

Chapter 9

One week after the camping trip I'm sitting up with a start, my eyes wide, as I scream into the darkness in pure terror causing Kylea to wake up with a start and Junior to wake up in his room crying. "JHONSON NOOOOOOOO." I screamed before collapsing back into my pillow unconscious for a moment before Kylea's shaking woke me.

"Honey...honey wake up. You're having another nightmare." She said shaking me hard.

Opening my eyes I look up at her and start crying, "Oh god...Why...why do their faces keep coming to me in my sleep. It's driving me insane."

"Honey I'm sorry but you need to get some help. I'm calling the Veterans Affairs center and having them make an appointment with the therapist." She said letting me go and grabbing the phone.

"But...I can't see one of them. I just can't. I don't want my squad seeing me as weak." I said crying.

"Saber Blackflameheart you listen to me right now. If you think getting help to overcome a problem you can't handle on your own is weakness then you are not the same person I married. Either you do this or I'm taking Junior and you won't see us again until you do. This is the tenth time in the past week you've had a flashback and the third time you've punched me during it. I can't let you stay near our son if you won't get help to settle your "demons."" She said sternly to me.

"I...I hit you? Oh god I'm so sorry." I cried as I grabbed her and hugged her tight.

"Please don't leave. I'll go. Just don't leave me." I sobbed into her as Junior waddled in crying.

Pulling Junior up onto the bed with us I hug him and cry into his hair a little as he snuggled tight into me. “Is okay papa is just a dweam you not get hurted by dem. Dat’s what you aways say ta me.” he said hugging me as tight as he could.

Nodding I say, “You’re right champ I can’t get hurt by them. But mine are not normal nightmares. I can’t explain it so you can understand but they are more than that. You won’t have them though so you don’t have to fear them.”

Kylea hugging us both says, “Alright I won’t take Junior and leave but you are doing the therapy you skip one day and were going to mother’s for a month without you.”

“I promise dear just stop saying that.” I said feeling horrible and getting up with Junior I take him back to his room to change him before taking him to the kitchen for a bottle.

Kylea nodding started dialing the phone to the VA and after a few minutes had an appointment set up for me later that morning. After I had Junior changed and his morning bottle warmed up I sat in my chair snuggling him into my lap and nursed it to him.

Kylea coming out of the bedroom went to the kitchen and got breakfast made for us then came into the living room with it. “Here dear. Eat up then go get your shower. I’ll help you get changed afterwards for your appointment.” She said kissing me on the head and replacing my hand on Juniors bottle with hers as she handed me a bowl of hot oatmeal with honey and apple pieces.

As she took Junior off my lap I nod and say, “Thanks dear. I hate this feeling of helplessness but...you’re right it’s not weakness to take help when you need it. I just wish I could have done something myself. I mean...well it’s terrifying having to face something you don’t have the training to deal with. If it were an enemy I could fight it. A broken item and I

could fix it. But its inside me that's broken. I hope that this works. I don't want to lose you guys."

"You won't lose us so long as you give it your all and do what the doctors tell you to do. And I think until you get this under control you tell Fury to bugger off." She said sitting down on the couch seat closest to my chair to continue nursing Junior his bottle.

I quickly eat the bowl of oatmeal while still enjoying every bite and when I'm done I give Kylea a kiss on the lips and Junior a kiss on the head and say, "I think you're right. Most of these night terrors are either from my missions while I was in the Marines or from the...the worst of my jobs as a Ghost. I'll call him after I get changed and tell him no more missions that make me do any forced bedtimes. Only jobs like the one with the princess will be accepted."

"Alright dear but I would rather you stop all missions from him to be safe. But if he guarantees you nothing more dangerous than babysitting a V.I.P. you can do it. Now go take your shower." She said after returning the kiss.

Going to the bathroom I quickly got the shower going and stripped out of my soaked diaper and tossed it in the trash before jumping into the hot fall of water and scrubbing head to toe. Once I was clean and dried off I went to the bedroom and thought hard. On the one hand I hated wearing pants anymore due to my condition. On the other hand it wasn't right to go around with it exposed even if it was a medical place like the VA.

Kylea coming in behind me quiet as a church mouse having put Junior in his playpen in the living room gives me a playful slap on the butt and says, "You need help picking a shirt for the appointment dear?"

"I'm torn between putting on more than a shirt and going with my diaper in full view." I said shaking my head.

“How is this visit to the VA any different than the others in regards to your diaper being exposed? You never wore pants before during your annual check up’s and appointments to see if they can help fix your bladder with medicine so why start now. You never feel right with pants and I don’t care if you go without them.” She said hugging me from behind.

“Well I...I guess I just didn’t think it felt right. I didn’t want to...I dunno. Help me pick a shirt then dear to go with the diaper and my tacvest.” I say with a smile at the end and turning round to hug her.

“I think the forest green one would be good today.” she says patting my back before picking me up bodily and depositing me on the changing table.

Laughing I say, “You always surprise me that you can do that dear.”

“And you always surprise me that you can do things you’ve done for work with AMRIID.” She said unfolding the thick green diaper and rolling me back so she could set it under me and fasten it around my tail before working on powdering me and applying the rash cream.

Squirming slightly from the coldness of the cream I say, “Yeah I guess. But you’re the more amazing of us both and you won’t convince me otherwise.”

