

## Health and Safety (Bimbo TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Jack Mackenzie

*Jake is new on the job working construction round Liverpool. To his surprise, the Health and Safety Officer on site is not the usual type: it's a gorgeous busty woman who seems to flirt with all the guys and treat them very, very well in her office space. Confused, he asks a fellow worker what her story is, and learns just exactly how this woman came to be . . .*

### Health and Safety

The street was chockers busy, which made Jake more than a little worried. Liverpool was often bustling, particularly after a round of the footie, which was the case here. But he'd hope to make a not-shit impression on the site. The new kid working construction always got shit on, and that often came in the form of getting no ciggie breaks. And while he was young, his ole fella had already got him hooked.

"Nothing like a good bifter," the man often said, taking a long drag. "We were an industrial city, kid. We might not be Birmingham, but we got oil and brick in our veins."

It was why he'd gotten into construction in the first place, even if he had to sometimes deal with a few dickheads and old fellas that always got their cob on about something. It was a good profession, one to be proud in, and the firm he'd gotten a job with looked to pay well, even if its reputation had a bit of the shade on it. Bad backroom business and all that. Worker stuff that some nobbie types had a bit of a tiff about. But it was worth taking so he could stick around in Liverpool. He was a proud Scouser through and through, and wouldn't be caught dead among the London crowd.

He arrived at the site in his Peugot 206, got out quickly with his tools, and ran over to where the framework of the hotel was slowly springing up. He'd visited the site earlier when he'd been given the jobs, and knew he'd be shadowing one of the more experienced construction men just to get a feel for the job before he got to welding. However, due to traffic, a number of the burly men on the job were already laughing and throwing the usual round of ribbing insults his way.

"Trying to swerve on the work are you, new kid?"

"If you're gonna be late, at least grab us some scran!"

Jake could only give an awkward smile before heading to the site office to punch in. He did so, ignoring the jokes coming his way, and turned to find Charlie grinning from ear to ear.

"You're late, sonny," he said.

"Yeah, I know. I hit up by traffic. Won't happen again."

The burly, big-gutted worker had twenty years on him, and obviously liked to throw his weight around, but he'd done a good job of showing Jake around the site during his training.

"No worries, kid, just don't make it a pattern. You're on the clock now, but I got it on good authority that the Health and Safety Officer wants to get a look at you. Isn't that right, fella?"

A round of cheers went up from the rugged men in their fluro vests.

"You're not taking me on, are you?" Jake said. "Cause I don't want to go for a ride, just yet. Who even is the Health and Safety Officer?"

Charlie grinned, and pointed across the workyard. "Her."

Jake turned, and then his eyes practically bulged out of their sockets. Walking towards him, wearing an orange fluro vest over a work flannie, and a hard hat on their head, was a *woman*. And not just any woman, but the hottest lady in construction Jake had ever seen. She was a short brunette bird with a big set of knockers just to judge from the outline against her vest, and her face made her look like she was a star. One of the pretty ones. She beamed as she approached him.

"Ay ay, she's hot as," Jake exclaimed.

"Yeah, and that's her in work getup. She's a beaut in her regular barnet, and make no mistake. Proper Scouser too. Local."

"Shit! She's amazing."

"It gets better kid, trust. G'wed and say hello to her. Believe me, she'll take a liking."

Jake did so, walking up to meeting her, and feeling a little nervous. She looked to be around thirty years of age at the very oldest, and though she was on the clock, she wore cute burgundy lipstick that made her full lips all the more presentable. He stuck out a coarse hand.

"Uh, s'koin? I'm Jake. New kid, I guess. And a late one, sorry about that."

"Is right," she said in a similar accent. "Guess you were a bit choker, mate? Don't let it happen again. I gotta give you the run of our policies 'fore you can work on site, is that boss with you?"

"Sure," he said, trying not to check out her figure too much.

"Come 'ed then. A little private chat in the office."

Jake didn't know what to expect when he got in there, especially since he was distracted by the seductive shake of her perfect arse. What he didn't expect was for her to close the door behind him wave to the boys outside through the window, motion her finger over her lips for them not to say anything, then close the curtain.

"Um, what you wanna talk about? Policies or somethin'?"

"Somethin'," she said, grinning. She reached up and removed her hardhat, then took off her vest as well. Then, grinning once more, she began unbuttoning her flannie right before his eyes. Jack's jaw dropped, and he felt paralysed as she took off her top to reveal a perfect set of jugs barely contained by a rather large bra. They looked like real rock melons sitting there, only nice and soft instead, though full and high on her chest. It made his knob go erect in record time.

"Holy shit, are you bladdered? What's going on?"

But she simply stepped towards him, moving even more sensually in her workboots, until she was right up against him, her sweet grid right up in his.

"Eeyar," she said, giggling as she grabbed his hands and placed them on her titties. "Yer paperwork. Make sure you go through it all."

Jake was fully erect by that point, but had no idea what was going on.

"I don't - what's this?"

She stood on her toes and gave him a kiss that practically drove him barmy. He couldn't stop himself: he kissed her right back, and deeply at that, and then she was all over him, and him on her. She pushed him back onto a seat, and motioned for him to take his pants off. He did so eagerly, still utterly bewildered.

"Are we, like, actually doin' this?"

"Don't be a meff, *of course* we're doin' this. I need your cum. I want your big dick inside me. Are you gonna pass up that chance, huh?"

He couldn't. This gorgeous woman climbed on top of him as he removed his trousers and unleashed his cock from his underwear. He wasn't the biggest size around, but he thought he knew how to use it. Judging from the way this crazy beautiful bird was licking her lips, it didn't seem to matter too much. She stroked his cock with her hand as she shoved her big jugs right up into his face, pulling them free of the cups.

