

ABBY

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Chapter 56 - Honeymoon

Barbie-Doll drove Kittie and I to the nearest hotel the night of our wedding. That didn't make anything private with the Mansion House owning that hotel. They put us in the penthouse suite with chilled champaign, fresh munchies, and huge arrangements of flowers. The munchies and flowers came from our own Mansion House businesses. Oh well, no anonymous privacy.

All Kittie and I could think of after arriving at that suite was removing our gorgeous wedding gowns for pumping our aching breasts, and changing each others' heavy wet diapers. After that we had one munchie each, a glass of cold water with ice, and quickly fell asleep without having sex that night.

We did celebrate our marriage the next morning with champaign, munchies, and big orgasms for both of us.

One of the Cedar Valley touring busses arrived at the hotel around 10 am. It had been meticulously cleaned inside and out. Tara removed the 'just married' banner across the back end.

We were exhausted after two long days' driving on the interstate to an interchange three states away. We pulled into a big complex at an interchange for eats, gas, and maybe a trailer camp where we could plug into the electric power for the night. The complex had a name of Sunrise Service. I should have remembered we knew of this place, but I had become too tired and forgot all that.

First we pumped each others' breasts and changed each others' diapers. We scrubbed off the remnants of each others' air brushed makeup.

Finally ready to face the world, we used lipstick and earrings, and went into the restaurant. It instantly felt like home even though the geographic arrangement of their businesses seemed different from ours. Like our own, they had fuel, food, new and used cars and trucks for sale, a trucking company, repairs, tires, and a heritage railroad steam locomotive.

In the restaurant a woman's voice bellowed. "CINDI!"

Oh my God, I thought. Now what? Glancing around I asked myself could that woman be our big rig driver Shannon? Yes. "Shannon!" I thought what the hell are you doing here? But I didn't say that out loud.

Kittie hid behind me.

Shannon gave us no time for thought. "Hey everybody. This is Cindi. She's the big boss of the operation that owns our trucking company. And that is her wife Kittie who works magic at banks. I, all of us, would do anything for Cindi; for them. They are wonderful beyond words. Everybody, please, all rise for a big round of applause."

They did.

She didn't stop. "Please call for Nati. This is too good."

I asked myself. *Nati? What kind of a name is that? Oh my God, it this **the** Nati who had visited us?*

The check in and cash register clerk picked up a microphone. Her voice blared all over outside. "Nati to the restaurant. Please. Nati to the restaurant."

Shannon's two team mates for driving their big truck rig, Kayla and Krystal, sat at a table next to the standing Shannon as they too tried to melt through the floor.

A waitress made the effort to be the Head Waitress and steered us into a private room. She had others bring Shannon's and her crew's meal to where they had put us.

When I sat down I saw a triple rig of forest green tank trailers parked outside. That had to be Shannon making a fuel delivery for our Blue Bayou locomotives.

A man's voice came through the loudspeakers. "Where is Shannon? Everyone; you need to know that this is **the** Shannon whose picture is in every big establishment on the Interstate. Beneath each photo is a collection box for a fund for stranded motorists of all kinds. We donate too. This is **the** Shannon every state trooper for the nearby states will respond to when she calls for roadside help. Shannon; come out here and bring your friends."

He led another round of applause.

A pink tinge showed at the edges of our warm ears.

We all went out into the big restaurant with Shannon. That's when I saw a string of royal blue locomotives on the railroad on the other side of the interstate. Yep; those were our Blue Bayou locomotives.

A man came to us. He had neatly brushed long auburn hair curled in at his jaw line, and wore a denim shirt dress. A big hunting knife in a battered sheath on his left hip provided the hint of his masculinity. A tan colored beagle sized dog arrived along with a woman having an easy closeness with both of them who had to be his wife. Yes, *this is the Nati we had met before.*

I felt self-conscience and wanted to burst in my full power by being in a best quality skirt-suit, preferably bright red with a blazing white blouse.

He gave everyone a hug as if he did this all the time, as I suspected he did. His hug seemed amazingly masculine and gentle all at the same time. He introduced the woman as Julia and the dog as Ginger.

That dog. It took a sniff up my skirt and licked the inside of my legs.

