

# Working Man (White Woman to Latino Man TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Tfanonymous

*Brittany is a rich white girl coming home from her summer break. Upon blaming a group of hired workers for a car scrape she actually caused and calling them 'lazy,' she is cursed by an onlooker to learn exactly how hard it is to be a working man.*

## Working Man

Brittany was royally pissed. It was meant to be an amazing summer break with her friends, where everyone could see just how amazing her summer home was, and Nathan could see her lounge about in a bikini while she macked lips with Rob. He was going to be so jealous, or at least that was the plan. But instead that total bitch Stacy had somehow outdone her with her own rich dad's private yacht, which *just happened* to be docked at the same seaside as Brittany's home.

Naturally, all the most popular of her college peers, including the Varsity teams, were jumping off the side of the yacht, laughing and giggling and parading around in board shorts and bikinis, all in plain view of her lavish pool deck. It was infuriating, knowing that the upstart wannabe cheerleader was outshining *her*, an actual cheerleader whose industrialist father owned at least twice as much as Stacy's did on his worst day, and five times as much on his best. And yet the brat had outplayed her, despite lacking all the features that Brittany possessed. Whereas Stacy was a lithe, willowy girl with dull brunette hair and no hips to speak of, Brittany had a perfect hourglass figure, perfect double-D boobs, and the best cheekbones, lips, and nose that money could buy. She was the perfect package, and yet fucking *Nathan* had chosen to sail off with Stacy instead.

So it was with a lot of anger that she drove her expensive Porsche - her eighteenth birthday present from daddy, naturally - back home. She didn't care about breaking the speed limit, fines were for the poors to deal with after all, and father had always taught her that money really could buy *everything*, including immunity from the law. She was in an angry mood, and just wanted to be home so she could tell her father everything and make sure he bought her the kind

of party she actually deserved, one that would make that upstart Stacy realise how pathetic and small she actually was. If Brittany was a princess, then Stacy would be nothing less than a peasant, like those immigrant men her father hired to care for the landscaping of their mega-lawn.

It was those very workers she sped past, letting the dust hit their browned latino bodies as they worked beneath the scorching sun. She didn't care: the feeling of her blonde hair whipping in the wind was enough to make her briefly forget her fury at not being the proverbial belle of the ball.

That was, until she practically drifted around the corner of the winding estate road that curved up to her family's mansion. At the last second she saw two of the workers carting heavy boulders off of a truck, ready for placement in her father's new landscape design. She screamed in a panic, hit the brakes a second too late, and turned the wheel so fast that she briefly lost control of the vehicle. To her absolute horror, one of the men yelled and jumped in the path of her car, knocking the other just free of her vehicle's careening path and saving his life.

But it meant he dropped the heavy granite boulder, which her car scraped against. It caused a horrific screeching sound, but corrected her course long enough for her to right the car's direction and immediately pull to a stop.

"Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit," she said to herself.

Several of the men were yelling, and a small crowd of the workers was gathering behind her. She looked up at her family's mansion and hoped that no one had seen what had just occurred: daddy would get her a new vehicle free of charge rather than bothering to repair this one, but being seen to lose control would be *humiliating*.

"*Senorita! Senorita Carson!*" one of the men called. He was panting, almost out of breath as he reached the side of the car. He was one of the men that she had almost hit. The one that had jumped and saved the other. "*Estás bien? Are you okay? Dios mio, you nearly hit us - big hit! Good thing only the car was damaged!*"

His accent was so thick she could barely understand him. He looked to be in his early thirties, with the bronze skin of a Mexican worker, or Colombian, or Venezuelan, or whatever. As far as she was concerned, they were all the same. This man in particular had a scruffy black beard and thick-yet-wiry black hair. He was very muscular, not in the bodybuilder way, but in the way that someone doing manual labour constantly actually looks like, with strong shoulders and rugged chest. His grey singlet was stained with sweat, and his arms were oily from the same.

