



*Reluctant Press*

# Hazards Of Nursing

Audrey Taylor



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PITTS

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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# HAZARDS OF NURSING

**By Audrey Taylor**

“Must you always be gabbing away?” Paul glared down at the three nurses sitting around the nurse's station. “Don't tell me there's nothing to do? Are all the patient records are updated? And your drug cards, they're all done? Do you always have to be chatting away every chance you get?”

His stern look seemed locked on his face as we quickly dispersed to do his bidding.

Paul Garrin happens to be the nurse supervisor on our shift - the 11 PM to 7 AM “graveyard shift” - and one thing of which you can be certain; he is one swift pain in our butts.

As the other girls and I hurried to do our rounds, making sure everyone was settled in and comfy, there was plenty of muttering to ourselves. It was a quarter to four in the morning and as you might imagine, there really wasn't much happening. In fact, we were more concerned about disturbing our patients' sleep, knowing a good night's rest was one of the primary medicines we had to offer.

Paul just couldn't keep from stirring up trouble, yet he was often found in some empty room catching a little sleep... leaving us to cover for him.

“It's your high estrogen levels,” was always the excuse for our mistakes (usually nit-picking trivial things) and the nasty moods he encountered from us (what did he expect from his ‘holier than thou’ attitude).

It's no big wonder there wasn't an ounce of sympathy for him as we formulated what we hoped would be a solution to our intolerable situation.

The group had reached it's limit; each of us starting to dread coming to work in the evenings and looking forward with increasing enthusiasm to escaping at the end of shift.

In desperation we met on the outside, in private, exploring a way to solve our dilemma. We had to curb his out-of-control chauvinistic attitude, and we needed it done post haste before one of us, in desperation, strangled him.

Over dinner at Margaret's our action plan started to take shape. After discarding shift transfers - which none of us really wanted - Margaret made a giggling remark about how our hormones were always causing our problems.

Nancy instantly picked up on it: "That's it!" She chortled, "The perfect solution. He'll never know what hit him." Nancy went on to explain her idea to us.

It certainly seemed appropriate to the situation and this particular individual. You know, the old cliché about poetic justice.

After discussing the nitty gritty we finally came away with a plan we hoped would end Paul's nightly tirades. We didn't expect it to take very long to show results...

Each of us, as the opportunity presented itself, would introduce a pre-blend of *estrogen* and *progesterone* into Paul's coffee during the shift. His being a heavy coffee drinker should give us ample opportunity to doctor his frequent caffeine fixes.

Vickie would be responsible for gaining a supply of the needed medication since she usually handled the drug cart and made requests for all types of hormones being given to the patients. Inventing fictitious patients and skipping dosages here and there would go unnoticed, especially with the amount of highly regulated medications we administered daily.

As you can guess, we were hoping to alter Paul's perspective of womanhood... and if, in the process, he happened to develop some female characteristics of his own it would certainly serve to teach him some invaluable lessons. He would just have to learn to deal with whatever came along. There was no way our crew could continue to function under his condescending masculine superiority.

We wanted the hormones to show him it was no picnic being a woman. And hopefully at the same time it would help him identify more closely with his hardworking, under-appreciated staff. We also expected him to gain a new sense of compassion and a nurturing instinct that came so naturally with being a woman.

We all left Margaret's house with a great sense of relief, confident we had finally come up a solution to our pesky problem. Not one of us had the slightest inclination to examine what the overall effect might be to Paul's life - We were much too pleased to have uncovered a potential solution to our nemesis to really care.

## Chapter 2: This Stuff Really Works

Inadvertently, once Paul started drinking the spiked coffees we served him during the shift, he actually consumed much higher doses than we had originally intended. Each of us couldn't seem to let a single opportunity go by to offer him our specially brewed steaming java. Whenever we noticed him without a cup one of us would immediately rectify that condition. Vickie had secured an adequate supply of hormone supplements and none of us bothered to consider what the others were doing as the caffeine flowed freely all night long. Being a heavy coffee drinker Paul had little to complain of, although some mornings he felt like he could easily have floated home.

