

Brickie Blonde (Bricklayer to Hot Female Tradie TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

Danny just survived a case of Lumin's Syndrome. Most of the time, it caused the sufferer to switch genders. Instead, the formerly spindly tradesman has become a buff, macho man. Now that his fellow bricklayer and bully on the worksite, a man named Theo, can't push him around anymore, said bully decides to also get infected with Lumin's. As time passes, Danny sees that Theo's attempt to become even more alpha male backfires, as he slowly becomes a very hot and aroused woman on the worksite; their first female bricklayer.

Brickie Blonde

The boys all looked my way, their jaws gaping, as I made my way back onto the construction site. I couldn't blame them. I was, after all, quite the changed man. After two weeks of sick leave, most of it completely unpaid, they probably expected me to be even more scrawny than my usual self. Danny Harrison, the toothpick. Danny Harrison, who couldn't carry the bricks he works with. Danny Harrison, was he a man? He sure didn't look like one! I'd heard all the insults, though some could be more creative than others. And true, I won't deny it, I *did* look like a tiny, rat-faced little fellow. Bricklaying and builder work in general was in my blood and heritage, but you wouldn't have known it to look at me two weeks ago. I was barely five-foot-three in height and had the figure of a damn schoolgirl. Even at twenty four years old the other men on site treated me like I was some undernourished kid.

Now though, now I was a *titan*.

"Bloody hell," Mack said, adjusting his hard hat as he looked up at me. "There's no way that name badge is right. This some kind of prank? Is Danny havin' us on?"

I shook my head, smirking from my six foot two height. When I spoke, my voice was deeper, more pronounced and authoritative. More *manly*.

"Not at all, Mack," I told him. "I'm just a bit . . . changed, after my experience. I had Lumin's Syndrome."

"Lumin's? Isn't that the one where-"

"Where guys get turned into birds? Yeah. But I didn't switch gender. I had a rare kind, according to the docs at the NHS, at least. And now I'm like this."

"Bloody hell, get me some of that stuff. Is it permanent?"

I grinned. "Bloody oath it is, mate. I reckon Theo will have to find a new nickname for me now. Toothpick just doesn't sit anymore."

It sure didn't. I was huge now, though not in the body builder sense. I was simply tall, wide, and muscular. Not artificially so, either. I didn't have the incredibly prominent abs of those Hollywood actors who are half dehydrated just to emphasise them. No, I was strong and large and *present*, like a good brickie should be. I had hair on my chest, a good deal of black scruff on my chin and cheeks and lip, and the kind of thick shoulders and large hands that meant business. And, I might add, beyond being powerful and looking it, I was quite handsome too. At least, so I had judged from the nicer reaction I got from women, and some lovely stares I got from some cute birds in the street that I was passing.

It sure hadn't been my expectation when I first contracted Lumin's. Just two weeks ago, it had been one of the lowest points of my bloody life. Already I was part of a crew who never took me seriously, despite this Brighton mega-flats job needing all hands on deck. I ended up run ragged by the end of a working day thanks to my body being weaker, and to make matters worse there was Theo, who fancied himself the 'chief brickie' despite not even being site manager. He was a burly bloke, more fat than muscle at least to look at him, but he could throw it around with the best of them. He was also a colossal tosser, the kind who would pick out the weakest member in a pack and choose them to pick on in order to establish his own cred. Three guesses as to who he chose in this crew, and the first two don't count.

Yeah, that man made my life a living hell. He gave me the name Toothpick, which some of the more wankery fellas started calling me to cosy up to him. He took bricks out of my hands, claiming I was too 'soft' to do the job right, and even had the bloody gall to start acting like I was a lady, like this was fucking primary school or something. Yep, he'd call me women's names, all because I was short and thin, though he'd also get around to apologising, because I was also a 'mannish woman.' So yeah, fuck him. After an incident in which he kept sabotaging my work and snickering at me in front of his mates, I was ready to go home. Only I had to end up going to the damn doctor's due to some weird sensitivity and nausea I'd been getting. That's when I was diagnosed with Lumin's, and told to take some time off while I prepared to become female.

I felt like my entire life was collapsing around me.. I was going to turn into a *bird*. A dame. A broad. A lady. A *woman*. However you wanted to square it, I was going to go from a guy who was made fun of for not being manly enough, to undertaking the ultimate journey of total emasculation. I won't lie, my mind went to some pretty heavy places. And then, just as I was getting ready for all I'd read and heard about - swollen nipples, a thinning waist, shrinking cock and all that - I instead found just the opposite. My muscles swelled. My height grew. My face became broad and handsome. I got chest hair for the first damn time in my life. The doctors were marvelled; very few cases of Lumin's ended up like mine. Instead of becoming some hot, big-titted bimbo, I became one of the ultimate members of the male

gender. To say I was enthusiastic was an unbelievable understatement. My entire life had turned around, and when the two weeks finally changed my body had exceeded my expectations. It wasn't just physical changes either; my mind has become filled with determination and will-powered ever since. I don't get as anxious as I used to be, and I certainly feel much more confident when it comes to the ladies. I went clubbing on my final night of changes, and for the first time I had a proper one night stand, and with a pretty hot brunette at that! I had stamina to spare, which drove her while.