even amongst the post-crash panic that involved an out-of-control heart beat and shuddering breath, she developed an immediate distaste for this man. Who was *he* to dare criticise *her*? To claim that *she* had almost hit *him*? It didn't matter if it was true! He should know his place, and that was as the lowly, pathetic, likely illegal immigrant worker for her wealthy father, someone who should be damn well *grateful* that her gorgeous, well-to-do self even spared a second to look at him. The fact that he looked to her with concern instead of disgust or anger only made

her own fury all the more powerful. It was like being *pitied*. Brittany Carson did not *do* pity. Not from Stacey Havers, and certainly not from some lowly paid foreign landscaper whose very existence was now reminding her of the embarrassment of the crash. Already, she was devising ways to make it his fault. After all, wasn't it? These workers should have anticipated she would be arriving today, and moving swiftly at that. It was their fault, she decided, which also meant they owed her for the car . . . out of their paychecks.

"I'm sorry, I can barely understand you," she said snootily, "but if you're asking me 'how I am'," she said that last part loud and slowly, just to condescend him, "then the answer is no, I'm not alright, thanks to you and your 'friend.' You two ruined my car and nearly cost me my frickin' life!" She opened her car door brusquely and got out, jabbing a finger in the man's direction. "You could have killed me!"

His facial expression was one of astonishment. "Miss Carson," he said in his thick accent, "you came fast in car. We have no time to react, *si?*"

A couple of the men nodded in agreement, speaking in their own language and causing her to second guess what they were saying. They were drawing nearer to their friend, as if forming a mob - at least, that was how she interpreted it. Brittany suddenly felt threatened. These men were ganging up on her. How *dare* they!

"I want your name, mister!" she snapped at the man who had spoken to her. Spoken *back* to her, in her opinion.

He looked incredulously around at his other workers, clearly shocked at how this confrontation was going. "Javier Diaz," he said eventually.

"Well, I have no idea how to spell that nonsense, but if you're lying to me, I'll remember your face. My daddy will hear about this, just you wait! You all get back now! I don't want you near my car and *especially* near *me*. You just wait until this is all sorted, because *someone* is going to pay for ruining my car!"

The men drew back, clearly understanding, in her mind, who was the boss here. She gave a self-satisfied and smug smile, happy that these workers still knew their place. The one that had insisted it was her fault would have to go, of course, but not before being sued, and hopefully he was an illegal, because then he could be deported too.

She was just about to walk away in her usual snooty fashion, when suddenly something caught her eye near the tree on the right, away from the crowd. An older man was looking at her. He had a bronze colouration and wrinkled features, his skin leathery from long years of working outdoors. He was chewing on something, and his eyes seemed to twinkle in an unnatural way.

"I've never seen *you* before," she said, unafraid to point at the man. "What are you looking at?"

"A *senorita who is about to join us*," he said. His voice seemed to warble unnaturally in the air, and the air around him shimmered in a way that would have raised the hair on Brittany's arms had she not had treatment to remove all body hair years ago.

"What the fuck? Is that a frickin' threat? Who are you? I demand your name right now! My daddy will -"

She stopped speaking mid-sentence, as the man said something in a language that didn't even sound like *any* language. An eldritch tumble of broken sounds like crackling glass emerged from his mouth, and yet it was like it was being spoken by someone invisible right beside her, whispering in her ear intimately. Threateningly.

"What - what are you d-doing?" she said. She looked around to see what the other men were doing, if this was some terrible prank, but they were out of sight behind the treeline she had passed. There was nothing in sight but the incomplete landscaping work, her family's mansion, and the mysterious ma-

But there was no man. As she turned back, he was gone. She moved to see if he'd hidden, childishly, behind some tree. But he was gone completely.

Impossibly.

She moved further into the treeline, out of the view of the mansion front, trying to see where he'd gone. But he was nowhere to be found.

"That - who the hell was that guy? He was totally a creepy perv I bet. All these lowlife types creep me out. I'll get daddy to replace every single one of them and make sure that they don't . . . don't . . . ughhh!!"

Suddenly, Brittany stopped in response to a strange churning sensation in her stomach. Her breathing became unsteady, as did her control over her own feet as they planted themselves upon the dirt which had yet to be laid with grass. Her arms spasmed, and a heat built up in her core that nearly made her hyperventilate. Every muscle strained. Every bone seemed to creak and twist, elongating slightly. Tensing. It was strange, alien. Not entirely agonising, though a little painful. But all the more terrifying for it.