"You like these big titties, don't ya?"

"Oh fuck, I do!"

"Love a local man too, don't ya? Not some wool from the Wirral."

What did she mean by a local *man*? They kissed again, and she adjusted herself so that she was facing him with her legs spread, her work trousers long since discarded, and her crotchless panties ready to receive his dick through them. She had her work boots still on, and somehow that made it all the hotter.

"Ohhhhh," she groaned as she lowered herself down onto his throbbing dick. "That's g-good! I c-can't believe I didn't used to l-love this!"

He didn't know what that meant, but he chose not to say anything. Why make a show, when he could just enjoy the ride? He sucked on her big nipples, licking them and

causing her to moan all the more loudly. She was in perfect ecstasy, and now so was he, and he could barely believe it. He bucked his hips, rising to meet hers. They continued to fuck, and her cries were like a sweet song to his ears.

"I didn't - even - get - your - n-name!" he exclaimed.

She tried to mouth something in his ear, but at that point the two of them exploded in orgasm, and she clung to him like a lifeboat. Her huge boobs were pressed right into his face in the best act of smothering ever. He had no idea why the bird was so randy. Maybe she'd been jibbed recently or something, but he wasn't complaining.

Finally, she pulled herself off his cock, whimpering a little at the obvious pleasure.

"Mmhmm," she moaned. "Good to have some more cum. You were good, la. You were really. And me name is Timmy. Now you should run along, I've given you a good slate of mental health, y'hear? G'wed, and I'll clean up for the next visit, eh?"

He buckled his pants up, still astonished, and left without knowing what was going on or why, and half believing it hadn't happened at all. But when he got back into the yard, the boys went wild, cheering and holding up their flasks in mock cheers.

"Another one for that beautiful bird!" someone cried. "Not that she'll admit she's a bird, still!"

Jake approached Charlie, still utterly confused.

"Um, did they all know that was gonna happen?"

"Yeah," Charlie said, chuckling, "she's a regular sweetheart, that one."

"What you on abar? Seriously, why did I just get a regular fucking from my Health and Safety Overseer?"

Charlie grinned, took a drag on his bifter, and motioned for Jake to sit next to him.

"Well, la, I reckon I can tell ya while we get working on this here bit of cement mixing and lay. It's a funny story that, and pretty embarrassing for our dear Timmy, who still claims she's a man. But it starts like this . . .

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Timothy 'Timmy' Bradshaw was burly lookin' bloke like you'd expect to see on the construction site. He was a sketchy fella, prone to ducking out of the 'Scouse house,' as he liked to call it. Word was he had a black market supplier for cheaper materials for the building firm which he was the boss of at the time. And the word was right: Timmy liked cutting every corner under the sun until he'd practically made a perfect circle. There were rumours he was in bed with some of the underworld Liverpudlians, though he denied any suggestion of that. In truth, he tried to stay clear of gangster types, but if it meant skimping a

few pennies off the pound well, he was happy to listen to a proposal or two from a shady figure in an ill-fitting business suit.

After all, Timmy didn't let himself get intimidated by anyone. He was burly, hairy ox of a man, with dark hair and a short, scraggly beard. You could make him out as a construction type even if you dolled him up like King Charlie himself. He had the hairy arms, the foul language and street wit that would make any Scouser proud, and he could down a six pack of bevvies with the best of them as surely as he could burn a pack of cigarettes a day it made his 6'3 of height quite intimidating, and he used that to his advantage when it came to securing contracts, pushing others out of the game, or simply pissing off people who got in his way.

"I'm not afraid to be an arl arse if it gets me what I want," was something he often said, and it was true of the new museum ground location his firm had scored the contract for. He'd bullied and badgered his way to it over bigger, more respectable companies.

"We're gonna keep on expanding," he said to his cousin Perry, "we're gonna be boss of this line when we're done."

His cousin didn't particularly like Timmy's ways, but he couldn't deny the man's savviness. "Sure thing, Timmy. We'll be breaking ground tomorrow."

"Good, good. So long as it's all sound, and the materials come cheap, well, we'll pocket some extra and the government won't be any the wiser, see?"

Perry nodded, agreeing, though it didn't make him feel any better. Timmy could see that, which was why he squeezed the other man against his side in a big pushy bear hug.

"Don't worry, cuz, it's good as done. The government blokes might as well be a bunch of blerts."

"But if we ignore too many health and safety regulations . . . we need a proper overseer, at least."

"Fine, fine, I'll take the job. I'm technically qualified. I don't give a shit if it's a conflict of interest, we'll jarg some paperwork and it'll be all sweet and dandy."

Perry just sighed. "Well, let's just hope nothing goes wrong then."

"Pah! I haven't made it forty six years on this Earth letting things slip out of my control, Perry. This'll be the joke that makes me, I know it will."

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He was more right than he knew. Just days later after things started to move forward with the museum job, Timmy came down with a fever, though no fever like he'd ever had before. His voice was hoarser than usual, but kept breaking like his balls were squeaking, causing him to sound ridiculous in front of the other boys. His face felt sore, and so did his nipples and

his 'cock and two balls,' as he liked to put them. Timmy was a hard fella, even by Scouser standards, and while his nickname was ironically quite kiddish in sound, he had all the stereotypical unwillingness to go to the doctor of any man.

But then one day on the job he couldn't help but start panting. His face became sweaty. Several of his workers ran to check on him, but he went spare on them for breaking from work. After all, he didn't want any of them to know that his nipples were throbbing like crazy, becoming hard and erect. Or that he'd just felt his jaw, impossibly, crack inwards a tetch. Or that he'd felt his dick shift in a little, as if it were shrinking.

