

ICE STORM

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Chapter 6 - The Intern

I held out my wrists for handcuffs, but they didn't. I had been fantasizing about erotic bondage and wondering how handcuffs would help with an orgasm. I'd have to find out another way. They annoyed me by holding my arm as they took me to a police cruiser.

I said. "Just a moment, let me take off my backpack instead of sitting awkwardly against it."

They allowed me to remove my backpack. As they held the cruiser's door open I went in still wearing my hard hat. In my ear piece I heard rough language from the crew chiefs about a shutdown without anyone else to run the crane. From what they said I learned too many of the crane operators from out of town came here for work after being dismissed for bad conduct. Sam didn't want any of those derelicts on his job site.

The police held onto my arm as we went in the emergency room entrance, up an elevator, and through a secure door for the psychiatric unit. With my backpack in one hand and them holding onto my other arm, my hard hat remained on my head. Out there in the world wearing my hard hat made a statement of 'don't mess with me' while I wore women's clothes. In the nursing station lobby wearing that hat felt insanely stupid.

Andrea arrived before the police departed. Her face radiated her concern. She also kept her distance from me which annoyed me. Her keeping her distance told me to keep my mouth shut that I knew her until things settled down.

She went behind the nursing station desk and rapidly talked in a whisper.

My diaper felt soaked to me, but I didn't say that either.

The police left when they could put a room number on their forms. Three nurses led me to room 341 which seemed quite spacious. In addition to a hospital bed it had two arm chairs, a sofa for a family member to sleep on, and a table with its chairs.

I removed my portable computer from the backpack and laid it on the table. The backpack went on the floor, and the cooler of a sandwich and sodas came out and sat on the floor upright. I took off my hard hat, switched off the electronics, and put it on top of the backpack. I brushed my hair out where the headband of that hard hat had plastered my hair down. I shook my head loosening my hair as I brushed it with conditioner from a small bottle I had packed away.

I had been debating changing my own diaper when a young woman arrived in a nurse's uniform with a name badge reading 'Denny' and 'Intern'. The badge listed the

psychiatric department and had acronyms of access codes. *Denny?! Andreas's friend Denny?! Yep.* I initially kept my mouth shut.

She smiled. "Hi." Her voice seemed so pleasant as to be comforting.

I couldn't think of anything nice to say in response. "This all happened so fast."

"I'm called Denny which is short for Denise. Are you Sandy?"

Why did she talk as if we didn't know each other? Must be for the benefit of the staff. Maybe for me.

My voice failed me. I squeaked. "Yes."

She said. "As an intern I have all the jobs everyone else dislikes. That's just the way it is. My studies are in trauma and stress which is why I have been assigned to you. I've been told that you killed a man today. In self defense, but this is horrible. Is this true?"

I nodded.

She said. "Dinner isn't for another hour, and I have been told we have a more urgent need." She paused. "You are in diapers. Right?" She only waited a few seconds. "That can be deeply embarrassing. But not in here. This unit is private treatment and keeps secrets. There are rules. One of those rules is staff has to make all diaper changes. There have been troubles with skin rashes and lesions which we do not want."

She confused me with keeping the remote dialogue. I didn't feel like saying anything.

She tilted her head with a wane smile of regret. "Either you hop up on the bed and let me change you, or I have to call for help and have you restrained."

I had been fantasizing about erotic bondage, but this wasn't it.

"You won't like it. Once they use restraints the patient stays in them for awhile. Maybe longer. No nice dress over those. No using your computer. No use of your hands. No reading books. No nice food. Just let me. Please."

I stalled.

"I'm here to help on the trauma and the stress. But we have to get past this. Please." Her face expressed her anguish.

She slid her hand back under mine and lifted it. I let her lead me to the bed where I rolled onto it out of fear my soaked diaper would leak if I sat down.

I put my wrists up beside my head thinking she would strap those down.

Instead she lifted my skirt using the extra cloth of that pleated style for laying it up on my tummy. Her hand cupped around the warm and heavy bulge of my plastic pants. Her smile returned. "It would be helpful if you would hold your ankles up instead of strapping your wrists and ankles down. Can you do that?"

I raised my legs and reached up with my hands grabbing my ankles.

She pulled my plastic pants up to my ankles and pulled on the tapes of the disposable diapers.

I concentrated on holding my ankles up. I didn't pay her much attention which lessened my embarrassment.

She removed the two soaked diapers and put two new ones underneath me. She flopped my limp penis back and forth and used a little diaper cream on the sore area on the underside of the tip. She applied powder, pulled one diaper in place up between my legs and around my hips, taped it in place, and slit it with a fingernail. She brought the second into place, fastened the tapes, and pulled my plastic pants down my elevated legs, and around everything down there.

