

ICE STORM

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Chapter 7 - Psychological Testing

I had three orgasms in my warm wet diaper that first night at the hospital. I lay on my side in bed with my heart still beating heavily from the last one when two nurses came in without knocking first.

“Good morning, Sandy. Are you going to let us change you?” Both had handcuffs in a pouch at their waist which fascinated me with an erotic fantasy about handcuffs. My interest in the cuffs was increased by my interest in the curve of their hips. I fantasized about something more privileged between their legs. “Well, are you going to let us change you, or do we call security?”

I rolled over on my back. “Sure.” I threw my wrists up beside my head.

They pulled the bed covers off me and were quick and efficient getting my plastic pants down and removing the two disposable diapers. They only slid one new one under my butt.

“Hey. I usually use two.”

They frowned. “Why?”

“I’m up in the sky all day in a construction crane, and that long wait makes for a heavy use.”

“Well, you’re down here where we will take care of you.”

“Won’t feel right. Did somebody mention a psychologist? Will that require sitting a long time for tests? Please, just for me.”

They scowled, but they did use two diapers on me, slit the first one, and pulled my plastic pants back in place.

I had barely put back together and dressed in one of the outfits from that box brought from the house when breakfast arrived. It was a good one, with plenty of juice.

Andrea made a brief stop. “Everything OK?”

I thought of telling her about the one or two diapers question that morning, but decided not to be so cavalier. “Yep; everything is good.”

“One of the psychologists should see you this morning. OK?”

“Send ‘em. Have the police caught all those crooks?” *Which meant how soon could I get out of the hospital.*

“On going investigation. They won’t say. Someone can escort you to the hospital library for books to read if you like.”

“Thanks. I’ll look at Wikipedia first.”

“Keep that in mind. Gotta run. Bye.”

“Bye.” I walked out to the nursing station.

Eyebrows furrowed at me. “What do you need?”

“Just exercise.” Their faces stayed serious. “Can’t I walk around?”

“Go back to your room until we can get a Doctor to say that’s OK. Most patients here are more controlled, and need to be safely secluded.”

A shriek came from somewhere followed by sobs and subdued talking.

I hastily retreated back to my room and closed the door against the discomfoting noise. Google news had several local news reports on the ‘crane arrests’ as they were calling it. I became quickly bored and fantasized being handcuffed to Denny for a trip to the hospital library. I envisioned her sneaking us into a vacant room for her checking my diaper as an excuse for fooling around with my special toy inside my diaper.

Instead, a knock sounded from the door.

I answered. “Come in.”

A tall slender very attractive woman came in with blue eyes and brown hair down her back to her waist. “Hi; I’m Doctor Cezanne with a totally unpronounceable last name in Estonian. Or maybe from Finland by way of Estonia. I’m a resident psychologist.” She smiled with one side of her mouth higher than the other. “Do you have any idea how much you are driving everyone here nuts?”

I said. “Uh, no.”

She said. “Well you are. They itch to put you in more traditional clothes for an adult man. But relax as I doubt that’s going to happen, and anyway, my task here is your recovery from that attack. Is this OK for you?”

“Sounds good to me. Want to sit here at the table?” I pushed my laptop computer to the side at the window.

She nodded and took a chair. “I’ve talked with enough people to have heard you aren’t real strong about your own feelings. So let’s try this another way. Do you know what makes you tense? I ask as a sign of stress.”

“That chiropractor found all kinds of things I didn’t know.”

“Did he help you?”

“Yes, she did. Is she available? Lynn, that is.”

She had her cell phone out, and after a little searching she pushed icons. “Hello, Lynn. Cezanne here. Remember Sandy from yesterday? She thought you helped her more than anybody. Are you available any time soon?” Cezanne’s eyebrows jumped. “Right now! Goodie. Be right there.”

I stood up as she pocketed her cell phone.

She must have had better professional rights than Denny because she didn’t ask at the front desk. She just told them where we were going.

Lynn did everything all over again, and I thought it hurt even more. “No. That’s because you know better what is going on. I won’t see someone twice in one day most of the time, but I want to see you back here this afternoon. Say 3pm?”

I scrunched up with tears.

Cezanne gave me a hug and led me out by the hand. I took my hand out of her’s to wipe my eyes with both hands. “Sorry.”

“Sorry for what? You just had a feeling of being cared for. That’s one of the most important feelings to break out of closing down after a trauma such as being attacked.”

I must have given her strange look.

“Seriously. If we can break you out that fast you may have just leapt over weeks and months of talk therapy. Tell you what? Let’s go to the cafeteria. I’ll buy you a soda or a shake and see if we can make Two Dollars Fifty keep your feelings flying. OK?”

I took her hand in mine. “I like holding your hand.”

I think the edges of her ears turned a little pinker, or maybe I imagined that.

She let me hold her hand all the way to the double doors of the cafeteria where she needed her hand to push on the door. She had hot tea.