Naturally, as soon as he got the chance, he slipped down a jigger and headed to a GP's office, having finally bit the bullet. After describing his symptoms at length, and practically threatening the man with his aggressive body language and tone to not snitch a word on his symptoms, he received the awful, awful news.

"Lumin's Syndrome? The bloody hell is a Lumin's Syndrome?"

The doctor, who was an older man of Pakistani heritage, gave him a sympathetic smile. "It's a rare genetic condition that has had a lot of study done on it recently. Very rare. You may have seen it on the news at one point. It turns, I'm sorry to say, a person from their current biological sex to the opposite sex, with fully functioning genitalia, and often even a new sexual orientation as well."

Timmy was boggled. The large fellow blinked several times. "This is a lark, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid not. It matches all your conditions, and the bloodwork confirms it. You have Lumin's Syndrome. Mr Bradshaw, I'm afraid you're going to keep experiencing these changes, and may in fact do so in an unusual way: you appear to have a slightly different strain of the condition, though I'm not sure how or if that will manifest differently. Regardless, there is no cure I'm afraid. It is best to work with a therapist and dedicated specialist regarding your condition. I can recommend a couple of -"

But Timmy was already standing, fists clenched, and was heading for the door.

"This is all jarg, mate. All fucking jarg. No way am I ending up with a fucking fanny between my legs. I'm gettin' a second opinion that's not from some quack. You'll be hearing from my lawyers."

He tried not to get his cob on about it, but the words of the doc continued to play in his head, especially as his nipples continued to tense and distend. It was wrong, it was all wrong, and he had no doubt that the GP was just going barmy, and that was that.

Until the next doctor said the same thing.

And the next.

And the next after that.

By that point, Timmy's voice was often cracking in ordinary conversation, and his nipples had most certainly expanded to double their original size, with a pink area like

areolas around both of them. He'd also noticed that his body was getting more hairless, and it felt like his stature was getting shorter. But more than anything, even his shrinking dick, a sign that something was wrong was the way he couldn't stop thinking about men. Big, burly, muscly men kept invading his dreams and daydreams. Specifically, their big hairy cocks and all the cum they'd shoot out. It made him lick his lips, only to realise what he was doing and recoil in horror. He refused to go the ozzy about it though: he didn't want to become some sort of medical marvel on television, and besides, he still wasn't certain he believed the doctors. They were probably just a bunch of quack meffs.

It was strange. The changes were happening to his body, to his mind, were abnormal, but as they ramped up he really should have panicked more. Him losing two full inches of height should have had him go into full panic mode, but increasingly, after that first week of horror, it was like his mind reset entirely, and simply relaxed.

"See?" he said to the mirror reflection in the bathroom one morning. "It was all jarg! All made up. Temporary fever. Haven't changed a bit."

This was despite the fact that his nipples were still huge, and his height shorter, and he was already thinking about men, their manly musks, to a crazy degree. He'd even gone and torn down all the posters of hot women, even some former Judies of his, in his house, just because the thought of womanly smells, the suggestion of female cum in their erotic poses, just seemed wrong. It all felt off.

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"Wait, hang on, pause it there," Jake said. He finished setting the next patch of concrete, but there was a lot to go. "Are you telling me that as Timmy became *that*," he indicated to the short busty brunette currently flirting with two of the fellow workers at once, and gesturing for them *both* to follow her into her private office for a 'chat', "and somehow stopped noticing?"

"Oh, he noticed alright," Charlie smirked. "I was with him when he did. But that only sort of happened at the end, and didn't last long. Still doesn't really recognise his changes, though the rest of the las all do, given her show! And for the entire journey he refused to see any of his changes."

Jake raised his eyebrows. "Maybe the boss needs a set of bins, because there's no way you could miss that."

Charlie chuckled. "Well, it was only really found out later, but I can tell you why. Turns out our former Timmy didn't just have Lumin's Syndrome, but a real rare form of it that did something to his brain, slowly made it almost impossible for him to recognise the changes happening to his body. Probably would have discovered it earlier, but he got sick of going brassic at all these little ozzy GPs."

They looked over, and Jake noticed that as sweet a bird as she was, she was also acting like a total la. The body language, the expressions on her grid, even the way she told off a few of 'em for sagging off, it was all what you'd expect from a la, at least.

"Jesus. She's got no idea?"

"Not a jot, son. So where was I . . . "

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To Timmy, after a brief period of a fever, which he attributed to the weather being absolutely Baltic lately, he returned to work with an intention to get back to it. The guys, on the other hand, immediately noticed something was up. Their boss maintained his usual hard, domineering demeanour, but it couldn't not be noticed that he'd dropped a couple of inches, and more than a few kilos on top of that. Even his face looked smoother.

"Have you had work done or something, boss?" one person asked.

"The fuck you on about?" Timmy replied. "The hell's that supposed to mean?"

"Means you looking different, boss. You look like you're not filling your kecks half as much."

It was meant to be a compliment: he was indeed looking much healthier now, but Timmy raged. He grabbed the man by the collar, and even though his voice was higher and reedier and cracking occasionally, he still put on a show of intimidation.

"Are you going proper west, la? Make one more comment 'bout how I'm looking and I'll boot you from here to Brum got it?"

The worker nodded, obviously nervous. Timmy cracked a grin, not realising his lips were a little fuller, his nose less red from his long history of sculling bevvies. But as he turned to leave he couldn't help but catch a whiff of the other man's scent.

It was fucking intoxicating. It was better than brass. It was like a pheromone trail in the air, and it had a burly, masculine quality to it. Fitting, given that he hired those types for his construction company: he didn't want girly bird types, he wanted strong oxes who could smoke a cig on their breaks, scull a bevy in one go, and get the bloody job done.

