

ABBY

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Chapter 3 - Escape

I lost track of time as I was held on my back in that basinet with those medications knocking me out. Sheri was more comforting; Kim gave the orders. Every time they woke me up they had a new plastic bag of vegetable flavored rice gruel for me to suck down. They told me that was the only thing they could sneak out of the kitchen for me that wasn't loaded with too many medications. I wanted to ask who their friend was in the kitchen who provided that, but never found a safe opportunity.

They seemed to always be pumping my breasts which had started lactating. I used memories and fantasies of mountain climbing in my efforts to keep a clear mind.

Others in those blue-gray shirtdresses and ankle chains would visit and talk about me as my Mommies' new baby. They would put their hands around the front of my bulging plastic pants, but Kim told them only her and Sheri would change me. They were my Mommies, and my special toy was off limits to everyone else.

I heard things from those visitors. They said they had been told lies like the one I had been told the very first day. That lie was a "proper Court order for my involuntary commitment". The inmates had compared notes. Some of the violations had been so minor any proper Court would have released those inmates. No one had ever departed.

The word 'inmate' made me shudder.

That basinet had an overhead bar my Mommies used for holding my ankles way up high for lifting my butt off the mattress. They did that for changing my diapers. They would check me down there for any rash and apply creme. They only slid five pills into me. The sixth one would disappear into Kim's plastic pants and wet diapers. I figured out where the camera was by the location where Sheri always stood whenever Kim hid that sixth pill.

When I was alert enough I wondered if Kim's wet diaper completely dissolved that pill? Or did they have a select circle of friends for changing Kim who knew what she was doing? That pacifier was never out of my mouth at the same time as one of them was blocking the camera's view of the other. I never could see a microphone.

The thought of their secret friends had me wondering were there any more implications in that idea. What could their secret friends mean for me?

One day Sheri and Kim were smiling and positively glowing when they woke me up by removing that pacifier. Sheri had her warm hand on my forehead. I couldn't remember seeing anyone smile much all the time I had been here. Kim bent her head down to me as Sheri was already stationed between Kim and that camera. Kim whispered. "You've been held down in your basinet for ten days. Your breasts are doing well. We're going to try letting you out. But you have to be completely obedient to us. Otherwise they may figure out you are under medicated and take you away from us. Can you be quiet, subdued, and appear obedient? Yes? OK?"

"Yeth Mommy." I lowered my voice and whispered. "Is this safe? I don't want to get you in any trouble." Or me.

"Good girl." She whispered. "We think so, but can never be certain."

That's when I decided they had been honest with me. I thought I should say something in a hurry for any microphone. "Ma-ma."

They massaged the sides of my head and ran hands up my t-shirt for massaging my breasts. I could feel my breasts expressing milk. Their hands came away wet. "Time for her to have a bra?"

Kim grinned. "Get a measuring tape from the seamstress shop."

Sheri went out. By now I hardly noticed the sound of her ankle chain dragging across the linoleum floor.

Kim spoke in a regular voice as if her words were OK for any microphone. "The seamstresses here make the shirtdresses, the cloth diapers, and other clothing."

A few minutes later Sheri returned with a cloth measuring tape. They pulled my t-shirt with milk stains up my chest as far as they could and wrapped that measuring tape around me.

As they bent over me pushing and pulling that tape behind my back their ears were close to my mouth. Their shackle chains being drawn under my back felt cold. I whispered. "Who are your friends? What are they doing here?"

Kim pulled the measuring tape across my chest as she leaned over me for reading it. "36, B cup, and medicated inserts."

Sheri leaned over me for checking the measurement as she whispered. "The mob has a perfect system here. Under the guise of very small benefits they have captives like us doing the work. The kitchen, the pumping, the diaper changing, the

seamstresses, and more. Mistress Helena has her fun with inmates taken as her sex toys upstairs. When she rejects them for new ones the old ones return as totally mindless zombies. This place is run with only a few brutes. The rest of the work is done for free by the captives. Our friends are the workers who can move around inside here.”

‘And’, I thought, ‘knowing more. Maybe they knew how to open that back door. Yes, somebody had to for the food deliveries and taking out the milk production. I would have to behave to earn that freedom. Maybe the kitchen would be a good place to work to learn more about that door, and how to escape.’ I kept my mouth shut for another time.

Sheri stayed with me and held my hand as Kim shuffled out. Sheri whispered. “Be cool and calm. This will be different and is essential.” But she didn’t say what was different or essential, and there wasn’t a second person to mask the camera.

