

# ICE STORM

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## Chapter 2 - Denny

I become increasingly drowsy from taking those tests when a knock at the front door startled me awake. The heavy snow outside had blanketed everything. Peace reigned in the silence. How did anyone get here?

Andrea darted through the hall to the front door that I could not see. "Denny! How did you get here? Oh, snowshoes. Can you push enough snow away from the storm door for me to squeeze a snow shovel past the door to you? I'll fetch the shovel."

She trotted to the laundry room and returned carrying a plastic bladed snow shovel.

I blushed heavily on the realization I could be seen in plastic pants and diapers.

They chatted before coming into the kitchen carrying a snowy shovel and big huge snow shoes. They parked those in the laundry room where the caked snow could melt and drip.

A young woman removed her overcoat with her blouse pulling tight across her bust. She smiled. "So this is your emergency patient. Hi, I'm Denny. I'm studying to become an RN."

My embarrassment and my blush continued unabated.

Andrea took the overcoat to the hall closet. "More to the point you have a practicum course this semester. I sent you a text message. What have you found out?"

"You were right, Andrea. The insurance coverage and benefits coordinator responded the drug company is extremely sensitive to adverse findings from that pain medication. They were supposed to have discovered and remedied those through double blind studies. Well, our friend here just became another double blind study." She brought her attention around on me. "Still feeling dizzy? At least at the fringe?"

This became interesting. I secretly wet in front of them for the fun of it. I wondered how far this might go for all it could be worth, and used the funny little baby voice. "Yeth."

She grinned in a sly way. "I made contact with a coordinator of a private study group. He says, and I have no reason not to believe him, that you may quickly become addicted to your diapers. That warm wet diapers can become erotic, as a fetish that is. If you are having multiple orgasms a day already; that nothing else will come close."

Andrea chimed in. "He is."

Denny caught herself giggling. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be laughing at you. This is serious stuff even if it is funny to me. Andrea; I need to talk for a few minutes in private."

They went out into the hall. Anxieties washed over my back like acid while they were gone.

When they returned I liked the way Denny's bust bulged her blouse as much as I liked Andrea's.

Denny's face expressed her concern as if nothing else mattered. "There is so much going on its hard to keep track of what is doing what to what and how. That your knee banged is clear enough. The available medication is a simple story. What happened next is squirrely - and that's on a good day. The hospital is reacting strongly. They would send an ambulance, except that is very difficult right now with the snow. They are overwhelmed with other emergency cases. I have their recommendation."

Andrea interrupted. "Denny needs a course credit for her RN degree. She is available when no one and nothing else is. Go on Denny."

"Anytime you want to give up your diapers just say so. Until then, however, I am keeping you in diapers. Just to move this along so maybe you will voluntarily give up ... but I don't think so." She pinched my cheek in a nice gentle way.

"So," she continued. "The gentle pressure is I am going to treat you as a little infant baby. Nothing too insulting, but just enough that you may not like it. Little one year olds have a very limited vocabulary, and so will you. You are already into roll playing when you faked that little baby voice."

My blush returned; just not as much as before.

Andrea interrupted. "Yes, he did. Yes, he is faking. But I can't tell what. The medication people are scared to death. They won't intervene."

"Try this" Denny said. "Say 'yeth, mommy', if you want to stay in diapers."

Denny's voice had become sweet, gentle, and almost musical.

I fantasized about her breasts. "Yeth, mommy."

Andrea said. "For time being until I decide otherwise, you can only talk as a one year old. Say 'yeth, mommy' but you haven't discovered the 'no' word yet. You can say 'ba-ba' when you are hungry, or you can suck your thumb. And 'ma-ma' when you want to be comforted. Let's try this. Say 'yeth, mommy'."

"Yeth, mommy."

"Say 'ba-ba'."

"Ba-ba."

Denny's face bordered on being surprised.

“Say ‘ma-ma’.”

“Ma-ma.”

“Good. Now let’s get this straight as if you were over my knee as I checked your bottom. Get into the rhythm. Say ‘yeth, mommy’.”

“Yeth, mommy.”

“Mommies keep their babies in diapers.”

“Yeth, mommy.”

“You are in diapers.”

“Yeth, mommy.”

“You must be Mommy’s little baby.”

“Yeth, mommy.”

“If my hand rested on your bottom I might say. My, my, there is no fly in your panties. Your plastic panties do not have a fly.”

“Yeth, mommy.”

“No fly in your panties. You must be Mommy’s little girl.”

“Yeth, mommy.”

“You see; that didn’t become so hard. Let me know anytime you want out of your diapers. Until then you are Mommy’s little girl.”

Andrea faced Denny. “You sure this is what that consulting group said?”

“Absolutely. They are a group of the therapists for several ABDLs. That means Adult Baby Diaper Lover. They say talk therapy rarely works for giving up their diaper fetish. Or the patients say it has and leave promptly, strongly suggesting it didn’t work, but they were too embarrassed to say so. And those tests confirmed it.”

I had to ask. “Confirmed what?”

“No, no, little one. You can only say ‘yeth, mommy’, ‘ba-ba’, or ‘ma-ma’. For anything else you have to ask Mommy first. Remember, among other Mommy privileges, I can spank you. For any big violation we can use electric shock therapy, and that is so painful nobody wants that. Got that? Better say ‘yeth, mommy’.”

