

Nikki

Nicholas "Nick" Ryder was finally graduating and getting licensed as a Physical Therapist. It had been touch and go for most of his college career as he was a foster care child for most of his life. He had to rely on meager scholarships and loans to make it through to this point. Making matters worse the country was in the midst of the biggest recession since the depression. He had to find a job quickly as his thirty thousand dollar student loans had to be paid. He had barely passed his licensing exam. In a tight market his employment opportunities were limited. Most of his fellow students had already scooped up the few jobs available. Two days before graduation he was depressed and getting desperate. That morning he checked in with his guidance counselor with little hope. Nick was surprised when she recommended a possible placement. There was an opening at a clinic in East Saint Louis located in a rough poor neighborhood. The salary was generous and included an apartment above the clinic.

"Look Nick let's face the facts. Your low grade point average and this economy will make getting any job a risk. Yes, I know it's in a bad neighborhood but it has advantages. Besides, this is the only offer available and I recommend you take it. The salary is very good and you could make a difference there. Plus with a year under your belt working with the poor, it will look great on your resume. I also understand that you will be the only male working there. So what do you say? All you have to do is fill out this employment form and I'm sure the job is yours."

About the only good thing besides the salary with this job was that he would be the only male working there. Nick had a lot of female friends while going to school but no real girlfriend. He was only five foot seven and thin. He was considered "cute" by the girls but no stud. So working where there would be little competition sounded like an additional benefit. It still wasn't the job he dreamed of having but it would get him started.

"I made it this far by myself and guess I can survive St. Louis for a year. I really don't have much choice either," he thought then took the form.

Ooo

He packed all his worldly goods into his 2000 Buick with over a hundred thousand miles the day after graduation. He had got it cheap and prayed that it would make the drive to St. Louis. The old car made it there and the neighborhood looked like a war zone. The clinic had bars on all the windows and gang graffiti on the walls. For a moment he thought about turning around but had nowhere to go. His decision to stay would be regretted until his dying day.

Entering the clinic he was pleased to see a modern brightly lit facility. The girls at the front desk wore white translucent smocks and tight pants. The outlines of their bras and panties were clearly visible. Two of the girls appeared to be in their early twenties while the third was elderly. The older woman stepped up when he

identified himself.

"We've been expecting you sweetie. You can call me Helga and I'm the Office Manager. As you can see we are a bit informal here. This is Thelma our receptionist and Louise is our LPN. If you'll come to my office we'll get the paperwork out of the way and then I'll show you to your apartment."

Nick flinched when Helga called him sweetie. She had to be at least sixty years old and had been around the block more than a few times. While old her stern demeanor and physical size, both taller and wider than Nick, was intimidating. The fact that she seemed to be flirting with him sent chills up his spine.

He barely glanced at the employment contract and lease arrangement for the apartment. He noted the one year term on both documents and that was enough for him. He signed them and then followed Helga up the stairs to his apartment. It was obvious that the last tenant had been a woman. The walls were decorated in a floral wall paper, the carpet a soft pink and the pictures hanging on the walls feminine. White lace doilies were on the arms and backs of the chair and sofa. The air hung heavy with a sweet citrusy aroma. It was definitely no man cave but nothing some paint and a change of wall hangings couldn't cure. The apartment was a small efficiency with kitchen. Cletus, the maintenance man, had brought his things up and he was left to unpack and get settled.

"Okay sweetie, you get settled in and report to me first thing tomorrow morning. The clinic opens at eight but you be down by seven for orientation. I'll bring your uniform up later. You can get whatever groceries and supplies at the bodega around the corner. I strongly suggest you get that done before the sun goes down. It's not safe to be out and about around here at night."

Nick agreed fully about not wanting to be outside after dark. Leaving his suitcase open decided he'd better get some groceries before doing anything else. He didn't think twice about the pair of pink Maidenform full cut panties left partially exposed inside the suitcase. They had been given to him as a gag gift from one of the prettiest girls in his class. She had said she knew he wanted to get into her panties and now he could whenever he wanted. She was just too pretty to get mad at. He didn't know why he had kept them except for the fact that she may have worn them.

The bodega was actually two blocks away and he had to pass by a park where some of the local thugs played basketball. He was nervous and tried to be as inconspicuous as possible. The last thing in the world he wanted was to have a confrontation with any of them. Safely back in his apartment, he noticed Helga had delivered his uniform. There was a note pinned to the garment bag and to his shock the pink panties.

"Sweetie, Here is your uniform and I expect you to be wearing it when you come down in the morning. It is standard issue and required according to your employment contract. You will note that it is the

same uniform worn by all our employees. In any case, failure to comply will result in summary discharge and enactment of the penalty clause. P.S. I think you would look darling in these pretty panties I found in your luggage. Wear them as well!"

Nick let the note drop to the floor and opened the garment bag. Sure enough his worst fears were proven true. It was the same tight fitting slacks and translucent white smock the girls were wearing. At the bottom of the bag was a pair of white gum soled nurse's shoes with a slightly elevated heel.

His head spinning in shock, he rushed to where he had put his contract copies. Several minutes later they too fell to the floor as he sat heavily in the living room chair. It took him a moment or two to realize just how badly he had screwed himself by not reading them. Yes, the term of one year was in both contracts but the fine print gave the clinic a two year option to keep him employed. The employment contract also clearly stated he was to wear the clinic's standard uniform which would be provided. The penalty clause stated that should he be fired or voluntarily leave prior to the termination of the contracts, he would be liable to \$10,000 in penalty for each year remaining and all court costs. Justification for such penalty was the extreme difficulty in finding qualified candidates.

"OMG! How could I have been so stupid? I know I should have read it before signing but I was desperate. Now I'm truly fucked! My only hope is for the clinic not to renew the contract. There is no way I can pay off my student loans much less any penalty without a job. Crap! How can my patients take me seriously wearing a semi-transparent smock, tight pants and white nurse's shoes?"

Nick was still depressed by the time he went to bed. Making matters worse his sleep was interrupted many times that night. Between the police and ambulance sirens and what sounded like gun shots made for a very fitful sleep.

