

Abby

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Chapter 53 - Hurricane Flooding

Peggy and Megan sent Sheri to find me. "Kittie is in trouble."

When I arrived at our suite of rooms, Peggy, Megan, and Kim had strapped a struggling Kittie's ankles to a bed. Two of them were holding onto Kittie's arms as she thrashed around. They had a pacifier held in Kittie's mouth with a strap around her head.

Megan had a bloody nose.

"Now what?"

Kim had a band around one of Kittie's wrists as they connected it by a snap link to a strap from the bed frame.

Kittie tried yelling around her pacifier, but produced only noisy mumbles.

Tara arrived bringing a bottle of a whitish fluid with an adult sized nipple. "How is she doing? Any progress?"

Peggy and Megan held the free arm of Kittie as Kim put a band on that wrist. It too connected to a strap to the bed frame.

Megan wiped blood from her upper lip.

Peggy said. "She went crazy on us. It started with her wanting Cindi in bed, and blossomed out of control."

Kittie struggled against her restraints as she kept mumbling.

Tara sat on the mattress. "That bad? Can you bring it down Kittie? We can't talk if you keep trying to scream and thrash around."

Christina arrived. "Painful breasts. Get a pump."

Kittie's breasts did express an amazing amount of milk quickly, but that didn't quiet her down.

Christina had a hand on Kittie's nearest arm. "If we were in a drug treatment program, we would give Kittie shots. This isn't the first time she has been out of control. We'll have to ask the hospital." Christina shifted on the bed exposing the bulge in her plastic pants beneath her skirt.

My special toy reacted to Christina's bulge. *Oh dear.*

Christina's hand slid down into Kittie's plastic pants and diapers. The slight motion of her hand gave away the sexual stimulation she had going on in Kittie.

Kittie's movements changed. Her opposite feet and hands became coordinated. She gave a big jerk elevating her butt off of the mattress.

Christina kept right at it. "Give me another."

After a few more climaxes Kittie shook her head for 'no'. She completely relaxed.

Christina's hand came out sending that special odor across the room. She put her hand on the bulge in Kittie's plastic pants. "Wet, you little wretch. You weren't straight with your sister-wives."

Peggy interrupted. "Oh yes she had been. She said she wanted Cindi in bed."

"Oh, OK, Kim, but wet anyway."

Tara quickly put her hand up my skirt unannounced. "Cindi's little toy is all excited. Sheri; take her to bed."

Sheri had arrived behind me. Her hand grabbed my wrist. "Come along Miss Cindi. One sex crises a day is enough." She led me into another room and quickly had us in bed with our diapers and plastic pants pulled down.

I had a big juicy orgasm.

When I rolled off of her my eyes were facing the door. I blushed deeply seeing all of them except Kim had been watching.

Christina's attention focused on Tara. "You want to explain?"

"Go ahead. You're the real woman here."

The explanation became simple enough. It ended with a standard comment. "You have to talk with each other, damn it."

A sound came from the next room.

Tara asked. "Where's the papaverine? Cindi has to do Kittie."

They used that preparation on me bringing up with another erection. I had a good orgasm having sex with Kittie. She had remained strapped down, but apparently preferred being that way. Then our diapers and plastic pants were pulled back in place.

I thought of saying how I felt about all that.

Megan give Kittie a bottle with calming medications before the straps were removed.

I went to the changing station for my wet and messy diaper. They pumped my breasts.

A loudspeaker blared. "Cindi needed at the front desk. Quickly."

We all looked at each other at the changing station.

"Cindi, hurry."

I pulled my diapers and plastic pants up a little better before trotting away. I ran at the third call.

I breathed hard when I arrived at the front desk staffed with one genuine police officer and one of our residents who had been a Sheriff's Deputy.

"Cindi. A hurricane is arriving at the coast preceded by a heavy rain. They want us to take in refugees."

I had too many reactions all at once. My eyes watered. I swallowed. My gut clenched. I wet. I made an involuntary lump in my diaper. My breasts hurt from needing pumping. What could I say to this? Community relations flashed in my vision. "Yes. Call a big meeting right now."

The restaurant had been hosting a monthly lunch for the local business owners which at their request became a monthly breakfast.