Suffice to say, now that I'd returned to work, I was happily showing off my new bod and telling all and sundry how it had gone down. *Especially* Theo, my former bully. I couldn't *wait* to see what he thought of my changes.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," Theo spat, gaping up at my new body. "There's no fucking way. No fucking way at all. This is some kind of prank or something, right Mack?"

Mack just guffawed. "That's what I thought, Theo. Turns out he's the real deal."

My bully, the man who had made my life shit for the last few months, just gaped.

"No fucking way," he repeated, the words slurring their way out of his thick jaw.

"You've been taking drugs or something. Juicing!"

"I grew over a foot in height, Theo, no juice can do that."

He wiped his dirty hands over his high-vis vest. He was a grubby man, Theo. Large and grubby, with greasy ginger hair. He beat up anyone who made fun of his hair colour, too. He was in his mid-thirties, but looked like he was at least a decade older due to his constant smoking, drinking, eating, and general lack of care about his own health. I know brickies and tradies in general have a reputation for looking a bit coarse, but Jesus he was something else. Not that he cared.

"How the shit does a little toothpick like you end up like this?" he sneered, jabbing me right in the chest.

"I got a condition," I replied. "I won't speak much to it, but it's called Lumin's. It was pretty touch and go for a while there, but I ended up okay."

Mack was one of the few men I could trust on the crew to keep his lips sealed and say nothing more. He wasn't a fan of drama, or Theo, and largely kept away from him. He smirked and wandered off at that very moment, letting me have it out with Theo.

"Lumin's? I never heard of it," he said, jabbing me again, as if to see if I was wearing fake muscle.

"What you haven't heard could fill a dictionary, Theo. And don't jab me again. Keep your wormy fingers to yourself."

He glared at me. Like I said, the final result of the Lumin's had left me with much more confidence in myself, including a determination to fight back. He tried to get up in my face, but I was taller than him now, and it just made me grin. Theo spat to the side.

"Lumin's, huh? Something you caught?"

"Like I said, a condition."

"Well, I don't bloody well believe you. And even if I did, you're still a toothpick when it comes down to - NGH!"

I had grabbed his finger so fast that he didn't even have time to jab me again. With one effortless push, I sent him flying backwards. He sprawled out onto the dirt, his flabby gut trembling with the aftereffects of gravity's force.

"You fucking little-"

"Not little anymore, Theo. In fact, you look pretty little to me. It seems karma's a bitch, mate, because you can't push me around anymore, but I can sure as shit push you. Don't worry, I won't. I'm not a total wanker like you are - yes, I called you wanker, you wanker. I just want to do the job and finish up these flats and get paid. You can fall in line or grumble from the sides, but if you call me 'toothpick' again, we'll see who gets snapped."

From the look of impotent fury in his eyes, I could see I'd won. I adjusted my high-vis vest, put my hard hat back on, and headed back to work. The concrete mixer was going, and we had two full beds of bricks to put in place today, with none of the shitty workmanship that people stereotyped tradies with. No, we were going to do this job proper.

And so, I decided, was Theo.

The job wasn't quite finished a week later. Some issues with supply and weather, as always, but Brighton local investors were already smearing us as 'bad builders', likely to be featured in the next right-wing rag, no doubt. Story as old as time. Theo had been off for a couple of days, claiming sick leave. Funny, the man always looked a bit sick to my eyes, so it must have been a nasty bug. I'd say he deserved it, but now that he was no longer a threat to me, I frankly would have preferred the extra pair of hands to help us out and get the job in time.

"Well, look who it is," said Cory, one of the older guys on the crew. He didn't know the full story of how I'd come to be the new me, but he was no longer treating me like a kid, so as long as that was true, I didn't care much what he thought. I turned to see what he was pointing at, and I looked down from the scaffold to see that Theo was re-entering the worksite, orange vest and hard-hat and all. He had a quick chat to the site manager, then came up to me, even though he was meant to be working on the other side of the flat.

"Hey, toothpick," he said.

I glared, and he withered just a little. "I told you not to call me that anymore, Theo. Last chance."

To my surprise, he doubled down and grinned maliciously. He took a long drag on his ciggie, then chucked it off the side. "That's where you're wrong, kid. This is *your* last chance. You see, I wasn't really sick, just between you and me and your shitty brickwork here."

He tapped one of my recently setdown bricks, pushing it out of sync with the wall. I corrected it. What an asshole.

"Oh yeah? Taking some booze time for yourself? You stink, Theo."

He just guffawed. "Only because of what I did to get even. I had a look in on this Lumin's stuff. Could barely make sense of it - all medical mumbo jumbo bullshit - but there were these sites popping up on my computer, yeah, and they were selling all sorts of additives and medications to trigger it. To have the 'ultimate body,' you know. I figure if you end up looking like this after catching it, well, I'll end up a fucking *god*. And then we'll see who can boss around who, dickhead."