Nick felt the total fool as he dressed in the required uniform. His pants were skin tight around his backside clearly showing his bunched up boxers and tight in the crotch. The low cut smock left his upper hairy chest bare and so light it almost felt like he had nothing on. The shoes fit okay but with the raised heel felt strange. Reluctantly he went down to see Helga shortly before seven. He had to carry his keys in his hand as the pants didn't have any pockets.

Helga was a grizzled veteran who was more than capable of getting her way. When she saw how ridiculous he looked didn't give him any chance to respond. Tsking loudly she grabbed his arm and led him back up to his apartment.

"How dare you come to work looking like that? Didn't I tell you to wear your panties? You're supposed to be a professional and you look like a damn fool. Now get into that bathroom and shave that unsightly hair off your chest and change into your panties like I told you. Do you want to be fired on your first day? Now get a move on we don't have any time to waste," she scolded as they went up the stairs.

"But Helga I'm a man and should have a more appropriate uniform for my gender," he whined.

"This is the standard uniform and you will wear it. Not only that you will do your best to be presentable. So get rid of that hairy chest and make it snappy. I can see your hairy pits as well but you can get rid of that after hours," she snapped. Her tone and tight grip on his arm made it clear he had no choice.

As he marched back down to the clinic he hoped no one would notice his very visible panty lines. As he went past the receptionist area he heard some soft giggling. Both Thelma and Louis couldn't help but notice Nick and his VPLs. With his long hair in a low ponytail and uniform, he could easily pass as a flat chested girl. It was after eight by the time his orientation was over and he saw his first patient.

Ooo

During his orientation Nick was told that the clinic received most of its funding from contracts with the State of Illinois and the Federal Government. The government pays the clinic to evaluate patients to determine if they are injured enough to be declared disabled. Left unsaid was that most of their patients are middle aged, blue collar workers that were laid off. Quite able to work a full day if work was available. However getting Social Security and State disability paid much more than unemployment benefits. Those patients would gladly pay a thousand dollars in cash to validate their bogus claims. For those patients claims were expedited by the clinic.

Another detail that wasn't mentioned was federal and state contracts took diversity in the workplace as a major point in awarding contracts. The clinic was owned by a Black woman, Mrs. King. Her connections in both Springfield and Washington were solid. Having a male brought into her all female establishment would enhance her getting lucrative contracts.

Ooo

Nick's first patient was Calvin, a laid off 55 year old iron worker. At six foot seven, two hundred eighty pounds of muscle, he was a very intimidating Black man. Calvin is tired of being laid off and bending over to weld beams. He is fed up with taking orders from a White foreman whose uncle owns the construction company. A friend had told him about a clinic that would, for a fee validate his Worker's Compensation claim. Calvin was just an older man with typical aches and pains. To help him with his deception he used a cane.

Nick felt sorry for Calvin but could not allow him to scam the system. He had been trained to spot insurance fraud and he was not easily fooled. After completing the examination, he told Calvin to get dressed. He told him that he would get his exam results in about a week. As they shook hands Nick winced in pain as Calvin squeezed firmly and pressed an envelop into it.

As the handshake continued, the iron worker leaned down and whispered, "I know that you will do the right thing. As he said that he patted Nick on the ass.

For Nick the exam was a scary experience. During the examination Calvin had an obvious erection and the too familiar pat on the ass disconcerting. It was an experience that left him shaking. Making everything more upsetting was the contents of the envelope. He laid out on the exam table ten one hundred dollar bills. Putting the money back into the envelope he rushed to find Calvin but he was long gone. Not knowing what to do and shocked, stuffed the money and envelop into his pants.

Every patient Nick examined during that first week on the job was trying to scam the system. He denied all of the claims even though he was given another envelope by most of them. Each time he was just as confused and didn't know what to do. Each time he tried to refuse to take it he was told, "Doc, I know you will do the right thing," as the patient left. By the time the week ended, Nick had a stack of envelopes on his dresser. His intention was to give it all back when the patient came to get his report. As with his failure to read his employment contract this decision to wait would prove costly.

When Nick arrived at work Monday morning Helga met him at the door. She informed him that he had a meeting with the owner. It bothered him that Helga seemed upset. As they entered Mrs. King's office, he was shocked to see Calvin sitting in a chair across from his boss. After Helga sat there was no place for Nick to sit and had to stand like an errant school boy facing the principal. From the scowls on both Calvin and Mrs. King's faces, he knew he was in trouble but for what he didn't have any idea.

Mrs. King looked at Calvin then Helga before her penetrating black eyes fixed on Nick's. "I should have talked to you sooner Mr. Ryder to make sure you understood your position here. I also have something to show you," she said picking up a TV remote.

The scene on the television clearly showed Nick taking envelopes and that they contained money. A hidden camera in his apartment clearly showed the stack of envelopes with him counting out all the cash. When it was over Nick was sweating and nervous.

"Well Mr. Ryder what do you have to say for yourself? It certainly appears that you have taken bribes from our clients. Yet, you still denied all their claims. Don't you think that is unethical? So unless you want me to turn over these tapes to the authorities, I strongly suggest you re-evaluate those cases and approve them."

Helga tried to comfort the shaking youth saying "everything is going to be fine. Just do what Mrs. King suggests."

Mrs. King was holding out a revised evaluation for Calvin saying his is qualified for permanent disability in one hand and her cell in the other. "It's up to you Mr. Ryder. Either sign this and all the

others or I call the Dean of the Physical Therapy Department. I will inform him that you accepted bribes and then it's the police. I guess you can figure out what will happen. You lose your license and go to jail on fraud charges. A major felony if I'm not mistaken. Oh, I almost forgot. Calvin here has informed me that you exposed yourself and offered oral sex. He says that he will file a complaint with the police department as well. Now which will it be?"

Nick was scared to death but he didn't want to falsify a report which would prove fraudulent activity. He also knew that Calvin's sex complaint was total bull shit. Yet he knew that he was in deep based upon the videos which he couldn't deny. As he shifted from one foot to another undecided how to respond, Mrs. King buzzed her secretary telling her to send in Officer Davis.

Nick was immediately handcuffed and read his rights. The thought of going to the police station wearing his uniform and panties terrified him more than being charged with a felony. After his first day, Helga had gone out and purchased him several packages of Maidenform full cut nylon briefs.

