

ABBY

© 2017 By Sue Erickson

Chapter 36 - Speeches

Peggy and Megan were the least likely of my intimate partners to be pushy. One morning they took me to our semi-private little space right after breakfast. “Abby; what’s wrong?”

“Wrong? Nothing.”

“Oh Abby. Sometimes you can be so obtuse. Maybe that’s what makes you such a good leader. Maybe its just being a guy inside. Something is wrong. We’re going to check you.” They took me by my arms, and pushed me over the edge of the crib mattress. They put their hands on both the front and back of the damp bulge in my plastic pants. “No, that’s not it.”

Kim arrived. She was prone to take charge. “What’s wrong, Miss Abby? It was obvious all the way across the big room.”

Peggy answered. “Little Abby doesn’t know just like a small child doesn’t know how to say what’s wrong.”

Megan brought her mouth down to my ear. “Try crying.”

Bingo. I wailed.

Sheri arrived. “What’s wrong with Miss Abby?”

Tara was right behind her. “Obvious. She feels crushed by all those speeches she thinks she has to give. She has taken on too much.”

Sheri sat on the mattress and pulled my head onto her lap. She had her thumb in my mouth. “Go get a baby bottle of super cold soda. Baby Abby likes that.” She had her hand on my bulging plastic panties from behind me.

Dr. Christina was watching from around Tara’s shoulder. “Is that it? Taken on too much?”

I couldn't see Sheri's face but I could feel her movement as she looked up and to the door. "Seems to be. Kitty; go ask the computer people if they have a list of places Miss Abby might give speeches. Let's find out how big a problem this is."

She replaced her thumb in my mouth with the nipple on a bottle. The cold soda was just right. I sniffled down a few tears and stopped crying which was much to everyone's relief.

Kitty's voice was out in the hall. "Oh my gosh. This list of organizations is 68 pages long. NO, Abby, you don't have to talk to even a small fraction of them. Give her a little spanking for even thinking she had to. For not telling us."

Kim pulled my plastic pants and diapers down a little and used a perforated board for giving my butt a strong whack.

That hurt, but Sheri kept that nipple in my mouth.

Whack; whack.

I yanked my head around. "Hey. That hurt."

Kim brought her head down to my ear. "Good. You're supposed to tell your Mommies what is going on. Making us guess is being a bad little girl." Whack.

Sheri had that nipple back in my mouth.

Whack.

Megan intervened. "Enough." She pulled my diapers and plastic pants back in place. "I hope that stings enough you remember to tell us instead of being a naughty little girl. I thought of saying 'no wonder you are still in diapers', but that would be cruel and heartless. Bring a replacement bottle of cold soda for keeping her occupied while we discuss this."

Tara's voice was from somewhere I couldn't see. "Keep a hand on her bottom and that bottle in her mouth. That's just a reminder she is supposed to let the rest of us talk this through."

"Obviously," according to Christina.

Huh? But I didn't risk another spanking by flinging my head around to escape that nipple. I kept sucking that cold soda.

Tara was talking. "We do several things all at once. We tell Abby and act like it with how much we ALL love her. She is love starved just like everyone else, but being that leader can be intensely lonely. She needs to feel cared for. She needs all of our

love in every way we can.”

She paused. “We prioritize that awful list. Abby is to only make the number of speeches a week she can and still feel intensely loved and cared for. We assign more people for the speaking circuit. The other speakers go with her to all the first ones she gives and all the big ones. That’s the only way we all know how to say the same things in our own ways. We make a handout. We absolutely have to stop a feeling in her that she is all alone in a great big world. Around here with that awful abuse stands for a big mean world. Yes?”

I cried. I cried a lot. She was so on. I also kept sucking that bottle and dribbling into my diaper.

Tara gave orders. “Kim; go fetch Molly. She has an hour and a half to produce a series of slides of who we are and what we are doing. Nothing too intimate.”

Tara continued. “Sheri; go alert the beauticians Miss Abby has to be a knock out in one and a half hours. That’s all the time we have. The rest of us need a little beautician work too, just not be so much as Miss Abby.”

Tara paused. “Megan and Peggy. You are on Miss Abby duty. You stay with her. No baby talk; nothing critical or demeaning. Your job is to do everything possible for her to feel she isn’t alone. Sheri, Kim, and Kitty can substitute as needed.”

Tara gave more instructions. “Christina. You and I will be the other principal speakers, but we will need more. You go find the biggest meeting you can for lunch or dinner today. Call them. Do whatever is needed to get Abby platform time. Call Judge Wagner and tell her what is happening with our going on the speaking circuit for a restaurant Grand Opening. For this first presentation Abby, you, I, and all of her partners are going. Plus any others we think might be speakers at small groups. Got that?”

Peggy pushed back. “And you, Tara?”

“I’ll be at the computer writing a handout with discount coupons. Go, friends, go.”

I was never whisked around so much in my life. Megan and Peggy always stayed in touch, literally, with that nipple in my mouth when I could suck. They kept a hand on me somewhere. I sucked a lot of cold soda. I used my diaper a lot, too.

The first stop was a change even though I didn’t need that so much, and a pumping. Then to the beauticians who went nuts with that airbrush. They did a three layer job on my lips which Christina made them take off as too bright. Three layers from Mary Kay was OK, just not that strong of an artificial color. I was the professional, and had to look it.