The simple fact was he was impressed with the recent thoughtfulness of his staff. *They're finally coming around*, he murmured, sipping the hot brew Nancy left with him

and returning her smile as he took a momentary break from studying a patient's chart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Being totally unaware of the changes evolving inside Paul, you can imagine the astonishment of his girlfriend, Penny, when one evening she is running the soap over his chest in the shower. They get so little opportunity to share these intimate showers together, their different work schedules playing havoc with trying to coordinate these intimate moments.

She couldn't help whistling out loud as she encountered his two protruding mounds - unable to contain a smile as each nipple expanded when she ran the soap over them.

His widening hips and behind were still undetected, even as she cautioned, "You're turning into a blob, Paul. You'll be borrowing my bra soon if you don't watch out!"

Paul's eyes remained glued to her fingers running lightly over his sensitive nipples, causing these strange tingling sensations throughout his chest area.

'Whew,' he thought, turning abruptly so she could do his back, 'They're getting so sensitive. She's right, I've got to get back to exercising. I'm turning into mush.'

Later that evening he casually borrowed a pair of Penny's white slacks. The fact that Penny was also a nurse was certainly convenient in some ways. She worked the 7 AM to 3 PM shift and was gone most mornings when he got home. He'd borrowed her slacks before whenever he was behind in laundering his own. No one ever noticed anything or made any comments to him.

This particular evening, he was pleased by how comfortably they fit... knowing his own had felt kind of tight in the crotch and hips lately. *Probably shrunk by too many washes*, he thought. *Maybe Penny could open the seams up a little. I'll mention it to her later or maybe I'll just pick up some new ones over the weekend.*

\* \* \* \* \*

At work, the girls were almost ecstatic: Paul's recent change in attitude only reaffirmed that men were not really meant for the helping professions. They *needed* this "treatment." Paul hadn't exploded at anyone in over a week now, and was a lot more approachable when they had a problem.

Accompanied by giggles they discussed the new patient in 10-B, Doug Peters, who's obvious interest in the male gender wasn't hard to spot. He was also a stickler for personal attention.

This particular evening Margaret decided to seek out Paul's assistance with Doug's dressing change, hoping to spot any change in his attitude that might be ready to surface. Doug had just had his appendix removed after it ruptured without warning and put him through some harrowing moments in the E.R. He was now expected to be around for at least a week of recuperation.

Paul talked with Doug while Margaret busily tended to the incision area. While discussing new movies that were recently available on tape, Paul couldn't help noticing Doug's gradual arousal. *Probably Margaret's touch*, he thought, never for a moment

realizing his hand resting idly on Doug's shoulder was actually the culprit. Margaret also noticed the swelling organ.

Margaret requested Paul's help as both her hands were in a sterile area. He smiled knowingly at Doug before grabbing the tip of his penis firmly, hesitating for just a moment before soundly flicking it with his middle finger. Watching it recede, Paul tried to comprehend the strange new yearnings that suddenly hit his gut... yearnings that stayed with him even after he was long gone from Doug's room. Strange butterflies in his stomach and a reluctance to leave Doug's bedside.

Margaret relished recounting the penis episode to the others as she watched Vickie prepare yet another special brew for Paul. "Our program should be required for all male nurses," she giggled.

"I don't remember who's idea it was, but it's certainly getting the job done," Margaret concurred. "And he seems none the worse for wear. Has anyone heard him complaining?"

The others shrugged and nodded negatively.

"How long do you think we should continue this? We certainly don't want him to discover anything," Nancy asserted.

"He's starting to show a little development in the chest area," Vickie opined, having glanced over at him in the locker room earlier. "He was changing his shirt and his little mounds looked like Jell-O, like mine did when I was only thirteen." She and Nancy couldn't contain their giggles. "And those pants he's wearing must be Penny's. He doesn't realize it but his rear end is starting to really stick out. He'll soon be in *your* class, Nan!" Vickie stirred in plenty of extra sugar. He liked it sweet, which covered any taste change from the hormones.

"No way," Nancy interjected. She knew there were few females who could match her protruding rear end and wasn't about to be bested by a mere man who was only beginning to assume female proportions. "But it's exciting watching his development right before our eyes." Her avid fascination was getting more difficult to hide from her co-workers. They were *supposed* to be trying to lessen his chauvinistic attitudes, but Nancy was getting turned on with the whole idea of Paul becoming a woman.

