

AUBURN

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Chapter 23 - Pandemic

The Corona Virus Pandemic hit the Navajo Nation particularly hard. A main town nearest to us at forty five minutes travel time away, Gallup, New Mexico, had closed complete with State Police and National Guard blocking every entrance. The problem being experienced there had been too many Navajos contracting the virus at that location.

Our operating a restaurant on the Interstate highway suffered as business fell precipitously when the traffic dried up. We sold fuel on a self-pump and credit card basis only with no personal contact. No repair services. Our mechanics were not coming down from the reservation higher in elevation to us no matter what. Complete breakdowns had to be towed 170 miles west to Flagstaff or 140 miles east to Albuquerque. The restaurant made carry out meals hand delivered to cars by staff in protective polypropylene clothing we made. We bought protective gloves, face masks, and plexiglass face shields. Wearing those quickly became hot. The staff rotated that duty every twenty minutes.

We painted huge canvas signs we remained open we hung on the Interstate signs for both ways on the Interstate. The State Police didn't make us take them down. Smaller signs announced our rules. Food choices were limited to supplies available. Mostly we sold vast quantities of hamburgers/cheeseburgers in rolls we baked, huge amounts of french fries, roast beef sandwiches, and iced soda pop. The staff gobbled up profuse amounts of freshly made french fries after a fast food restaurant on the reservation told our staff the secret recipe for the cooking oil. Salads only when we had the supplies.

Our suppliers told us they did not have enough drivers showing up for work. They discounted their prices to us a little if we would pick up our orders. We borrowed Uncle Joe's delivery van. Maybe commandeered would be an appropriate word. We made two food runs a day to our suppliers in Flagstaff.

We had too many requests for food delivery from inside the Navajo Reservation. I called the bank, but with only me on the phone, I didn't have what they wanted. In a call with the Chapter Chief using his cell phone as a speaker phone the conversation spiraled upward. One of the bankrupt business had surrendered a refrigerated eighteen wheel tractor trailer truck the bank would let us have for pennies on the dollar. They said we would have to have a commercial drivers license for it, and the office for issuing those had closed for pandemic. That turned out to be not quite true. We ran it at least once a day the 170 miles one-way to Flagstaff. The state police always had a cruiser protecting it and urging our driver to go faster. They didn't like the idea of starving children with the school cafeterias closed.

Before long we owned a pair of refrigerated panel trucks. All those trucks quickly needed maintenance, which our mechanics provided at night by coming down from higher elevations on the reservation. They changed the oil and filters every week, and the tires every month. Those big tires were expensive. The cooling units were rotated out for servicing every four days.

I asked the mechanics if they could change an engine overnight. They answered yes if the new engine could be stocked. We did, and one day an engine quit out there in the heat. They towed the truck home. The next morning that truck had been made ready.

We told our bank that we didn't have a choice. We had to buy those foods runs whether we had the money or not. The Window Rock Agency made it all work for the bank.

We let the State Police into our air-conditioned restaurant for their writing their reports, and better meals. Their presence helped us whenever a customer became too vitriolic. We let the Indian organizations meet in our restaurant including a hot meal of whatever we had. We took everyone's temperature when they came in.

The motel several miles away closed. We owned it with help from one of several Small Business Administration loans. Our staff stayed there when they wanted, which became many times. They avoided carrying any dust with virus spores home in their clothes.

The restaurant manager on duty told me that the Chapter Chief wanted to talk with me. He waited outside, and said. "The elderly Sorceress has to be isolated because of her age. That means you have to move out. I have found a newly vacated home for you and your four girlfriends of the acolytes Julia, Terry, Ruth, and Linda. The prior occupants have fled to other family members higher in elevation on the reservation when another Arizona town had been threatened by wild fires."

The house had the same two main rooms as the Sorceress' home plus the same bathroom and a utility closet. Using furniture abandoned in the house plus other pieces they found, the Acolytes furnished the house in much the same way as the Sorceress as a bedroom and a room combining kitchen, table, and a sitting area.

The Acolytes moved all my stuff, which had become mostly skirts, dresses, men's shirts and women's blouses. They brought my old backpack with its secret pocket for money, and a wicker doggie basket-bed for Ginger.

Terri led the discussion, as usual. "Nati; something has to be unusual for you to want to be in diapers. We are going to find out what that is, even if you don't know, by keeping you in here as our little one or two-year-old toddler. We may be girls, but the four of us can overpower you if you resist too much."

They dressed me in a t-shirt and a disposable diaper inside plastic pants. I enjoyed being in a warm damp or wet diaper, and having many orgasms per day in them.

They threatened to wrap my fingers around little wiffle balls with medical tape holding my hands and fingers. Over all of that they would ad bags with a lock-able band held on my wrists by little padlocks. They explained that would keep me from removing my diapers. Only they would change me. They said I would do **everything** in my

diapers, which I did.

They didn't wrap my fingers and hands that way in deference to Ginger doggie would want to be scratched and rubbed as before. Even with a water dish and a food dish in the new location, Ginger took awhile to not go so often to the Sorceress as Ginger's home.