He was on the verge of hysterics when Mrs. King yelled, "Well what is your decision Mr. Ryder?"

It didn't take him a second to grasp at the only straw available. He begged to sign the revised evaluation. With that, Mrs. King smiled and told Officer Davis he could release Nick and leave. Once the officer left, Mrs. King pulled back the form as Nick stood trembling and fighting to keep from peeing himself.

"I think before you sign this you need to apologize to Calvin, don't you?"

Tears flowed down Nick's cheeks as he blathered on about how wrong he had been. To his astonishment he watched as Calvin freed his very thick, un-cut erection from his pants.

"I think Mrs. King needs to call Officer Davis back as I still have a complaint to file against you Nikki. Well, that is unless you give me that blow job now. Going to jail wearing that uniform and those panty lines would be a lot worse," Calvin smirked.

"I think his request appropriate for all the trouble you caused us. Perhaps it would help if Helga put some lipstick on you," Mrs. King said pressing a finger on her intercom.

Helga removed a tube of Revlon's Moon Drops Love that Pink from her purse and approached the trembling boy. Squeezing his cheeks quickly spread a heavy coat to his puckered lips.

"Young ladies have been apologizing this way for centuries Nikki and there's no reason you can't oblige in kind," she said.

His entire body was shaking as he was pushed to his knees. Fifteen minutes later Nick was no longer a sexual virgin. Calvin had forced

him to swallow. The ejaculate was thick almost lumpy and Nick promptly emptied the contents of his stomach into the nearby wastebasket. Some was leaking out of his nose as Helga cleaned his face. Once he had gathered his composure, Nick signed the corrected evaluation.

"Now that wasn't so bad, was it Nikki? Helga, I think we just filled a much needed diversity position in our employment roster. It seems we have a cock sucking sissy working for us now. Since he's wearing panties it's even better. We can claim a transvestite gay male. With that change, we'll have top priority on all those government health contracts. You don't have a problem with that, do you Nikki? If you agree you will be allowed to finish out your contract. Otherwise, you will be terminated for unethical conduct and the licensing board notified. You would then lose your license and have no way to pay back all your loans or penalties."

"But I'm none of that. The only reason I did what h..he want...wanted. I was forced to do that an....and I never wanted to...to wear this uniform," he gasped in shock.

"So I assume you agree. Helga see to it. Now all of you get out unless Nikki has an objection? No, good. I have work to do."

Helga took the shocked confused young man down to the reception area. There she announced to the girls and people in the waiting room that Nick, now Nikki, had just come out as being transgendered and gay. Nick stood frozen, unable to comprehend all that had just happened. His mind and body just shut down. Helga's voice sounded like a remote echo in his mind as his world shattered.

"Our precious Nikki informed Mrs. King that he couldn't deny who he really was any longer. He begged her to stay on as our Physical Therapist and begin his transition. Mrs. King while stunned agreed and supported his decision. Therefore, as far as our employees are concerned, Nikki will be welcomed and encouraged during his employment. Anyone teasing or abusing Nikki will be terminated or no longer seen by the clinic."

Her speech was met with loud clapping and smiles from everyone in the room. Some of the patients walked up to Nick and gave him a hug. Some embraces lasting longer than necessary and a few gave his butt a squeeze. He was spared further humiliation as she pulled him behind the counter. Helga then removed the rubber band that held his ponytail and fluffed out his long locks.

"Thelma would you please call the Color Me Crazy salon that does my hair and make an appointment. See if they can do a wash and set today for Nikki. After you do that, call the Gender Clinic for an appointment. See if they can squeeze her in today. We'll be in my office updating his W-2 and Social Security information. Call me when you have the appointments."

Ooo

As soon as everyone had cleared out of her office Mrs. King began updating her State and Federal records to reflect Nick's new status. Now that she employs a gay, transgendered Physical Therapist she can check off every box on all contract applications. She had been excited when she hired an American Indian office girl but Nikki would push her to the top of the front line when it came to any new government health contracts. Tomorrow she would take him to her lawyer's to have his new status made legal. Besides a legal name change he needed his license and other records to reflect his gender change. Mrs. King had a business to run and ruthless in how she achieved success. What Nick wanted or his quality of life didn't matter and of no concern.

Ooo

An appointment was made at the Color Me Crazy salon for one o'clock. This gave Helga time to take Nikki to the nail salon first. There he received a full pedicure, glamour length gel acrylics fitted to his slender finger nails. After three coats of Dark Plum OPI nail enamel, his nails looked amazing. The Vietnamese nail technicians laughed and giggled in their native language at the "Lady Boy" as he cried.

Their second stop was Shape Wear by Sally. Helga was a regular customer and knew Sally as a good friend. Sally had helped supply Helga with firm foundations for years. Unlike most of Sally's customers who needed help with their "generous" figures, Nikki had the opposite problem. His slim hips and small breasts are just too boyish. After using a cloth measuring tape, Sally knew just what foundations Nikki needed to elevate her self-esteem and drive the boys wild.

The first foundation was a firm control brief with removable gel pads that would add some badly needed shape to the hips and butt. 4X rear and hip pads would create an almost pillow effect. The tulip design on the ribbed front panel would conceal his penis completely. There would be no bubble crotch for Nikki, just a nice, flat front. The control brief's three inch high elastic waist band reached to just one inch below the bra band. Wearing the confining brief, Nick's bootie would now draw the men's attention.

When Nick complained, Helga and Sally said he should feel lucky. When they were young girls, shaping pads were made of foam rubber. Foam pads turned yellow, smelled and fell apart after only a few weeks. The gel pads he was wearing felt like real skin and shake and bounce like the real thing.

"If a man grabs your ass Nikki, he will never suspect your little secret," Sally giggled.

All Nick wanted to do was cry as he modeled his padded panty girdle. He was horrified at how large his ass looked. His waist was constricted to twenty-seven inches and his gel enhanced hips measured thirty-nine. The girdle was most certainly the most uncomfortable item of clothing he had ever worn. It was constricting and retained body heat. His crotch would get even hotter wearing the Hanes Silk

Reflections control top panty hose Sally recommended he wear to minimize bounce and projection.