"Wh-what is h-happening to m-me!?"

She managed to get control of her left hand and bring it, shaking, before her face. Her fingers trembled as if they were palsied, and she could not keep them straight. The palm itched terribly, and her finger bones ached.

And then, suddenly, her hand and forearm began to change completely. She shrieked as thick dark hairs pushed out from the back of her hand, extending up to her forearm so that it bristled with mannish hair. She continued to gasp as the skin burned, sizzling in a brief scorching pain.

The pigmentation of her lovely (at least in her mind) white skin darkened as the heat turned up, shifting to a rich bronze colour. It looked impressive, though she didn't think so.

"What the frick!? What the fricking FRICK! DADDY! HELP ME!"

But no one seemed to hear her, even as the bones of her forearm and hand extended and enlarged, more muscle and tissue growing until it looked like she had a powerful working man's hand attached to her. They were like sausage fingers compared to her usual dainty ones, but just as bad was when rough calluses from a lifetime of labor hardened into place across her hand.

Brittany tried to run again, escape this zone of change, but she was literally unable to move. To her horror, the process repeated with her other hand and forearm, leaving her with two large latino arms up to the elbow, just like the workers she'd snapped at. For a second, she thought that perhaps whatever curse had been laid upon her was over, but then the heat drifted down to her legs as well, causing her to whimper.

"N-no. No, not more! I don't even want this! This is not f-fair! STOP THIS!!!"

But her cry to the heavens went unanswered as this magical curse continued its work. Her legs thickened, thighs swelling with hard, trained muscle that was unbecoming her cute figure. It stretched the confines of her cute pastel shorts - shorts that were valued at over half a grand in value - and to her absolute humiliation she felt the clothing actually beginning to rip apart.

"No! No! No no that, no! NOOO!!!"

But as her legs swelled and extended, becoming taller and thicker and much, much hairier, it became undeniable that she was shredding the ends of her shorts, which could not contain the new heft of her muscles.

"Gross! I don't want big gross, muscled legs! Change me back! Where is that old Dominican freak, or whatever he was!"

She shrieked as her feet swelled. She wore classy sandals that were the latest in fashion chic, the kind that the bitch Sandy would never think to wear because she was not truly 'in' with the kind of wealth that her family was. But now that too buckled under the pressure of her feet expanding, getting bigger and bigger. She fell to grunts and pants as they seemingly became almost twice as big, their skin tone likewise turning that bronze-brown colour, while her ankle and top of her foot was punctured by numerous coarse black hairs. It revolted the rich girl, but she was helpless, only able to watch the change, and feel the agony and discomfort. Finally, after the pain intensified from the lack of space, her sandals snapped, her large feet easily expanded once the confines that held them were broken. Even by the standards of feet, she had a large pair, the kind you'd only see on a big, burly man, or those gross hippies who protested her daddy's chemical runoff plants.

For a moment, the changes nearly halted, giving her pause to look over them. Her arms were wrong. Her legs were wrong. Not only that, they were literally too long as well, being proportioned for a much larger, more masculine and muscular man. She looked like a goddamn freak, the kind that she would have made fun off with her other rich friends. The kind of freaks that belonged on the street, as far as she was concerned. But now the big shoe was on the other giant, hairy foot.

“S-someone, p-please help meeee!” she whined, tears streaming down her cheeks.

It was then that a voice spoke in that same eerie warble. *“You will soon be one of us, unless you recant your ways. Unless you be better, and face your own arrogance.”*

She twisted on her feet, unable to truly lift them, desperate to see who was speaking. Exactly as she had hoped and feared, it was the withered figure, dressed in a landscaper’s casual uniform, sweat staining his old skin. And yet, something about him simply did not belong. His eyes did not look purely human, as if they were capable not just of seeing her, but of peering deep into her soul too. He had a hard smile upon his features.

“Please, you have to stop this!” Brittany cried. “I’ll pay you anything!”