“Yeth, mommy.”

“Since you asked, those tests tell us you have an emotional age of two. No more than that. You were just coasting along in school. No sense of competition. You were in a full fledged quiet revolt. You are angry at something. Really angry. Maybe someday you can figure out what and why. You are a smart kid as shown by your gaming the system right now. Got that?”

She had my number. I felt red at my ears. "Yeth, mommy."

"Good. You know what else is telling?"

That would require using the 'no' word which she had just told me not to use as verboten, so I couldn't think of what to say. I wagged my head instead for 'no, I didn't know what else could be telling'.

"You never asked or protested why Andrea had cloth diapers, plastic pants, and restraints on hand in a heavy snow storm. She takes private drug abuse patients who need to keep their hospitalization off of their medical records for employment or other purposes. Got that?"

"Yeth, mommy."

"Good. Let's get you upstairs where Mommy can change your diapers and check on a few other things, too. You had better crawl or toddle, or we'll report you to the hospital." She untied those loops of clothes line cord around me and the chair.

I blushed. I crawled out of the kitchen, up the stairs, into bed, and lay on my back.

Andrea arrived with two bottles of medicated formula. She showed Denny how to use clips on my wrist bands and tie my legs way up high.

Denny pulled my plastic pants way up my elevated legs to my ankles, and unpinned my warm wet diaper.

Andrea took the wet diaper away.

Denny slid a pad of cloth under my butt. It seemed thicker than before. She climbed up on the bed and knelt on her knees between my legs. "Let me examine your special toy." She took my penis in her fingers and flopped it around. I had no chance for protesting without using forbidden words while I remained completely vulnerable. "My; my; this red spot on the underside of the tip tells me you have been rubbing it. Rubbing it a lot on your wet diaper. That will hurt if you do that now in a dry diaper. We can't have that, can we? Answer me that we can't have that can we?"

"Yeth, mommy."

"Good. My mild pressure on you to quit your diapers is to call you, treat you, and dress you as Mommy's little girl. You can quit at any time. Until then we are raising you as our little girl. You got that?"

"Yeth, mommy."

Andrea returned. She provided a tube of diaper cream.

Denny applied a heavy dose of the cream to the red spot on my special toy. She rubbed a little all over my butt. "You have those suppositories?"

Andrea smiled. "Just a few." She handed Denny another tube of ointment which she rubbed on my rectum. A first that felt cool; then numb. Andrea counted a dozen suppositories into a clear plastic tube.

Denny inserted that tube into me down there, but I didn't feel it go in. They pushed them all the way in. "Among other things those have a calming effect and will reduce any anger. You should become quite angry with what follows."

They applied a clear plastic carbonite ring around my scrotum and a clear tube on my special toy. She locked those together with a little padlock. "This is sold as a chastity device. We are using it to keep you pointed at the center of your diaper instead of your special toy flopping around. Without this it could squirt out under the hem of your plastic pants. It keeps you from having a full erection, which is why you will become angry. What the study group tells us is that you can have all the orgasms you want in your head. Just not with a big erection. That is complete with the elevated pounding heart rate. Got that?"

I couldn't wait for everyone to go away for that suggested next orgasm. "Yeth, mommy."

She powdered my butt and that cloth. "This has a fragrance for the Mommies, so get used to it as a little infant diaper girl."

She used four diaper pins holding that diaper in place around my hips. That meant to me that she had used more layers of cloth diapers than before. She said. "The four pins keep the stool in place which means a warm lump against your butt. Hope you enjoy it."

She got down from the bed and pulled my plastic pants down around all those cloth diapers. "Part of the humiliation and keeping you submissive is to run my finger around under the hem. This is for assurance all of the diaper cloth is inside your plastic pants." She did, and lowered my legs. They left me strapped down at the wrists and locked a chain from the bed frame to the chain between my ankles.

Andrea handed Denny a bottle which she held to my lips. As I sucked that and the next one, they explained more about my treatment plan. There would be more medications as soon as they could get out. Specifically they would be giving me female hormones for my becoming a girl. The estrogen could cause my breasts to grow into full size. First the junior adolescent's breast buds would need a trainer bra. Then an A cup. If I never wanted out of diapers than a B cup. "Remember, you can give up your diapers anytime you don't want to be Mommy's girl anymore. The purpose of dressing you in skirts as a girl is so you can go outside without anyone suspecting your diapers. That could be very embarrassing. No?"

All I wanted narrowed down to my next orgasm.

They released my wrists, but not my ankle chain, before they went out.

The study group had been right. I had a fabulous orgasm even with that chastity device on me. I didn't like its preventing my special toy from enjoying my warm wet diaper, but I had all the orgasms possible. I had my first right then.

They returned after I had a nap and already thinking of another orgasm. They had made a little girl's dress in pink velour cloth. It had a reinforced middle around the waist which they could, and did, clip my wrist bands to it. It had a short skirt with lots of extra cloth. When I stood up later the heavy wet diaper sagged the bottom bulge of my plastic pants down to being visible. In a mirror I blushed at being seen that way.

Denny had me face down over her lap as she put her hand up the back of that skirt. She kneaded the plastic bulge between my legs. "Still dry. Wet when you want to. Oh yes, Mommies decide their little baby's names, don't they?"

"Yeth, mommy."

"We decided your new name is Sandy."

Sandy seemed OK. I could live with that.