Kim returned with a bra and inserts in her hands and two more people in blue-gray shirtdresses and ankle chains. They released my wrists and ankles from that basinet and lifted me out.

“My back itches like crazy. Could you scratch my back?”

They did, all over, and followed my saying where more was needed. That felt great. Their wrists chains felt cold on my skin.

They fitted that bra to me as I stood there on wobbly legs. “Is it comfortable?”

I checked how it seemed on me. “Feels strange.”

“That too. But does it fit? Is it too tight?”

“How would I know? No, I can’t say anything is too tight.”

Kim nodded. “Good.”

Sheri slipped prosthetic breasts in the bra. “These are soaked in hormones for your breast development. OK? Empress Helena was in the hall. She approved taking you out to the pumping and changing stations and introducing you with everyone as our little toddler.”

All four inmates nodded their agreement, or approval, or whatever.

I was weak in the legs at first from the confinement and the medications. My diaper became warmer and wetter as we walked along, and I pooped involuntarily. I was frightened this was a trap. I wasn’t used to a bra. I was only dressed in a toddler attire of a t-shirt over the bra and those plastic pants over my diapers. Those thick

diapers felt odd between my legs while walking, and the chain at my ankles made me walk funny.

Sheri pulled at the upper hem of my plastic pants in back. “Yep; time for a change.”

They took me down a hall, around a few corners, and into a big room. The walls were covered with little cubicles and there were cages in the center. All of those had people in bulging plastic panties and chains. A dozen people were sitting around in those blue-gray shirtdresses and chained at the ankles. Many were chained at the wrists. Their eyes showed no interest in what was going on around them and no expression. They appeared to be totally without hope.

In one corner in a big area separated by a low partition were five sturdy chairs with high backs, and solid arms. There were a pair of thick gray mats on the floor. Each chair had an inmate with long hair strapped in it with cups on their breasts. Some of their faces appeared to be female, and some appeared to be male. The plastic pants were pulled back in place on a man lying on a mat with his chained wrists held down beside his head. They lowered the ankles from an overhead fixture of that man they had just changed. One of the people in a chair was released from the breast pump cups and the chair who shuffled away. The man in the fresh diaper went to that chair and was strapped in. His t-shirt was pulled up, the bra opened, and he was hooked up to cups at his breasts with tubes to a pump. They noted the date, time, volume of milk collected, his tattoo number, and his name on a computer.

A person with a guy shaped face seemed to be in charge. He pointed at me and then at the mat.

My Mommies interrupted. “This is our little girl Abby. This is her first trip out of a newborn basinet.”

There were murmurs, but only a little talk.

“We heard no torture. Is she that docile and obedient?”

“She has been kept restrained in her basinet all the time. This is her first trip out.”

“Oh.”

There were more comments.

Several people put me down on a mat. They quickly connected my ankles to that fixture high overhead as if that was what they always did. When they pulled my plastic pants up my raised legs they made joyful noises and comments about the odor that was released. That felt weird until someone repeated that thought of that’s what

babies produced for their Mommies. Sheri damp rag cleaned my butt and checked for any rash. Kim slid the pills into me, but there were only four instead of six. She hid the other two in her diaper.

I wondered how many people saw her hide those pills. A few must have seen her do that. I intently watched the people hovering around.

They powdered me and my new diaper. They pulled my new diaper up between my legs and pinned it tightly around my hips and brought my plastic panties back in place. When they finished changing me they put me in one of those chairs. They lifted my t-shirt, opened my new nursing bra, removed those prosthetic breasts, and put warm clear plastic cups over my nipples and areolas. I could feel milk being expressed from my breasts to the quick sucking action of that pump. I heard people's names, but without my being able to put faces to those names.

They released me to my Mommies. They and several others took me to the dining hall where they strapped me in a chair. I watched for other doors and saw three more. One was a second one to the big room. The second was to the kitchen. I speculated the third was to the loading dock. They spoon fed me which was the first solid food I had since I had arrived. Kim went to the kitchen and returned with a adult sized nipple on a bottle. She and Sheri exchanged a glance before holding that nipple in my mouth. They went out one at a time for their pumping and changing as their friends sat with us having their meal.

After dinner we were all pumped. The two in charge of changing diapers pulled up Kim's and Sheri's skirts. They checked from behind how their diapers felt inside their plastic pants. But they didn't change me or my Mommies before our breasts were pumped.

