

# **ABBY**

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## Chapter 4 - New Arrangements

Sheri had to bang on the door with the side of her fist to be heard inside.

I brought my attention around to the police. "You'd better let a few of us in first to announce you are coming. We don't want anyone injured in a mass rush for the door thinking they are all instantly free to leave. Or for a murderous retaliation."

Mr. Smithers interrupted. "She's right. Let her in first. In the Nazis' concentration camps the inmates murdered with their bare hands any inmate who had helped the Nazis run the camps."

I shivered in fright for Kim.

The police Lieutenant's face clearly announced he didn't like it. But he let me.

I was only five feet inside the door when I raised my voice to a bellow. "Hey. Everyone. It's me. Abby. I have the police with me. Stay where you are while they find out about us on their own."

The place erupted in a loud babble of distressed voices.

The police rushed in. Their drawn guns were a little too scary.

Everyone inside had remained in ankle chains.

Kim came to my side with her hand on my arm. Her wrists were free of shackles. Her voice was a whisper. "I talked everybody into staying in ankle chains explaining the police need to see. I want you and the others who went out to be back in shirtdresses and chains for a reason. Everyone needs to be equal."

I nodded. I didn't like it, but Kim had knowledge from remaining behind. "My breasts need pumping. The others in the truck had opportunities to be pumped, but I did not."

Sheri joined Kim and me. Kim explained to Sheri what had been said to me.

Sheri's face expressed strong unhappiness with the ankle chains. Her tone signaled her reluctance. "OK."

As the police rushed through the place Mr. Smithers found me. His face was a perfect silent expression of 'oh my Gawd; you weren't kidding'. The police Lieutenant had a similar reaction.

"I told you what they did to us. My breasts hurt. Either stay here, or come along with me for a demonstration. I have to go to the changing and pumping station."

Mr. Smithers fidgeted as he followed me. Erik was the current boss at the changing mat and pumping chairs. He frowned at me. "Those clothes are awful."

"Yes. I know. They worked. This is the lawyer Mr. Smithers."

Erik ignored the lawyer which was probably for the best. "Stand still." His crew had me out of that shirt and slacks, checked my plastic pants, and changed my diaper. They had me in a chair being pumped. I blushed when I saw Mr. Smithers watching my enlarged breasts. I was a perfect confirmation of everything we had told him.

Mr. Smithers was taking notes like crazy. The police were taking photos and more notes.

While all this was going on people kept arriving at the pumping station as if nothing had changed. Between the pumping and the diaper changing we didn't have to explain a whole lot. Actually, we hardly said much at all.

In addition to the keys Sheri had for our escape, the crew at the changing station displayed several more. They had too as one of the plastic pants had developed splits from too much usage, and was replaced. That required temporarily unlocking one side of an ankle chain.

Kim had a new excuse for wanting everyone chained at the ankles again. "We need an instant recognition from the mob slipping a thug back in here in one of our med-tech shirtdresses."

All of us scowled. There were murmurs. There were no loud strenuous objections.

We directly heard a few hints, and other victims brought us more they had heard. First, was the police had no place to take so many people so fast. The jail was no place for diapers and breast pumping. The hospital didn't have a large enough secure area. Second, everyone had violated the law in some way. The police were spooked not knowing whether those offenses were misdemeanors or more serious. The police wanted all us chained at the ankles while they sorted out who was who from what prior offense.

A Captain of police came to me. "Are you in charge?"

Kim interrupted. "No, not before the escape. No, he didn't have anything to do with this place before he was brought here. He's a victim just like everyone else."

Then it hit me. People had been asking me questions. "You mean now?"

Sheri took me by my arm. "He talked to Mr. Smithers first, and Mr. Smithers talks with him. You police picked up on that. Everyone else too. They come and ask him, or Kim, or me, or send someone. The more we hear what he says and are asked we just pop responses in a hurry as if he had made them."

The other victims were gathering in a big semi-circle around the lawyer and the Police Captain.

I held up a hand. "Hold it. There is no way this is going to work without cooperation between us and the police. We're all in diapers after what they did to us. So, you, Mr. Smithers represent us and go talk with that judge. Get food sent in here. We were already running the kitchen. There are only two exterior doors out."

Kim interrupted. "Three entrances with the kitchen loading dock."

"Whatever. Everyone take time investigating and thinking this through. While that is going on, the police guard those exterior doors against any attacks on us. We know that also prevents any escapes, but we will feel better thinking the other way around." I barely remembered to use a closing question like a girl now that my enlarged breasts had been seen by Mr. Smithers. "Right?"

Mr. Smithers and the Police Captain scowled. A woman Major of the State Police had arrived who scowled with them.

Erik chained me at the ankles before releasing me from the chair. His team pulled one of those blue-gray shirtdresses on me.

That's when it hit me how truly dangerous this was. We could have a riot of people rushing the door. "Set up an interview team for sorting out who can leave. Us residents will decide who can see the police first. From those who we say can travel outside in public, then the Court can determine who can leave and who must stay."

People squirmed. That uncomfortableness included the victims, the police, and especially Mr. Smithers.

"OK. I get it. I'm the leader now. But how can the police trust this?"