The men at the breakfast would talk about anything, and much to my surprise they didn't use swear words. They didn't talk about cute women's bodies. Wheelchair Bob represented the view of the military veterans.

When I had asked about women business owners, they were invited too. I became secretly proud of the guys when women visited as the men didn't have to change a word of what they said. They challenged me on why didn't the restaurant manager sit with us. She didn't want to, and most of the time at this breakfast meeting she served as the head waitress. She did listen in, and made an occasional contributing comment. That discussion created a second monthly breakfast with the women civic leadership, and they brought in a PTA they had formed with our immigrants. We always had another experienced waitress present so our manager could sit in with the women.

The men's meeting in the fall had made an extended discussion of the Pacific Ocean's effect on the world's weather. They researched the El Niño and La Niña cycles in the Pacific Ocean, and the Arctic Oscillation. I became surprised with how well the uneducated men fit it with that learned discussion. I too had fun researching all that stuff on Wikipedia or the Internet. We discussed the Dark Matter in space, and could there be metal ore or recoverable salt in the sedimentary rocks underneath the swamp at our location.

A few months later that discussion about the El Niño and La Niña cycles in the Pacific Ocean became important. One of the restaurant volunteers found me at the water and sewer plant discussing repairs with the supervising manager. "Wheelchair Bob wants you in auto repair."

She had always been one of the really cute ones. I had trouble taking my eyes off of her. "Thanks."

She smiled which just made my inner reactions worse for me. I wet bringing down my unwanted erection as I went quickly to the back door of the auto repair office.

“What’s up?”

Bob used two fingers drawing me into looking over his shoulder at his computer screen. It became a blur for me of the map of the coast. “One of the truckers had to hole up at the coast of the next state to the east. He says this is trouble; big trouble; with the flooding.” Bob pointed at the screen. “Better call him.”

I did.

In short order I learned that hurricane came as a secondary effect of El Niño.

A different prediction worried Bob more than the typical late summer weather for us living at a swamp. For weeks on end our weather had been typical warm and humid. Bob had contacted some office discovering that the distributors’ supply of food and fuel had been allowed to deplete.

He had called and e-mailed around the breakfast group and the men had a recommendation. They thought our gas station should be the lead. “Don’t spook the suppliers with the real reason. Give them another version of we are hosting an event that just might blossom out of control.”

“Yes, sir.” I hadn’t called him ‘sir’ before, but it matched. I called in all the task forces and boards. It turned into a solemn moment as Bob explained his views all over again. He became annoyed with having to, but I had pestered him into making it clear to everyone.

The task of calling most of the suppliers fell on me. Wheelchair Bob didn’t feel he could be any good at the deception. When he said that then I felt creepy crawling anxious making the first few calls. Bob found a huge government truck mounted diesel generator. We had a refrigeration trailer that had come home.

We sent inland all of our tractor trailer trucks currently located within a hundred miles of the coast.

The waitresses found a stock of electric heaters at a Home Depot in a big city an hour’s drive north. They found sources of blankets, sheets, mattresses, and cots elsewhere in that city. Two van trucks sped there on the Interstate. We crossed our fingers they wouldn’t speed too fast and be caught. Fortunately they called on their cell phones while there, and returned with two gasoline fired portable generators just in case. We had found an electrician who told us what to tell them for heavy wire for connecting in that big truck mounted generator. They bought that too.

I had Tara call the nearby hospital. The Doctors called us with what they thought might be a good idea. We called the crew racing from that city to go back for yet more orders.

We didn’t have any trouble ordering a big eighteen wheeler tanker of diesel fuel, and they fell for the excuse faster than anyone.

I called the railroad senior dispatcher to pull all of the railway cars out of the nearby big city all the way into the next state. We sent our main line locomotives and railcars to him, too.

The Finance Board scowled at me for the cost even though Bob had a plan for

returning the overstock. I hoped Bob would be right about the return as the Board certainly would be about the cost.

Someone found an old bucket of red paint somewhere. The mechanics split wood making stakes. They painted one end of those as red tops, and organized a huge collection of parking spaces everywhere they could find high ground including on the shoulders of the interstate.

