

# Construction Crew Chick

**For SeriousSentence**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*A white collar office worker decides to cut through a construction site on his way to work and ends up getting concussed. When he comes to, he discovers he's a big titted construction chick that all the men like to tease.*

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“Look I don’t care if Susan is sick, I need those papers on my desk now. I am ten minutes from the office.” I ordered, typing out an email on my phone as I spoke into it.

“That merger is the difference between a bonus at Christmas and nothing. So get your ass typing!”

I slammed my thumb down on the hang up button and bemoaned the days of touch screens. I missed the early days of mobile phones. Hitting the red button just wasn’t as satisfying and flipping a phone closed.

As I walked down the bustling street towards my office, I couldn’t help but notice the annoying commotion coming from the construction site up ahead. The sound of jackhammers and heavy machinery drowned out the noise of the city, and I could feel the vibrations of the construction equipment beneath my feet. It had been this way for weeks now and frankly I was sick of the racket.

It was even worse today though; as I got closer, I realised that the construction workers had blocked off the sidewalk, forcing pedestrians to cross the street to get to the other side. I didn’t have time for this inconvenience - I was already running late for my morning meeting!

Cars were rushing past on the street, if I waited and walked across the street it would add an extra five minutes to the walk and that just was not an option this morning. It was bad enough that my driver got a flat three blocks from the office.

I scanned the construction site for a way to get through, but there was no obvious path. Impatience started to build up inside me. I didn’t want to wait for the traffic to clear, so I decided to cross the construction site instead. Men with hard hats walked too and fro but none of them seemed to be watching in my direction.

Careful to make sure I didn't get dirt on my suit I stepped over the barricade. The ground was uneven and muddy, and I had to watch my step to avoid tripping on the debris. I grimaced, I would need to get my assistant to polish my shoes after this. The workers looked at me with surprise as I pushed my way through, but I didn't care. I had places to be and deadlines to meet.

As I neared the other side of the site, I heard a shout behind me. One of the workers had spotted me and was running towards me, waving his arms frantically. I picked up my pace, I was almost there!

Suddenly I heard a strange whistling sound coming from above me, I looked up just in time to see something flying down towards me from the scaffolding and-

BANG

I bent over double and held my head as a splitting headache formed. I groaned in pain; I would sue for this! Whatever it was that hit me, it hadn't been properly secured so it wasn't my fault. I dug my hands into my hair and blinked my eyes open only to realise I couldn't feel my hair. My hands were grasping something hard and stiff. As my vision cleared I realised I wasn't standing at the edge of the construction site anymore but back toward the centre; had I moved without remembering?

"Kimberly! Get your hungover ass back to work!" A rough looking man yelled.

Kimberly? Why did I feel like he was talking to me? My mouth opened and I felt compelled to answer.

"Ya! Will do!" I replied before muttering under my breath, "Fookn' prick."

My own words surprised me, not just because of their crude harshness to them but my voice itself sounded off. It was almost feminine, but a rough kind of feminine, the sort that came from drinking every day since you were fifteen and smoking behind the art sheds at school.

I stood up straight, the pain in my head rapidly fading to a dull thump and I looked down at my body. The first thing I noticed was that I couldn't see my feet; because there was a pair of frankly enormous breasts in the way.

I gaped at them, twisting my chest from side to side subtly and watching them move. Those...couldn't be mine! I didn't have breasts...but, I did?

"Hey sugar tits!"

My head snapped to the voice, another muscle laden man with a wheelbarrow was grinning at me.

“I like looking at your boobs as much as the next person but I like getting lunch on time more!”

“Perv!”

The grin didn't falter and the man continued on his way, picking up a wheelbarrow full of cement bags and pushing it along. I was so confused; wasn't I a business man just a few moments ago? The memory of entering the construction site seemed fuzzy.

Not wanting to get yelled at again I strode across the site, feeling the sway of my hips as my long legs stretched out in front of me. I was wearing boots, but inside I could feel a pair of delicate feet that felt oddly soft despite my attire. I could feel my hair bouncing lightly on my shoulders and as two men carried a large pane of glass past me I caught sight of my reflection.

Bright red lips and big hair looked back at me. I ran my fingers through my now long locks, they had been teased and curled to high hell and back and while my initial thought was that I was in desperate need of some conditioner the more I felt it the more I liked it. It looked sort of retro, almost eighties inspired.

In an almost dream-like state I picked up a hammer and moved over to the wooden beams lined with nails and began banging away at them. I'd never built anything in my life and yet, I seemed to know what I was doing. No that wasn't right, I had been building things in shop class ever since I was a teenager.