*“Wrong,”* the man said. With a flick of his wrist, a sudden tensing began in her arms ago. Impressive biceps swelled from her upper arms as they thickened. The bones grew, the muscle and tendon expanded, and the soft cotton material of her designer shirt tore from the strain of trying to contain her new arms, which were fully masculine now, and very strong.

“What do you want?” she screamed. “Anything you want, my daddy can get you! He’s a powerful man!”

*“Wrong again. You must think deeper!”*

Another flick of the wrist, another series of dreadful changes. Brittany whimpered as his impressive hips, pride of her hourglass figure, shuddered and withdrew, becoming the thinner hips of a man. Her impressive peach rear deflated, leaving her shorts loose at the waist but staining at her hips. She grunted with every change, squeezing her eyes shut and curling her hairy toes.

“OOhhhhh - why!?! I don’t understand!”

*“Think! Atone!”*

“It’s not my fault! I’ve had a bad day! Stacy stolen my frickin’ spotlight so I just wanted to get home quick and -”

*“NO! THINK DEEPER, CHILD!”*

The leathery old man with still-taut muscles snapped his fingers, causing yet another set of volatile changes to come over her. To Brittany's despair, the rest of her pale figure was hit by that scorching effect. The twenty year old woman screamed as the rest of her skin took on the same tone as the Diaz man she had berated. But the changes didn't stop there: her gorgeous blonde hair thinned and fell away in loose strands that dissolved before they ever hit the ground. She clutched her head, hyperventilating as what remained of her hair became wavy and thick and coarse, with not a sign of the expensive hair gel she'd had flown straight from Colombia just for her hair alone. She could only guess that her hair had turned black now as well.

More changes followed, each excruciating and horrible and ghastly in the privileged woman's mind. She howled as her chest swelled out, though her 'chest' receded at the same time. While her ribs altered to give her a more barrel-chested shape, her actual tits shrank. She hiccuped from her sobbing, cleaning her eyes with her all-too-wrong hands to see her proud Double-D's disappear before her eyes. Her shirt ripped apart, tearing dramatically right down the middle just to reveal the sight.

"Eeep!" she cried, and again when the bra clasp snapped, sending her cute designer item flinging several feet away. Her sensitive nipples shrank and darkened. Her boobs reduced to ample C's, down to modest B's, and then again to little baby A's. And then finally, with one finally horrified gasp, they disappeared altogether, now little more than a pair of strong pectorals befitting a muscular man. Worse, an itching spread across her chest that signalled more hair growth. This time, it was like a carpet was rolled down her body. Her perfectly flat stomach, the one she showed off in so many outfits, instead became thicker with well-practised muscle. Even her bellybutton looked like it was hairy now.

"You don't have to d-do this!" she groaned. Even her voice sounded different now. Lower. More intense. The high sweetness of her proud queen bitch personality was collapsing, as was everything else.

*"I do, unless you atone. THINK! THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE!"*

His face was etched with fury, the deep wrinkles twisted so that he almost looked like a supernatural entity. Perhaps, she thought fearfully, he actually was. She tried to think of what to say. What was this man's problem? Was it her attitude? The car crash?

"I - I won't get them fired," she finally said. "I won't say a thing!"

He shook his head, disappointed. *"And still, no understanding. Then you must walk a mile in their shoes, again and again, until you do. And once you understand, you can remain in those shoes for good. Welcome to your new life, Manuel Hernandez."*

He flicked his hand at her one last time, and turned to walk away. Brittany went to scream at him, to curse out this horrid foreign man, to demand he change her back. But all she managed to say was, "YOU FREAK! MY DADDY WILL-"

Her voice didn't crack. It *crumbled*, down and down until the register was so low that it was unmistakably the voice of a man. She groaned in that brassy tone, but could say no more words due to her facial features shifting about. She clutched her face in her hairy hands, writhed on the spot as her nose elongated, her eyes turned dark, and her lips thinned. Her teeth became just a little more crooked, while several pockmarks and sun wrinkles appeared on her forehead and cheeks. A small but noticeable amount of black stubble peppered itself over her chin, while a thin black moustache grew in as well.

"Oh God," the changing figure gasped, "this is frickin' wrong! COME BACK!"

