

AUBURN

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Chapter 5 - Love Truck Stop

The trooper came to the truck and stood on the lower foot rest outside. "You wear diapers?"

I didn't see any way out of this. "Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because I want to. That's why the dress. It upsets people less than seeing my bulging butt in pants. Last I heard this is a free country."

The truck owner's eye brows twitched.

The trooper frowned. "Not that free. Don't you go causing any fights. You hear?"

"Yes, sir."

He conferred with the tech and departed. The tech finished something with a flash light at the wheels. He dropped us back to the ramp, and the owner coached me going out in reverse.

Back in the cab he grinned. "Diapers, huh? I haven't seen a trooper so flummoxed in donkey's years. Worth the watch. Any reason?"

"I've wanted to for many years. If you want me out I can leave with no hard feelings. I'll go back to odd jobs where I wear what I want."

"Oh, no, I need you. That trailer needs an all night haul to make up for lost time. The buyer is anxious. All your hours driving gets better for my log book. Diapers, huh? Makes for a long drive without a stop. Let's go."

I almost cried with his acceptance of me.

A little more than half an hour later he directed me off the interstate into a huge lot full of trailers. He coached me on backing up for the hookup. He climbed up on the back of the truck's frame called a cat walk as I drove very slowly under the front of the trailer. He opened the door, reached in to a knob, twisted it, and hung on outside as he had me backing up again. I felt the truck sag under the trailer's weight and felt the truck stop when it hit the trailer's pivot. He cranked up the landing gear under the front of the trailer, connected hoses and electrical lines, and did something else back there.

He came and stood on the lower foot rest on my side of the cab with his hands

on the window sill. "Pull that white knob up."

Which I did.

"Go gentle on the pedal. Move 'er."

His head swivelled both ways at the front and the back as I drove that rig slowly across the parking lot. "See that clear area along the exit ramp. Park 'er there."

I had developed a sweat by the time we were where he wanted. "Pull that red knob."

I did. A long high pressure air sound as a big gauge on the dash dropped to zero.

"Pull the brake handle and kill the engine. You did real good kid. Let's go eat. Restroom break."

"Just a sec, sir." I got my shoulder bag off my backpack which had a fresh diaper. When he went in the men's room I went in the women's room. Fortunately I found the women's room to be vacant. In a stall I removed my soaked diaper and did a dump. I dropped the old one in a trash barrel after putting on my new diaper and adjusting my dress. I came out quickly before a woman came in.

He waited with a big grin when I came out. "You're OK kid. At least you know what you want which is a damn sight better than most people."

I caught myself as I could feel tears.

He led the way through the cafeteria line where he kept pushing me to have more food. The slices of roast beef were delicious as were the mixed vegetables. The french fries were great. He paid which I protested, but he called it pay in kind.

Over dinner he coached me about driving big rigs.

When we returned to the truck, up I went in the driver's seat again, and off we went onto that Interstate with that long trailer scaring me to death. I almost watched it too much in the rear view mirror.

A car ahead of us went ten or fifteen under the speed limit. When another semi went around us, I followed it. "Let me know when we are far enough ahead."

He did.

We were way far ahead of that car when I returned to the right-hand lane.

I lagged maybe two hundred feet behind that other semi which went 80 most of the time.

The headlights came on for the night as I wet my diaper and just kept driving. My stomach kept going tight on me as I worked up a nervous sweat.

We were well into the evening when he asked me had I been in any fights.

I think he asked as a technique for staying alert. I told him about that fight with ruffians.

He asked if I packed anything stronger than that knife.

"I bought a revolver."

"Got it here?"

"Yes, sir. It's in my backpack."

"Where?"

"Right side has a pouch for a water bottle."

He picked up the backpack.

"It's loaded, sir."

"Better be." He took it out and held it like he knew what he was doing. He swung the cylinder out, emptied the ammunition out of it, closed it, and worked it. "May I snap one?"

"Sure. The gunsmith had me doing that before he let me buy it."

He brought it up, aimed it through the windshield at a lighted sign, and clicked it. "Good." He turned on a map light and examined it closely. "Smith and Wesson 44 Special. An oldie. Faded blue. Been treated with respect."

He made me feel good with his comments as I kept my eyes glued on the road ahead. He reloaded it, wiped it with the silicon cloth, and wrapped it back up. He seemed to know what he was doing with it as he took his time packing it all back in the way he had found it.

He had me pull into a rest stop where he went to the restroom. I bought a soda for each of us as I dribbled into my diaper.

Back at the truck he took over driving much to my relief.

Just before dawn we arrived at his destination. He talked to me on how he did it as he backed that trailer up to a loading dock.