That night after being changed and pumped they took me to their bed. My ankle chain was tethered to the bed frame instead of putting me back in that awful basinet. We kissed and petted

Kim whispered in my ear. "If we don't play around they will suspect something." We played with each others' bodies, but didn't pull our diapers down and do anything more interesting.

I had a good juicy orgasm in my wet diaper when they were out.

As we lay there together afterwards they whispered. "We know what you did in your diaper while we were out. Can we trust you? Trust you completely?"

I too whispered. "I thought you were my Mommies and I didn't have any choice. Why? What's different?"

Kim and Sheri exchanged a glance. "Promise."

I barely remembered to speak in code. “Yeth, Mommy.”

“There is a plot developing for an escape. You are critical. The mob thinks you are our completely medicated little baby. There are several of us in on it. The others will tell you who they are in quick little comments. Our plan is for you to lead the way. We kept you from being too medicated so we hope you retain enough of your motivation. Too many others are medicated to a state of deep depression. They have given up. The reason you have to lead the way is if we are discovered we can always claim you didn’t know the rules. That you simply wandered off. Think about that. If we’re caught we expect to be tortured, but that excuse is so we won’t be crippled, or killed, and can try again. The consensus is we are dependent on you for this. Can you do it?”

“Mommies ...”, but I stopped and cried. “I’ve never felt so cared for.”

Kim and Sheri exchanged a glance with surprise written across their faces. “Well, that’s one way of bonding. Do you have to think about this?”

I filled my lungs for the first time since arriving bringing my feelings up, but only whispered. “Yeth, Mommies. I can do this. You know this place. You have to tell me where to go and what to do.”

“Good. Keep using the baby talk for show. Keep up the charade of your being a good docile little baby girl. We have to wait for the right circumstances. OK?”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

The next day after a changing and at the pumping chairs one of the women on duty leaned down in front of me. She inspected the pumping cup at my breast. As she stood up she paused for just an instant with her mouth close to my ear and whispered. “I’m Michelle and I’m in.”

A few minutes later I caught on, and stopped myself before my face emoted too much surprise.

Later I was being changed with a particularly messy diaper when one of the guys washed my butt. As he washed my balls and special toy he turned his face towards me and whispered. “I’m Bob and I’m in.”

At another changing a woman on duty was playing with my special toy and brought it up. She kept running her finger nails around the corona ridge near the tip giving me electric feelings. She used a thin clear oil on it and brought me off. “Naughty baby ought to be spanked and shocked.” Her voice dropped. “I’m Vicki and I’m in.”

That gravelly voiced woman and two brutes strode into the big room. “I am not pleased. Shackle everyone’s wrists. Those that resist will be taught a lesson in

obedience.”

Everyone meekly held out their wrists as shackles were applied from a cart heavily loaded with those chains.

Myself and my Mommies were already shackled at the wrists. They exchanged a glance which seemed to mean something else. Later I whispered. “Why the smile when everyone was chained at the wrists?”

Kim whispered back. “They will become lazy and less watchful thinking everyone is controlled more and subdued by the extra chains.”

The next evening my Mommies had me strapped to a chair in the dining hall as they had been doing. A friend of their’s arrived with a cafeteria tray of bland food. “The truck is still there.” Another woman nearby got up and shuffled out.

I asked myself ‘what truck?’ as I became very alert. I quickly decided I didn’t know enough about who could be watching and listening to say any such thing.

Others shuffled in with their chains tinkling on the floor. They all wore shirtdresses or long shirts in that same blue-gray color. None of them spoke to us, and hardly to each other. What a depressed and depressing bunch of people.

Sheri stayed outside in the hall when my Mommies took me back to that room. Kim had me bent face down over the edge of the bed. Her hand reached between my thighs and around the bulge in my plastic pants. “Not yet.”

Sheri came in and, we all took a nap together.

Bob came for my Mommies and I to be pumped. All together at the pumping station were several inmates on duty plus Vicki and Michelle had just been pumped. They had my ankles way up as they removed my smelly diapers as I had been dribbling uncontrollably both ways. As they held in position that way one of them whispered to me. “You’re our lead. They’ll know too soon if we pull the punishment electrode out of Mike’s rear. Hold still. You have to be the first person just in case we are interrupted. We can say we erred in letting you be unchained for changing your plastic pants and putting a shirtdress on you. They will just punish us for that, but not catch on. In a moment three of us all at once will block the view from the cameras when your electronic band will be removed.” She slipped her hand in her diaper and brought out a flat black plastic key. That seemed an admirable hiding place. “This fits a lock on the back of the waist bands. Then we take you, Michelle and Susie in the hall. At the bottom of the stairs is a blind spot where the shackles can be removed. Work fast. There isn’t much time. Ready?”