She tugged on my calves for lowering my legs which I did. To my surprise she carefully restored my skirt over my thighs as if any modesty could be possible.

Her face lost its tension. "Thank you. My apologies. May we sit together at the table for healing?"

I felt perplexed as I left the bed and sat in one of the three chairs at the table.

Several minutes went by without a thing being said. She tilted her head. "Can you describe your feelings?"

I felt blank.

"No, huh? That happens when the stress is too high. Let me tell you what I think happened and you can correct me. OK?" Which she did. She used the word 'hit' that I had told Sam and the crew chiefs, but didn't mention a gun, and I didn't correct that detail. "Had you ever met that man before?"

"No."

"He had to have been a complete stranger you never expected to meet."

Another nurse interrupted us with something in her hand of a menu with choices for dinner.

Denny held out her hand. "Let me see." She took it. "You're a guy inside. My strong hunch is you would like the roast beef. Would you prefer potatoes, noodles, or rice?"

"Rice."

Denny turned to the nurse. "Tell them an extra helping on the roast beef. She must be hungry. People don't know they can request extras."

When the nurse departed I reached for Denny's hand. "Do you know you called me a 'she'? I liked that. Come sit closer." I pulled another chair at the table closer to mine.

She sat in it as we held hands. She let me sit there without saying a thing. About

half an hour later she glanced at her watch. "I have to go. OK if I come back?"

The peace and calm that came with her seemed so nice. "Sure."

A little later I needed to sit in the restroom. I closed the hospital room door, removed my blouse and skirt, went into the restroom, and pulled my plastic pants and diapers down. I had a healthy result, cleaned myself, and pulled my diapers and plastic pants back up. That blouse and skirt were the only clothes with me so I put those back on.

A knock at the door announced dinner. Everything tasted delicious at least to me as I sat at the table eating. The thin soup had been made with their own special mix of seasonings. They provided extra slices of roast beef. The potatoes and mixed vegetables were good too. Both water and a coke were provided. Ice cream made the desert. When I put the containers back on the tray I added the uneaten sandwich from my cooler.

I didn't want to watch the TV news out of fear that would be about me. But I had to. I felt lucky as they didn't include any video coverage of me. They did have a few minutes on all the construction high rise cranes around town, and what it would be like to work up there.

I had wet a few times while watching an old movie when a knock came from the door.

Andrea entered with a big box in her arms. "The police sent some of your clothes. They have a stake out going with officers in the house and in two unmarked big vans nearby. I'm going to sleep with a friend. Is it OK if Denny comes back this evening?"

"She made herself nice to me. Sure."

Andrea smiled just a little more than I had been expecting.

In another five minutes another knock sounded at the door. "Hi, Sandy." Denny's voice sounded cheerful. "May I come in? I heard you have a box of clothes I am dying to see."

"Sure. Just for clothes?"

Her wore her radiant smile. "It isn't every day a girl gets to play with women's clothes on a guy." She closed the door and opened the box.

A denim shirtdress came out first. Then another blouse and skirt. She held up a bra. "This is going to be fun." More stuff came out. "OK, let's just see. Yes?"

She tugged on my hand to stand up and removed my blouse and skirt. "You want the bra on top or under your t-shirt?"

She made herself fun to be with. "Whatever works best."

She pulled my t-shirt up leaving me in my diapers and plastic pants, but I became only slightly embarrassed. She slid the shoulder straps of the bra over my arms and fastened the hooks and loops in back. I didn't tell her I couldn't reach those and

had to fasten those when they were in front and pull the whole thing around me. She found the prosthetic breasts in the box and put those in the bra cups. One of the white blouses went on me, and then she had me step into a red pleated skirt. She pulled that up and fastened it at the waist and examined her handiwork. "Not bad, kiddo."

She sat on the bed with her legs folded under her and patted the edge of the mattress in front of her. "Come sit. I want to brush your hair. May I play, just a little, as a Mommy to a daughter? Please."

I sat in front of her without much anxiety.

The hair brush did pull painfully on a few of my hairs, but not much. She took to pulling my head right and left with her hands as she brushed away. She paid special attention to where the hard hat had matted my hair down. "Mommies love to brush their daughter's hair. Is this OK for you?"

"Uh, yes, I think so."

"Goodie. Now hold still." She turned my head to the right and applied lipstick to my lips. "Roll your lips. I'll show you." Which she did. "Come look in the mirror."

The transformation staring back at me struck me as amazing. "Wow. Did you find the hips?"

"Oh, sorry." She lifted my skirt and had me hold it up, put those hips on me, and tugged at the skirt dropping it. She fiddled a little with the skirt. "We have to find a mirror. You are really good looking even with those masculine eyebrows. C'mon."