But the man was already gone, and her own attention diverted back to her spine, which extended vertebrae by vertebrae until she was easily 5'9 in height, dwarfing her cute, former 5'5 self.

"I'm n-not meant to be a man," she whimpered. "I'm meant to be a cute white girl! I don't wanna be a disgusting worker!"

The last of her clothing tore away as her entire body grew a little, becoming wider set and stronger. Her shorts ripped, and her shirt fell in tatters. All that was left was a pair of panties that were painfully constricting her blood flow, particularly in her legs. But that too was about to change, as the former white woman realised there was just one final change to come, and the most terrifying one yet.

"P-please," she stammered. "Not that. Anything but that!"

But the old supernatural man had spoken true: she truly was going to see what life was like in someone else's shoes. Her vulva throbbed, and her clit swelled. She gripped her womanhood, trying to force down everything that was growing. But it didn't prevent the alien feeling of her feminine passage closing up within her, of her womb shrinking into nothingness, or her ovaries collapsing. Two linked growths descended from between her thighs, and she knew instantly with a great despair that they were her testicles. They grew larger and wrinklier, vas deferens and sperm sacs and so on forming within. They dangled, wobbling just a little as she squirmed. She had gained not just a set of balls but a rather large and impressive pair, even bigger than the impressive men she liked to date and fuck.

"Oh God oh fuck oh my God this is so wrong this is so fucking - NNGHH!!!"

Just then, in the midst of her masculine shame, the ultimate symbol of masculinity began to form. As her labial lips disappeared, as her pubic hair regrew dark and thick, her clitoris began to surge forth, growing and growing and extending in such a way that it was terribly, utterly *pleasurable*. Brittany couldn't help but moan in her deeper male voice as it expanded, gaining weight and girth and length that ultimately tore away her last remnant of clothing. With her panties gone, her naked cock was truly exposed, and only getting bigger. It was impressively sized by the time it reached its zenith, to the point where she had a larger-than-average penis. She held it in her hands, unable to keep her changes down with her hands. Its sensitivity was impressive, and it grew erect like a metal rod in her hands.

“F-fuuuuuucck,” she moaned. “Wh-why does it f-feel like this! Why does it f-feel so goooooood!?”

She didn't want it to feel good. She wanted to hate every moment of it. She wanted to have her perfect tits again, and her gorgeous hips, and her beautiful white skin. But instead she was compelled to rub and stroke her new cock until it was enormous from its throbbing erect. She felt a pressure mount within it, but it was not a change as before, but rather a desperate need to cum that overpowered her. Her balls churned, filling with sperm just urging to be ejected.

"I h-h-hate thissssss!"

And yet her body loved it. The pressure mounted, the fury and power of working her cock more than she could take. It was unlike anything she had ever experienced before, so different from female pleasure, which it softly was slow to start and came in gentle waves that overwhelmed the body. This was blunt, a single force that rose in strength until it could not be denied. Manly, without softness.

“Oh G-God! Oh, yes! Ohhhh! YES!!”

She didn't want to cry it out, but as the orgasm finally hit her, the overwhelming maleness of it could no longer be denied. Her balls contracted, and her entire new form shuddered as her penis spurted forth torrent after torrent of sticky white liquid. It splattered on the grass.

“Ughhh - nnggh! - ahhh!!”

Several more streams of it came, until finally just a few little gurgles from the tip of her cock. Of *his* cock. As the final stretch of pleasure from the single, powerful male climax ebbed away, the new man found he had full control of his body again. Not just that, in the post-ejaculation clarity of mind that he had heard boyfriends speak of and now understood far too well, his entire personal identity was overridden. He was no longer Brittany Carson, rich and beautiful daughter of Perry Carson, mega wealthy industrialist. No, he was now Manuel Hernandez, a Mexican-American working class landscaper. As if to confirm this, a set of new clothes magically wrenched into existence, winding about until they covered his body, whereupon they sat upon his figure a little loosely to accommodate for the heat. He was in a simple grey singlet and overalls, with rough-heeled working boots upon his feet.