I literally couldn't think of a reply. He couldn't be that bloody fatheaded, could he? I mean, us tradies aren't exactly academic sorts - hell, I failed out of English in school even as I triumphed at Maths, and God help me when it comes to bloody history or whatnot - but that doesn't mean he couldn't literally look up a proper medical definition, right?

But then, I'd *seen* Theo's computer, just once. It was an invite he had in the early days, bringing mates over for a smoke and a drink and football game on the telly. I hadn't realised I was a joke invite and the subject of scorn until I got there. His computer was full of porn, pop-ups, viruses, malware, and all sorts of shit. Even *I* know how to avoid that stuff, but you couldn't click a single button on his computer without getting hit with a dozen ads for the seediest shit.

"Theo," I said, rubbing the bridge of my nose and trying to make sense of this. "Are you telling me that you're actually *trying* to get Lumin's Syndrome? Is that what I'm hearing?"

He smirked. He had one hell of a shit-eating grin. "Nah, not at all mate."

I breathed a sigh of relief. That would have been a can of worms. But then he continued.

"I'm telling you I *already* got Lumin's Syndrome, ha! Took a heap of the pills the other night, and this other potion thing I found online, and now I'm getting the first symptoms. Sure, all them embarrassing ones, you know what I'm talking about."

"I really bloody don't."

"Sure you do," he continued. "And once I'm past this phase, I'm going to be a fucking bodybuilder compared to even you. Just you wait, toothpick, what goes around, comes around. And don't tell a soul what I just told you. This'll be our little secret, you and I. Or else I'll make your pain even worse after this is done."

He swaggered off, leaving me almost unable to believe what I had just heard. Had he really contracted Lumin's? Surely not. He probably just took some hokey supplements to boost his testosterone or something. Or estrogen, knowing the *actual* nature of Lumin's.

Hell, most people on site didn't know much about Lumin's. Only Mack did, and he largely kept clear of drama. Which meant that, if Theo really *did* contract Lumin's Syndrome, he could well end up becoming . . .

"Oh. Oh, bloody hell. This is just too good!"

I cackled to myself, hoping against hope that things went the way I thought they could. I didn't stop thinking about the hilarity of Theo becoming a bird - sexy one at that, big tits and nice arse and everything - for the rest of the day. In fact, just for a laugh, I did a bit of research when I went back to my own flat, looking for information on what exactly furthered a Lumin's Syndrome sufferer's change. It turned out, there was a *lot* of ways to test if Theo really had caught it.

Lots of ways to manipulate the outcome too.

We were still in Brighton, building the next row of flats now that the first job was done. Brickwork can be boring as shit sometimes, but it *is* a skill, no matter what people say. Homeowners and renters just don't know good work. They only spot the bad. And now that I was an energetic giant of a man, all muscle and good looks, I actually felt pretty at peace with the repetitive process. I'd been having a few one-night stands and enjoying the club life, and not even the extra intake of beer and spirits had hurt me. Perhaps I was even hangover free? It kept me going at work, that was for sure.

But really, my main reason for turning up each early morning had shifted. Theo was still being a colossal tosser, but I could shake off everything he said, instead focusing on if he really had Lumin's or not. And on the third day after he had bragged to me, I decided that, somehow, he had managed to succeed.

There were several clues. For one, he was constantly scratching his chest, occasionally reaching his grubby fingers into his dirty singlet and rubbing his nipples directly. Others looked at him a bit oddly, and it left him red-faced, but it wasn't hard to see that his nipples had indeed grown. They were pushing against the fabric of his single like little strawberries, and he finally closed his vest - like he bloody should have anyway, according to regulations - just to hide them.

A second change was in his voice. To his humiliation and my personal glee, he was having a hard time avoiding sounding like he was a teenager with a prominent ball squeak. I swear, every third sentence or so there was a crack in his voice as it jumped up an octave,

and it left him furious. He couldn't take any more time off though; his pride wouldn't allow it. So instead, he started talking less, even to me.

"What the hell are you looking at, *toothpick?*" he said once, voice sounding like a teenage girl on the final line.

I just smirked, continuing to do my job as a brickie. "Just a guy with a girly voice," I said. "You should keep talking like that, Theo. I like a gal with a nice voice."

He shook with fury, balling his fists.

"And is your hair getting longer? I'd keep growing it out if I was you. Maybe dye it blonde. Who doesn't like a blonde brickie bird?"

The jokes were part of it. Apparently, Lumin's Syndrome sufferers who were turning into women could be heavily affected by the comments and attractions of men around them. The condition made your body turn into the sexual 'ideal', like a mating instinct gone biologically wrong. And, I figured, as the hottest, hunkiest, manliest guy on the worksite, I probably had a bit of power to influence Theo's changes.

"F-fuck you!" he cried, voice still warbling. He scratched his chest, sneered, and got back to work.

Just two changes I had noticed, but perhaps there were others. For instance, was Theo looking a bit shorter today, or was it just me?

Just three days later, and the changes were becoming more obvious, and Theo more agitated. He looked to be an inch shorter, perhaps even two inches. His hair had been recently cut but was growing out again quickly, looking lighter now, almost a strawberry blonde. The guys on site just thought he'd dyed it to look young, which was just as embarrassing and sad, really. His face was looking smoother though, his features softer. The grubbiness of him was reducing, and his fat belly was looking, well, still fat, but a lot less fat than it was. A number of fellas, such as Cory and Dave and Will, all gave him some congratulations.