My feelings soared. I was terrified. Now or never. I nodded I was ready.

She pulled the band partly around my waist while my legs were being held high above with my butt up off of the mat. They had my ankles so high even my waist was off the mat as she unlocked that band and pulled it off of me. At that quick moment there were several people close around me shielding the view from the camera. She quickly passed the band off to someone else who passed it again out of my sight.

I felt confused and scared as they diapered me and lowered my ankles. Could I trust them? I didn't seem to have a choice.

They took us to a door in the hall. Inside were stairs going up. The shackles came off. "Upstairs there are street clothes in the storage room behind the second door on the left. There are slacks in there baggy enough for going over your diapers. You two are going with Abby as she is the newest. We have made a show that she is heavily medicated and been strictly controlled. We hope they will be lazy about where she is. Susie has the knock out spray. Behind the third door on the right is the computer room. Knock out the techie with the spray and gag and chain him out of sight in there. Or in that storage room if you have to. The Toshiba computer runs the immediate security system. Don't turn it off as the other computers will notice. Instead shut down all the programs with BSEsecurity in the name. Got that? B-S-E-security. Just hope we haven't been lied to. We have very little time before they might notice. Afterwards come as quick as you can to the kitchen. The delivery truck is parked here overnight which is unusual. Got that?"

My feet and wrists felt funny being so light without those shackles. In that storeroom we shed our institutional blue-gray shirtdresses and put on clothes that came nowhere near close to a fit. Plus being baggy in the butt around our bulging cloth diapers. The shirt I wore was a little oversize which was fortunate. A better fitting shirt would have revealed my breasts were too large for a guy. But no shoes.

Everything worked except the Techie in the computer room who had stayed awake. He yelled. "No shoes. Inmates are not allowed in here." He came up out of his swivel chair with balled fists, and he was bigger than I. But I was desperate and prepared. I rammed my head into his gut driving him back against a supply cabinet. He hit me twice in my back before Susie knocked him out with the spray. I was close enough that spray even made me dizzy.

Helena's gravelly voice boomed out from a speaker. "What's up?"

I had an answer ready. "He yelled at me for being late for his restroom break. OK?"

"OK."

Susie saw a camera lense mounted near the ceiling. She stood between it and me at the Toshiba computer.

I was nervous as cat while I closed down the software packages. Both of us cringed waiting for an alarm to sound. It didn't. There was no good place for chaining the comatose techie in that room where he might not move into view of that camera lense. Instead we dragged him down the hall to the closet and left him chained and gagged in there. We were terrified of being seen by a camera in the hall, but no alarm sounded.

We retraced our steps terrified of being seen. In the kitchen they had keys for the truck and the next delivery order for pick-up. Everyone in on the escape carried a pack of fresh clean diapers. A few had the foresight to bring hand operated breast pumps. Someone knew how to make that locked door open onto the loading dock.

Kim smacked me in my padded butt. "Go, Abby, go."

We climbed into that panel truck. Susie hit a big blue pad at the garage door opening it. Mike drove even though his feet were bare with Sheri and I in the cab. Kim remained behind worried about a possible riot. Sheri told me Kim feared an attack on all the workers who had controlled the others. The truck was even higher off the ground than that SUV had been. It easily forded the swamp water. We saw alligators lurking in the pre-dawn moonlight.

We feared almost anything, but met no one. The trail through the swamp trees curved around to the right. It went all the way around and connected to the parking lot in front of the mansion near the highway.

We hadn't gone far when there was a loud wailing siren behind us. We pulled onto a driveway around the other side of a small house. I went back to a bush with my bare feet hurting from twigs and stones in the grass. I watched the road over that bush. That siren woke people up. Lights in that house came on frightening me.

The headlights of every car in the mansion parking lot came on in the dark as engines roared to life. Staff came dashing out the front door. Those without cars found space in the others. They threw gravel as they peeled out of there.

I returned to the truck's cab being careful what I stepped on. I explained what I had seen of those cars racing both ways out on the highway. Mike had pooped heavily and went into the back of the truck for a change. I climbed into the driver's seat. I backed the truck out onto the road when Sheri standing outside reported there was no more traffic from the mansion. There was no traffic at all. I wet making my diaper warm, damp, and comforting. Michelle came from the back of the truck and joined us in the cab. She knew the way to the county seat where we parked across the street from an imposing looking edifice labeled 'Barrister Building'.