No eye shadow. My ears had dangling flashing gold and turquoise earrings.

The beauticians put me in a fabulous dark red skirt suit and white blouse with ruffles. Time was short. I was changed again. They painted my nails as I was pumped.

We only had five minutes to review the slides.

Even Molly had a little beautician work. Fortunately her hair was long when she had arrived. She packed a portable projector for the slides.

Tara and Christina had a little tension between them. Kim stepped in with a pointed finger and told them both to cool it. Miss Abby was the boss. This was all for the Mansion House.

Megan had that nipple on a bottle of cold soda in my mouth quickly. She was faster than I knew I was about to scrunch up from being called the boss.

Kim selected the larger bus because it was newer and looked better. She told Dr. Christina to drive and Tara to navigate. We all climbed on board. I was dribbling frequently from all that soda.

Peggy pooped. They changed her on the back seat as we drove along hoping no truck went past us at an embarrassing moment.

At 12:20pm we pulled up at the best hotel in the local city. Not a casino; but just where the main Chamber of Commerce was meeting.

Kitty kissed me with her tongue in my mouth and pronounced that I was OK. Megan left the bottle and nipple of cold soda in a cooler.

Tara told Dr. Christina to lead the way as the more Chamber experienced resident. We all considered her a resident now.

We arrived at a big table outside the banquet room. A trio of sparkling young women were running a sign in table. They had name badges for all of us.

I whispered to Tara. "Tell Christina she done good on this one."

Christina smiled, and led the way in the big double doors.

Kim smacked me on my padded butt that remained sore. "Go, Miss Abby, go."

In I went.

Dr. Christina whispered. "Follow me. Smile darn it."

I smiled; or at least I tried to. My butt stung reminding me to stand straight and tall. Smiling was tougher.

Dr. Christina was a heat seeking missile in there going straight to a long table across one end of the room. She strode right up to a group of three overweight old guys in sports jackets or suits. Two had a tie; one did not. "Mr. President."

The one without the tie caught her attention in a way I could not identify.

"Thank you for making the time for the Mansion House today. May I introduce our Chair Miss Abby Metzger." The way she said that wasn't a question.

They shook hands. "Of course. Miss Metzger." He had a very strong handshake. That hurt just a little. He went to a lectern in front of that long table. I heard a click on the audio.

Molly was setting up the projector to show against a blank white wall on one side of the room.

"Gentlemen and Ladies of the Chamber. We have changed the agenda today for a civic need. Please help me welcome the Chair of the Mansion House who is Miss Abby Metzger." His hand motioned me to the lectern. He adjusted the microphone.

I don't remember much of what I said after apologizing for my low voice. Molly recorded it all. I simply watched what slide came up next and talked from what I thought went with that slide. They even had a slide of the original Manson House. When that slide was being shown is where I talked very briefly about being taken captive and abused.

The projector showed a slide of the restaurant about to open when a woman stood up in the back of the audience.

I thought. *Aw oh; now what?*

She had a commanding voice. "Please distribute the bulletins. Each one has two discount coupons for you and your business number one." She was Judge Wagner in a business suit. "It is a civic duty to attend the Mansion House Restaurant Grand Opening. Success is essential for these people as this is it or a life in an institution. Success is essential for this County as otherwise a big law suit is going to wreck havoc. The Court has been quietly watching and receiving reports on their progress. Let me be as clear as I can. The corruption here included the mob that damaged them. That was with the help of the County, and the County is liable. Maximum attendance is required, and is a civic duty. The Court will have access to the lists of who RSVPs. The Judges will have a long memory whenever anyone comes to Court. Even if you do not know your schedule on the day of the Grand Opening, file out the form. Leave it at the table at the door."

The proverbial needle being dropped on the floor would have made an audible sound. The faces in the room intensely disliked the coercion.

“Take out a pen from a pocket or a purse. We simply have to do this. Miss Abby, would you continue.”

“I’m sorry. I feel like crying. That’s what comes from being so abused.” I wet my diaper. I sniffled. Dr. Christina rose her fist to her shoulder in a form of a salute. I got it. “We will have both electronic and live music.”

I took them on a slide tour of the new kitchen. The slide after that was a draft of the menu. “Would all of the residents who are here today please come up front. I want the audience to see this isn’t just me. We have really good people.”

They made a terrific line of beautiful looking competent people behind me. I turned to name each one, but Tara took me by the shoulders and turned me back around to the audience. “I see cameras. Yes, take photos while we are all together.” She drew the residents in tighter behind me.

At the end of the meeting the President of the Chamber escorted me to stand beside the table at the door. I didn’t know I could shake so many hands as they went out.

Tara went in first when we returned to the old Mansion House. I could hear her masculine voice calling everyone’s attention. “Miss Abby suffers from the loneliness of being our representative. She needs to know how deeply she is loved by everyone.” She waved a handful of completed reservations. “We’ll report the details later. Everyone come by and give Miss Abby a hug.”

Tears rolled down my face through the whole thing and even to my changing and pumping.

The telephone rang at the police desk. The officer rapidly took notes until she hung up. “The Bonnet railroad trestle has been badly damaged by a fire. Be grateful we remain here. They are going to be routing many heavy freight trains across our property for a week or more. The vibration will be awful.”

Kim interrupted. “The revenue will be wonderful. Let the windows rattle until we move.”