The kitchen had the help of the immigrants as they harvested all they could from the fish, oyster, clam, and shrimp ponds before high water brought in those invasive voracious catfish. Nets were laid in those ponds for taking out those catfish after the flood had receded.

The clouds outside looked funny. Maybe the guys in the lunch group were right.

The State Police reacted by sending cruisers in our direction with both men and women officers. But things happened too fast.

I knew they were taking us seriously when four state big tow trucks parked at our location.

The staffs of all of our businesses called their buddies to come to us as additional help. When given the 'you're out of your mind' reaction our people said too much of what we thought to get them to come in. That alerted too many of the members of their families who went nuts at the grocery stores near them.

The doctors at the nearby hospital organized more than a first aid station. They arranged prepackaged surgical kits. Tara, Christina, and their students joined them. The hospital had a glitch. They had a big installed generator on their second floor, but the building permit people had refused allowing them to have a big diesel fuel tank up there. We stacked a pair of flat bed trailers between the hospital and the hotel, and parked a tanker of diesel fuel high up on those trailers. Guys wires were attached and tightened. Fuel lines ran to the hospital and the hotel. Tara and our people returned to us with prepackaged surgical kits, a Doctor, two nurses, and our immigrant nurse's aide Carmen.

Carmen latched on to me, followed me around, and annoyed me by frequently checking my diaper. My sister-wives giggled at that and encouraged her. So did Tara.

Tara took me aside. "Cindi; we can tell you are driving yourself crazy. Enough. You've got this started. Let them do what they do. Now come home to your quarters for a little bit, clean up, and decompress."

I caught their using the word 'home' that way seemed new. I must have disagreed with my face.

They didn't put up with that. Not for a minute. "Oh, stop it Cindi! You're doing too much. Let us take care of you the way you are taking care of everything else. We insist before you make a big mistake. C'mon."

They practically towed me to the changing station where they found that Carmen had been right. My diaper had become so soaked as to be ready to leak. They made me sit still for a breast pumping which had me realizing my breasts hurt from having too much unexpressed milk. Within twenty feet of leaving I made a big lump in my diaper,

which they gleefully changed. Carmen insisted on cleaning my butt which had me blushing. When Carmen and I arrived at the sitting room of my sister-wives and myself they sat me in a chair and surrounded me in a circle of chairs. Kim nodded. Megan put her hand on my forearm. "We're very serious, Cindi, about you. We know way too much. This is going to seem very awkward for you and then all of a sudden we think you will get it. Just let, us, please."

"What?"

"You are so uptight. Now lay down in bed face down and let Carmen do her imitation of the chiropractic adjustment thing."

I blushed. We did all that.

The wind picked up. Lightening raced across the sky as dark clouds were driven our way by the high wind.

We all worried about our trucks still out there on the Interstate. The trucks called in on their cell phones that they were driving hell bent for leather. We sent them to rest stops at least a hundred miles or more inland from us. The sirens screamed as patrol cruisers raced in for fuel and a restroom before racing back out on the Interstate in both directions. We didn't even get a chance to give those police sandwiches and coffee.

The tow truck and police crews came in for a meal giving us vouchers to bill the state government. The staff gave them a really big dinner. They tanked up with every last drop of diesel fuel and gasoline they could hold, and filled up cans with gasoline for motorists. We filled their thermoses with coffee, or iced soda pop, and gave them bags of sandwiches.

They gave us a sort of a salute as they went to the door. As they would have said of the trucks, 'they fired those puppies up', and out there they went back into the flooding and hazardous road conditions.

We found a crane and had that big diesel generator hoisted above a retaining wall after filling its fuel tank. An electrician arrived fleeing the flood water who helped our mechanics with the heavy wiring for connecting it.

We parked another fuel tanker on the elevated interstate near our motel and ran a fuel hose. The immigrant community apartment houses had been built with open first floors, but no generators. They had gas stoves and ovens for cooking, unless the gas supply quit. The police found a medium generator on a truck, and brought that in, except that no one had any high ground for it. They parked it on the high ground at the bridge over the road near them. Plus a fuel tanker.

We screamed for everyone to fill everything they had including bathtubs with water, as the water treatment plant had to close down.

