

# ICE STORM

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## Chapter 1 - The Storm

My mother's friend Andrea came for dinner.

My eyes focused on Andrea's bust more than anything else. She wore a subtle perfume I liked, and exuded all sweetness and light.

Thunder cracked outside. "Just a sec. Let me check the temperature." I returned from the kitchen window. "It's below freezing."

My mother scowled. "Thunder in a snow storm? Never heard of such a thing."

Andrea's face fell. "Yes. Lightning killed my eldest aunt many years ago as she herded the livestock in from an ice storm."

Another crack of thunder interrupted us.

Andrea's face expressed her reaction. "Terrifying."

When I sat back down Andrea touched my forearm. "Could you come stay with me? This could be a blizzard, and I'm frightened. OK?"

I glanced at my Mom who nodded her agreement. "Sure. Get a few things. Take your books and laptop for your homework."

Andrea added. "Quickly, please."

"I ran upstairs and threw a few clothes, my laptop, and cell phone into a bag.

Andrea called from downstairs. "Hurry."

I ran down the stairs skipping steps, and grabbed my overcoat and gloves from the front door closet.

When the door opened the biting wind drove the snow almost horizontally straight across everything and in the door.

Andrea put her hand on my arm which felt warm and comforting. "Oh dear. The sidewalk is glazed. Would you test it?"

"Sure." But one look at the first place to step on the porch found it frozen. I held onto the door frame as I put a foot on it. Fortunately the freezing rain had left a rough surface underneath. But the steps down didn't look so good. I carried my bag in one

hand as the other held onto the railing. I tested each step before putting more weight on it. The sloping walkway to the sidewalk had become white with snow, and under that had trouble.

I dropped my bag and held my arms out for balance as I took little steps.

"Wait. Here, take my keys." She tossed them the short distance to me. "If you can get to the car start it and turn on the heater. The windshield looks bad."

The windshield did appear iced over where the snow had been blown off by the wind. That wind helped me fall on the sidewalk without my being hurt. I made it to the car where the key wouldn't turn the driver's side front door. The water had frozen in the lock. I moved extra carefully coming back around to the passenger front door which didn't have snow and ice blown against it. The passenger door didn't have a key slot. I looked at the keys again finding a remote. I pushed the unlock button twice and heard a satisfying click in the door.

Inside the car I struggled over the center hump and tested the driver's door from inside. It had frozen shut.

I dried the key on my shirt before trying it in the ignition. I felt relieved when the engine started. I couldn't figure out the heat and defroster controls until I found out how to turn on the dome light. The temperature gauge had moved just a little when I turned on the defroster blower.

I struggled over that center hump again, and up that slick sidewalk slipping twice. When I crawled on my hands and knees from two-thirds of the way, my Mom stood behind Andrea with a snow shovel. A snow shovel would be singularly useless merely exposing more of the slick ice.

Mom called over Andrea's shoulder. "Isn't it too dangerous. Shouldn't Andrea stay here?"

My Mom had always been such a 'fraidy cat.

Andrea turned her head. I couldn't see her facial expression, but it must have said something about 'mind your own business'. "My high heels will be bad on that ice. Can I borrow a pair of flats?"

My Mom disappeared back in the house.

I had sorta mastered the hang of this ice walking by the time I reached the front door where Andrea waited. She had on flats with two pairs of socks. I hadn't realized her feet were smaller than my Mom's.

"Let me hold your arm; not just hands. OK?"

I noticed her perfume when we touched shoulders. It distracted me as we went down the steps. I had to concentrate on holding the railing with one hand and her with the other arm. I pulled my bag from under the rapidly accumulating snow. Walking together down the sidewalk challenged us.

We almost fell four times before making it to the car.

Andrea held onto my arm as she pulled open the passenger door. "Oh dear. That center hump and brake handle is no place for this coat and dress."

My mind fantasized about the inside her coat, blouse, and skirt.

Andrea frowned. "You can drive? Yes? You slide in first."

Which I did while tossing my bag into the back seat.

When she arrived safely in the passenger seat she showed me how to work the rear window warmer. She adjusted the windshield defroster for max.

Her perfume in the confined space of her car gave me tense and tingling feelings. I didn't know what to do with those. I just sat there trying not to do the wrong thing.

When she pushed on the windshield wiper control, they budged, hung up, and then broke free.

