

ICE STORM

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Chapter 3 - The New Me

Three mornings later we had all remained snowed in. Denny had just changed my diaper, lowered my legs, and chained them to the bedframe when Andrea came into the bedroom. "Has Sandy just about had it with the restraints? Isn't about time she stood up?"

I must have scowled at that idea. I had been fantasizing for my next orgasm.

"I see she doesn't think so. Well, the hospital thinks so. They have a new requirement." She held up something in her hand. It was a locking band with a little gray plastic box on it. "This goes on an ankle and monitors for alcohol and marijuana consumption plus heart rate and blood pressure. It is used for home detention." She held up another. "Its buddy monitors for opiates and other drug use. Between the two they monitor for naturally occurring sedative hormones which includes the after effects of orgasms such as oxytocin."

I became horrified, and yanked on the restraints that held me firmly in place.

She put one of those on each of my ankles. They felt heavy on me as their locks clicked in place. They each had a handy D ring for locking a chain to it, which she did between my ankles. The other bands were removed. "The batteries need charging." She brought a charger on a household extension cord, and plugged the charger into both bands. She softly pinched my cheek. "Such a nice little baby. Come with me Denny. We can watch on a computer."

I heard them laughing and giggling from another nearby room.

They returned with Andrea having a device in her hand. "OK, Sandy; Denny is going to help you sit up and stand up. I told the hospital you have incontinence both ways from the medications, so you can remain in diapers all you want. You seem to. Just quit the faking. Weady Wabbit?"

I didn't trust this. I kept up the facade. "Yeth, mommy."

Andrea watched her handheld as Denny unlocked my wrist bands from the wider band across the mattress. Denny tugged on my arm.

I watched Denny's bust instead of helping.

"Sandy!" Andrea's voice become insistent. "Stop it, or I'll get the electric shock punishment bands. You cooperate a little."

Denny tugged gently on my arm.

I allowed her to have me sit up.

My face came within inches of her bust. I had made myself too slow for kissing it. The image of her having light brown nipples and areolas stayed fixed in my head.

Denny tugged on my arm for me to stand up as Andrea watched her handheld. "Thought so. No signs of dizziness. Shuffle along so you don't trip on your ankle chain." She unplugged the charging cords.

They put that pleated skirt and a blouse on me that they had made. Denny reached up my skirt from behind. I could feel her hand grasping the bulge in my plastic pants between my thighs. "So you know Mommy remains in charge."

They strapped me in a chair in the kitchen and plugged the charging cords to the charger, and that into a wall socket. "It may take awhile to fully charge."

I enjoyed wetting and warming my diaper as I sat there while Denny spoon and bottle fed me.

This went on for a few days. With Andrea's encouraging Denny would have me over her lap several times a day. She would put her hand on the bulge in my plastic panties from behind. "Little babies wear diapers."

"Yeth, mommy."

"You are in diapers."

"Yeth, mommy."

"You must be Mommy's little baby."

"Yeth, mommy."

"My, my, no fly. You must be Mommy's little baby girl."

"Yeth, mommy."

Sometimes she would vary this routine, but not by much as she checked my diaper. They had me take more written tests which bored me.

They let me back in bed several times a day for a nap. I used every opportunity for a nice orgasm even with my special toy in that device. I pooped at least once a day which I only knew from the warm lump in the lower rear of my diaper. Those medications had me completely numbed back there.

After a few days a big truck plowed its way down the street when we were in the kitchen as they were spoon and bottle feeding me. The only difference between spoon fed food and bottle fed food had to be the amount of water they put in the blender.

Two days later I asked. "Mommy; may I ask something?"

Denny glanced at Andrea. "Sure, honey. What?"

“Aren’t you a little tired of changing my diapers. I could do this, you know. Especially the messy ones. Do those people really want all this?”

Andrea giggled. “They want the stool samples, and have provided plastic bags for those. They want the reports, too. Denny is a control freak. What about it, Denny?”

“I timed it. Changing a typical dirty diaper takes three minutes. A really messy one smeared all over your butt might take four or five. There are fourteen hundred and forty minutes in a day if you didn’t know. If you work out the math that is about one out of five hundred minutes of my having complete control during a messy change. Gee; I can handle that.” She pinched my cheek gently. “You are such a submissive little baby. No crying fits. No temper tantrums simply because we don’t let you. Good enough?”

“Yeth, mommy. Could I do something? How about I shovel the driveway? That’s a deep snow out there.”

Denny reacted first. “In your toddler t-shirt and plastic pants? I don’t think so.”