The next foundation was a champagne colored underwire Goddess satin bra with seamless molded DD-cup. According to Sally the bra would complement his thinner waist line and balance out his generous, heavier bottom. To fill out the cups heavy gel inserts were used. Their weight immediately made Nick aware that he was wearing a bra as the shoulder straps dug into his shoulders. He could also feel them as they put a strain on his lower back. As he walked over to the full length mirrors, his boobs and ass seemed to shake and sway. His smock and pants barely contained his new, bombshell figure.

Staring at his reflection Nick let the tears flow as Sally quipped, "Sweetie, you look just like that character "Joan" on that TV show 'Mad Men.'"

The Color Me Crazy Salon was a full service shop catering to middle and older aged women. Helga had been having her dated hair style maintained there for years. Lucy has owned the shop for almost forty years. Some of her clients were sissy boys and men who were all involved in a same sex relationship. Lucy prides herself on making some of those relationships happen.

Helga had decided that Nikki should experience the joys and trauma of getting her firm permanent wave. Lucy said she had the time and recommended that a nice spiral perm would look adorable on Nikki. The entire process took three miserable hours. Sitting under a domed hairdryer for forty minutes were the most demanding. All the chemical smells made Nick sick to her stomach and he almost vomited. Thankfully he didn't have anything to toss up after that morning's experience.

With his new hairstyle Nick complained about the rotten eggs smell lingering around him. Lucy assured him that he would get used to it in a few days. She added that "we girls" have to endure all kinds of discomforts while making ourselves beautiful.

"Just keep reminding yourself that the boys will love how pretty you look," Lucy said as Nick protested that he wasn't gay.

"Look sweetie, I have several older clients who would jump at the chance to date you. Viagra has turned many of them into sexual dynamos who can keep it up for hours. They are always looking for new meat," she replied with a laugh.

"I'm not that way and certain don't want to date any of your old men!" Nick yelled.

"Okay, take it easy, but if you change your mind, I can help," she retorted.

Turning her attention back to Helga asked, "Anything else I can do for you today?"

"You're still a Mary Kay representative aren't you? Good, how about giving Nikki a makeover to complement her perm?"

Poor Nick looked like he stepped out of an 80's time machine. Dark plum lips and nails, heavy foundation and powder made his face look like porcelain. His eyes, sexy, with three color blended eye shadow. Nick looked like a middle aged man's wet dream by the time Lucy had finished.

His torment didn't end there as Helga held his hair out of the way as Lucy put four studs in each ear. Nick had been warned "to be a big girl. We don't want our mascara to run," as Lucy prepped her piercing gun.

When the beauty cape was removed Nick looked totally different than when he arrived. He had a high maintenance look that would require weekly visits to Lucy's shop. Making it worse he looked more like a forty-five year old woman. He was so shocked by his appearance that he totally forgot about his new foundation garments. In only a few hours his entire life had been turned upside down and sideways.

Before they left, they set up a standing Saturday appointment and Lucy offer to include free makeup/skin care lessons. She gave him a pink vinyl Mary Kay cosmetic bag to use as a purse and carry his purchases. Lucy was appalled that Nick didn't have a purse and insisted that a feminine creature like Nikki should never leave home without her purse.

"Sweetie, a purse is a girly girl's constant companion. You having your makeup, tissues, nail file, phone, keys, condoms, lube and nail polish at hand are essential for a single girl," Lucy said handing over the bag.

From Lucy's they stopped to get something to eat. Nick was starving having nothing since breakfast and the nausea. He didn't object when Helga pulled into a busy all you can eat buffet place. The looks and stares he received while going through the line bothered him the hunger pains were a bigger worry. He was starving but the constricting girdle didn't let him eat much.

With dinner over, Nick's bladder was near bursting. Helga had to grab his arm as he started to go into the men's room. "Nikki, this way sweetie. I don't think you really want to go into that one looking the way you do. There's nothing to worry about. Just remember to hang your purse from the rung on the door and sit."

It was his first time in a woman's bathroom and the first time he ever had to wait for a stall to open. Struggling with his clothing especially the girdle almost had him peeing in his underwear. Fortunately he made it just in time as the flood gates opened. He faced a similar problem getting re-dressed but the urgent need wasn't there.

The visit to the Gender Clinic was very embarrassing. Nick had his blood tested for STD's and a very intrusive sexual history taken. It

was mortifying for him to admit he was sexually active with a member of the same sex. Even worse stating that his last encounter took place less than twelve hours ago. When it was all over he was officially listed as a gay male to female transgendered person. It was futile for him to say he wasn't a homosexual as the nurse nodded and replied, "It's okay sugar, we understand."

After receiving a shot in both hips and a bag of medications, they had one more stop. The smell of his new perm filling the interior of the car only made Nick's plight all the more miserable. Like the restaurant the outlet mall was jam packed. Helga found a space near the Shoe Carnival and they got out. As they were so close it was their first stop. Helga explained that every girly girl dreams of having a full walk-in closet and finding that man to support her.

"Nikki sweetie, perhaps you can find a "Prince Charming" who will take care of you. In order for that to happen you need to learn how to use your mouth and ass for more than talking and sitting. You know, finding an older beau who will spoil you rotten has great benefits. Unlike boys your age, older gentlemen treat their girls with more respect and have the money to keep them happy. Yes, admittedly the sex might be revolting but think of that huge walk-in closet loaded with tons of dresses and accessories. Don't look so glum dear. You know you only have three years to find your prince."

"But Helga I only have a year of obligation to the clinic. Surely if I want to leave they won't hold me to the optional two years. Would they?"

"Based on Mrs. King's prior history when dealing with minority employees she had never released them. So you might as well accept the fact that your are going to be living twenty-four seven as a gay transsexual for the next three years."

Hearing that Nick stopped dead in his tracks. The enormity of living like that for the next three years hit him like a ton of bricks. At his age three years seemed like an eternity and would devastate his life. What would his body be like? What woman would ever consider marrying him then? He moaned loudly and would have fallen to the asphalt pavement if Helga hadn't supported him.