Only now he was imagining a very different kind of job in his mind. One where his lips were wrapped around this man's cock and sucking him dry of his essence. Stroking the fat shaft of his dick and moaning in pleasure as it finally spurt out of him and down Timmy's throat.

"Just . . . stop sagging off and get back to work," he said, momentarily alarmed. He walked off to his office, feeling that strange energy of change, those little pressures that signally bodily alteration. "What's h-happening to me? Why am I thinking 'bout - nothing's

happening! Perfectly normal to want to suck up a man's cum. And I look same as I always did. Man needs a pair of bins taped to his head if he can't see."

The small moment of realisation was eclipsed, and he got back to work. But for the rest of the working day, the men continued to speculate and wonder what had gotten into the boss, and why it was happening.

This only got worse in coming days. Timmy came late into work, claiming he was just getting some scran, which was a funny thing as he was increasingly looking like he was on an extreme diet given his weight loss. It only came out later following a deeper investigation of his condition and even the use of a hypnotherapist, but a bout of changes had overcome him in bed not longer after waking. The man had felt a strong series of pressures: in his arse, his hips, his chest, his legs. All over him really.

"Ughhh, feeling out of it today alright," he moaned, not even noticing that his voice cracked another octave. "Gotta be geggin' on, but - NNGHHH!"

He moaned and squirmed, twisted in the bed as further changes came over his body. His dick hardened, Timmy becoming extremely aroused. He lowered his hand to it and began stroking, feeling it reduced girth and length and yet savouring the sensitive feel of its surface.

"MMhphmm," he moaned in a quite feminine manner. He felt his balls for a moment. No, they hadn't shrunken . . . at least not in his mind. He then raised his hand to his nipples and chest region, feeling it up.

"N-nice!" he exclaimed, "yeah, that's got me made up. OOhhhh f-fuck! That's got me nicer than Judy."

He stroked and rubbed his chest, teasing at his nipples, and it sent him into blissful euphoria, even as he rubbed his dick harder and harder. His mind went mad with horny arousal, but not for some bird, but for a big burly lid instead, the kind of guy who works in construction, with hairy arms and a gallon of semen in his manly balls, all ready to spray Timmy right over. He imagined the smell of such a fella, his sweat after a hard day's geggin' on, and the testosterone reeking off his form. He'd never thought of such things before until this all started, but to his Lumin's variant-affected mind, it was all perfectly ordinary. As far as he was concerned, he'd always blown a load in his kecks over images like that.

"B-big cocks!" he declared, continuing to stroke his cock. "So m-much cum! In me hair, in me face, in me throat, in me arse!"

The changes rippled over his body. His hair extended, becoming longer and less dark, a bit more brunette in colour. His fat nose altered, becoming thinner and cuter. His lips puffed up, and his waist contracted further, till only a little trace of a bevy gut actually remained. He groaned as his legs reshaped. Not only did they become shorter again, but the remaining body hair that had been upon them simply pulled back into his body and was

reabsorbed back into his essence, leaving him with surprisingly womanly legs. Even his feet shrunk, as did his hands, though they retained some coarseness.

"Oh G-God! N-nearly there! Ahh - ahh - ahh!!"

The pleasure was close, so damn close. He could feel the climax around the corner. His dick shrunk even further in his hand, but he paid it no mind. It hadn't shrunk, in his worldview. It was just as big as it had always been, just like he refused to acknowledge his total lack of a gut now.

But then the biggest change occurred. His chest burned with a pressure, one that was deeply sensual in nature. He rubbed his nipples with his free hand, delighting in the increasingly erotic sensations that gave him, but then they began to 'life off' his chest as the first signs of burgeoning breasts began. He was developing a set of jugs, and ones that would eventually make a big enough cleavage to lose a man's head in.

"OOhhhh! Mmhm! NNGGHHH!!"

His chest rose up, forming a pair of what had to be full B-cup titties. They weren't huge, roughly standard size for a woman, but they wobbled and bounced on his chest as he writhed in pleasure. His nipples extended a second time, and with a great gasp the orgasm was upon him.

"C-cum! I n-need a man's c-cuuuuuuuum! AAAAHHHHH!!!"

His voice cracked up again, leaving him sounding very effeminate, even if his voice was still too deep to be a woman's. He gasped and groaned and whimpered as thick ropes of his ejaculate spurted from his reduced cock, and he could have sworn he experienced a strange, secondary orgasm just at the thought of the cum being someone else's, sticking to his skin and smelling wonderfully salty.

*Tasting* wonderfully salty.

And there was nothing strange in this. Well, he had *some* inkling that things were a little bit barmy, but otherwise it was normal. He got up, cleaned up, and showered, rubbing the soap over his increasingly soft and sensitive skin. And when he stepped out, he let his longer hair - now falling to below his ears - to simply hang there, not knowing how to style it and not acknowledging or realising the change anyway. The information simply wasn't reaching his brain.

"Hmm, damn kecks aren't fitting me anymore," he grunted as he put on his trousers.  
"Jesus, I must look like a show. I'm gonna be late and I still haven't had any scran."

Of course, none of his workers, including his cousin Perry or second-in-command Charlie knew what was going on, only that when he did finally turn up, he looked utterly changed. The men all gave him the stare, still recognising Timmy but astonished that he'd lost what seemed to be four inches of height, twenty kilos of gut, and now had hair falling out of his hard hat.

"What are you all gabbing at!?" he yelled, angered by their strange response. "Stop standing around like a bunch of beauts and get to working already, before I give you a thump that'll make you long for the back of your Mummy's hands!"

The men did, but he still overheard their words.

"Lost a bunch of weight . . ."

"What's up with his voice? Sounds like a real bird almost."