Andrea became more thoughtful. “Nobody will see the ankle bands with the snow so high. If they do, they will think you’re another private drug abuse patient.” She paused as if in thought. “Ah ha! If I can find it.” She darted out of the kitchen.

Denny touched my lips with another big spoon full of Andrea’s adult-baby formula she had made in the blender. They never asked me what I thought of the flavor.

Andrea returned with a big overcoat in a woman’s dark pink color. “She had a big frame. Let’s put Sandy in her skirt and blouse and try this.”

Which they did. Andrea also brought my shoes and socks. Denny had her hand up my skirt checking my diaper. “Damp; but OK.”

Even without heavier clothes I worked myself into a sweat as I flung snow off the driveway. I kept right on going through the ridge of plowed snow at the street.

After coming indoors and their taking off that heavy coat my clothes were damp with sweat. My exposed lower legs felt chilled. Denny had a hand on my damp shoulder. “You were a demon out there. Did you remember to wet your diaper?”

“Uh.” I had to think. “No.”

Andrea grinned. “Go ahead. No time like the present to see how much it will hold. Then you shower and we put you into a nice fresh dry diaper and dry clothes.”

I didn’t flood the diaper. But having sweat so much I didn’t have all that much to do. That device keeping me pointed at the center of my diaper prevented any leaking down my leg.

After the shower Denny towed me off on their quest of my feeling cared for.

I didn’t get that reaction, which they found interesting.

They didn’t strap my wrists down in bed as they put an especially thick disposable diaper plus a thick cloth one on me. Going down the steps that slick plastic bulge between my legs felt erotic.

We talked for hours in the kitchen. They asked me, and I admitted what I had been doing drinking lots of sweet iced tea for having a nice warm wet diaper just as soon as possible.

Andrea glanced at a clock. "It's time for Mommies and Nannies to put their little babies in a play pen or a crib. They do that when they have other work to do. How do you feel about the use of those words about you?"

I shrugged. "I don't know."

"**YOU** are impossible. You know perfectly well where to go upstairs so go put yourself to bed."

I did, and I had a wonderful orgasm in my warm wet diaper. Afterwards I rolled onto my side and went to sleep.

They woke me up and changed me. This time they left me strapped down on my back by my ankles and my wrists with a sheet thrown over me. I became furious when they went outside and drove away.

They returned with a woman's outfit in my size of a well made pleated red skirt, and a white blouse decorated with flowers. They had also found a front opening bra for me with inserts.

We had soup fortified with extra vegetables and rice for lunch. "If you like the diapers so much then let's see how you like this better outfit. We'll have you walk around the shopping mall with us. Let's see if you like this so much you willing to have a beauty salon see how they think you should look."

Over the next two days they never changed me without strapping my wrists down and tying my ankles overhead. They openly said their goal was to make diapers awkward and unpleasant enough for me to want to give them up. They said this followed modern thinking about when to potty train based on when the child seemed ready.

I liked having orgasms in my warm damp or wet diapers too much.

It took days for her street to completely dry out. The first place we went was the grocery and drug stores for food and disposable diapers. We walked around the nearest shopping mall. I felt OK in diapers under the girl clothes out in public. Andrea drove to her beauty salon. Denny had to attend classes.

But I felt awkward and anxious in the car outside of the beauty salon.

"Sorry kiddo. It's either no dresses and no diapers, or in you go."

"How about boy clothes instead."

"No, I don't think so. If you try oversized pants so popular with teens the bulk caused by your diapers will still show. That will draw scorn down on you. As a minimum your own fear of your diapers being recognized and your conduct will leave you feeling ostracized. Now let's go."

"What about thin diaps?"

"When I'm changing you, we use the ones we have been using. Now, either give them up, or we have to do something about the rest of your appearance. Which will it be?"

I sat there for several minutes without a thought to say.

She frowned. "Oh no. Don't make me responsible for your decision. You decide."

I blushed. The damp warm diaper felt good. "Talk wont hurt."

"This time it might hurt because we have to tell them everything, tell them all, for their help to do any good. Are you coming in?"

That word 'coming' had me thinking of an orgasm. I got out of the car after a delay and opened the beauty salon's front door for Andrea. I followed her in.

She went into the back without invitation, clapped, and had everyone's attention including two customers. She made a good summary.

Nobody frowned. Nobody scolded me although I blushed.

One of the beauticians softened her face. "We have a few cross dressing customers. Sure, we can do this." One of them pointed at posters of hair styles on the walls. "Which one is the cross dresser?"

I stared at all those photos. Most were wacky extremes of what could be done. I pointed. "That one stands out as a charming adult woman."

Andrea interrupted. "Would you like her for a date? In bed?"