I had a vanilla milk shake. “I didn’t know to bring my purse.”

She gave the clerk her credit card. “Don’t even think about it. Enjoy the shake.”

We sat at a table, but didn’t say a word. The shake was delicious to me right then. “My sense of calm is very pleasant.”

She tilted her head and smiled half a minute before talking. “How wonderful. Let me know when that stops for you.”

The straw sucked up the last of the shake from the bottom of the cup when my sense of dread returned. I closed my eyes and tried to get back to that sense of calm, but that didn’t work. “Let me hold your hand.”

She did.

“My feelings did a nose dive when I finished the shake. Holding your hand

helped bring me back.”

“You’re more with it than most patients. I’m glad to be here for you. What could you do to recover that pleasant feeling on your own?”

I withdrew my hand and closed my eyes. A vision of Denny came to my mind. She was smiling. The world felt safe again. “I can do that. What’s next?”

“You’re amazing. Or are you putting me on to keep me away?”

“I’m not putting you on. Somebody mentioned borrowing a book from the library. Could we go there?”

“Sure.”

I found I could feel comforted, happy and content, walking with Dr. Cezanne down the halls. At the library they had video movies for the room TVs. I chose several.

Back at my room Dr. Cezanne did want to know much more about me. I tensed up with that, which I told her. She said that was OK. She said to use this time talking with her for me finding my calm under stress as more important than the details.

An assistant arrived with a lunch menu. Remembering asking for more I chose hamburgers and asked for a second one.

A nurse arrived. “Does your diaper need changing?”

“No. I’m fine.”

Dr. Cezanne tilted her head. “Does being asked in front of me about your diaper embarrass you? Just a little maybe.”

“Feelings flashed past faster than I can tag them.” That seemed true even if it avoided admitting I felt embarrassed and giving anybody a wedge to have me give up my diapers.

Dr. Cezanne checked her watch. “I have to go. May I come back?”

“Sure. Please.”

When she left I promptly wet my diaper. I had been holding back without thinking of it.

I closed the door, removed my adult clothes, slid under the bed covers, and took a nap. I stayed in just my toddler uniform of a T-shirt, plastic pants, and diapers when I woke up. I pushed buttons on a control which raised the head of the hospital bed. I watched a movie and enjoyed making my diaper warmer and wetter.

There was a knock at the door and two nurses came in. “Time to check you. OK?”

I turned off the video. “Or you call security. Right?”

“If that’s what it takes.”

I used that control to lower the head end of the bed, closed my eyes, and threw my wrists up beside my head. My fantasies wanted them to strap my wrists down, but they didn't.

After they were quickly done someone came in with a little menu of things to drink for the late afternoon. I chose a soda.

I had been watching another video when the dinner menu arrived. I chose meatloaf and asked for an extra helping of that. Whatever they were doing in the kitchen made delicious meals.

Andrea and Denny arrived together in the middle of the evening. Time flew as we talked.

The middle of the next afternoon I had been dozing in bed with the head end up a little when there had been a knock at the door. They said the police had called and I could go home. I said I didn't have any way of getting there, and could I stay for dinner until Andrea or Denny could take me.

I expected them to arrive after dinner. Instead, a knock came from the door. I felt deeply surprised when Rick and Sam came in, and my ears warmed with embarrassment. After all, I wore women's clothes and diapers with these two guys I respected. "Have a seat."

Rick did most of the talking. They wanted me to return to work, but were afraid I would be too scared.

"Oh, no, sir. People here have been working with me on that. Instead of being scared off, I've learned all kinds of weird things about myself. As if I haven't been the weirdest employee you ever had."

They had a light laugh with that.

"Sandy." Rick said. "Sam tells me you call down to him every time you see something from up there on the ground that doesn't seem quite right. He says the other crane operators hardly ever do that. Remember that tuition award from the insurance company? Did you ever use that?"

"No, sir; no time."

"We appreciate all your overtime, believe me. We'd like you to take a few courses on the Internet on construction safety. We will pay the tuition for those. And there is something else."

"Uh, what, sir?"

"The Union is also the underground hiring hall. Betcha they will be along with a job offer for you from another company, and since the Union has access to everyone's wages, they will offer more. With me?"

"I think so, sir."

"We'd like to offer you a pay raise."

I stalled. "Another? Uh, sir, you said offer. What's the catch?"

"Good for you, Sandy. You caught the idea of a snag. The catch is a contract with you that you have to pay us back the new raise if you accept an offer from somewhere else. We would like you to be a crane safety inspector, too, and that's another course."

"Can I think about this? I have a friend I want to talk with who can keep secrets."

"Of course. By the way, kid, the police didn't notice something in all the blood, but I did. Where in hell did a bullet hole in that man's leg come from?"

I clamped my face trying to not smile, but I think I gave myself away. "I have no idea, sir."

"Good answer. See you in the morning."