*Why is this so stimulating?* Nancy wondered. She sat back a moment - imagining Paul wearing her underwear... the lacy black bra over his smooth chest covering newly engorged nipples and quivering cones. Her arousal was instantaneous... a heavy dampness in her panties, causing her to mash her thighs together to ward off the tugging itch.

"I don't know how much longer we can keep up the program without him suspecting something," Margaret worried. "Our immediate problem seems to be solved. I can't remember the last time he joined in the conversation like he did tonight after we were finished with rounds."

Nancy and Vickie had also been surprised at his friendly comments and knew Margaret was right. They couldn't expect him to miss the obvious changes going on in his body. They suddenly felt a twinge of disappointed - annoyed that their game might be close to an end.

"You're a spoilsport," Vickie's snapped. Then she noticed Paul entering one of the patient rooms down the hall. She tiptoed to the room with Paul's coffee, being careful not to spill a drop.

Nancy stayed behind, lost in her fantasies of Paul changing into a woman... trying to come to grips with the immensely pleasurable feelings going on inside her. Later, in the privacy of her bedroom, her fantasies would prove a marvelous stimulus to several earth-shattering orgasms at her own hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Paul, meanwhile, left to deal with the sudden turmoil that still lingered from his encounter in 10-B, thanked Vickie for her thoughtfulness as she handed him another hot cup of coffee.

He was having a difficult time shaking-off the odd feelings that remained from his encounter with Doug. The heat from the man's erection had been so intense. How he had fought the sudden urge to squeeze it and how it had taken all his self control to flick his middle finger to destroy it instead.

What was wrong with him? He'd never had even the slightest interest in men before. Why all these crazy desires to hold a man's penis and feel the heat enter his palm.

A shudder passed through him when he recalled looking at the head... *he had actually wondered about the taste.*

He idly wondered what it would feel like to run his tongue around that hard cock. His arousal was starting all over again as he hesitantly retrieved the thermometer from the woman he was currently tending.

Anxiety seized him as he imagined Penny's reaction, his penis deflating at the thought of his girlfriend discovering these feelings. He'd have to be careful of these feelings running around inside him. The intensity was maddening. This shift seemed never-ending.

All through the night he struggled to avoid returning to 10-B - gratefully watching Nancy go take Doug's vitals at six AM. Mixed emotions troubled him throughout the shift.

Showering at home later, he indulged his new found pleasure of soaping his chest. He noted how each nipple grew erect... just as Doug's erection popped back into his head.

His aroused state continued as he got into bed, delicious smells still lingering from Penny's recent presence... her nightgown resting casually by her pillow. He started playing with himself even as he brought the nightie to his nostrils, hardly remembering when he'd last felt such intensity.

Unable to contain the surging excitement that enveloped his whole being, his quick explosion was powerful - *pictures of the hot erection he'd held earlier overlapped with his own firm grasp of his manhood.* Hot fluids covered his sticky fingers as he wrapped the available nightgown around the area.

Engulfed completely by his gratification, he slipped into oblivion.

## Chapter 3: Modified Perspective

### *Paul's Own Words*

The following evening, when Margaret again asked for my assistance in Doug's room my apprehension was immediate, making it difficult to find a quick excuse as my heartbeat raced.

Doug was up watching a late movie and gave me a lecherous grin when I started to change the dressing. Margaret had excused herself momentarily to go in search of his pain medication which she had forgotten.

I had trouble making small talk and was relieved that Doug's attention was on the movie, leaving me to tend to the surgical site. It was hard to miss Doug's penis beginning to rise again, though straining to keep my eyes on the surgical site... it continued to rise to full attention.

Accidentally brushing the erection with the back of my hand, it jumped in response. "Sorry," was my lame apology.

"He looks like he needs taming again," I said offhandedly - my inner turmoil struggling for release. It dawned on me on some level that Margaret was not around to blame for his surging reaction.

"I think an explosion is what he really needs," Doug lusted.