"Nice job losing the flab, Theo!"

"Ooh, looks like someone's having a midlife crisis. Nice hair, mate. Gonna accessorise, soon?"

He brushed these off, chuckling and laughing and drinking a beer on site, again against regs. But I could tell the comments were hurting him deeply, especially since someone mentioned that he still had a pair of 'manboobs' despite shedding down his weight. That part interested me, of course. His hips were already wide, probably because of his

weight, but with his slimming form, his arse wasn't quite keeping pace on the shedding. Almost like he was heading towards having quite the peachy rear.

Just the way I liked it.

He had kept clear of me, clearly upset by my comments, so instead I had taken to talking rather loudly with the other guys on the crew about the really hot bird I'd banged a few times lately at the clubs. I was making her up - I'd definitely had some hot ladies, but sometimes work left even my new body pretty beat - but I figured it would be good for Theo to hear it, just in case it leaned his changes in a . . . particular direction. I wanted to make sure things turned out right on that score, for my ultimate payback. Especially since he kept saying he was going to beat the shit out of 'toothpick' in the future. Made him a lot less sympathetic in my eyes.

"Yeah, so I was riding this girl," I said, summoning my inner wanker. "And let me tell you, she was the fucking hottest chick you've ever seen. She had nice big double-D tits, full and rounded and pert all at once; but a total soft handful to play with."

A couple of the men cheered on my descriptions. I could see Theo sulking further away, but drawing slightly closer, taking my words in. Good, perhaps it would have an effect.

"Yeah, they were a nice big pair of Double-D's, alright, just how I like 'em. And she had a perfect hourglass figure. I'm talking big, broad, babymakers for hips, and an itty bitty waist. Her stomach was smooth and her skin had no blemishes. I'm tellin' you, I should never have let her get away."

"You got her number, right?" Cory asked. "I mean, you got beefed up after this mystery illness or whatever, so there's no way that-"

I put an actor's effort into giving a great exhale. "Sadly, I was a total mop. I didn't even think. A shame, because she was seriously horny as hell. It was like she wanted me so bad - just me - and would do anything to please me. She had the sexiest blonde hair with this hot wavy quality to it. It was like out of a shampoo commercial or something. And her arse; big and peachy and perfect for sinking my hands into. She fuckin' rode me, guys, and when we were done she was ready to go ten minutes later."

One of the boys laughed. "I bet! Sounds like even the new you would have struggled with that."

Here's where I got a bit sly. I couldn't help but notice that Theo was drawing closer, unable to help himself. He was stroking his hard nipples slightly, and biting his lip, which had gotten increasingly full. I swear I could almost see the wrinkle lines of age and too much smoking slowly fading away on his face, not to mention his numerous blemishes and spots disappearing. I had to hide my own erection from how hot the thought of him becoming this dream woman would be. So yeah, I decided to go a little further and see what I could do here.

“That’s just the thing,” I bragged, slapping my knee. “Even after I got through this horrible hormone condition - the one that finally gave the body I was apparently genetically *supposed* to have or something, a ten minute respite is not enough. But that didn’t bother her one bit. Instead, she got me to sit on the end of the bed, slapped some lube between her tits, and then - I’m not kidding here, I swear - she tittyfucked me and used her mouth at the same time in order to get me hard again. And then, when I was, she kept on going.”

Dave cackled. “Did she swallow?”

At this, I looked directly over his shoulder to Theo, who was licking his lips, probably without realising it. He was shifting on his feet, and I could tell that his legs had definitely gotten slimmer, his thighs looking just that little more womanly.

“Yeah,” I said, keeping eye contact with me. “She *loved* swallowing. Seriously, I swear she actually *orgasmed* tasting it.”

“Gross.”

“Fucking hell, that’s hot.”

I chuckled at the mixed reactions. I was perhaps going a bit far here, but the confidence of my new post-Lumin’s body made it less of a concern. Besides, it’s not like I wasn’t the manliest man here, now.

“Yeah, she was like twenty, maybe twenty one years old. God, I wish I had her number or could see her again. I’d do anything to be with a girl that perfect again. Guess I may have gotten muscle but not more smarts, right?”

It was a good, rather self-effacing way to end the story without it being a total brag-fest. I remarked a few more idle things, such as the fact that she liked a good drink but not too much, and that she didn’t mind a smoke but wasn’t addicted. I doubted I could seriously get Theo to give up either vice, plus I found both acts pretty sexy in moderation. But moderation was key, and maybe that would influence him as well. Lunch ended, and we were heading back to work when the asshole actually approached me, looking a bit nervous. Despite his attempts to hide it, he seriously looked like he had manboobs now. He was shedding weight faster than he should have, and there was no denying that his face was looking almost a little androgynous. People were starting to talk. Mack had asked me if Theo had Lumin’s, but I just shrugged and told him that Theo would share when he would share. He respected that. It was just important to buy me more time. To make him attached to *me*.