They chained my ankles and that chain to the bedframe of the single bed they declared to be my crib.

They said they wanted me to be a submissive passive during all this. They had me over their laps for checking my diapers with a hand between my thighs from behind around the plastic bulge. That became humiliating on occasion.

They never told me they found my favorite diaper images on my computer when they did act out on some of my favorite images. One of these had my ankles in locked leather bands with a wooden rod between them. That virtually prevented me from walking upright. Instead I toddled on my knees. They giggled which I intensely disliked.

They went out of the house, and they let Ginger out, but would not let me. I didn't want to go to a barber shop with the pandemic.

They had made a new pink dress for me in a little girl's style with a rounded-tip white collar and a reinforced waist they could use for attaching my wrist bands. It had a full skirt that came down to above my knees. It had extra cloth for throwing out of the way for their changing my diapers. They could button that skirt a little high for revealing the bottom tip of my plastic pants, or much higher for putting my bulging plastic panties on full display.

They told me as their little one year old toddler that all I could say would be "yeth, Mommy". They would put a special shaped silencing pacifier in my mouth if I disobeyed that and used more words without asking for permission first.

They talked about installing a doggie door for Ginger, but decided not to for fear of wild animals coming in for food. They started a garden patch in the yard for wild lettuce as an unregulated natural anesthetic.

A medical doctor visited and interviewed me for hours. She checked my diaper from the outside and my skin in my diaper area for any yeast infection or diaper rash. She reported not much of either. She gave them a few references they could look up. They closed the bedroom door as they went into the larger sitting room for hot tea, dainty munchies, and a hushed conversation.

Three days later a box arrived. They attached my wrists to the head end of the bedframe, elevated my ankles way up for a diaper change, and while I had been secured they put a numbing something on my rectum. They used a hollow plastic tube and a clear plastic rod to push thirty pills into my bottom. I couldn't feel that. The last pill in had a numbing quality. I would no longer feel the need for a bowel movement, and wouldn't know until I felt a warm moist lump in my diaper.

While they had me face down over a lap for checking my diaper, they would pull out the elastic waist band in back for any new odor. They made me wear that diaper with that lump for a while as toddlers didn't know better. I found having a lump didn't make for a better orgasm.

Ten days later they discovered my breasts had the teenage beginnings of feminine breast buds. They bought me beginner bras. They sewed a D ring to the back of those bras for clipping a tether to me.

They had stronger medications in my bottle formula. I would fall asleep after a bottle, and wake up an hour and a half later when I had a nice orgasm in my diaper.

They watched me humping my pillow by a camera I didn't initially know about connected to a computer in the larger next room.

The Doctor returned and introduced an Intern named Cinnamon commonly called Cindy. Cindy became the lead for questions about sex with me and the Acolytes. They all became surprised when I reported having stronger orgasms on my own in my diaper than during sexual intercourse. Having sex with any of them required my keeping track of too many things.

She asked me to detail a description of my most recent erotic fantasy while having an orgasm in my diaper.

I reported visions on being in Tibet, China. Why didn't seem important. They took me into a deep cave of a Dragon Lady who kept harems of men and women for her pleasure in many ways. Many of those including me were kept chained and in diapers. She is sometimes referred to as Tiger Mother.

They checked my diaper more often than they changed me. They let my overloaded diaper leak. They brought me off frequently and collected the results for having more blue eyed Tibetan Chinese.

They used hormones on me for making me passive and submissive, and growing my breasts for milk production.

These erotic fantasies would take many twists and turns and all ended with my having a nice juicy orgasm.

Cindy reported the Doctor wanted my semen samples. The Doctor had a growing suspicion she discussed with Cindy and the Acolytes in the larger room when they restrained me out of hearing them in the smaller room.

Cindy breasts were pumped regularly for milk. The restaurant used the human milk production in foods when customers made special requests for lactose free.

I didn't become as bored as I thought I might. Those medications had me napping all day and night. I had many orgasms.

The Doctor returned with two nurses and two others in white medical coats such as Doctors wore. She had news.

The Acolytes demonstrated checking my diapers with me over a lap. My being drowsy precluded my being embarrassed. They put me in a chair and secured me in it.

The Doctor said. "We found a cause. Do you have a direct line of fathers back to the Civil War?"

I said. "Yes."

She said. "Were they in combat? Desperate fighting? Tell me about that."

I said. "One of them fled Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to join the Confederate Army. Wounded twice, captured twice, violated parole twice, and caught Typhoid Fever. In the last days of the War he had returned to the saddle in the cavalry trying to find the supplies for Robert E. Lee's Army."

She said. "Did the males between him and you all have trouble fitting into society?"

I said. "Yes."

She said. "A scientific article in December of 2018 says there is another item tagging along in the semen. The trouble does not affect a daughter. Only one girl stops all this. What happened to you is your own feelings became hard on yourself. Psychotherapists have a dyed in the wool belief that feelings are good. They provide all sorts of benefits. But yours felt awful to you. You stopped growing emotionally, and wanted more than anything to return to the safety of being a toddler in diapers. You can't do anything about it."