I giggled lightly while struggling to remain focused on my job.

Straining to return his smile, I felt driven as I again took a hold of the head but instead of flicking it I used an alcohol swab I was holding to clean it's full length. "He's got to be clean too," I heard my strangled voice grasping for levity.

"Grab it and hold it out of the way," Doug pressed, as my cheeks flushed. I barely hesitated, grabbing it fully around with one hand, unable to resist the temptation of encircling the heat source... moving it aside to clean around the area.

*The torrid heat traveled through my arm and into my whole body*, igniting memories of my morning games with myself. Penny's pants were straining to contain my own arousal as I awkwardly pressed into the side of the bed to avoid detection.

"What's going on!?" ...the outraged voice seemed to float into my consciousness from far away, causing my instant release of the hot organ which had filled my hand with gushing fluids. I looked up blankly into Margaret's face as she glared at my gooey hand and the obvious bulge in my pants, her look of stern reprimand causing me to cringe inside.

I could only watch as she took a wet towelette and cleaned Doug's flaccid penis and then the wound area, impatiently requesting I get a bandage ready. She took complete command of the situation. I moved into action keenly aware of my bulging pants



which I tried to ignore. Glancing over at Doug, he was glued to the TV, and I couldn't help smiling at his apparent disregard of the whole affair.

I mechanically performed my duties before following Margaret from the room, deeply perplexed and embarrassed by my inexplicable behavior. I hesitated to glance in Doug's direction, too mortified to deal with his reaction. How would I ever live this down? What had come over me?

Having dutifully followed her into the lounge, I watched her close the door and turn to me, "Do you realize what you were doing?" her disbelief matched my own bewilderment.

"I'm not really sure," my subdued voice responded.

"I can't help wondering what Penny would think. Having a boyfriend who swings both ways." My pained expression found absolutely no sympathy.

"You know this has to be reported. What can I say? I hope this won't effect your job, but I really have no choice." Margaret had absolute control of my whole future. "You know how the hospital frowns on deviate behavior, insisting all incidents be reported without failure."

I was speechless. I could think of no excuse for my behavior. My whole life seemed to be changing right before my eyes.

All the time I kept wondering what it would take to get Margaret to overlook this unfortunate episode. Just one silly incident that was being blown totally out of proportion.

"Hold on a minute," I had to get this back in perspective. "I don't hear any complaints from the patient. Do you? He certainly didn't mind. In fact it was his idea I move his . . . uuuhh . . . him aside," I could feel my cheeks flushing, "so I could clean the wound without distraction. I don't know why I was holding him, but it seemed unimportant at the time." I was still puzzled at my acceptance of his suggestion. My own internal urges were difficult to deal with.

"If the patient's not complaining why do we have to make a whole big fuss? It will only be embarrassing for him as well as the hospital... haven't you ever made a mistake?" I felt desperation seizing me. I needed her on my side.

"Paul, darling," Margaret hesitated, "if I don't report this then I risk a reprimand as well. I don't intend having my career put at jeopardy for something crazy that you did. If the patient ever does decide to report it we'll both be in deep water. You know how they frown on homosexual behavior."

I cringed at her use of the word, hardly believing it was being associated with me.

"The only possible way your behavior has even the slightest chance of being condoned is if you were a woman. Then a casual indiscretion with a male patient would probably only warrant a slap on the wrist at most. But since you're not a woman, our problem still exists. But maybe if we . . .," her voice trailed off into thought.

I tried following her, "What are you driving at?" I had to retrieve myself from this mess at all costs. If it ever got on my record, I'd be branded for life, no matter that it was a single isolated incident. I had to explore every possible way of getting her to

keep her mouth shut. Once it blew over in a couple of days I could initiate damage control.

She continued, "I was thinking, if you appeared as a female, then your behavior with Doug would not have been considered inappropriate. Not a homosexual act but just a horny female responding to a patient's needs, in case another patient or technician inadvertently heard anything."

"How would anyone mistake me for a woman? I do happen to be a man in case you hadn't noticed," my recent episode stealing much of the conviction from my voice.