“D-Danny,” he said, and I certainly noticed that he failed to call me ‘toothpick’ without a reminder, “that Lumin’s Syndrome you went through . . .”

“Yeah, Thea,” I said. It was deliberate, but I couldn’t be too on-the-nose. “Sorry, I meant Theo. I was just thinking before what a hot name Thea was, guess I had that on my mind.”

He actually *trembled* in front of me, exhaling and shutting his eyes, as if trying and failing not to internalise that information. When he opened his eyes again, I stood in a pose that flexed more of my massive new muscles, smiling as charismatically as I could down at him. Every little technique learned online could help me here. He exhaled again, and I could tell he was trying not to look at my muscles.

“Look, I’m calling a temporary truth here, Danny. You’re still a prick who doesn’t deserve that hot bo- I mean, that stupid, overmuscled meathead body! But I just need to know something. It’s important, you know, for my health and shit. I’m feeling really fucking weak, and I’m looking all soft. My hair won’t stop growing, and I’m getting other changes . . . like, *worrying* changes. I just need to bloody well know if this is what you went before, you know, everything went right.”

I tried not to grin *too* much. This was playing right into my hands. I leaned forward, allowing him to appreciate the height different.

“Temporary truce, huh? Fine. Yeah, Thea - sorry, Theo. I don’t know how I keep getting mixed up there, Thea was this cute, short chick. I love ‘em when they’re about 5’5 in height, you know how it is. Anyway, what was I saying? Yeah, that’s right, I went through all that. In the end, it was only when I really thought I was going to end up seriously looking like an even weaker bloke, like a real chick, that I finally turned. I guess I’ve just lost this one. You’re going to end up looking like a tall, strong, muscled, hot, hot man, right? You know, the kind that stacked chicks with big libidos just love to go down on. Wake ‘em up with sexy blowjobs and all that.”

Theo swallowed. He practically *gulped*. “Y-yeah,” he managed. “Yeah, that sounds about right.” His voice sounded almost girly with how meek it was, likely playing that scenario I’d just mentioned in his head, only the wrong way around. “Look, don’t act all blokey and nice about this. You did me a favour, and maybe I won’t come down on you like, heh, a tonne of bricks after this. That doesn’t mean I won’t absolutely fuck with your hot, hunky body if you try to get one over me.”

He turned, giving me the middle finger, apparently not even realising what he had just said. I watched him go, savouring the way his more pronounced rear had started to sway gently, a result of his changing pelvic shape.

“Fuck yeah,” I said to myself. “I just love the way he keeps removing any guilt from this.”

It was true. The bastard had it coming. And who knows? Maybe my efforts would make him a lot happier. Certainly, this whole Lumin’s insanity was making me feel a lot better.

I got back to work, diligently so at that. But a good brickie is always aware of his surroundings. You have to be on a work site. I spared some of that extra sight just for Theo.

More days followed, and sadly it was interrupted by the weekend. I was greatly tempted to head once more out on the town, enjoy the fruits of my new muscled body and catch some hot ladies, but the truth was that when I got out there, I found myself uninterested. Perhaps my own Lumin's was affecting me in some way, but I couldn't stop thinking about Theo, hoping that he would become my *Thea*. It sounds crazy, I know, but perhaps I was changing my own mind in the same way I was changing his, because while I found myself totally attracted to plenty of the hot birds out on the town, I just wanted to keep seeing my rival and bully continue to transform and turn into something . . . compatible. I went home and even masturbated to the thought of it, imagining my perfect girl; how randy she'd be, how good with beer she'd be, how much she'd love cooking a nice dinner for me while wearing some sexy lingerie. I could imagine her totally being submissive to me, encouraging me, and just plain addicted to my cock in the wildest, hottest way possible. And that she'd cling to my arm always, wanting to show herself off to the world in order to let everyone know that not only was she an eleven-out-of-ten babe, but that she was *mine*. She would add to my prestige just by being around me, always doing her most to flirt and caress me, making everyone else jealous, men and women alike.

Yeah, I couldn't get that image out of my head, and so - probably to the annoyance of the crew after that initial lunch talk - I continued to speak about that made up hot blonde who I'd supposedly had sex with. I talked about her around Theo, prompting further changes, and even got more daring in describing all those features I fantasised about, right down to how she would wake me up with a hot blowjob and speak in the most sensual voice imaginable. Theo was getting closer and closer during these moments, and even started asking me questions. It was clear that he was changing further and faster, to the point where the other guys were telling him to go the hospital (or mental ward). Even Mack was getting involved, but he shooed them off. Theo was just as addicted to my presence as I was becoming to his.

"How big were her tits again?"

"Sh-she had a nice ass, right?"

"When she walked, did they have a sexy sway?"

"She had multiple orgasms, I bet. Yeah, multiples. And was licking cock . . . tasty for her?"