Ooo

It had been a very long day by the time Nick removed all the tags and put away all the new feminine clothing. It was almost midnight when he finished. The top four drawers of his antique white seven drawer dresser were overflowing with underwire bras, panties, padded girdles, nylons, pantyhose, leggings and half-slips. The other drawers were stuffed with shorts, Capris, socks, and tees. The closet held all his shell blouses, tank dresses, skirts, blouses and several pastel jumpsuits. The closet shelf contained five purses including one black studded hobo purse for everyday use. A number of belts hung from a nail stuck in the inside door frame. An assortment of rollers, bobby pins, hairnets, setting gel and hairspray filled the vanity drawers. A pink tackle box held all his makeup, nail care and skin care

products.

He was exhausted as he removed his makeup, creamed his face and applied lotion to elbows and knees. He then slipped into a pink satin nightgown over his bra and panties. A pink chiffon sleep bonnet went over his permed hair. As drained as he was sleep did not come easily. It was filled with one nightmare after another.

In some of his dreams he was the submissive partner in a gay relationship. In another a married woman but the worst was the one involving Calvin. They were on a lumpy, moldy smelling mattress and Calvin's impressive tool was ravishing Nick's anal passage. All he ever wanted was a good job at a major clinic, finding a good woman to marry and have a family. Like his nightmares, his hopes of being normal evaporated when the alarm went off at five the next morning. Rubbing red rimmed eyes he moaned as the remnants of his dreams dissipated.

Helga knowing Nikki would need help this morning had let herself into his apartment. First she make a pot of coffee in the kitchen then went to see if Nick was awake. She saw that he was and told him to hurry up and get cleaned up.

"Huh? It's five o'clock. Why so early?" he grunted too tired to protest further.

"Silly girl, it will take every bit of three hours to get you ready for work. Once you get into a routine you should be able to knock off an hour. Now come along and I'll help you with your morning toilet."

Yesterday had been mortifying and today was starting out no better. Helga stayed with him giving him instructions while in the bathroom. There he was shown how to apply a depilatory, keep his pubic hair neatly trimmed and proper skin care. In addition he was instructed to only take a bath from now on using Calgon bath beads.

Out of the bathroom he struggled to put on his foundations and pantyhose. Wearing a pink quilted bathrobe, he sat at the vanity and began the difficult task of putting on his face. He never would have been able to do that without Helga's assistance. His permed hair kept in the sleep bonnet just needed a quick brush through. Finally dressed in the new smock and pants Helga brought up with her, they headed down to the office. The girls welcomed the new Nikki with hugs and air kisses. As the male Nick, he would have enjoyed all the attention. However, as Nikki, it only drove the reality of his new life home like a dagger to the heart.

Ooo

It has been almost a year and Nikki has tried to adapt to her new lifestyle. It has been very difficult at times. One of the first thing he did was sell his car. He didn't get much but he had credit card bills to pay. Being a young T-girl is very expensive and by the time he paid his student loan and the clinic had little left over. Mrs. King had taken care of his initial purchases but that had to be

reimbursed.

Thanks to the medications he received from the Gender Clinic he no longer needed the gel pads in the girdles. Instead of the padded ones he wore a 3X long-leg girdle to keep his hips at 39 inches. In addition, at the recommendation of Sally, regularly wears a tight waist chinch to keep his waist at twenty-seven inches. The hardest adaptation he had to make was accepting his own real breast growth. They were now a full B-cup but Mrs. King was insisting that he get augmentation to fill them out to a double D.

"Look Nikki," Mrs. King argued, "you have had been wearing pads to obtain that size. Wouldn't it be much easier to just do what I want? Look at it this way, having a nice full natural bust is an investment in your future. They not only conform to the way you have been looking but a definite plus when it comes to finding a husband. What girl needs a 401 or an IRA if she has a man to take care of her? To help you agree, I'll pay for it. No strings. Consider it a well-earned bonus."

Nick still didn't want any man in his life but all those hormones were screwing with his mind. Plus he realized he was stuck living this life and he wouldn't have to spend any money or get new bras. So as his first year was expiring, Nikki sported nice DD-cup breasts. In addition Nick had a love/hate relationship with his foundations and other feminine attributes. The foundations were uncomfortable to wear everyday but without them he looked awful. Wearing makeup and having his hair styled were a pain but again necessary. After a year, dressing, moving, talking and thinking as a woman had become normal.

"All I can do is hope to persevere and get through all this," was constantly in his thoughts.

Now that Mrs. King had told her that her employment contract was extended, Nick had another problem. He was bored out of his mind. He is jealous of the other girls in the office as well. They had a real life. They went home to boyfriends or husbands and family. Without his car Nick has to spend every night alone in his room. The only break from the monotony is reading outdated copies of "Glamour," "Allure," "Elle," "In Style" and "Cosmo." He can't afford cable or internet services. A number of older men had offered to take him out to dinner or a movie Lucy had tried to hook him up with. He still wasn't keen on dating another man but lately he was giving it some thought.

Going out unescorted after dark was totally out of the question. Even during daylight he had to be careful as a group of young girls had stolen his purse. That incident left him shaking for days afterwards. He was starting to go stir crazy and felt like a prisoner. He was now seriously wondering how he would survive the next two years cooped up in his apartment.

Finally out of desperation he let Lucy convince him to accept a date with a much older man. Nick figured he could control the situation better with an older man. The older the better. According to Lucy

Mr. Jenkins was well off and "just a peach." Helga helped him pick out a sexy outfit at TJ Max for her date. Nick didn't want to look sexy but Helga persuaded him that it was the right thing to do. In addition to the outfit, she insisted that he look more age appropriate for her date.

"Look Nikki you don't want to embarrass Mr. Jenkins. I know him vaguely and if you go out looking too young people would get the wrong idea about him. You know, that 'dirty old man' and 'Letcher' Kind of reputation. This outfit is sexy but acceptable for an older woman to be seen in. I'll call Lucy and get you set up for an older look. Yes, you do look older than your true age right now but we need to add a few more years. Trust me, I know Mr. Jenkins and he'll be very appreciative of your efforts."

A three hour visit to the Color Me Crazy resulted in a hairdo reminiscent of the style worn by Marlo Thomas in the show "That Girl." A bit of gray streaking, tons of hairspray created a bullet proof helmet of Chestnut hair. Dark plum high gloss varnish was applied to the fingernails. A small faceted rhinestone was glued to the nails of his index fingers. Matching lipstick with darker lip liner just outside the normal lip line added to the mature look. The blush applied was a little redder and pronounced finishing off the age appearance Lucy wanted to create.

