

ABBY

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Chapter 37 - Grand Opening

My legs were held very high for changing my messy diaper and cleaning my bottom when Kim arrived. She told them to hurry up. That annoyed me as my diaper changes were the time when I was free from being pestered by t'is, t'at, or t'other.

As they pinned a fresh clean warm diaper on me, she explained we had a serious problem. The General Contractor for our new building had quit without any warning.

The mob again I thought as my aching breasts started expressing into the collecting and pumping apparatus. The mob had always been mad at us for upsetting their control of the local area. Worse, we had run them off our construction site.

The result of a mass meeting had four people leading that many task forces. One called the local government construction permitting office. The second called our point of contact at the regional FBI office for hate crimes. The third called Judge Wagner's chambers. The fourth went searching for a new general contractor.

Our financial committee went to work on what had we paid the General Contractor and what had they paid the subcontractors. Bless their hearts as they worked hard on that. So hard that the Plumbing Contractor became angry with us. In their anger they found a flaw which allowed them to quit work on our project.

The flaw was the building plans did not have enough water closets, which means toilets. Our architectural committee quickly found a copy of the plumbing plans with the approval of that plumbing contractor. We had hired that contractor from half way across another state trying for finding one that wasn't with the Mob. The FBI investigation found evidence they were a Mob affiliated organization.

We did find a new plumbing contractor. Every new General Contractor we found wanted too much more money. The former banker Kitty on our Finance Committee called the Small Business Administration Regional Office who called our bank. They found a General Contractor in Oklahoma for us.

Their corporate owner scowled when he was told we all wore diapers all the time. The bank talked to him privately about the FBI was watching.

I began to think if anything could go wrong that it would. Not quite, but we worried.

They had taken down the overhead construction crane when one of those was needed again. This time I could stay on the ground as we had three of our own guys

qualified to run it. I climbed up there in skirts for inspecting what new mischief could be developing. I no longer cared if any of the roughened construction men saw my diaper bulge up my skirt.

The approaching Grand Opening of the restaurant drove people crazy all over again. We were months behind schedule. The main building wasn't quite ready for us to move when the date of the Grand Opening was upon us. We all felt terrible, and saw it in each other. Anxieties soared. Medications were freely provided. Some residents and especially several guys asked for restraints and to be locked into cribs. As the big day approached more of our people became scared. We held a big meeting on everyone was needed, just not in the same way. The frightened residents could staff the emergency changing and pumping station in our construction trailer after we parked it behind the kitchen. The overhead crane had been set up a little too far away for listing that trailer. Moving the trailer on the ground was a tough fit between the corner of the new building and a retaining wall. We managed with a bunch of guys pushing it by hand back and forth.

Tara ambushed her partners Pat and Barbie-Doll in a small group meeting. "Those handcuffs have to come off. You have to help in the restaurant, and in those you will spook the customers. So will the orange shirtdresses. We're strange enough to most people already. Strange is out."

Having been forewarned, I arrived right when Pat and Barbie-Doll were outraged. Pat was near to tears. The guy hidden away in Barbie-Doll was so mad if anger could start a fire he would have roasted everyone near him. Depression and suicide were on my mind about them.

Tara's face had the biggest judgmental scowl I had ever seen on her. "Look you two. If you will stop pouting and being depressed, I have an idea for you. Both of you."

Bless his heart Barbie-Doll glaring real outrage asked the big question. "What?"

"Volunteer for the cash register. You never go out. Everybody will trust you more than anybody else in here with the money." She paused. "What's the parking lot made of?"

Silence.

"Gravel at this time. Asphalt is later. There is no way either of you are going out the restaurant front door and into that parking lot in bare feet. Behind the cash register counter no one will be spooked by your bare feet. Those two resident police, the gal and the guy, have to be somewhere, so make them a duty station right behind you. Might be wise anyway. The other police can do what they do best of what they do by patrolling inside and outside."

Silence.

"Knock it off you two. If you are insisting on acting like slaves for this, then let's put you in nice off-white slave dresses. The one piece kind with skirts that lift and necklines that pull down. The customers won't know and think that is the cash register uniform. You know you can't leave, and the customers won't know. Remember to smile you two."

I interrupted. "Well thought out. You'd better, or the group might send you to the

torture room. Are your feelings so bad that electric shocks would be better? Nah. I don't buy that. Tara has laid out a perfectly good plan."

Pat responded first. "We can try, but I can cry, too."

It worked. They and everyone else were happier. In the end, Pat didn't cry at the cash register. Barbie-doll retreated briefly to the kitchen when needing to pucker up.

Someone made them a foot rest on the elevated chairs behind the cash registers for the same height as standing there. The seamstresses made padding for the foot rests for their bare feet.

The seamstress shop ordered bolts of the royal blue cloth for the waitresses made into nice patterns of pleated shirtdresses. The customers who didn't know would not see the embarrassing diaper bulges behind those pleats. The kitchen staff wore the checkered uniforms of the traditional chefs. Tara, two women, and I were put into gorgeous pleated skirt-suits of that same royal blue with blazing white blouses with ruffles. We had pantihose holding our diapers in snug that went with our airbrushed tones. My beard and body hair had just about disappeared with the hormone treatments for enlarging my breasts and the lactating.

Four volunteers ran the changing pads and pumping stations. Diaper changes were made more frequently. Anyone who had pooped ran out of the restaurant, through the kitchen, and into the trailer. Inside the main building had a temporary changing station just inside the door. I never saw anyone using it on the day of our Grand Opening.