Laughing she seals me up in the diaper and gives me a playful smack on the butt saying, “And you won’t convince me of you being the less amazing of us. Now do you want me to pack a diaper bag for Junior and we both come along with you this time or you going to go on your own?”

Rolling off the table I hug her and give her a swat back saying, “I’ll be fine on my own this time. You go ahead and rest and spend the day with Junior. If work calls tell them I’m in a

doctor's appointment." Then I went to my dresser and got out a clean shirt and slipped it on before getting my tacvest and strapping it on.

Kylea handing me the diaper bag with a few changes of the thick forest green diapers gives me a kiss on the cheek and says, "Alright then dear. If you want to bring something home for dinner, go ahead. If not I'll make some of my handmade pasta and the spaghetti sauce for dinner."

"Sounds good, I don't know how long the doctor will have me in session for so I might get some lunch on the way back otherwise I'll be home as soon as possible." I say kissing her on the lips again before going to give Junior a goodbye kiss.

Two weeks after my first session I'm standing outside the doors to a large room where a group therapy session was supposed to take place.

"Honey, please just go in there and do your therapy you are doing so well. You rarely wake up screaming anymore." Kylea said rubbing my back over my diaper.

"Alright, alright. I'll go. Just...promise you will stay right outside the door." I said looking down.

"Okay I promise. Jr and I will be right here waiting for you." She said kissing his cheek.

"Is Okay papa I here fo you." Junior said hugging my leg his thick white diaper with the cute paw prints for the wetness indicator on full display to the public like my own was.

"Thanks kiddo." I said kneeling down to him.

After walking through the double doors next to the waiting chairs I walk over to a small table and taking a deep breath say, "I'm here for the PTSD support group. I...I'm Lieutenant Saber."

"Yes Lt. Saber glad to see you came. That is the first step to recovery. Why don't you go sit next to Sargent O-Meles over there? He is the badger in the green shirt."

Nodding I walk over to the chair after getting one of the soft drinks on the table that had a sign saying, "take one."

A minute later the Vixen nurse at the check in table walked over to an empty chair in the circle of people and after sitting down says, "Welcome everyone. Today we have a new member of our support group. Let's give a warm welcome to Lt. Saber."

As one the group said, "Welcome Saber." causing him to feel a bit nervous.

"Now normally we start with older members to share their stories and how they have been. But since we have a new member let's start with him, Lt. Saber please, share with us your story."

Nodding I say, "Well...I'm a former Lieutenant in the Marine Corps, though that is a falsehood to those who were in it as we all believed there is no such thing as a "former" Marine just a "redistributed" one. I was a sniper and black ops specialist. When I was on a classified mission overseas with my unit I was forced to separate from my unit due to the terrain and a need to be on high ground. This...was a big mistake. As I bunked down to set up my sniper nest and took my few shots I had to take I was attacked by a Bengal tiger in the enemy uniform. I barely had time to dodge the first attack and defend myself. I killed him but his attack left me with an injury that did permanent damage to my bladder. After the mission I was discharged from the military for having a permanent disability. However, my CO was ...connected with some people and now I have a good job with AMRIID and operate as a Ghost from time to time. I guess the thing that is painful for me is lately while I sleep I can't help but see the faces and

hear the cries of the men I have had to take out...I...lost track after a while of how many people I had killed in the name of national security and justice."

"I know it's hard Saber but since this is what is the biggest part of your pain. You should give us as close a number as you can." The Vixen said calmly

Shaking my head I tucked my face into my hands shaking, not wanting to say and having a small accident to boot.

Placing a gentle paw on Sabers shoulder the Badger O-Meles says, "It's okay Saber. While you are here remember that you are NOT alone. We are here to help each other cope with our past."

Hanging my arms off my legs hunched over I say, "one thousand...that's the last number I remember. I don't want to think of all those people...but I can't help but see them while I sleep. I have been scaring my beloved wife and my baby boy really bad every night when I wake up screaming. I have even considered turning the gun inwards many times but there is always one thing that stops me from doing it. And that is that I cannot face the thought of what would happen to Kylea and my little boy Saber Jr."

As one the entire group got up and walked over to me including the nurse and they all wrap me in a group hug. "Suicide is never the answer and we are here to help you through your pain every step of the way. It may be slow. But remember, YOU ARE NOT ALONE." the Vixen said as I froze for a moment at the group hug then broke down and cried.

After two more hours of sharing from the other members the Nurse says, "This has been a very productive day. For the last part of therapy today I would like you all to pick a partner and set up several times to get together and try to help each other, whether it's just to talk for a while,

or to have a get together with each other's family to enjoy something like a cookout. Support, Support, Support."

Looking to my right I say, "KYLEA would love to have you and your misses over. Jr would also like to see you he was always fascinated by stories of the "Tunnel Rats" that I told him from history books.

"If you're sure I would love to come by. When should we come over?" Brock Said patting his shoulder again.

"How about Saturday. I was going to have a cookout anyway for the three of us two more would be lovely. Don't worry about bringing anything I usually over cook, that is make too much, anyway." I said straightening up and wiping my eyes. Then I got a pen and a notepad out and write down my address and hand it to Brock.

Nodding Brock says, "See ya Saturday then. I'll swing by round noon."

"That's perfect. Feel free to bring some Trunks and a towel if you want. I put in a pool last summer and we need to get some use out of it." I said letting out a wet chuckle before leaving the room and taking his wife and son in arm leading them to the closes family restroom to change.