"Face is soft as a baby's arse, too."

He barked at them again, throwing his weight around for the next couple of hours to intimidate them. He had no way of realising that he was four inches shorter, despite the obvious reality of the situation. He was even *looking up* at several workers he screamed obscenities at, instead of down, and in his mind it was the same bloody thing.

It was Perry that pulled him aside into the office, with Charlie present as a third party.

"Timmy, you gotta be honest with us, lid, what's goin' on?"

Timmy's face went red with anger. "What is all this fluff? I'm right as rain, but all these fucking meffs keep gawking at me. Did you set this up as some gag, Perry?"

The man was flustered. "No! It's just - can't you see you've lost weight? Height? I don't know how this has even happened - and is that a wig? Holy shit la, you're chest! You look like -"

"They look like tits," Charlie said, not caring to use a filter. "Not the smallest ones either."

Timmy looked down. The tits were there, but his brain told him they were not. He was simply a big burly fella who was feeling quite aroused by all the male pheromones in the room, like anyone would. It was normal. But their reaction wasn't, and as usual his anger rose to the surface. He grabbed Charlie by the collar and pushed him violently against the wall of the office.

"Say that one more time to my fuckin' face, huh?"

Charlie didn't. He knew better than to test the boss.

"That's what I thought. Geg' on out of here. I gotta talk to Perry."

Charlie left, leaving Timmy and his utterly bewildered cousin.

"Timmy, I think maybe -"

"Got a deal for the cheaper materials," Timmy said nonchalantly in his higher voice. His expanded hips caused his bum to wiggle a little as he stepped up to the construction blueprints. "A few corners cut, not as strong as the specs say, but it'll be fine. These things are always future proof. Make sure to account for the materials at full price. Rest can go in the piggy bank."

"I - I don't think that's a good idea, Timmy. This isn't like the other jobs. If we get caught . . ."

"We aren't getting taken in by the bizzies, don't you worry. Cops have got better things to do. Just make it happen, okay? I don't want to give you a thump too."

He flashed a smile with his fuller lips, and it was then that Perry saw that his cousin's eyes were also changing: from a dark brown to a near-yellow amber colour. Even his eyelashes were longer, like a woman's.

When Timmy left, he immediately jumped to the computer. He did as his boss asked, then did some private research of his own.

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"Wow, so he almost socked ya?" Jake asked, continuing the job.

"Oh, yeah. He was a strong lid of a man, back then, and even when the changes first started. But the thing was, kid, even when he pushed me against the wall, he was looking at me funny."

Jake turned up his lip. "Funny how?"

Charlie grinned, took a sip of coffee before continuing. "Like he was liking what he was seeing. It was a fucking mad thing to see at first. Not to mention that I could swear he actually sniffed me."

"Sniffed you?"

"Oh yeah. That whole 'addicted to cum' thing, she would have mentioned it to ya while giving you a sweet fucking. Her syndrome made her absolutely crazy for it. She's always keeping dixie, on the lookout for a man to 'fill up her tank.' Took a while getting used to, but none of us are complaining now!"

"So what happened next?"

"Well, things came to more of a head as the changes neared completion . . ."

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More changes, and more lack of awareness of them. In the days that followed, Timmy remained in utterly foul temperament. He had no idea what the bloody biffs were going on about: he wasn't changing! He didn't look different! Sure, he'd had a fever, and maybe lost only a little weight, but he was right as rain otherwise, and was still smoking a pack of bifters a day. Perry continued to hassle him, asking him questions over how he was feeling, if he'd come into contact with anything strange later, and generally blabbering on about Timmy's memory. More than once, the transforming man set him in his place, and on one occasion things nearly came to blows, particularly after another lust-filled bout of changes left Timmy with now C-cup tits, and an ass that was noticeably looking like a real peach. His beer gut

had melted away, and his cock was getting to the point of being a sad little nub. He was only 5'6 by that point, dwarfed by all the fellas in the yard around him.

"For fuck's sake, cuz, you got tiddies on your bloody cheat! You've had to get new clothes on your chest! You've got lips I wish me own Judy had. You're turning into a bleedin' bird!"

Timmy was right furious. He glared up at Perry, not even realising that their heights had reversed.

"You're lucky you're my cuz, lid, or I'd fuck you right here."

There was a strange pause as Timmy turned to leave.

"You mean fuck *up*, right? Timmy, did ya meant to say fuck *up*?"

But Timmy was already out the door and heading around the museum job, checking out the new delivery of materials. His tits bounced on his chest, irritating him a little. He cupped them as he stepped over an exposed bit of piping, then let them go back to bouncing in his flannie as he approached Charlie's work team. The other workers were astonished. Whatever changes he'd experienced before, clearly that morning had come the biggest ones yet. He was far more woman than man, with a thin waist, a peachy ass, and ample titties. His hair now fell nearly to his shoulders, and it had a gleam and lustre to it that no work man could ever claim to possess.

And, of course, there was the way he looked at them. Timmy breathed in the intoxicating scene of the burly brawler men around him. The construction site reeked of machinery, welded metal, and wood shavings. And sweat. Manly, testosterone-filled sweat. The masculine musk that was making his near-totally absent dick hard, and his nipples poke against his shirt. He wasn't wearing the fluro vest just yet, so just about everyone could see him flashing the high beams.

It made him quite the sight.

"The fuck, the boss man looks like a straight catch! Even got a hot barnet going on beneath the hat."

"Bloody oath, she does. I mean, *he* does. What the hell is going on with him?"

"Perry thinks he's got an idea, but he's trying to confirm some things."

"Well, whatever Timmy's been drinking, keep me away with it. I like tits on my Judy instead of me own chest."