The light from the daytime headlights didn't look right. The driver's side door remained frozen shut. I had Andrea get out again, I moved over that hump, got out, and scrapped off the headlights. The road ahead appeared as pure white. No one had driven down this street recently now covered evenly with snow.

Back in the car Andrea took off her gloves and held her hands over the heat outlets. "You know to go slow, don't you? No fast starts or stops."

I nodded. I hadn't driven much in the snow before. I vaguely remembered one of my father's friends saying something like that.

I said. "The outside rear view mirror is crusted over. Would you look back there before I try pulling out?"

Andrea twisted around for watching out the rear window. Her coat had opened enough in the heat of the car for me to watch her blouse pull tight across her bust.

Her bust fascinated me all over again.

She said. "Go ahead. No one's coming."

I pulled the transmission lever down past reverse and neutral. The dash lights went through the settings and settled on 'drive'.

She said. "Think you might pull it down into low gear so we don't spin. OK?"

I did.

The car moved. I didn't turn sharply out into the driving lane. Andrea navigated through turns at a few intersections. We slid on her driveway, but not badly. She reached up and brought down a remote from behind a sun visor. Her garage door went up and we were safely on the dry floor of the garage. Snow had driven half way across the garage floor until the remote closed the big door.

The driver's door remained stubbornly frozen shut.

The garage side door entered into a laundry room and that went into her kitchen.

In the laundry room my bag caught on something spinning me around on my wet icy shoes. I landed hard on one knee and toppled over onto the icy water on the floor.

I limped a little as I went into the kitchen.

"Here, let me see." She guided me to sit in a chair while she removed my overcoat. She opened my slacks which she pulled down.

As she bent over me I saw straight down into her blouse to her bra which fascinated me.

"Good. There's no blood." She closely examined my knee. "Oh dear, you've bruised your knee. This is not a good moment to call an ambulance with the deepening snow out there."

"Don't move." She returned with two pills and a partial glass of water. "Sorry, kiddo, but this is all I have. These are intended for further medical testing. No fault has been found as a strong anesthetic, but there have been reports of undesirable results."

I said. "It hurts. What results?"

She responded. "Dizziness; constipation; incontinence; passivity. We can handle that wide range of effects, but this isn't a free ride. We'll have to keep a log. This could be very embarrassing for you."

I asked. "How so?"

She said. "We can't have the pills disorient you, and have you forgetfully stand up only to be too dizzy to stand safely. We can't risk your falling and hurting yourself. Seriously hurting yourself knocking an eye out on the furniture, or breaking a bone falling down the stairs."

My knee hurt. "OK; let's try." I told myself *this can't be too bad*.

She held out those two pills.

I bolted them down.

She asked. "Hot tea or sweet iced tea?"

I answered. "Hot tea never does anything for me. Iced."

She put a measuring cup of water in the microwave as she brought out a teacup, tea, and honey. She poured Arizona sweetened iced tea in a glass with ice for me. Without her coat on I could hardly take my eyes from her bust, hips, and more down there.

The tea tasted delicious.

She made herself hot tea and sat at the table opposite me. Her bust fascinated me again. "How's the knee?"

I answered "it hurts and throbs a little."

She glanced at a wall clock. "Another ten minutes for those pills. I'll get your bag." Which she did from the laundry room where I had fallen. The air from in there felt colder than in the kitchen before she shut the door. She held the bag out for me, but I shook my head for 'no'. She put it in a chair.

"Let's check the weather." She took out her handheld. "Oh my gosh. This storm is going to be bad. We may be snowed in for two or three days at least. Yes?"

She stood there with a hand to her chin. "Let's go upstairs before those drugs completely take over."

I nodded I seemed as ready as I could be.

She pulled off my shoes and socks before she helped me stand.

I felt a little woozy.

We were half way up the stairs when I stalled. "Stop; dizzy."

"OK. We'd better hustle." She squeezed past me on the stairs, hooked an arm under my shoulder, and pulled at me. My free hand gripped the handrail. I pushed down on it so hard I wondered if it would be torn off the wall. "Those drugs eliminated the pain. I'm having trouble keeping my eyes open. The hall is a blur."

Andrea held me as she guided me into a bed room.

I closed my eyes or focused on the floor, hardly seeing anything at all, before falling into a bed.

She picked up my feet and rotated me until I lay flat more or less.

I had my eyes clamped shut from fear of that dizziness.

"You feeling dizzy?"

I barely managed to talk and whispered. "No."