It was emasculating for him, and he was often blushing. It was a cute look, because over the passage of those days, his own appearance was indeed becoming adorable. Perhaps even verging on pretty. He was losing his thickness, and only dragging on a ciggie occasionally. His beer intake had gone down, and his hair was now past his chin. It was a

lighter blonde now, and while he cut it occasionally it always grew back. More than that, his figure was becoming undeniably womanly: thicker hips, thinner waist (now visible due to his impressive weight loss), and his size in general had gone down. This meant his shoulders were more petite, his height now down to five foot seven at best, and he had even started wearing shorter work shorts and a slimmer singlet. The last one was quite enticing to me; he was starting to develop actual cleavage.

The site manager had a serious chat with him, to hear Dave tell it. Apparently asking him if he was transitioning, if he was having a joke around, if this could be potentially a sexual harassment issue. No doubt Theo was galled by it, but the answers he gave must have satisfied the upstairs fellas, because he was back onsite later, sticking close to me, working hard but not able to deal with the same heavy loads.

"You're still a wanker, and I hate your big, sexy body," he told me. "But . . . can you help me with this load of bricks. They're so heavy, I swear. I can't wait to get muscle again. I'm sick of looking like a hot bird."

I chuckled privately, and indeed helped out. I liked sneaking glances at his expanding tits, just as the others were starting to look at him differently. He was trying to hide his changing body and failing, but when others kept asking questions, he delighted me by claiming that any further attention would be reported. It was not remotely like Theo at all, but it was *definitely* the attitude of someone who wanted to stay onsite with me and not deal with funny questions. From the way he kept scratching between his legs, I had little doubt something was shrinking down there too. Perhaps it was the reason for Theo's continued submission to my requests.

"Just don't chat to them," I told him. "Don't talk about Lumin's, don't mention any of it. Just ignore them, and keep close to me. Hell, we're getting along better now, aren't we? In fact, I'm rather enjoying spending time with a good-looking guy like you. Almost as much as I'd enjoy working with a hot, busty blonde who would let me fuck her whenever I wanted, if you know what I mean."

"Y-yes," he said, in a softer voice that was veering oh-so-close to femininity. "I g-guess we are. Getting along, I mean. I still think you're a total . . . you know. But that lady . . . she'd sure b-be something. Big tits. Nice p-pussy."

"Exactly," I said, getting more daring. "Wouldn't you just like to have one too?"

She paused. "What are you talking about? You're - you're saying shit that's bloody ridiculous! I'd n-never want that. Even if you are hot as fuck, and I can't stop fantasising about your big, long cock inside me."

This time he seemed to notice. Perhaps I grinned too much. Perhaps he noticed I had a bit of a stuff in my pants - my cock was pretty damn big now. Whatever it was, my feminising rival widened his pretty eyes - they were more blue now - and swallowed as he

looked me over. God, he looked to be in his early thirties by that point, his face just a little too thick, but heading towards gorgeousness.

“F-fuck! Fuck, why did I say that? What is this making me do! Shit! SHIT!”

Others looked my way. I went to calm Theo, to say something, but he was already fleeing.

“Get away from me! Don’t - no one look at me!”

As he ran, his chest visibly bounced. His ass was fuller in his work shorts, and his legs were hairless. He was so close to perfection, but I had utterly ruined it.

“Fuck,” I said to myself. “Why did I go that far?”

I had let my new instincts get the better of me, even before Theo did with his. I had to salvage this, somehow. I had to make things perfect. Whether it was Lumin’s still working through me or not, I still had to find a way to win this.

We would be perfect together, I just knew it. I had to make *her* mine.

Theo didn’t come back to work the next day, or the day after. He didn’t even put up for sick leave or anything. Hell, he didn’t even contact the site manager about it. George was pissed, but even he wasn’t in a position to go track him down; clearly something weird was going on with Theo and it was weirding the other blokes out. Only I - and maybe Mack - had a notion of what was going on.

“You think he’s gone, y’know, full woman?” Mack asked me idly while we were working on the third day.

I had been thinking about it constantly, utterly nonstop. Part of me was terrified that he had changed in such a way as to totally avoid me, or that he was already devising a way to get revenge on me, even as a near-woman. But I couldn’t let others in on this obsession.

“Maybe,” I said. “I never actually found out if he had Lumin’s.”

“Hmm,” Mack said. “Well, someone should check on him. I’m usually shit at this, but I might as well-”

“I’ll do it,” I said, perhaps a little too quickly.

Mack gave me a curious look, then shrugged. “Well, I know his address . . .”

It wasn’t the hardest day’s work, but I definitely still looked like I’d been in the sun all day, working my muscles. When I tapped on the door to Theo’s flat, I didn’t know quite what to expect. Hell, he might even try violence against me. But I needed to check it out. That

instinctive connection was getting stronger, and part of me had to see the results of my manipulations. Had it worked?

No one answered the door, but I could hear shuffling inside, so I tried my luck.

“Theo! Theo? It’s Danny. You know, big, tough, tall Danny. The handsome guy from work, hahah? I’m standing outside and I gotta be honest, I kinda want to see you. We’re all worried about you from work, and I thought you might appreciate . . . my company.”

I was laying it on too thick again, being an idiot. But to my surprise there was a hesitant shuffling of steps, then a voice from the other side of the door.

“Danny, you c-can’t come in. I’m . . . something went bloody wrong!”