Our next load was a fuel tanker, except he protested it was unsafe being only partially loaded. He told them he had a student driver and that was too tricky with a heavy load sloshing around. They gave him another.

He had me driving again and told me not to use full power with that heavy load. That engine's crankshaft design wasn't quite what it should have been.

I told him to feel with his butt and to tell me when to apply power and when to back off.

But he never did.

Our next load was a flat bed with huge pieces of equipment under tarpaulins.

Finally he admitted we had used up all of our legal time and had to rest. He filled in his log and had me drive into a Love's Truck Stop where we parked.

He went into a rest room. I changed my diaper in the other room.

At the counter they had a 'Help Wanted' sign.

"Sir, you've been kind to me, but maybe it's time for me to go my own way."

"Son, you're something else. You are the gentlest driver I have met in a long time. Drop me a card once in a while. What's your e-mail address? I wish I had bummed around when I was young. I'd like to hear from you about your travels and adventures."

We shook hands. I wanted to hug him, but was unsure how to make that acceptable. He went to his sleeper cab and I went to the counter with the 'Help Wanted' sign.

The manager was overjoyed. Their night clerk had quit with no warning and he was exhausted. I don't think he saw my skirt the way we were standing on opposite sides of the counter. After hiring me he gave me a cursory introduction, but I kept asking him questions, which had him go over it again.

The next morning I was exhausted.

A motel was in one direction and a Self Storage was in the other. I dug out my lock from that room at the sea food restaurant and rented their smallest storage space for just my backpack.

Was I ever glad I did. The motel was in fact a little old and needed work. The staff looked hungry. When they told me the price I stalled.

"I just started at Love's. What's your best weekly or monthly rate?"

That was better.

That day I had a fabulous orgasm in my soaked diaper with a towel under me to protect the mattress.

That truck stop only paid \$8 an hour even for night work, which with overtime became \$80 a night. The motel was only \$32 a night, and I could eat at Love's with a big discount.

They had internet access. I sent Mom an e-mail of where I was, and my experiences with that big truck. But not about the fight nor about the old black man and his friends. I also sent a thank you note to the truck owner Gary Gordon, and that I had the job.

Gary e-mailed me a response a day later and told me to tell him everything that happened to me. I didn't realize until much later he was a very good e-mail buddy.

Three weeks later the cash drawer came up short. By then I had bought a tan

shirt dress for variety, but that didn't slow down their suspicion of me as the odd one.

They arrested me, put me in handcuffs, searched my motel room, and paused to visit Self Storage. Their records showed I had not been in there since the beginning. The police never inspected my unit which also meant they hadn't inspected my backpack with all that money.

By then they had found an employee who hated me and tried to frame me. They arrested her and recovered all the money.

Another Love's was robbed in another state.

I asked the manager if I could bring in my revolver if I kept it in my shoulder bag and out of sight. He called the police first, and then he said I could.

Love's increased the camera surveillance both inside and outside.

A dozen nights later that arrested employee out on a bond brought her brothers. I didn't recognize her, but when they lifted the counter top to come behind the counter I had that revolver out and leveled.

"What are you doing with that toy, little fag?"

"Stopping you. Get back."

I could see in a monitor screen we were in the video being taken. "Get back."

"That gun's not a toy for a little girl. What are you going to do?" His hand came up.

I fired, and as Ernie had said, that gun was powerful enough.

He staggered but didn't fall. No blood. Was he wearing a bullet proof vest?

He came out me again.

I lowered my aim putting my second shot into his leg.

He fell to the floor with blood all over his pants as he held his hands down there with blood seeping through his fingers.

I brought that gun up to the next one. "Drag him out."

The next one swore a string of really bad words all of which were being recorded.

"Drag him out. You know you're on the video. Do it."

Instead his face went furious as he grabbed for my gun.

I stepped back out of his reach and slammed that counter top down. "Don't tempt me."

They ran, but the night camera followed them. It even got a good read on their license plate as they squealed tires out of there.

The first police car arriving saw that and gave chase.

The policeman in the second cruiser wrapped that leg in bandages as he called for an ambulance.

Apparently the chase became a merry ride in hell. Those robbers leading the chase slid sideways into a massive concrete buttress at a nearby dam. They totaled their car and put themselves into the hospital with major injuries.

The store manager was fine with me. The police were fine with me. The regional manager was not, and fired me. The next day the town attorney had the police track me down at that old motel. Would I accept his representation for employment law violations?

“Sure, but I also want a signed letter saying I could work at another Love’s.”

He agreed and had me sign a letter he represented me. I gave him my e-mail address, and said I only checked for messages once a week or so.

I slipped on my backpack, quietly walked away, and caught a ride out of there.