At the door she took my hand and held it as we walked to the nursing station. "She, I mean he, just has to see how good she looks. OK if I take her into the break area for the mirror?"

The two nurses' faces went from questioning to surprised and happy. "Come back and let us know what you think."

In the mirror I had been made better looking than Denny right then. Back at the nursing station one of them asked for Denny's cell phone which she fetched from my room. One of the nurses took it. "Go stand in front of the wall for pictures." She pointed where.

She took several images as more people in nursing uniforms and the white lab coats of the med-techs and Doctors arrived and hung around. They all liked how I looked. "That gang will never recognize you now."

I had doubts. "They will know when I climb the ladder up to the construction crane."

"Oh, that is you!"

A question seemed to linger in the air of what could I be doing in the psychiatric ward. "The police are hiding me here while they pursue the criminals."

Someone said in almost a whisper. "Oh, they do that."

Denny pocketed her cell phone. "May I take Sandy for a walk elsewhere in the hospital? She needs to feel comfortable in the general public."

One of the people behind the desk examined a computer screen intently. "The police say no. We have to keep you safe."

Another tapped a few keys. "You're Denise aren't you? Are you saying this is a part of the stress treatment? Sandy; do you promise to stay with Denise?"

We both said "yes" almost in stereo.

They let us out as we held hands. Up two floors Denny took me to a family waiting area where we sat in a sofa. "I'm asking for them to assign a regular psychologist. I like you too much to be your therapist."

We sat there holding hands as I let my feelings clarify themselves.

Denny smiled. "I'm going to ask for a Chiropractor for you to do something quick about your tension. You seem OK. That might do more good than all the talk. Let's go see if she is in."

She took me by the hand through more floors and around more corners than I could ever remember. Her other hand went on one of those push and pull handles for hospital doors. The door cracked open. "Goodie."

We hadn't stood there for a minute when a short slight woman came into the room from deeper inside the offices. She wore simple clothes. She could go walking outside or work in the garden all day in those. "Hi, Denny, what's up?"

"Evening, Lauren. This is Sandy. She's a he for reasons we can explain. At the moment she is in the Psychiatric Ward for safety after being attacked today and killing a man. They sent me for stress reduction, but perhaps you can do more faster than the psychologists."

I didn't say a word about what Andrea had done during the ice storm.

"Yep. Come on back. You, too, Denny. You can show how this is done."

A weird looking table dominated the next room. Denny hopped up on that table and lay face down. Lauren went to work with a plunger. She took to lifting the head piece of that table and dropping it with a thud I could feel through the floor.

Lauren changed a sheet of paper where Denny had rested her face. "OK; your turn."

I lay up there the same as Denny had done.

Lauren used her small hands on more muscles than I knew I had. She used that plunger thing on me. It didn't hurt which surprised me. She did that table drop trick. Then she went back and pushed on one side of my butt. "Not many secrets in this office. You have guy muscles, and I can feel your diaper. Do you have incontinence?"

"No. I wanted to wear diapers for other reasons, and wear women's skirts to hide the diaper bulges. That's why I have a job way up the sky on a construction crane."

Denny interrupted. "Sandy is the crane operator in the news today. She had been attacked, and the police sent her here for safety. She's in the hospital computer, and you can bill that account."

Lauren had stopped pushing and plunging. "Sit up. Your name is Sandy, right? Your subconscious has your neck muscles at war with you." She used that plunger, and this time it hurt. Her fingers hurt even more on those muscles as tight as a steel cord. "Hold still. This may feel cool. It's a muscle relaxant." The gel did feel cool, and she worked on those muscles that hurt so much I couldn't help trying to pull away. "Come back tomorrow. Those tight muscles will cut off your immune system and give you a nose and throat cold. You don't want that."

I must have given her a surprised look as she certainly had surprised me by her comment.

Denny took me back to the Psychiatric Wing where they were pleased to see us. In my room she unceremoniously put her hand up my skirt in back where my thighs felt her fingers testing my diaper bulge. "Are you good for the night? Or need a change?"

"I'm good. Thanks." I wanted to stay in my warm wet diaper for my own reasons.

She kissed me on the neck from behind me. "You need help removing that bra? Those fasteners are awfully high up your back for your guy arm muscles. Here, let me show you."

"I know." I didn't tell her that Andrea had showed me that difference between men's and women's arms.

"Well; let me play anyway." She removed my blouse, bra, and skirt leaving me in just my toddler uniform. She smacked me on my padded butt in a playful way. "Sleep tight."

She looked over her shoulder with a smile as she went out and closed the door behind her.

I kept asking myself what should I make of her alternating keeping her distance and being so friendly. Instead, I went to bed, rolled over, and had a nice orgasm in the warmth of my wet diaper.