Even muffled through the door, it was obvious the voice was entirely female. It was a rather hot, breathy voice at that.

“I know, mate. That’s why I’ve come to check on you. I know you want me in there, right? Let me come in and see you.”

There was another pause, and then the door opened just slightly. A figure wearing a hoodie that covered much of his features was on the other side.

“This isn’t some f-fucking prank, is it? You can’t bloody mock me, alright?”

“I won’t, I promise. I’ll appreciate everything you want to show me.”

The figure seemed to shudder, as if I’d said something utterly tantalising. Then Theo opened the door and gestured I come in. He was obviously shorter, probably around five foot five, just as I liked them. I made sure to remove my jacket and stretch a little, showing off my muscles as I shut the door. Again, the figure stared from under the hoodie. Long locks of gorgeous blonde hair trailed out and over its chest. I say ‘its’ because I genuinely wasn’t sure if Theo was even still male. I decided to be bold again. To go big or go home. Fortune favoured that, after all. I placed a hand on Theo’s petite shoulder and pulled my body closer.

“Theo,” I said. “Is everything alright? I know you think of me as a rival, but maybe we can drop that, huh? Tell me what’s going on, mate? Is it alright if I call you *my mate*?”

Again, that delightful shuddering. This time Theo actually moaned a little. God, it was the hottest fucking sound.

“I - I - oh fuck,” Theo said. “This is all fucking crazy. I don’t know what to do. My body changed, but it didn’t become like yours, not at all! I was meant to f-fucking pummel you, instead I have all these . . . thoughts, and all these . . . needs. It’s so fucking wrong, I tell ya! It’s bloody nonsense! But the more I changed the more I couldn’t s-stop wanting to be . . . this.”

At that, Theo unzipped his jacket and removed his hoodie entirely. It was too big for his figure, and it meant that when he removed it, his full loveliness was revealed. He was wearing only a white singlet underneath, as well as a pair of shorts that were barely able to fit around his wide hips. His figure was gorgeous, with ripe, full, double-D breasts pushing

out his singlet even as the lower half hung loosely. The cleavage was deep and alluring and perfect, as was the rest of him. His figure was a perfect hourglass as far as I could tell, and his face! Dear God, his face! It was the ultimate female look: full lips, smoky eyes, cute cheekbones, blemish-free skin, and long, wavy blonde hair. With some makeup on him, he'd look like a goddamn supermodel. *The* supermodel, in fact.

"Holy shit," I said, going hard almost immediately. It wasn't subtle, and Theo's eyes roamed down to my pants. He tried to cover himself.

"This - this was a mistake! Fuck!"

But I grabbed his hand. "Wait! I mean, no offence Theo, but you look hot as fuck."

"Thea," he said. "I'm a goddamned girl now. I've got a pussy and everything! It finally ch-changed this morning, and then I couldn't stop thinking of myself as Thea."

I grinned. "I like Thea. It's a sexy name."

Her eyes went wide, and her breathing quickened. I couldn't stop looking at her big, full breasts as they rose and fell on her chest.

"Wh-what are you doing? I hate you, Danny."

"Do you?" I asked, pulling closer. "Or are you thinking about how tall and muscular I am, how big and hard my dick is? Are you finding me to be your ultimate brickie? You know, I don't hate you anymore, Thea. In fact, I think we should get closer. A lot closer. Wouldn't you like that? I bet you would, right?"

She trembled. Her breasts jiggled. God, she was fucking hot as hell. She bit her lip, and without even meaning to she dropped her ill-fitting shorts down to the floor, revealing her sexy legs and her naked lower half. She swallowed, not quite willing to cover herself.

"I - I can't. Bloody hell, I can't. It's - it's wrong! Ohhhhh, it's so f-fucked up!"

I seized the advantage, slowly caressing her body and making her moan. I roamed a hand down to her peachy arse and gave a squeeze. She didn't pull away, only biting down on her lower lip to hide her smile.

"I'll only do this if you want it, Thea. But this new you is exactly what *I* want, I'll tell you that. Why don't you become mine, huh? Why don't you become my blonde brickie?"

"Ohhhhh, I can't believe this. I want it. Oh fuck, I want *you* so bad."

And then *she* initiated. In moments we were passionately removing each other's clothing, caressing each other's bodies, making out in full. Her lips were divine, her tongue snaking into my mouth and mine into hers. She definitely had the impressive libido I wanted from my descriptions, because as soon as she had given in and consented to our lovemaking, she was absolutely fucking *into* it. She moaned with the best of them, lowering her hands to grasp my dick, mumbling about how wrong but hot it all was. She only looked to be about twenty years old, and knowing she was now a few years younger than me made it

all the better. I squeezed her arse, pressed my face into her breasts, sucked on her nipples. She moaned and groaned.

“Ohhhhh, they’re s-so sensitive now!”

“Good, just like how I like them. I’m going to make you cum, Thea. I’m going to make you mine.”

“Mhmmm, please! Just do it! I can’t bloody fight it anymooooorre!”

We got her to the bed, and by instinct she snapped her legs wide. I lowered my face down and licked her pussy, driving her to fits of ecstasy.