Local music groups had been scheduled for entertainment on the small stage at the far end of the restaurant. Big windows lit the whole place in a cheerful way.

I was leading a group of six couples to a table they had reserved when a nasty voice boomed out. "Throw the fags to the 'gators. Lop off their hands; drown them with weights on their ankles."

"Excuse me, sorry. That means me as the manager must go." Fortunately a waitress had already arrived. Except he was a guy resident in a shirtdress, but at that point who cared?

I walked as fast as possible without running. Half way to the front door I called out in the strongest guy voice I could muster. I had been training my voice for raising its pitch for a long time. "I'm not a fag, and you had better take that back."

There were two of them. Their strong masculine faces were emoting their rage. There was no way they were going to apologize.

I called out again. "Take that back."

Their facial expressions broadcast *make me*.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Judge Susan Wagner. A man standing with her in a good business suit must have been her husband. He winked at me which emboldened me even more.

I felt more than heard a few people come up behind me. They were Ernie the gunsmith, two of his friends, and their three wives or girlfriends.

I glared. "No. I won't make you do anything, except have you arrested and taken out of here. Last call."

Pat had moved off her cashier's stool. She led the way with the two resident police in their official blouses, skirts, and dripping with equipment.

I continued. "I'll count to three. One."

Those two ruffians didn't change a thing.

"Two."

Judge Wagner had grown the slightest grin.

One of those two bad actors eyed Ernie. "I thought you were a patriotic old fart like me."

"I am a patriotic old fart, but not like you anymore. These people have been through extremely difficult times in case you didn't know. They are doing something far more patriotic American than you would ever think of. They have opened this restaurant to lift themselves up from all the depression and anxiety they have been put through. Keep it up if you want to be pounded to a pulp." He balled up a meaty fist. "I can do that; you know."

Pat slipped in behind those two brutes. She hooked a foot around an ankle of one of those two. She slammed him from behind with her full police trained strength. He went flying to the floor face down. Blood from his nose oozed across the floor.

She grabbed a wrist of the other one and pulled it way up. He doubled over avoiding the pain. She didn't let him avoid pain as she had his wrist almost to his shoulder. In a guy the arm doesn't do that. "Uncle?"

"Let go of me you bitch."

"Well, yes, I am that. I got witnesses to my evil side. You are in big trouble. There is at least one cell phone taking video. I see two now. Last chance. Uncle?"

He tried to twist out of her grasp.

She put a foot in front of his ankle as he tried to rotate away. She raised that arm even higher, and sent him to the floor. She landed on his back with her full weight on one knee.

He screamed in pain.

She held out her hand to the resident police officers. "Handcuffs." She handcuffed his wrists behind his back. She also handcuffed his ankles which must have hurt with his big fat ankles being too large for the cuffs.

She and a police officer picked him up still face down and carried him to the door where more police took him. The other was allowed to walk out as his nose bled all

over everything.

I swear I saw Judge Wagner nod her head in approval in a slight way. She did more than nod. "Charge them locally for disturbing the peace. Charge them nationally with hate crimes. Download their cell phones."

Everybody both staff and customers were staring at me.

I had to say something. "Sorry folks for the disturbance. It is just one of those things which is why the police are here. Ask any of the staff any question you want to. If they can't answer they will come for me."

Silence.

I continued. "A big round of applause for our cashier Pat. Serving out here at the front counter is a big step for her. I think that brute gave her a much needed boost in self esteem."

I grabbed Pat and pulled her into a hug.

Ernie bellowed, and he could bellow like the Drill Sergeant he had been once upon a time. "Well done. People might leave after being upset by that. Instead, I'm staying and going to pay full without that discount. We should be thanking you for leading the charge flushing corruption out of here."

I cried. Big fat meaty Ernie really got under my skin with that one.

None of the customers departed. Perhaps they didn't want to walk past Ernie who still stood there. Three of our people picked up tables for them and brought those to where they were standing. His two buddies and their women sat down. Ernie grinned in a major way at me.

We never quite ran out of table space for the next customer, but that became close a few times.

Three of our women residents walked onto a small stage at one end of the big dining area. One of the guys ran a laptop of music for them.

Barbie-Doll called out loudly from the cash register. "Please welcome the opening performance of the Mansion Musicals."

Silence.

"Aw. A round of applause. They have been practicing; practicing a lot."

There were a few lackluster hand claps.

She called for more. "Their opening number is a popular hymn almost everybody has heard. *How Great Thou Art* was written in Sweden around 1885, and several other languages before having an English language version. A one; a two; a three."

The laptop started playing the music.

Joyce took a step forward from the other two. Her voice soared into her full soprano range for the refrain “then sings my soul”. She came down smoothly for “my savior God to thee”.

Next the three sang *Coal Miners Daughter*. They put on a southern accent for the words “we were tired” and “read the bible by the coal oil light”.

Joyce stepped back as the other two sang *Heartache By The Numbers*, and then *Walk On BY*.

All together they sang three Johnny Cash hits of *One Piece At A Time*, and *Tennessee Flat Top Box*. They ended their trio of his hit songs with *A Boy Named Sue*. Except they substituted my name of Abby for the name Sue.

Every Mansion House resident burst into applause. Many had tears. I wailed.

Barbie-Doll bellowed for a standing ovation. All of the customers came to their feet. Wow, had her self-esteem gone through the roof.

What they hadn't told me is they had a video camera going for posting on YouTube.