The outfit was black leggings with a white crocheted sweater with a huge chrome belt. Looking closely, one could clearly see the outline of his Goddess four hook DD-Cup bra beneath the top. Black, open toed three inch sandals exposed the reinforced toe of her sheer nylons. A huge black and gray knock off Coach Purse and oversized "Jackie O" sunglasses hanging from a golden chain around Nikki's neck completed the mature look.

Ooo

Mr. Jenkins was right on time. He was sixty-four years old with thinning gray hair, beak like nose and puffy lips. His complexion was splotchy but not to the extreme. He wasn't obese but had a beer belly and stood right at six feet tall. While he wasn't a man a young woman would be attracted to, older women would find him handsome. Helga had to take some pictures of the couple on her cell to show all the girls.

She was gushing, "Oh how cute," as they left the building.

It felt strange to have a man open the car door and having to slide over and sit beside him. Helga had given Nikki specific instructions to make sure she did that. Nick became more nervous as Mr. Jenkins placed his hand on his upper thigh and squeezed as they drove off. When Nick noticed the large tent in Mr. Jenkins' pants he became scared. He was feeling better when Mr. Jenkins pulled his late model Lincoln Continental into the parking lot of the Olive Garden.

The place was packed and spent nearly an hour at the bar before their table was ready. By the time they sat down to dinner, Nick was feeling light headed and dizzy. He seldom drank alcohol in college

and nothing since beginning at the clinic. Mr. Jenkins had several JD's and coke but didn't seem fazed and ordered for the both of them. Nick had two more glasses of white wine with dinner. While sharing a huge desert, he washed it down with a glass of port.

A very tipsy Nick held on to the arm of his date as they walked across the parking lot. To the other patrons they looked like a typical older interracial couple out on the town. As Nikki slid into the front seat all he wanted to do was go home but Mr. Jenkins was not ready to call it a night. Nick was not amused when he pulled into a strip club parking lot. Chix n Dix was located in an industrial park. Mr. Jenkins must have been a regular patron as most of the "girls" seemed to know him. He purchased several table dances for Nikki between shows. Nick had three more glasses of wine hoping to calm his nerves. He was both nervous and disgusted surrounded by so many perverts.

It was one thing to be forced into being a different gender but to do so willingly, that was perverse. He couldn't fathom why anyone would do it willingly. He couldn't wait to go back to his old male persona. He still believed that once his breast implants were removed, he could get a haircut, trim his nails and get away from these crazy people.

Mr. Jenkins had ordered him a large salad for dinner, combined with all the stress and alcohol, Nick was passed out in the car. Mr. Jenkins had to carry him up the metal stairs to her apartment at the clinic. He placed her on the bed and removed Nick's clothing. While struggling to take off the leggings and girdle, Mr. Jenkins became very aroused. Nick did not wake until Mr. Jenkins had inserted the bulbous head of his penis into her anal opening. Despite all of Nick's pleading and begging, he continued his assault. He didn't pause until he had his coarse pubic hairs grinding against Nick's plump round bottom. Nick was on his back, legs wrapped around Mr. Jenkins' shoulders. Mr. Jenkins' hands had a firm grip on Nick's wrists, holding them down. Nick was totally helpless. His struggles weak and ineffective against the larger stronger black man. As Nick continued to struggle, Mr. Jenkins became even more turned on. His thrusts became fiercer. His grunts of pleasure louder. He was dripping sweat onto his partner with every thrust of his hips. At some point Nick realized that he could do nothing to stop his sex crazed date. He was too big and too strong. All he could do was let the flood of tears fall as his body was ravished.

Mr. Jenkins' body suddenly stiffened as he had the best climax he has had in years. Filling up Nick's rectum, he collapsed, covered in sweat almost smothering Nick. After a few moments, he kissed Nick full on the lips, forcing his tongue between protesting lips. His hand squeezing and pulling on Nick's breast. His Viagra enhanced dick still buried all the way down to the pubic bone, he continued ravishing his date.

Finally sated, Mr. Jenkins rolled off the spent youth and went into the bathroom to clean up. As he washed off his still hard penis, he notice the collection of bras, girdles and panties drip drying above the tub. Mr. Jenkins shoved a pair of Nick's purple panties into his

pants pocket then left the apartment. He was more than satisfied with his date. So satisfied that he decided he had to brag about what a good fuck Nikki was to his buddy Raul. It was damn time he could knock down Raul's stories of conquest.

Nick barely made it to the toilet before the vomit gushed out. His ass was burning, leaking semen and wouldn't fully close. His head spinning, Nick collapsed on the cold tile floor.

The bedroom looked like a crime scene, blood and sweat stains on the sheets. Nikki's clothing scattered about as Helga entered the apartment around noon the next day. She found Nick still sleeping on the bathroom floor. He looked terrible with huge raccoon eyes, the heavy foundation rutted and smeared. She was shocked but quickly realized what had happened. The bruising on Nick's wrists was further proof of an unwanted and resisted sex act.

"Damn that man! He fuckin knows better!" Helga's mind screamed. "If he wasn't Mrs. Kings' cousin, I'd make him pay....but...crap. I have to clean this up."

Helga listened to Nick as he insisted that he was raped. Yes, he admitted that he was very drunk as she continued to question him about the events. Yes, he finally concede that he didn't remember entering his apartment or anything up until he was penetrated. He wanted to file a police report but Helga couldn't let that happen.

"Alright sweetie but first we need to get you cleaned up. The first thing we need to do is give you a cleansing medicated douche. It will make you feel better and help heal the damage to your poor butt. While you do that, I'll fill the tub with some hot water for a good soak. You know sweetie that you're not the first girl to lose her virginity while drunk. Just thank your lucky stars that you can't get pregnant."

"What? Be thankful for anything that happened last night? I was raped damn it! I have never felt so filthy or degraded in my life," he shouted.

"I didn't say that sweetie. I...I was just trying to be helpful."

"I'm sorry. None of this was your fault. If anything it was my own for drinking so much. You're right. I need to get this filth off me but I still want to file charges against that Son of a Bitch."