The staff gave me a tour. The few cars and trucks under repair had been towed away. Dividers made of everything imaginable had been erected for temporary rooms. Some of those rooms had cots, and when those had run out, there were mattresses on the floor. Even that couldn't be enough.

The rain arrived and the waters rose into a flood.

Our last delivery arriving from upstate arrived led by a tow truck and a police cruiser with cascading water off of both. I became ever so glad to see that last tanker trailer. We pumped out our gas station underground tanks into that tanker, and towed it up onto the hump in the interstate at the intersection near us.

We packed as many cars as possible into our elevated garage filling the travel lanes too.

The police closed the Interstate many miles from us. They sent cars and trucks our way. The mechanics in ponchos with hoods went out in that wind and cold rain packing cars and trucks onto the hump in the interstate at the bridge near us.

The police commandeered two rigs with tandem trailers and drove them out onto the Interstate from the in-ramps. With a tow truck pulling each backwards, they made those long rigs into an angled barrier sending the traffic up on high ground.

The restaurant filled up.

A police cruiser arrived with victims from a horrendous wreck out on the Interstate. But the water had risen too far for them to drive to the hospital. Nobody cared we weren't a hospital. The medical clinic went to work in their space which quickly became over crowded with volunteers.

How strangers took on tasks amazed me. The place hummed. I had never sat around the front counter of the restaurant much until now when that became our emergency central station.

A very angry young man arrived. He used extremely offensive language about having been forced off the Interstate.

I went in front of him quickly.

He looked me up and down. "Fucking squaw."

"I'm not a woman, and I'm not an Indian." I paused for his mind to catch up. "The police have been bringing in badly injured people off the Interstate needing immediate care. We have a medical clinic where our people are doing emergency surgery. If one of those police could be here he would tell you how difficult it had been bringing a person in extreme pain up a slippery embankment. But they are out there in that cold rain just trying to prevent any more wrecks like those."

I saw the Judge accompanied by two of the biggest men moving towards us. I wagged my head for 'no; not yet'. "It is going to be extremely awkward for you to sit in here, but we need help. The restaurant menu has degenerated into whatever is the next thing off a truck parked nearby. How 'bout you help bring stuff in. That way you can make a whole new entrance in a different way."

I motioned for the two of us to go out the door. The water on my bare legs below my skirt chilled me! I only made one trip as other guys took over.

He kept at it longer than anyone, and only stopped when a waitress put a meat sandwich in his hand.

The place became so crowded I had him come sit with me at the front counter.

When my eyes connected with the Judge he smiled and nodded approval at me. I have rarely felt so praised.

People arrived off the Interstate, but the credit card connection went down. We took cash, but we also had our police companions. Besides, where could a burglar run to out there?

The wind knocked our power out. Our people had that huge generator going and connected into our electric junction box in just a few minutes. When the lights came on nobody cared about the noise nearby. More local people arrived by boat. The police had two of their boats which they used making the rounds of the shopping center and beyond.

I looked out and saw everything above the rising water had become a huge parking lot of cars, trucks, and those big tractor trailers. Some of those had tandems and triple trailers.

The tow trucks led in caravans of even more cars and trucks.

I thanked everyone who came by the front counter. They were too busy to pay me much attention. Somebody set up a boom box and played that classic *Sugar Pie Honey Bunch* several times before discs with other music showed up.

The kitchen struggled keeping up as more volunteers helped carry in the groceries. The menu degenerated into whatever became available.

Yet another tow truck arrived with a caravan. This time the adults in the back seat of a car had been badly injured skidding through a railing and down an embankment. Their uninjured little five year old girl from their back seat wailed. Sharon and Megan happened to be in the restaurant from the medical station and rushed to her side. They lifted her in their arms and sat her in their laps. Moms came forward from the crowd shooing those two residents back to their medical duties. The poor little girl would quiet down and then break out wailing again. As best as I could tell her anguish helped everyone else bring down their own.

Customers discovered I had the authority of a manager and kept thanking me. Cell phones were making videos of everything including me in my dress. The more I tried to deflect the attention the less they let me. An executive from some news service introduced himself.