All the boys laughed and jeered, saying a girl could never be top of the carpentry class but I'd proved them all wrong. Suckers. No wait, that wasn't right! I wasn't a woman and I never took shop class! I went to an expensive private school in...in...where was it again?

Brooklyn? No, that couldn't be right and yet, the more I tried to remember the more the fancy ivy coloured walls of my childhood disappeared, replaced with a public school in the heart of New York.

Trying to remember I kept hammering away, reaching into my pocket and pulling out a stick of gum and chewing it in thought. I blew a bubble and popped it, giggling as I licked the gum from my lips and nose and tried again, forgetting about my work entirely and I chewed and popped my gum.

I could hear guys behind me scoffing.

“She’s slacking off, again.”

“What’d dya expect? She only got this job by sleeping with the boss man.”

“Shhhh, don’t let her hear you! We’ll never hear the end of it.”

“Ya know you’re much louda than you think!” I yelled with a teasing smile, giggling as they all turned red and hurriedly went back to work.

I stuck my tongue out as they went. Who cares if I slept my way into this job? They all knew I was just as good as the rest, I couldn’t help it if I got distracted easily! Besides, I wasn’t kept around for my building skills, I was here to keep morale (and a few other more private things) up.

I grabbed a hand saw and began cutting the lengths of timber, leaning over so much my breasts and butt stuck out. Even the conservative construction outfit looked good on me, especially when I unzipped it enough to let my cleavage show. Men walking past on the street even stopped to sneak a look as they hurried on to their glitzy offices.

Didn’t I work in an office once? I didn’t think so and yet I had odd memories of shiny desks and fancy computers. Maybe I did some temp work as a secretary or something once for a few weeks? I was such a ditz; I forgot the instructions on how to make mac and cheese as soon as I so much as boiled the water. Didn’t matter though, this work was nice and repetitive.

I stopped once in a while to take a breather, drinking down my bottled water and letting a few drips roll down my chin. Men wolf whistled, I blew them kisses; a standard day all round. Once or twice the foreman walked through, inspecting my work and giving me a good slap on the bum in reward. It made me all tingly and giggle every time and I made sure to be bent over each time he walked past, just to tempt him.

The bell rang for lunch and the crew all gathered together by the temporary office to eat. I raked my thick, blue lacquered nails through my hair and huffed.

“Can’t I work in the shade?” i pouted, “I’m gettn’ all sweaty! Look at me, I am all shiny!”

The men laughed and hooted as I twisted my body from side to side, showing off the slight shine on my face and cleavage.

"I can sort you out," One of them shouted and a moment later cold water from a drink bottle splashed on me and I squealed.

"Oooh you meanie!"

"Hey, you're not hot anymore, right?"

"I will always be hot, thank ya." I replied snootily, "But look at my hair! My curls are going all limp!"

"At least now there is a definitive answer." He snickered and I raised my eyebrow.

"Answer to what?"

"Which is bigger, your hair or your tits?"

I playfully punched him on the arm while the other men howled with laughter. Some women hated this sort of rabble rousing but me, I loved it. I loved being the token hot chick on the crew. I could tell other ladies were jealous, they were so busy trying to be all classy that I got all the fun.

A little voice in the back of my mind was yelling. Telling me to stop acting like some trash tier bimbo and have some respect but I ignored it. Who needed dignity when you could have this much fun teasing the boys?

"Excuse me! Can you let us through?"

A man in an expensive looking suit and glasses was standing at the edge of the site.

"You've blocked off the road. I need to get to my office before lunch break ends."

"Can't'cha just cross the road like a normal person?" I scoffed, pointing to the temporary crossing we set up.

"That will take too long."

"Take too long? It's five minutes tops, you lazy sod." I rolled my eyes and the man's face turned red.

“Listen, I have a very important job to do. You may not understand what that is like-”

“Yeah, Imma stop you right there.” I put my hands on my hips. “Listen fancy fella, ya gonna cross the street or you can wait here all day. Your choice. I ain’t letting you through, so vamoose!”

The man cursed, threatening to report us all but the men just jeered at him, placing hands on my shoulder in solidarity until eventually the snob walked away.

“Nice going, sugar tits! I hate white collar guys like that, they think they are God’s gift to Earth or something. Just cause they sit in a stuffy office all day doing paperwork.”

“I know.” I laughed, before shuddering. “I would hate to live like that!”