"Once you've douched and have a long soak in that tub, you can forget any charges. All Mr. Jenkins' DNA will be long gone and the only proof of sexual contact will be that open hole of yours. Sweetie you are already officially recognized as a gay transsexual. The police will only laugh at you should you follow up with any rape charges," she thought as she turned on the tap water.

Other than the light bruising around the wrists and sore anus, Nick's physical damage was none existent. His anus was almost closed up and would be as good as new in a few days. When Nick insisted on pressing

charges Helga reminded him of his status.

"Look Nikki, I sympathize with you but you have to face reality. First off, you are legally recognized as a gay transsexual. Secondly, you told the Gender Clinic you are sexually active with members of your own sex. Third, you said you were drunk and passed out. Now what do you think will happen if you go to the police? I'm sorry sweetie but that story just doesn't work. It sounds too much like a lover's quarrel to me. My advice is let this be a life lesson and move on."

The way Helga put it, Nick realized she was right. He had no choice but to suck it up and move on. What really bothered him about his ordeal was Helga's reference that it might have been all his fault in the first place. He had been desperate to get out of the apartment. He had gone to a lot of trouble to look his best and he did drink too much. He did nothing to stop Mr. Jenkins from touching or giving him kisses to the cheek at the bar in the restaurant. He even sat next to him in the car and allowed him to put his hand on her thigh.

"OMG! I did lead him on. I should have pushed his hand off my thigh and refused those touches and kisses at the bar. Shit! I'm no different than a lot of girls out there desperate for companionship to fight the loneliness of daily life," he thought after the initial shock and tears wore off.

"Come on Nikki get dressed and I'll take you out to a late lunch and the mall. Getting out and something to eat and some shopping will cheer you up," Helga said breaking his thoughts.

Ooo

Monday morning a dozen long stem red rose showed up at the reception desk with Nikki's name on them. They were from Mr. Jenkins. The accompanying note said how happy he was and hoped Nikki would accept another date.

"The nerve!" Nick's mind shouted at first glance.

He was tempted to just throw them into the trashcan but had second thoughts. "It was probably my fault for leading him on. He didn't hit or seriously hurt me and I don't really remember anything until....could I have actually consented in my drunken state? He was nice and polite the whole evening even though I didn't care for that so called strip joint. I just need to learn how to play the dating game."

The other girls in the office pretended to be jealous and Nick decided to put the roses in a vase. As he walked off to see his first patient, Thelma noticed that he had a pronounced wiggle mentioning it to Helga.

"Thelma don't go spreading this around but our Nikki lost her anal cherry Saturday night," she whispered knowing full well that everyone would know about it in a matter of minutes.

As Nick was doing an exam, one of the aides snuck a peak into Nikki's hobo purse. She stifled a giggle upon discovering a box of Tampax Pearl tampons, Anal-Eze, Astroglide and Stayfree Panty Shields. A very embarrassed Nick purchased all those items at the drug store in the mall. Helga insisted that Nikki needed those "essentials" now that she was sexually active. He argued that he wasn't going to be sexually active but agreed to be on the safe side. He also needed to wear one of the pads as his rectum was leaking. Sunday evening the pain in his butt had been reduced to a dull ache and sitting somewhat painful. Monday morning he used a tampon just to be safe. With the tight pants he didn't want to take the chance someone would notice he was wearing a pad.

After work that night Nick wanted to go back to his room but the office girls demanded he go with them. It was still early and light outside and a few drinks would be good for her. It was obvious to Nick that the gossip mill had run amuck during the day. The girls insisted that losing one's virginity was cause for a celebration proved that. With reassurances that she would be home well before dark, Nick reluctantly agreed.

They went to a nearby Mexican restaurant offering discounted drinks from five to seven. As soon as the margaritas were served, the girls wanted all the details and began grilling him.

"Was he well hung?"

"Was he cut or un-cut?"

"How thick was his cock?"

"Did you swallow?"

"Was he a good kisser?"

"Did you have an orgasm?"

Nick couldn't believe how personal and intrusive the questions were. It was mortifying. At one point he began to cry and Helga swooped in to take him back to the clinic.

Ooo

Another year has come and gone with just one year to go on Nick's contracts. Over the course of the year Nick has signed hundreds of falsified disability claims. He has even signed evaluations on patients he has never seen. He has totally given up the fight to maintain his ethics. All he wants now is to get through this last year of purgatory. As the only person living at the clinic and the other workers almost always heading straight home, he was very alone. With only old magazines to read, boredom was becoming too much to bare. Reluctantly, he began dating Mr. Jenkins. Initially he hoped to keep the sex part out of their relationship and making sure not to have more than one glass of wine. However that relationship had

escalated to where he was spending weekends at his modest home by the river.

Nick was given his own drawer and section in his closet to store some clothing and other essentials. It's gotten to the point where Mr. Jenkins was telling everyone that they are "Going Steady," or "Pre-engaged." He even seems to be in love with Nikki but Nick is determine to get away. At the end of his final obligation, the implants would be removed, get his hair and nails cut, catch a bus out of this hell hole and get on with his life. He still knows that he is not gay but does what he has too to survive. Mr. Jenkins is strict and demanding but Nick feels it easier to submit than fight.

Mr. Jenkins is a better alternative than the old trolls Lucy had set up for her in the past. Most of those dates were with fat, smelly toads that abused and took advantage. One old goat forced Nick to wear and actually use an adult diaper. Nick had to call him daddy while giving him a blow job. It was either comply or walk over ten miles in the dark back to his apartment.

After that date it was sometime before Nick accepted another set up by Lucy. He agreed only after Lucy said she had fully checked the man out. Unfortunately she didn't do a very good job. The man wasn't old he was an ancient eighty one and a pervert. He drove them into a very bad part of town as night fell. Threatening Nick that if he didn't do exactly as demanded would be left out on the street. Nick wound up getting a two quart soapy enema with a Bardex nozzle that was locked in place. The old man then took him to the mall to shop for maternity clothing. The old geezer really got off on the stares that the May to December couple got. He even had Nikki wear a zircon engagement ring and wedding band. Nick had to stop and rest every few minutes due to the severe cramping. When finally taken back to the man's apartment, Nick was more than happy to give her "hubby" a blowjob. The taste of him was still in his mouth as the Bardex was released.