The comments continued, and it only made Timmy more annoyed. He barked at the boys. "Quit sagging off, your cheeky fuckers! I'm not afraid to bash the shit out of any worker keeping the effort off!"

It was Charlie who caught him. He was trying not to stare at the obvious cleavage that Timmy was now starting to present, or how the former burly manager now sounded far more woman than man.

"Boss, no need to make a show of it. They'll get it done. For now, we need to have chat about the materials. There's some problems."

"They're having me in bulk, Charlie!" the transforming man said. "I'll kick their bloody arses for it, just you have a see."

'I, uh, believe ya, boss. But for now let's talk about the orders. I'm worried - and some of the boys are too - that we've cut one too many corners here. Might get the bizzies on to us if anything goes wrong."

Timmy just blew him off. In fact, the very notion of 'blowing him off' conjured very different images in his changing mind, and before he could switch the subject he was already taking in Charlie's strong pheromones, drinking in his manly musk, wishing it could be all over him. He'd already had a bad run earlier that morning. He'd run into an old girlfriend who didn't recognise him. She was a real hot bird, but now the very smell of her made him ill, and the memories of her cumming when he was inside her were similarly repulsive. No, it was men and their cocks and their cum that he desired now.

Without thinking, he lowered his hand to between Charlie's legs.

"Boss, what the fuck!?"

Timmy pulled back, and for a moment realised the insanity of what he was doing. And then his brain was overridden by his variant of the Lumin's Syndrome.

"What? Don't be a blert, Charlie, I just want to feel your cock. I can see the way you're looking at me, lid. I'd be happy to sort you out."

Charlie's eyes widened in horror and confusion, and it was then that he realised just how much his boss had become not only a womanly presence, but one that was clearly bimbofied. Timmy lowered his slender, snaking hand again, but this time Charlie pulled away . . . despite being quite visibly aroused, which Timmy could sense.

"I - fuck. What the bloody hell? You need to take a day off Timmy, think about what's happening. None of this is natural, and it's making people think you got a disease or something. Perry mentioned that rare thing called Lumin's Syndrome or whatever."

Timmy just waved a hand. "I ain't got a thing and I'm seeing no ozzy. I feel better than I ever have."

"You look younger than you ever have!"

"Because I feel it! Look, if you want me to give your cock a big suck on just yell out again. I'm heading off. The materials stay, got it?"

He left a bewildered Charlie behind.

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"That must have been some weird as shit," Jake said, smoking a bifter now that they were on break.

"Too right it was, kid," Charlie said. "Your boss putting his hands on yer cock? Mad as hell. But he was a right bird by that time, and only getting hotter. I won't lie, I was flying half mast. For all I knew by that point, he had a pussy between his legs! Of course, we were all present for the moment *that* happened . . ."

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Timmy couldn't help himself. He'd gone to a bar several days later in search of someone who would be interested. It was tearing his mind that the work boys were treating him so odd. So he got dressed in a set of tight-fitting jeans and a casual top that pulled tight around his tits, not that he acknowledged he had any. As such, his nipples were on full display, and by the time he was at the bar he'd already attracted enough attention from some of the more impressive male specimens. Some of the lads were too young for him, but there were some right brawlers with strong muscles, hairy limbs, and working class Scouser pride to grab his interest. Soon he'd selected one whose pheromones were driving him wild.

"You look like a beautiful bird," the man said in an accent that was even thicker than his own. It made him feel all sorts of funny, and the vestigial remains of his dick went hard. "Mind if I buy you a drink?"

Timmy nearly belted the man for thinking he was a woman, but in truth he was so fucking aroused and horny for this man's cum that he was willing to overlook the man's obvious blindness. He thrust out his chest in an attempt to show how obviously muscled he was, and the man simply smirked at the display of what were now full, ripe D-cup boobs.

"I'll buy you a drink," Timmy said. "A good bevy, in fact, not that Brum-made shit. And when we're proper sloshed up how about we find a place where I can suck your cock off, huh?"

The man's surprise was obvious, but he adamantly agreed. Timmy wasn't looking for conversation, he was just looking for a good fuck. His body needed men, and that was normal, wasn't it? Something told him no, but a much larger voice distorted that. After all, plenty of people loved having men's semen inside them, right? It just brought good lads closer together!

So when the two of them went back to the man's place, and the man kept complimenting him on his "amazing rack" and his "perfect ass" and even his "thin little waist," Timmy largely decided to ignore it.

"I'm not some fuckin' bird, alright? So just quit pretending I've got tits and show me your big, hard cock so I can get your cum inside me, got it? Go on, g'wed!"

"You are a crazy bird, but whatevs. Your lips are good enough for me!"

The man undid his trousers, still standing up, and Timmy got down on his knees. His body felt unlike any way it ever had before, flushed and horny and utterly in need of having a big cock crammed down his throat. The man, whose name was Harper or something, Timmy had barely caught it - pulled out his massive monster, which was erect and visibly throbbing, a vein *pulsing* in readiness. Timmy licked his lips.

"Fuck me, that's a big one."

"You sure you can take it all in?"

"I ain't no fuckin' quitter if that's what you're asking. You shut your trap and make sure you cum, okay? I'll take you places."

And finally, after too long imagining it, he took a man's cock into him. Just the taste of the soft, yet firm flesh was delectable, better than the finest bit of scran he'd ever had.

"Mmhmmhhmm," he moaned, rolling his amber eyes into the back of his head. He could feel the energy in his body again, that need to change further, even if he didn't consciously recognise it as change. He gripped the man's tight arse, relishing it, taking his hard dick further into his mouth even as he rubbed the shaft. His hands still had a coarseness, though much less so than once before, not that he recognised that.