He made an interview of me, and he wouldn't let me say I had nothing to do with this miracle as he called it. I asked where Barbie-doll had gone, but the Executive didn't let me interrupt that way as his nearly grown daughter ran the camera. Somehow I avoided my big secret. He had staff come stand around behind me where I sat. In relays of waitresses and mechanics he had them tell the story of our sudden preparations.

Totally unknown to me he had found the Judge from a local Court. The Judge made a fun interview of his reaction to the first time he saw me in a dress in his Court. How he had seen a genuineness in me as I kept coming to court with claims against cars and trucks. How it hurt when he turned me down each time as I learned from his comments. He talked about that red dress I had on. He accepted me in that. He had heard my line and repeated it into that camera. "It's a free country, or did someone ring a bell and change that." Another comment has been heard more than once. "If wearing

a dress get's him four girls friends, which it has, where can a guy buy one?"

The Shari and Peggy arrived from the medical clinic and became an interview of why they had me that dress made for me. How they had reacted the first time they had seen the strange me. They didn't spill all of the beans on us.

That Executive pegged it just right. "You love him, don't you?"

"As does everyone here. Yes?"

I choked up on that, and they didn't edit out my reaction.

Wheelchair Bob rolled himself over in and told the story again, but his way. With his lap top he displayed a series of photos as we progressed from that little square building in the swamp. He had a photo of every major development, and many minor ones as the place expanded. That interview caught their attention as our customers wouldn't leave and kept packing in around the walls. Bob ran the video on his computer of my shooting those robbers.

The Executive found the Judge again and asked him about that shooting. He answered with too much praise of how brave I had been. Violence is abhorred, but it happens.

They finally closed the interview with a panned camera showing off how packed the restaurant had become. They said how our makeshift rooms and cots and mattresses would have to double and triple shift.

Somebody got a pair of mechanics to take a boat to the hump in the interstate to a car and brought in a huge new flat screen still in the box. They connected it to a computer which connected to our WIFI system. With awkward moments when the satellite connection became lost, they played movies off the Internet as our guests cycled themselves through the available cots and beds.

Everyone wanted to know how the surgeries were progressing, and were as relieved as I became that nobody had died. That those victims would need further surgery in a real hospital didn't dampen the general sense of relief. I secretly prayed the supply of anesthetics they had would hold up. A police boat visited the hospital and brought more.

Customers who had worked in restaurants became a welcome addition to our overworked staff who were becoming exhausted.

The Kim discovered a religious minister visiting us. They made a non-denominational service until someone found where our Associate Pastor Stephanie had gone to sleep. All sorts of people came up with speeches and things to teach which did wonders for the boredom and cabin fever. Someone recited a much loved poem *The Cremation of Sam McGee*. It was the phrase of "the huskies howled" that seemed so right as the wind howled outside the restaurant.

We don't know how close we came to exhausting our water supply, but it must have been close. Or the kitchen staff caught more rain. When the water receded, we discovered the sewage treatment plant had its electric pumps damaged by the water, but the flood washed it all away.

The customers who had dogs with them were increasingly grateful for a big bag of dog food someone had brought in.

People organized themselves with their e-mail and text addresses for an electronic copy of how we managed inside and outside. They made a FaceBook page and other social networking sites for the friendships they made. They created a LinkedIn page for everyone here, and insisted we make at least weekly postings of the news and whatever from our Complex. Some times that would be nothing more than a fish pond. Wheelchair Bob became quite adept at making tweets on twitter of humorous events around our location.

Every piece of art work sold from the impoverished communities where we had hired the most.

The Judge called the state government, and arranged financial help from an emergency fund for free sandwiches for everyone for the road when they could leave.

The tow trucks tested the water on the interstate.

Almost the first thing through from the nearest cities were ambulances. They brought in even more injured patients to our hospital with electric power, and they replenished our nearly exhausted stock of anesthetics.

The police, the tow truck crews, and our staff collapsed in those cots and beds we had in every nook and cranny. So did I.

The Judge wrote a certificate praising us for hanging on the restaurant wall. He had it signed by the Governor and the State Police Director of Safety.

The staff and I all knew we had done the impossible, and that was best of all.