immense breasts to rest against the side. They were easily the size of her own head, yet perfectly rounded and real. Like so many of the women Steven had seen on his travels up north, she had athletic shoulders, a straight nose, and lovely cheekbones. But this woman was something else; he was already sporting a half-erection just from staring at those magnificent jugs.

“Uh, hello. I’m Steven. I’m looking for my friend. Have you seen anyone else come through here?”

The woman leaned out slightly to extend a hand, her pendulous breasts jiggling heavily with the motion.

“Hello Steven. I am Astrid. I have not seen anyone else sorry, but I am sure they are just fine. Now are you just going to stare at my breast or are you going to join me, Mr. Tourist? Much funner to play with than just look at shop window, ja?”

His pants now straining, Steven beamed, temporarily forgetting his friend.

“Yeah, sure. I’d love to. But I didn’t bring any bathers, is that okay?”

“More than okay, American boy. It is expected to be naked in these things. You can help me take top off, yes?”

Steven was astonished. *“Is this a dream? I only ask because . . . wow.”*

The girl laughed, causing her large melons to wobble seductively. *“You are so charming! Hurry up, I am getting lonesome. If you are cold, I can help . . . warm you up.”*

“Yes, please!”

As Steven removed his pants, Astrid giggled at his incredibly erect member, a heat she couldn't help building inside of her. Just earlier that morning, she had not been Astrid but instead Steven's travel partner Evan, enjoying a walk outside their hired cabin. That was, until he decided to enter a strange hot tub in the middle of nowhere. Evan was shocked to find himself transformed in a 6'2 blonde Scandinavian beauty, with a pair of boobs that felt the size of watermelons. Worse, the new woman discovered her clothes had changed, and she now had a new identity; as a native Swede named Astrid, aged twenty four, and filled with urges when it came to the male sex. Now, Astrid absolutely plans to have Steven fulfil those urges, and massage those breasts that badly need touching. But more importantly, she also wanted to make sure her travelling partner also experienced the changes she had. This way, however hard it will be to navigate her new life, at least Steven would also be stuck as a tall, athletic, top-heavy Swedish girl.

Just the thought of it turned her on.

'Hmmm', she thought, 'maybe two girls in a tub will be fun also . . .'

The End