"Oh Jesus, that's got me absolutely made up. You're a s-strange bird, but k-keep going like that and I'm going to c-cum like I never have!"

Timmy wanted that. Dear God he wanted that. He could practically *taste* the man's pre-cum. In fact, he was reasonably certain he could. He licked and sucked on the head of the man's penis even as he rubbed the shaft beneath his lips. He took in more of its length, and then finally, as he began cupping the man's fantastically hairy balls, they tensed, quivering. The man grabbed his long brunette hair in a way that made Timmy moan with his mouth full.

"Oh fuck! That's it! Yeah, babe! Real fucking show right there!"

And then it came. Timmy's eye rolled back into his head as his mouth was splattered with hot, sticky semen. It somehow made him cum too, though he barely shot anything out of his own reduced cock. No, all the feeling was in his mouth and his core. The pressure of changes from Lumin's Syndrome came over him once more as he swallowed every last drop of the man's issue.

"That was a sound job there, Jude. I can safely say - hey, what the hell!? What's happening with your hair?"

Timmy ignored him, still savouring the nice taste of his semen, licking his lips over it. His body was changing, but his brain refused to recognise them, even as his boobs swelled to full, cantaloupe-sized Double-Ds and his ass expanded yet further. His waist thinned, and his legs became even shorter and cuter, thighs thickening just right. His vertebrae

compressed a little, and his hair flowed down over his shoulders. His cheekbones rearranged, his nose became button cute, and his jaw finally cracked inwards until he was a picture perfect bird.

And of course, even as his hips widened to give him a sexy hourglass shape, his penis tugged back into his body, replaced by a set of wet, aroused lower lips.

"Mmhmmmm," *she* moaned, though she still thought of herself as a *he*. "That was perfect."

She brought herself up to the shocked man, clearly more of a feminine beauty than ever before. "Well, I better be geggin' on. Thanks for the nice scran. It was salty, just how I like it."

She grinned, buttoning up her top and being a bit weirded out by how much tighter it was around her chest now for some reason. The heat was still there, but the changes were almost finalised. Even her pussy was almost complete, just needing the finishing touches, like the rest of her.

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TImmy was fucking furious. He'd gone absolutely spare. First, all the boys in the yard couldn't stop staring at his ass for some reason, and few had even given him the fucking wolf whistle as he came to work, crying out things like "nice tits! Give us a feel, Judy!"

It had been enough for him to push a man over into wet cement, who just looked at him with shock.

"Holy hell, is that you, Timmy? What in the hell happened to you?"

"I pushed you over is what, you absolute bloody twat. And I'll be a worse arl arse to ya if ya don't get woodbeams set in today."

The frame of the museum renovated front was going up, using the cheaper black market materials Timmy had organised. Which made the way all the boys were carrying on abar some nonsense all the more a pain. But then Perry and Charlie were there, arguing with him to cancel the deal over them, and carrying on about the Lumin's Syndrome again.

"I know I can't know what doctor's you saw, or if you went to the ozzy," Perry said, "but I damn well know enough from what I researched and what I've seen on the telly that you've got Lumin's Syndrome. Now, far as I can tell, everyone with it can remember who they're supposed to be, but you've got some weird case of it, because you're a fucking hot bird, Timmy, and you don't even notice!"

"It's true," Charlie added. "I mean, c'mon Timmy. You put yer hand on me cock the other day."

Timmy raged, grabbing the other man by the collar and pressing him against the wall, and not for the first time either.

"Eee, this is the last fuckin' time I hear about this syndrome shit. I'm sick if you two geggin' on about my business and questioning the deals I get. You want to scurry back like rats, go ahead! I'll pocket the extra! And I'll just keep all the hot burly men with big cocks behind and suck them dry instead of you, Charlie."

Both men fell silent, bewildered. Perry spoke first.

"You're not right, we need to get you to the ozzy, Timmy. Aren't you hearing yourself? You're like - you think you're still you, ya absolute meff! You've got tits - big ones! - and a set of hips I wish my own Judy had, And you're acting like you being into las is just some ordinary thing!"

"It is normal, you fucking twat! I knew it was a mistake to bring you on, Perry. You were always smaller, a little twig of a la, especially compared to me. You've always been too much of a pussy, and not enough of a man to be successful, like I am!"

It was in the middle of that wild, nonsensical statement that an enormous crash resounded, followed by crowds all along the yard. The men ran out to find a scene that left them absolutely derroed. Timmy put his lithe hands on the back of his head, staring in shock.

The entire framework of their renovation job had collapsed.

"Arr ay what in the bloody shit and fuck happened here!?" he screeched.

The men looked up at him. "It just . . . collapsed, miss. I mean, sir."

"Are you having me on? This is a goddamned professional company, our frame jobs just don't collapse!"

He was seeing red, overcome with fury. Perry spoke up.

"I *told* you we were going too cheap! Your fucking underworld connections have fucked us over, Timmy! You've sunk us on this! It'll take overtime just to fix it, and we can't afford to pay it. Not unless you're planning on sucking off the entire company like you keep talking about!"

Charlie chuckled, trying to obscure how turned on he was at the prospect of a bird with those kind of tits and that sweet grid right on his cock. It didn't help him: he was always getting hard. As were a number of the men in fact.

But none of them were getting as horny as all hell as Timmy himself. *Herself*. His new pussy was getting wet and moist just at the idea of sucking off all those men, and of letting them fuck him in other ways. He began to moan and groan, stepping forward in the impromptu semicircle they had formed, so that he was surrounded by big, burly, hairy, manly las with their testosterone-flavoured pheromones coating the air, oozing into his nostrils and making him squirm with desire.

"Oohhhh . . . that - fuck me, Perry, that doesn't sound like half a bad idea, cuz."