“Ohhhh, God! You’re eating me out! You’re t-tonguing my new p-pussy!”

“And you’re liking it,” I said, withdrawing for a moment. “Just like you’ll love sucking on my cock. Go on, get me even harder.”

I pulled her up, and there was a moment’s hesitation. She stared at my huge cock, licking her lips but clearly afraid. But then the lust overcame her and she was suddenly giving me the best blowjob of my life. She licked up and down, stroked me with her hand, sucking on the head of my cock like it was what she was born to do. It was certainly what she was *trained* to do now.

“S-stop!” I managed, pushing her back on the bed. “I want to fuck you in your pussy.”

She nodded eagerly. “Please! Just do it! I need to b-be yours, Danny! I need to be your hot blonde girlfriend! I can’t h-help it, oh God! I can’t! Fuck me, please!”

I did exactly as she asked, crawling on top of her and pressing my girth against her outer entrance. She cried out as I entered her. There was a brief tearing of her hymen, and then her newfound virginity was gone. I began thrusting into her, slowly at first and then faster and faster, building speed as she scratched my back. I took the time to suck on her divine nipples, to press my face into her big tits, all to make her appreciate her new womanhood. She lost all sense of language as I made her a woman.

“Ohhhhh! Mmmhmm! Euuuughh! YESSSS!!”

We got faster and faster, and soon she was actively bucking to the rhythm.

“I’m close!” she cried. “I need you to c-cum inside me! So wrong, so f-fucking right! Cum inside me, Danny! I n-need to be yours, I can’t h-help it!”

I came. Fuck, her words were just too hot. Torrents of my seed poured into her, and she came with me, quaking from her first female orgasm. Her voice became a high-pitched wail, and she literally *bit* into my shoulder to control herself. I always did like a good screamer, and now that was Thea. It was almost impossible to believe she had once been Theo, but knowing it was true made me continue to cum. She was obviously hit by multiples, because she closed her sexy thighs around me, riding it out, squeezing her vaginal muscles against my thick cock.

Ten minutes later, we were laying together, her now against my side, her naked body pressed against mine. I idly caressed her back and arse, making her grunt in little pleasurable spurts.

"Mhmm," she managed. "I can't believe I fucking did that. I just fucked your giant cock. And . . . I liked it."

"You loved it," I said. "I bet they're going to love you on-site, as well."

"I - what?"

I pulled her easily on top of me, so that her breasts were squished lovingly against my chest, and her beautiful face right near mine. I gripped her, still caressing her skin.

"Well, you've got to come back to work, Thea. I bet having a sexy, hot blonde brickie on site will help our morale too. Plus, we can find plenty of time for a quickie in the shed. Not to mention I'll be able to slap your ass and feel your big tits whenever you and I want."

She bit her lip, moaning. I could tell she was trying to fight how much she loved the prospect of that and utterly failing.

"And we can get you a new uniform. A *tight* uniform. So you can show off your hot body and let everyone know that you're *mine*. You'll still be one of the boys, working with us, but you'll also be *my* girl."

She swallowed. "This is so fucked up, Danny. I was meant to be a big man. I was meant to be bigger than you."

I raised her up a little, letting her breasts dangle. "You let plenty bigger than me in some areas. Like that perfect arse, and these amazing tits. You love having them, don't you?"

"Fuck. Bloody hell. I was going to fucking beat you. Now . . . now I just want to fuck and please you. What went wrong?"

"Nothing," I said, noticing that her nipples were getting stiff again. I was getting a bit hard as well. "In fact, I'd say this is a happy ending. But if you want to really be sure of that before we show you off at work tomorrow, then how about you suck me off like you were enjoying before? I'll even let you swallow. Wouldn't you like that, Thea?"

Slowly, cautiously, but lustfully, she lowered herself down my body, and then did exactly that. It was the best blowjob ever, and when she swallowed, she took in every drop. I knew she was ready.

"Wowie! Nice legs, hot stuff! You joining us today, because I'll need a new set of pants!"

"Nice bricks on that bird, am I right?"

“I could watch her work all day!”

“It should be illegal to look that good, doll. I love a hard working gal with a body!”

“Talk about being built like a brick shit house . . . at least in two particular places.”

When my new woman showed up the next day wearing a hot tradie outfit and explaining that she was now Thea, the rest of the workers could barely believe it, not even Mack. But everyone agreed, being a brickie had a much better view now that she was around. No one missed the old Theo. Thea was much, much better, especially with her sexy voice, her sexy movements, and her sexy figure. It was clear she was embarrassed by all of this, but that just made it hotter to me. There was no going back for her, and as much as she clearly got red-cheeked over it, it was clear that her new womanly instincts enjoyed being my hot girlfriend too much for her to truly fight it. And just like I said we would, we had sex several times in the shed during our break time. Thea moaned the whole time, addicted to the orgasms and feelings I gave her.

Yeah, I'd say things had turned out just right for me. And I had a big suspicion that Thea was going to be pretty happy too, though I hoped she never forgot who she used to be. Somehow, seeing her working away on site, aware of all the looks she now got, I doubted she ever would.

The End