After that, Nick decided that Mr. Jenkins was the only "safe" way to go. He felt safer with him and would dispelled the lonesomeness and cooped up feeling. He also treated Nick well buying clothing, cosmetics and other gifts. He could tolerate Mr. Jenkins and the sex was just a chore like doing the dishes.

Just when Nick thought that the end was in sight, his entire world fell apart once again. While he was getting dressed, the FBI raided the clinic downstairs. An investigation had revealed massive fraud. Several of the patients had been caught on video performing physical acts that should have been impossible given their disabilities. One patient was filmed lifting weights and another bowling. One fraudster was an instructor at a Karate school. All of them had agreed to testify against Nick to avoid stiffer penalties. The agents had search and arrest warrants for Nick and other members of the clinic. Fortunately, Helga had seen them when their marked cars pulled into the parking lot.

"Shit! It's a raid. Got to get Nikki out of here pronto. We can't have her arrested. She'll rat us all out," she said as she bolted for

the stairs. She alerted Nick and got him out the back emergency doorway. That door had only been used once before and that occurred on his first date with Mr. Jenkins. She told him to wait for her at the bodega. With Nick safely out of the way, the door to the apartment burst open.

After Helga made bail, she immediately called Mr. Jenkins to see if he would take Nikki in. Being Mrs. King's cousin she knew he would keep the feds from finding Nikki. His condition however was severe. Nikki would have to live as his wife. While she told Nikki that being Mr. Jenkins' "wife" might be onerous, it was better than being locked up for years in a federal prison. There was no way Nick could survive any kind of prison sentence and had to agree.

The next day the local newspaper made the raid on the clinic its front page. Most of the staff had been arrested and a large amount of documents seized. The FBI was intently looking for the major suspect in their case, Nicholas "Nick" Ryder. Under his graduation picture was a caption asking the public for any information leading to his arrest and that he might be disguised as a woman.

Nick broke down in tears realizing just how much trouble he was in. If taken into custody, there would be no chance for bail as he had fled the scene. He would be held over for trial in the notorious East St. Louis jail system and it would take a very long time before the trial started. The article also stated that the prosecutor was going to ask for at the minimum a ten year sentence. Even if he somehow avoided jail, his career and reputation was be destroyed. He would be lucky to get a job as a janitor. Nick had no option but agree to whatever Mr. Jenkins demanded.

Ooo

Six months later Nick is still terrified the authorities would find him but settled into a routine. During that time the clinic had denied any knowledge or responsibility for any fraudulent activities. The clinic claimed that Nick was a rouge employee. To prove their innocence they provided a fragment of video tape. It showed Nick in his apartment sorting out envelops of cash. The clinic got away with paying a stiff fine and Mrs. King's operation put on probation.

Nick was so distraught that after a couple of days Mr. Jenkins kicked him out of his house. Thankfully Helga loaned him some money to get a room in a flop house. Mr. Jenkins helped him get a part time job working at the Chix n Dix two nights a week. The job was a nightmare but it paid well. As the new "girl" Nikki was a big hit with the heavy hitters in the Champagne Room. Nick lost count of how many blowjobs he gave on her first night. After just a few appearances there, Nick begged Mr. Jenkins to take her back and promised to do anything but that cost him dearly.

Nick had to live full time as a housewife. Mr. Jenkins insisted on several changes to Nikki's appearance and behavior to avoid capture by the feds. Over the past two years Nick spent most of his time looking at least ten years older than he actually was. Now he looks more like

a menopausal woman. Her gray streaked Chestnut hair was now an old lady blue-gray. It was usually kept in bristle rollers with a bright scarf tied in a bow on top of his head. Like many older women, Nick wears heavy makeup. The mauve lipstick and matching nail varnish combined with pink gumball earrings and chap plastic bracelets added decades to his appearance.

His clothing had been changed as well. Nikki was used to being fitted for expensive bras and girdles at Shapewear by Sally. The Feds had confiscated all his worldly goods during the raid. When Nick ran for his life all he had was the uniform on his back and purse with about forty dollars in it. Now he has to purchase all his clothing at garage sales and thrift stores. Today he is wearing a sheer yellow floral decorated elastic top that does little to hide the yellowed Playtex Eighteen Hour comfort strap DD-cup bra. The straps have lost most of their elasticity and the cup frayed. The too small white floral leggings would never fit over his bubble butt if not for the Rago control brief. Two rolls of baby fat are trapped between his girdle and bra.

Nick didn't mind the ragged old clothing or changed hairstyle so much as what Mr. Jenkins did to his eyesight. He had insisted that Nick constantly wear his old cataract thick lensed eyeglasses. Over the course of just a few weeks, Nick's eyesight became so bad he was now reliant on those glasses.

Mr. Jenkins has several prison tattoos from when he spent time for manslaughter. He insisted that Nikki share his love of body art. Now Nick sports numerous body piercings, including tongue and clit. His latest tat is a large Ace of Spades located on her left ass cheek.

Nick's greatest fear came true when two FBI agents showed up at the house to question Mr. Jenkins. Nick was introduced as Elli May, Mr. Jenkins' common law wife. The agents were following up on a tip that he had dated Nicholas at one time and knew of his current whereabouts. They never suspected that he was standing right in front of them. It was very traumatic for Nick and it took all his concentration not give himself away. When the agents showed Mr. Jenkins a couple of eight by ten photos blown up from his original license application, he almost fainted. Nick was shocked to see how much his appearance and life had changed. They, after looking at the pictures, denied any knowledge of "Nick." Mr. Jenkins promised the agents he would contact them if he was seen in the neighborhood.

As the agents drove away Mr. Jenkins slapped Nick on the ass sending up a cloud of baby powder. It was almost four in the afternoon. Nick knew he would have to rush to comb out his hair and dress. The early bird special for seniors at the Golden Corral ended at five. Nick had been looking forward to the triple chocolate desert bar all day. Nick was very sad as he looked out the passenger window on the way to the restaurant. Nothing had gone the way he had planned and was a wanted criminal. At least he had a roof over his head and Mr. Jenkins says that he loves her. Nick still after all this time still thought of himself as masculine and straight but did what he had to do to survive. To survive he had to become and live out his life as Eli May

Jenkins.

The End