I blushed again.

Andrea grinned in a 'gotcha' sorta way. "That silence must mean yes, she's sexy. Did you notice none of the wacky ones are sexy?"

"Not until you mentioned it."

"OK, everyone, our goal is for him to look, act, walk, and talk like a nice looking her."

The beauticians all smiled. They said that photo I liked and looked so good was the cross dresser. The he/she took all the advice they had to give.

"Come sit."

They washed my hair their way. They combed it this way and that. "Fortunately that unkept teen look can almost go far enough. We have a lesbian customer a little like you. It is going to take a few months for your hair to grow enough to look really good. OK?"

I looked in the mirror. "I'm already more like a girl. What's next?"

They turned to Andrea. "May we?"

"Sure. Whatever it takes. He can always remove the makeup and the fingernail polish if he wants to revert. But I don't think so. Just look at her."

They all did.

They called me a 'her'. I liked that. I tried smiling, but in the mirror I looked awkward and fidgety. My warm damp diaper comforted me.

They descended on me. There is no other way to describe it. They must have tried half a kazillion different shades of lipstick. They put their hand on the back of my head when they applied lipstick to my lips or wiped it off. They confidence came through and had me feeling more confident, or at least less unconfident. Tears welled up. They were really caring for me, and that affected me.

They let me cry, which made me cry even more.

They settled on a shade of lipstick straight out of that photo on the wall. They used the lightest touch of makeup accenting my cheeks.

They held my hands in place as they smoothed my nails and used fingernail polish that matched the lipstick. And my toe nails, except that made me shiver. I asked them to stop, which they did for a few minutes before going right back at it.

They all stood around me and beamed at me. "She's OK. Time for her own clothes."

I held up a finger. "Andrea."

"Yes, honey."

"I feel good being called a 'she' and a 'her'. But where did that 'honey' come from?"

Andrea looked around at everybody. "You have a happy customer. What's next?"

The room bubbled over.

"Have her ears pierced. She stands out without it."

"She has to have a bra when you buy the right clothes. Get prosthetic breasts, and don't go overboard. Has to look natural and she has a boy's frame."

"Girl's name. She can't set up everyone out there that she is a girl only to respond to the wrong name and wreck it."

Names flew until I interrupted. "Hold it; I can't keep up".

"You want to think overnight?"

"No. I already have a girl's name."

"Mmmm. Let's try anyway. Has to be the right one. Old fashioned like Mary, Peggy, or Sue? Or very new and modern with a new spelling?"

"New and modern."

"Got it." We all turned our attention to one of the youngest women in the place. "Karly; spelled K-A-R-L-Y." She beamed with her thought.

They all turned on me.

"There must be more choices than that."

"You're the one that said too many choices. You want more? Or you want to know what we think?"

That name rolled around in my head. "That name is stuck to me and wont let go."

"You mean you're hooked on it?"

"Uh, no, actually."

"Hold still." One of them had a cell phone in her hand and took pictures of the new me. She disappeared and came back with several printed photos. "This goes up on the wall in big format, and we'll print Karly across the bottom and see what the customers say. Until your hair grows out they will think you are a lesbian, and for this purpose that is a high success."

"Welcome to the new you."

I burst out crying - like a girl.

They all let me do that as if each and every one of them knew exactly what was going on in me. How sweet and precious they were with me and that special moment.

I sniffled clearing my nose of tears. "Karly isn't right."

One of them held up a hand. Peacefulness reigned. "Let's find a few names that girls do have, but isn't so totally little child." Name ideas came more slowly, and then someone called out "Sandy".

"That's it!" I felt so foolish about my outburst right then, and became almost ready to give up the diapers and girls' looks. But not quite. At least I had been used to hearing that name.

They all smiled which was all that needed to be said.

At the shopping mall finding prosthetic breasts and a bra was a snap. Andrea kept me to a B cup on the thought anything larger might slip out of place and look wrong. She bought me a pair of shoes called flats and a pair of sandals. Then she saw a burgundy pair of flats with big brass buckles as that style of the first flats showed off too much of my foot. They had one pair in a size so large for women it fit me. A dramatic costume and party shop had hips. Five blouses and three pleated skirts later and Sandy had become a living breathing real person. Complete with her own feelings, that is.

I took Andrea's hand as we walked out. "The girls sometimes hold each other's

hands, don't they."

Andrea relaxed. She was holding her girl friend's hand, not a boy friend. A girl friend many years younger seemed OK. Or a daughter. A boy friend many years younger would not be OK.

Back home she changed me and we tried all those clothes on me all over again before putting them through the laundry.