One of the women in the back lost control, had a major BM, and was changed. Two heavily soiled diapers went into a municipal trash receptacle at the edge of the sidewalk. Breast milk was poured onto the nearby grass.

None of us had a watch. Michelle fiddled with the truck's dash controls and had a clock appear on a screen. About 7:00 the construction trades gathered at a 7-11 down the street. Around 7:30 their vans and trucks drove away to the suppliers' Will Call Counters. Illegal migrant workers gathered in front of the U-Haul rental agency loudly offering their services to customers renting trucks and trailers. At about 8 am an office supply store's lights came on as it prepared for the day. A few cars gathered in front of a pharmacy.

Sheri put her hand under my elbow. "You go. You weren't involved in running the place. All of us were which makes us vulnerable. You will be more convincing. You talk to someone, and then we can come in if we have to."

I felt sick at the stomach as I drove to the parking lot at the 'Barrister Building'. I wet my diaper while barely holding my rectum. I got out of the truck. I almost stumbled as the rough asphalt and a few pebbles hurt my bare feet. I pushed myself going into the 'Barrister Building'. What if I ran into the mob? There was directory inside. Every tenant was a lawyer or a legal service.

With nothing to go on but instinct, I went up a flight of stairs. I kept trying doors until I found an unlocked one with several names on it. I opened it. The reception room was empty. I just stood there. A middle aged woman came out. She looked at my shabby clothes and bare feet. She scowled at me, and her voice was displeased. "Yes? What do you want?"

I spoke faster than I could think. "I was kidnaped. So were many others. A few of the others are in a truck outside. What kind of a lawyer should I talk to?"

Her face told me she didn't like this, and her voice had a decidedly negative tone. "Mr. Smithers is here."

She hadn't answered my question of who should I talk to, but I didn't have any other options. "OK." And, besides, if she didn't like this, neither had I liked being held against my will.

He took me into his office. His face told me he didn't like what I was telling him.

I was intensely conscious of my oversized breasts under my oversized shirt. "If you don't trust me, there are several others in a truck outside who escaped with me. Go ask them."

We did. During that quick meeting at the truck we admitted we had no money, and were hungry. Could we borrow fifty dollars for breakfast? I think that got to him.

He asked for two more to come back inside with me. I asked Sheri, and she asked Mike.

In his office Mr. Smithers picked up a phone on his desk and pushed buttons. After a few sentences the tone of his voice changed. "Your honor. I have three people in my office and more outside. All of them claim they were kidnaped with many more being held against their will a few miles out of town. They are implicating law enforcement. This is either a spoof, or this is quite serious. Can I see you in chambers this morning?"

He slammed the telephone handset back on its base with annoyed anger. He put on his business suit coat hanging on the inside of his office door. "Come with me."

We followed him outside. He walked across the street, a lawn, and a parking lot. I drove the truck following him.

Just the image of the courthouse terrified me. Later everyone else told me it scared the daylights out of all of them, too. The parking lot was strewn with rough litter.

I drove the truck right up to the curb avoiding broken glass, sharp twigs, rough asphalt, and more. Mike drove it to legal parking. Smithers took five of us into the Courthouse.

I was terrified of everything and hyper-conscious of my oversized breasts. Wearing men's clothes would no longer do. The judge listened for all of fifteen minutes when he interrupted another description of our experiences. He reached for his phone and told someone he wanted to talk to the Major at a State Police Barracks. If she wasn't available, then the Attorney General, or the Lieutenant Governor.

A few minutes later his phone rang. He gave a short description of what he had been told. "Good. Just a second." He turned to us. "Where is this?"

We told him we had driven maybe five miles to town. "It's an old mansion house on the left side of the road going out to the north. We can take you there."

He went back to the phone call. He punched buttons turning on a speaker phone. We could hear a voice without knowing who it was. "Mr. Smithers. Go with them and take your cell phone. Here's the number for the State Police so they can find you as they will be coming from the other direction."

That lawyer in a shiny black BMW followed our truck. A Sheriff's cruiser followed him.

The mansion house had burned to the ground with wisps of smoke from where it was still smoldering. Four state police cruisers arrived in a few minutes from the other direction bringing eight troopers.

We took them around back, but their cars wouldn't ford the swamp. We carried them over in the truck.

Sheri banged with a code using the side of her fist on the back door.