"What the fuck, Timmy? You think this is a joke? You got a serious condition and have made a show of this whole job, and now you're kidding round about-"

"I'm not aiming to put you in bulk, Perry. I really - ooh! Mmmh! - I think it's a good idea. What do you think, las? Willing to do some overtime if I'll be your sweet Judy and fuck your brains out? I'm fucking addicted to cum right now, and I know I'm a big fella like the lot of you, but if you're always geggin' on and checking me out like I'm some bird, why not treat me as one? Why not - NNGHHHH!!!"

She doubled over, the arousal becoming too much as she entered a state of near delirium. She whimpered as her breasts expanded, this time becoming much larger as they popped open the buttons of her flannie and nearly tore her fluro vest off completely. Her ass rounded out further, and her hips became the kind that the las would think were absolutely boss. Her hair poured down her back further, and her pussy became achingly wet, her clitoris extending from the remnants of her penis to become incredibly sensitive. She gasped, wailing in partial orgasm, and when she raised herself back up to her full height, she'd somehow become even shorter, now barely more than 5'2 in height, but making every damn inch count in curves. Her breasts wobbled heavily in her top, and for a scant second she seemed to realise something weird had happened.

But then it all went away when she scented the taste of men getting hard in their pants. The testosterone in the air. The smell of men who would do anything to fuck her. Without meaning to, she put on a show, her hips sashaying from side to side and her breasts bobbing as she approached Charlie standing next to Perry.

"I know you've got a hard dick there, la. Why don't you shove all of it in me by the construction office, and if the rest of the boys like my sounds, they can come on in after?"

Charlie went white as a sheet, most likely because his dick was taking in all the blood and throbbing like crazy. "Are - are you sure, Timmy?"

Timmy just grabbed him by the collar for the third time in recent memory, but this time there was a playfulness to it.

"I'm the boss, remember? Nwo, gw'ed and get to the office so I can have you cum inside me, go it? And if anyone else wants me, they agree to work overtime to fix this mess!"

Perry was flustered, overwhelmed by the insanity of what was happening. "But - but your condition, Timmy! And you're meant to be in charge!"

But Timmy just grinned. As far as he was concerned, he *was* in charge, even if *she* didn't realise her true sex, and perhaps never truly would.

"Why don't you be the boss for a while, cuz. I'm gonna be sucking cocks and letting them stick them between my thighs as much as I can for the near future. You get the materials, and I'll *convince* these las to work the extra time with no pay."

Perry was silent as Timmy took Charlie into the construction office.

"I think I'll be Health and Safety Officer!" he/she called. "After all, I plan to look after the health of these lass real closely. And it's only safe to make sure they're relieve when they need it!"

She shut the door, and within moments was pushing Charlie onto the seat.

"Holy hell, I can't believe I'm about to fuck you, Timmy."

"Don't make it weird just because it's gay," Timmy said, even as she paradoxically shoved her tits in Charlie's face. "You just enjoy the ride. I might even give you a ride every day on the job, if you cum in me enough!"

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Jake whistled, shocked by the whole story, and yet finding all the pieces falling into place.

"And how long ago was that then? This isn't a museum after all. So that'd mean she's been a bird for at least a few months."

Charlie laughed, slapping the lad on the back as they headed to punch out after a long day on the job. They were both covered in sweat, their hairy arms burnt a little by the summer sun.

"Hell, she's been like that for six years. Even learned how to kit her barnet out quite nice. She does have great hair to shove in your face while you're fucking her, after all. Mind, I can think of two things better, can't you?"

Jake blushed, lit up a bifter to cover it. Plus, he had the need. That and for a nice cool bevy to end the day. "She's the hottest fucking bird I ever seen. I still can't believe she fucked me."

"Well, she fucks everyone. Keeps us all feeling good and proper for the day, and none of us want to start sagging off if it means we don't get a taste of that sweet pie, if you're catching what I'm saying."

Jake whistled again. "I see now why it was hard to get the job."

"Ay. You'd be mad not to stick around. Especially since she's coming yer way."

Jake spun around, and to his surprise, Timmy was coming right up to him. Her tits were straining to burst out of her tight flanny shirt, and her fluro vest somehow contoured to her perfect curves. She grinned, her full lips giving her a sensual pout that made him want to bend her over right there in the yard and let her suck away.

Of course it turned out that was almost her plan.

"Jake, did you have a good first day on the job?" she asked, practically purring.

"Uh, um, yeah, Timmy. I certainly did."

"And I see you're with Charlie. A good sign. He was the first man I did a proper . . . health and safety check on, isn't that right, la?"

"It had me absolutely mad up, boss."

She licked her lips. "That it did. That it did. But Jake here doesn't know I have to do an end of day review as well." She sniffed the air a little, exhaled in a breathy way that could have been on some porno. "Why don't you come back to my office one last time before the day is out?"

Jake looked at Charlie, who just shrugged. "You know the story now, it's yer choice, la."

But the young man's mind was already made up. Whether he'd been a man or not, whether he knew it or not, Timmy Bradshaw was a smokeshow of a bird, and Jake couldn't pass up another chance to cry out in orgasm as he came in her.

"Okay, I guess I can take one last inspection," he said, his voice absolutely giddy.

"Good, la, good. Come 'ed, and we'll get your checked out."

Charlie waved Jake goodbye for the day as the young man was practically dragged back to Timmy's office, his erect penis tenting his pants, and the other men all cheering and throwing out congratulations. Now he knew why. This was going to be the best job of his life.

In moments, Timmy was on him, and the former male and her current target were moaning in pleasure, until finally Jake came inside her. The former male had never been happier, and promised the boy another round on the next morning.

**The End**