“I can't be,” he said to himself. “I'm not Manuel Hernandez. I'm Manuel! I mean, I'm Manuel! No, I'm Manuel! Why can't I say my own name? This shit is *loco!*”

He clasped his mouth in a somewhat female manner. Soon another set of changes were upon him, arguably even more transformative than his last set. Memories poured into his mind. They were not particularly deep ones, nor did they override his prior memories of being Brittany. Instead, it was like an informative slideshow that endowed him with a few traits to survive - traits the former young woman detested having. He gained an understanding that he was thirty four years old, and that he was attached to this company for five years now. He knew that he was originally from Mexico, and had just managed to scrape by getting classed as a legal immigrant. The entire group were legal immigrants or American-born, in fact, despite Brittany's claims that

this was not the case. He knew suddenly how to work a shovel, how to properly shift rock and spread seed and do all the other jobs required of garden and landscape work, including even some heavy machinery work when necessary.

But worst of all, he knew *Spanish*.

Spanish, and *very little English*.

“But . . . I can speak English now?” he said to himself, stumbling forward on his heavy boots. “This is crazy. I must be dreaming. These memories make no sense. I’m ill. I’m going insane. My dad will know what to do.”

He began to run forward, his large and powerful feet thudding against the ground in their boots. His body was all muscle and power, and from his taller height so much seemed different. His low voice huffed as he ran, and though his new penis was safely ensconced within his new male briefs, he couldn’t *not* be aware of its large and unwanted presence.

“Father!” he called. “Father!”

Just then he heard someone yell back . . . from behind him.

“Manuel? Manuel! What are you doing? What are you raving about?”

He turned to see that Javier Diaz was approaching him. The man’s face was a look of concern, and the former woman was hit by duelling memories - one in which he was nearly hit by Brittany’s car, the other where they had worked together for years, and were drinking buddies.

“Oh my God,” Manuel said, realising he could now understand the man. He was speaking Spanish, thinking in it. He just hadn’t fully understood it. He hadn’t even said ‘oh my God’ so much as ‘*Dios mio*.’

“Not God, just your good friend Javier,” the other man said, grinning. “What the hell are you doing? Were you seriously just calling out for your father?”

Manuel went red in the cheeks - though that was less obvious now with his darker skin. “No, I - um, I was just calling out to my, uh . . .”

He noticed that Diaz had the sign of the cross around his neck.

“To my heavenly Father, of course. Demanding he hurry up and get the sun off our backs.”

Diaz chuckled. “Fine, you crazy bastard. But don’t do it at that old fool Carson-”

“He’s no fool, he’s my - uh, employer.”

“Yeah, another rich white asshole who is underpaying us.”

A memory hit Manuel. He was underpaid. They all were. But people like Perry Carson didn't give a shit. It contradicted every view Brittany had of her father, but *he* wasn't Brittany anymore. He was just another worker.

"But he's busy, I'm sure. We're getting paid what we . . . and he has to take care of his daughter, right?"

Diaz looked at him like he'd grown another head. "What daughter? The old man is just a recluse. He has no kids. Good thing too, can you imagine what a spoiled, racist brat his daughter would be?"

Manuel was silent. Was this what the figure was warning him about? That as Brittany, he'd been cruel and spoiled and bigoted towards the workers? If so, it was too late to gain anything from it. He was stuck this way for life.

"C'mon, Manuel," Diaz said. "We gotta get back. No lunch or drink breaks for the real hard workers of society. Leave old man Carson to his rich palace. Time to do some honest work."

He began walking back to the landscaping job, the gruelling intense work that went so unappreciated. Manuel despaired. This was his life now. All because of one little car scrape and his angry and humiliated reaction. The car didn't even exist now - there was no evidence on the road as he walked that there was ever an accident at all. But because of what had never technically happened, he was now a thirty four year old Latino man of the working class, with a hairy body, a big cock, and tired muscles that still had to be used for an intensive work that would never feel like it ended.

With one last look at the mansion that he had called home for his twenty years of life as a woman, Manuel headed off to join his new coworkers. Two things were now certain.

One: he really was going to learn just how to walk in a working man's shoes.

And Two: there was no chance he would ever have of upstaging Stacy anytime soon.

**The End**