The Acolytes all expressed surprise and joy at knowing. They said. "We will change your diapers. From now on you never change yourself. Got that?"

I didn't get that. I have no idea what my face told them.

The Acolytes said. "OK, we understand. We will acquire the clothes that conceal your diapers, which means skirts and dresses as you know. We will make your appearance all fit together." Their hormone treatments precluded my having a beard. I liked not having to shave.

I returned to Sun Rise Service when the pandemic dropped to almost nothing. Everyone expressed being glad to see me. No one commented on my more feminine appearance until the senior restaurant manager told me the Anglo customers thought the knife at my left hip made me seem more of a sharp tongued Navajo woman. I stopped wearing that knife. It didn't fit so well over the diaper bulge at my hips.

I had been sitting in the restaurant enjoying my favorite cold soda pop when a customer at the cash register made a nasty comment to the woman on duty there who happened to be the manager.

She backed away a little as I walked around him and slid in the end of the aisle gently moving her aside. I said, "what's the trouble?"

His face bulged. He swore. "Pandemic is all a hoax; fake news; a big fat lie. There is no corona virus."

In the periphery of my vision I saw two state police troopers about to enter. I said. "I'm sorry, sir. The Navajos have had double, maybe more, of infections and fatalities than the regular Anglo population. The pandemic is very real here, sir."

He said. "Liar. I ought to take you outside and pound it out of you. Another damned Indian woman."

I said. "I'm sorry sir. I am neither an Indian nor a woman." At this point I became

glad the Acolytes had my hair pulled back into a ponytail with a clip. The two troopers came in the door.

He reached a pudgy fist across the counter top as if to grab me by my blouse or collar.

I pulled back avoiding his grasp, and. "Sir, you are disturbing our staff and customers."

He made a weird grin with the ends of his mouth turned down instead of up. He swore a string of bad words again. "Make me you little bitch."

I didn't say I didn't have to make him do anything as the two police officers intervened. One of them asked, "what seems to be the trouble."

The customer's face bulged as his jaw clamped tight.

One of the troopers said, "please, sir, step outside."

The customer's face displayed being so angry as could be described as having steam coming out of his ears. He said, "why" with more swear words. "No. Not until I have told this punk kid where to go to pound sand."

One of the officers grabbed an arm of the man, pulled it around behind his back as he hooked a foot across the man's ankle. The other officer grabbed the other arm. The two of them had the man face down on the floor as they handcuffed his wrists behind him. A trooper said, "Nati is highly respected by the Court here. He appears there for many young Navajo men arrested for being drunk or fighting. If Nati appears in Court with the family, the Judge will suspend the case for one year for good behavior. The Navajo police keep records which they share with us. Swearing at this man can do you real harm in Court." They picked him up and marched him outside.

By the time I scurried outside one trooper had the man's wallet as the other trooper operated their cruiser mounted computer. They quickly determined the man's driver's license marked for Nevada didn't exist on the Nevada records, and the car's license tag had expired.

I felt especially stupid standing there with a lunch for the man of two cheeseburgers, french fries, and a cold soda.

One of the policemen took the bagged lunch, and put it in the passenger front seat of the man's car. When he came out of the car he said, "everyone to back away. This is all wrong with extra wires. Far back."

The other trooper took the car keys and opened the trunk. He said, "what the" but caught himself before using the next word. He said, "Nati, would you get a kitchen measuring cup for us; maybe a quarter of a cup."

I had no idea what he had in mind as I fetched a metal measuring cup.

He had slit open one of several wrapped packages in the car's trunk. He scooped up a sample of what looked to me like sugar. He walked backwards.

The troopers kept moving us all away from that car until everyone had moved

about a football field away of almost one hundred yards.

The trooper with the car keys held up the fob for unlocking doors. He pressed buttons until he pressed both the lock and unlock buttons at the same time.

The car exploded from the engine compartment, from under both the front and back seats, and from in the trunk. Bits and pieces of glass, plastic, metal, and dust rained back to earth. Only the engine and transmission remained bolted together in a lump. The rear bar in lieu of an axle lay smashed under the prior flat bottom of the car.

The trooper holding the cup tasted a pinch and announced "cocaine" to what had looked like sugar to me.

The trooper asked me to come to court in the morning, which I did. He made an accurate report which made it easy for me. The Judge ordered the Defendant to the Superior Court at the county seat as having jurisdiction for felony cases.

The Judge said, "just a minute Mr. Nati." When they had escorted the Defendant from the Court room the Judge said, "I want to compliment you personally for your financial success for our dirt poor people. You are amazing as shown by your business bringing food when people couldn't buy their own during the pandemic."

My feelings didn't match his words. I fudged my response, "thank you, your Honor." Now I knew why I rejected compliments, and my realization had me feeling better.

For the first time I seemed ready for whatever came next.