"Falling asleep; fading out?"

My voice sounded dry and weird. "Yeth." I faded out.

When I regained partial consciousness, the bedroom had been decorated with flowers. I tried moving, but that didn't work.

That medication had the better of me, or something, as I lay there. I heard the latch at the door and rotated my head towards there. That did not make me dizzy or nauseous.

Andrea entered as I watched her hot spots of her bust and more so below her waist. "You still drugged out?"

My mouth felt dry and my voice remained funny. "Yeth."

"I'm sorry the drugs are such a hit." She reached down to my crotch. "Still dry. Well, you'll have to go sometime. But you've been too out of it. I researched on the internet while you were sleeping." She slid her hand along my arm until she reached the band on a wrist.

That's when I discovered I had been held down.

"Sorry. The hospital insisted. They said you can't be allowed up in the middle of the night, or any time else. You could fall and hurt yourself." If you can't get up, you can't go to the bathroom, so we have to do something about that."

That something became a frame over the bed with a medical style crossbar for patients to pull themselves up. She tied a rope to the bands on my ankles and looped over the frame. My feet were lifted way up higher than that crossbar. She pulled my slacks and underpants up my elevated legs to my ankles, and slid a thick pad of cloth under my butt. She used three different lotions all over me down there. One of those she spread around and on my rectum which felt cool. She liberally powdered me down there and that cloth. A few medical pills went into me down there where that chilling lotion had made me numb. A squeeze bulb injecting a fluid medication into my urethra. She pulled the cloth up between my legs and pinned that to the corners drawn tightly around my waist. She released one ankle at a time for removing my adult pants and pulling plastic pants over my ankles. Those were drawn down my elevated legs and around all that cloth. She humiliated me by running a finger around inside the elastic making sure all the cloth had been captured inside. She lowered my ankles back to the bed.

Her hand rested on the plastic over the bulge of cloth in my front. She also had a bottle with a big adult sized nipple on it. "You can't fight me, and you wouldn't want to. I've been trained in patient control using judo, so avoid the pain and play along. Suck this down."

Which I did.

"You've suffered an extreme reaction to that medication. I don't have any antidotes, and from my research on the internet they could be just as disabling."

She let that statement settle in as I sucked on that bottle. I had been hungry.

"The hospital and a supervising clinical office insist on the restraints until there is no hint of any dizziness. This could go on for awhile. They just don't know, and insist that you be completely controlled. Sorry, but I had to dose you down there from another possible side effect of being unable to go. So, you will be involuntarily using your diaper. The medications include an extra calming agent so you don't become excessively angry. It is called 'chemical confinement' in Europe. From what I have heard you have been way too passive for many years, so enjoy it."

I asked myself *what did she mean by that?* But I couldn't talk with that big nipple on the bottle she had in my mouth.

Her hand massaged the plastic bulge as I continued sucking. She pulled the bottle away. "Good; nearly empty." She showed me the bottle. "Remember to dribble in your diaper as I tidy up downstairs." She departed the room.

I did need to go. At first nothing worked. Then a few drops. The damp warmth

felt good down there. Then a little more. Finally a complete stream. The wet warmth inside the plastic felt good.

She returned with another bottle which she gave me. "Ah. Well. The hospital searched around. For right now with the adverse effects of that medication you can be your little inner two year old self in diapers."

I wondered *how long this could go on. What little two year old self*, but I couldn't ask as I sucked on that bottle.

She kept her hand on the plastic bulge in front. "Little babies learn around age one that their mommies become quite cross when their babies remove their diapers on their own. So don't do that. Don't wet the bed. And to assure my little baby doesn't." She put a small wiffle ball in each of my hands and wrapped my fingers in medical cloth tape. Those were held in place with duct tape. She locked a chain from the bed frame to my ankle chain, and released my wrists from the strap across the mattress.

She stood up. "Enjoy the diapers." She turned out the lights and departed.

Every few hours she gave me another bottle, and massaged the bulge in my plastic pants.

Her massaging frequently gave me an erection. My had big surprise with how much I enjoyed rolling over and having an orgasm in my warm damp or wet diaper. I had several that first night. This diaper thing became OK.

I lay on my side in the morning after my last orgasm for the night. The sunrise made the window bright. Even with my hands all bound up I massaged my plastic bulge and warm wet diaper for another erection.

The door latch announced Andrea's arrival.

I pulled my hands away from stimulating myself.