Julia said. "Ginger; no; enough of that."

Ginger ignored her and kept tickling me.

When I squatted down, Ginger put her paws on my lap, and reached her muzzle up for vigorously washing my face. I scratched her withers with dog hair exploding all over me and everything else nearby.

A mechanic came in sweaty from working outside. "All done."

All done what? I wanted to ask.

Shannon took my arm bringing me to stand up. "Cindi; relax. One of the trailers' inner dual tires needed replacing. I called the office, and they authorized two new tires, and we'll take the good used one home for pairing with another equally worn one."

She had correctly guessed my mood faster than I could recognize it in myself.

As we sat in the private room having a fabulous time Ginger kept trying to sniff up my skirt. Julie intervened with a light smack to Ginger's flank. "Stop that, Ginger." She leaned into me and whispered. "Ginger is telling me you are a guy, and in diapers. So is Nati. You've had voice surgery since we saw you the last time. Yes?"

I couldn't help myself with my face displaying my surprise as I nodded yes to her question. I had forgotten I already knew him, his sister-wives, and that dog.

The more we learned of them, the more they felt like home. They employed Navajo native Americans much as we employed cajon and creole from poverty stricken nearby areas. Their local Court did what it could to be on their side. They introduced us to the local Court's Judge when he arrived, and to their Uncle Joe who seemed to be their Guardian Angel with the Navajo Nation. Their Navajo maternal control methods seemed so much like our own Boards and Task Forces.

Nati had four wives using a Utah polygamous marriage. Kittie and I had four sister-wives.

I called home for approval to send them one of our newest trucks for big road trailers. "Keep it for a month. Tell us what you like and don't like, and how the cabins can be improved." They bought it, and regularly bought more. I asked our trucking company, and they made our guarantee of emergency service throughout North America on trucks we provided. In sales terms that hooked them. They hosted an alternate site for our specialty repair trucks for the West Coast. We sent one of those to them.

Tara and the trucking company did one better. They sent that first truck cab on a railroad flat car so the odometer read ten miles.

Shannon protested our locomotives were supposed to be moving again. She with her team fired up her tractor, and towed her string of tank trailers across the bridge over the interstate, the dry river bed, the main-line railroad, and around to the locomotives. Perhaps a dozen people of Nati's wives, his Uncle Joe, and more hopped in their cars and came along.

On our way out I saw they were selling our Tupelo Honey at a hefty markup.

We gave them a tour of the eighty foot long crew car in the middle of the eight locomotives, plus snacks, and a carton of nine tupelo honey jars. Kayla and Krystal filed up the gas tank on our motor home.

The locomotives revved up their awesome diesel engines, and hauled that long train out of there.

Julie took Kittie on a tour of all of her sister-wives' businesses. While they were gone Nati and I had an intimate conversation about our respective awkward moments when our diapers were being changed by someone else. He had a very different story than mine about being in diapers. He had wanted to try diapers, and had been working his way across the southern United States when he had landed here.

They had local artwork for sale. I arranged for us back home to sell a selection of their larger pieces. We charged more, a lot more, and sent all the proceeds to them. Shannon or another crew with locomotive fuel would deliver the money and bring back another piece for sale.

We stayed an extra full day and the next night as another of Nati's wives gave us a tour of all of the local historical sites.

Over the last dinner with them I asked about their trucking business.

They responded they had more calls for tractor-trailer runs than they could handle.

Kittie gave them an education in using SBA loans for more trucks. She wanted them to set up a truck driving school especially for the Navajo who had trouble finding work they could tolerate. That became popular with both local young men and women.

Ten days later we returned to the Mansion House. To calm the clamor for wanting to hear everything, Kittie and I staged a show of our talking from a low platform as images were portrayed on a screen.

Tara in my absence had made a few changes. I didn't like several of those, but the residents did, so I didn't raise too much of a fuss.

I sang in our Choir at the wedding ceremonies of Kim with Sheri, and Peggy with Megan.

My big surprise became I preferred an orgasm in my warm wet diaper to any I had ever had during sexual intercourse. After Kittie and I sought the help of Dr. Christina, then Kittie accepted me just as I am.