"Unfortunately that's what makes your behavior inappropriate. The point here is that had you been a woman, or at least dressed like one when you satisfied him so blatantly, then the whole episode could be written off as a simple lapse of self control. Of course your masculine image would have to disappear temporarily, until we were certain no other incident reports surfaced and Doug made no complaints."

"We'd have to find a more suitable image for you until Doug is discharged, so we could pass off the whole episode as a simple indiscretion. Doug would of course become your sole responsibility and it would be your job to convince him that you're just a normal female nurse concerned with the proper care of her patient. Do you see what I mean?"

"I'm not really sure," she was certainly straining my brain.

"To put it simply," she tried again, "you'll be dressed as a female when you're on duty and spend the shift caring for patients in that matter. With Doug's discharge and no complaints filed we'd be home free and leave me a lot more comfortable about letting the incident remain under wraps."

"But it will be imperative you do everything in your power to assure his silence is maintained. I really don't care what it takes, as long as everything remains between the two of you. Should he raise any complaints during his stay, it would force me to file my own delayed report as well."

My head was spinning. I know I had heard her clearly and yet her whole suggestion seemed crazy. Dress as a woman and spend the entire shift caring for patients that way? I could feel my body begin to shake as I thought of what it would take to assure the patient's silence.

"I'm sure the girls will help with your disguise." I was reminded that I still had to deal with Nancy and Vickie.

"They can be trusted with your little secret. In the interim I'll assume the supervisory duties."

*So that's what she's after*, I thought. She can't wait for the authority. Did I have any other choice?

"I think it will work fine if you give it your best effort," she was trying to be encouraging now. "So, what do you think?"

I sat there trying to absorb the enormity of her proposal, not really sure whether I fully comprehended everything she had said. Somehow she expected me to assume a feminine appearance that would supposedly fool Doug as well as the other patients.

Theoretically if Doug did raise a complaint, it would eliminate my actions as deviant behavior since I would be considered a female participant. It all sounded so hokey to me. Did she really think I could suddenly appear as a woman and everyone would simply accept me as one? Did she think that Doug would forget I was really a man when I was taking care of him? I shuttered yet again at the thought.

This whole thing seems so off-the-wall. I knew Doug wasn't about to make a complaint. Why did we have to go through all this rigmarole? Why would he even want to complain? He certainly enjoyed himself, even if Margaret interrupted us at such an inappropriate time. I would think he would be more prone to complain of her inauspicious arrival. If only she had returned a moment later, this whole thing would be moot. Even so, my participation still amazed me.

*At least she's willing to shelve the matter for a while, and that's a whole lot better than putting in a report tonight. I'll go along with her silly ideas for the moment. I'm sure this whole thing will blow over in a few days and we'll get back to our normal routine before the week's out.*

In the meantime my choices are nil. I'll have to do whatever she wants. She holds all the cards.

"It's a shame Penny has no idea of her boyfriend's side interests," Margaret mumbled.

I could feel the threat hanging in the air. Penny mustn't learn of this. It would ruin our relationship, just one silly indiscretion.

"Please Margaret, don't hurt my relationship with Penny. This was an isolated instance that won't ever happen again." The pleading in my eyes forced her to look away.

*She was actually struggling to contain her laughter and turned away to regain control.* Finally she looked back, "All I'm asking is you make the effort to appear feminine while on duty for the next week or so. I'm sure with everyone's help we'll be able to make you into a presentable woman. If you try hard I don't think you'll have any trouble fooling the patients. But it will take your best effort. It would be in your own best interests to avoid the embarrassment of discovery."

She had a point there. If I was going to appear as a woman I certainly wouldn't want anyone to know I was a man. This was getting complicated. I would actually have to make the effort to look and act like a woman. *What was I getting myself into?*

Margaret made a final stunning remark: "If any further incidents occur, no one would think twice about a woman being frisky with a male patient."

*Was she crazy?* That certainly wasn't about to happen again.

"Probably raise a few brows and cause a whole bunch of snickering. After all, it's only a normal function between men and women," She added.

I just couldn't understand why she was making such a big deal out of the whole situation in the first place. There was some relief that my job wasn't in immediate danger.

This whole dressing up thing sounded a far-fetched... I hesitated.