She entered with another of those bottles with a big nipple. Her voice sounded cheery. "Had a good night's sleep?" She didn't wait for an answer. "I have had more consultations with the hospital. They even more do not want you standing up. At least not yet. They recommended more calming medication while you sleep off that awful first one." She put that nipple in my mouth. "How is your knee? Flex it."

I did to the limits of those straps.

She had her hand on the bulge in the front of my plastic pants. "My, my, you have been using your diaper." She eyed that bottle. "Keep sucking." She stood up and examined that bottle. "I'll be right back and will change you while you suck the next one."

She had me hold that new bottle as she unlocked the chain from the bedframe and elevated my feet way up. She pulled my plastic pants up to my ankles and unpinned my wet diapers which she laid aside. A new pad of flannel cloth went under me.

She spread powder all over me down there, during which she inspected what she called my 'special toy'. A red area had developed on the underside at the tip. "My,

my, you have been enjoying yourself.”

I blushed.

She used diaper cream on that spot.

As I faded out from the new medication I thought about that dizziness that had them so worried. I wondered about that.

She woke me up by massaging my plastic bulge which gave me an erection. As soon as I became awake she had that big nipple on a bottle at my mouth.

When she departed I heavily wet my diaper, and rolled over using that erection for fun. I had a great moment of clarity right before I convulsed with a fabulous juicy orgasm. How would the hospital know whether I had become dizzy or not? Only if I told them one way or the other. My diaper had become fun. The warmer and wetter the better.

I didn't quite go to sleep as I lay there in a pleasant daze imagining fantasies for my next orgasm.

She came in. “The hospital wants to run tests. Let's go downstairs where there is a table.” She unlocked the chain from the bedframe, but left the chain attached to the bands at my ankles. “OK, kiddo, let's get up.”

I played the game by first swivelling in place and putting my feet on the floor with that chain tinkling. I sat up, but immediately lay back down. I raised a hand. “Bad. Let's try that again more slowly.”

She held onto my nearest arm as she coached me sitting up slowly. When she had me stand up that I fell backwards into bed. I almost hit my head on the far wall. “The room moved. The vision of it would go sideways and snap back.”

“That bad?”

I made my voice sound funny again. “Yeth.”

“OK. Roll over and put your knees on the floor.”

Which I did.

She had a hand around my bottom and kneaded the plastic bulge between my legs. “Just damp. You're good. Try going on all fours on the floor.”

While I remained down there she had a hand on my arm again. “Let's try coming up on your knees.”

When I came up that way I waved back and forth a little as if I continued being unsteady.

“You OK?”

“Yeth. Almost. Wait.” A few minutes later I added. “Yeth. Weady.” That word ‘weady’ had been an intentionally mispronounced ‘ready’.

I toddled along slowly at her side. The carpet felt OK on my knees. I liked the feel of my warm wet diaper bulging between my legs. With that bulge holding my thighs apart, and that chain limiting my ankles, toddling along seemed awkward and slow. The difficult progress faked a statement of being helpless.

I went down the stairs backwards. A light snow continued to fall outside. I couldn't hear any sound from out there. None at all. The silence made everything very peaceful.

We arrived at the kitchen. She pulled out a chair.

I protested. "I'm afraid of getting up that high."

"Let's try anyway. Be careful." She had an arm hooked through mine.

I took my time climbing into the chair. First I bent my torso across it. I twisted around in place. Finally I sat up. "I'm a little wobbly."

"You want down?"

"Not yet." Wetting while sitting there felt good.

She looped a clothes line cord several times around my belly and the chair back holding me in place. My fingers were released. She had printed many pages of a test.

I felt tired after checking boxes for an hour. I asked myself how to use this. "I'm thirsty."

She came over with yet another bottle of fluids. "Instead of an infant formula this is a medications formula." She held that nipple in my lips as she squeezed and I sucked. "Little babies say 'ba-ba' when they are thirsty or hungry and want their bottle."

I thought about that as I worked on more test pages. Did baby talk go with being in diapers? I wet a little warming my diaper which continued feeling good.

She took away those pages and brought over more.

The tests became tiresome. I became drowsy. Could I use this? "Mommy; mommy."

She hustled over. "Yes; what is it?"

I tried a lisp as baby talk. "Thleepy."

"Sorry, Kiddo. Keep at it. If you doze off you won't fall out of that chair."

I dribbled in my diaper as I asked myself *how long were these tests going to take?*