Kim put her hand on my arm, and then clamped her fingers around it. Her little smile seemed wicked and that scared the dickens out of me. "We are keeping all of

ourselves shackled. Some people being chained and some not could cause big trouble. We are all victims. We are all equal. Got that?"

The silence was complete.

She continued. "There are only two doors to the outside, plus the kitchen loading dock. The police can guard those. OK? But what would hold everyone here in an acceptable way?"

She continued after a pause. "Everyone knows my partner here by her baby name given to her by this place." She looked at my eyes. "How about we call you another name?"

Where did that word 'partner' come from? "I guess so."

Mike spoke up. "No. We all know you as Abby. All this is too confusing already. Don't add to it."

Kim faced the crowd. "Will you all agree to be loyal to Abby while you are here? That beats the devil out of being chained to a wall. This place has the shackles and chains for the police to do that to us. Yes? Everyone who will make that promise please raise your hands. The police will shackle everyone else to a wall."

Hands went up.

"Shackled at the wrists. Keep raising those hands."

The police were watching intently.

The police didn't know what to do. They determined three victims had committed major crimes so they separated those. They rediscovered we had keys, so the police locked those three in a room upstairs. Those who took them food, pumped their breasts, or changed their diapers reported they were chained at the wrists, ankles, and to a wall.

Two police were on duty at each exterior door, and the kitchen prepared food for them too.

All of us residents slept wherever we had been sleeping before which threw Kim, Sheri, and I into a crises. Both of them looked stressed as the time came when most residents went to bed. Questions raced through my head about having sex with them. "Can we talk?"

They both appeared even more stressed if that was possible. I think they understood the question perfectly, but the silence was deadly.

Kim was prone to take charge and lived up to her reputation. "OK. If we break up the whole fabric of holding this place together everything may fall apart. That could be very dangerous especially for any retaliation against any or all of us. So, we don't break up."

She let that hang in the air. "But Abby isn't our little baby anymore. Or, at least I don't think so. She might let us be her Mommies again, but that would be too confusing with us and with the residents out there. We close the door. We all go to our one bed. We progress slowly with a little kissing and petting. We can play with the breast feeding, but let's just snuggle at first. And we share. We share our ugly feelings. We share each other. We stay in touch before anyone feels like the odd person left out. OK?"

We did. I was greatly relieved I didn't have to figure out when to be sexually aggressive. We kissed cheeks good night that first night. By the next night we were fondling. We hit a rough spot with Sheri feeling left out. We solved that by having one of us breast feed the other two at the same time in rotation. Within a few nights hands were down inside the others' diapers. We became sex addicts as the easiest way through the emotional minefields.

We needed balance another way with my being the big boss outside our room. I solved that by calling them my Mommies and using baby pronunciation in private.

Although Sheri, Kim, and I were changed and had our breasts pumped just like everyone else, there were differences. Both residents and police deferred to us. The kitchen volunteers had us sitting at a table in the front of the dining hall. We made that into a time when anybody could come talk with us.

One evening a few of the residents working in the sewing shop made me a different dress. It was in the same ole blue-gray as the only materials they had. They made it with a fully pleated skirt. Everyone had to stay in bulging cloth diapers, including myself, as those were the only ones we had. My bulge down there just about disappeared under that pleated skirt.

The residents who had braved going with me on the escape were the first to be given rooms instead of being in those cubicles.

Even without so much medication we all remained groggy from waking up in the night with painfully swollen breasts. The hospital was really spooked by all this and insisted we stay on some medication. "Just not so much."

A police officer came by and said that their shift was changing. The kitchen told us they had a list of the food they needed. We went and found a police officer at a door, explained the food problem, and asked him to call Mr. Smithers, which he did. By noon a policeman told me that the Judge had ordered food be sent to us from the community hospital. It was better food with flavors and variety, too.

The community hospital sent a rep who visited. She was terribly uncomfortable with the smell, the chains, and the not so private cubicles. I finally said something to her. "Look, you, go talk to a police officer. Otherwise, I'm the elected leader, so get with the program." By the time she left we had selected a bossy woman named Mack to be in charge of the kitchen. We selected Ben to be in charge of the pumping station, and Betty became the supply chief.

After lunch that day I called a meeting of everyone and explained why we were selecting team leaders. "Any objections? Questions? What needs doing?"

They did want to talk. The first selections stayed in place. A woman named Marcy was familiar with Roberts Rules of Order, so she became the moderator for our meetings.

The next day everyone was in a very difficult discussion. Somebody had to be the team leader, and with a team, for who would be named first for a police review for their release. That meeting became loud and angry. But I prevailed having a team. They would set up an office upstairs. As Sheri, Kim, and I viewed that room for their office there were several unused rooms up there. Every team including the police had their own office. Sheri selected a better room as our private space, but Kim quietly told the team leaders where they could find us.

The police arrested the distributor of the milk production. That one arrest led to more, and they slowly caught almost everyone involved. Mistress Helena had fled the country, but even she was detained and returned.

The heavy lactation continued. One of the teams came to us with an idea. Operating this place was going to be expensive. How about suggesting to Mr. Smithers finding another buyer for all the human milk? I called him. Late the next day we were visited by a buyer who was obviously most distressed with us. He returned with a woman who turned out to be the senior employee.

Finally, Sheri interrupted them. "Look. We know this is terrible. Imagine what we have been through. But this place needs financial support. Just to help us as the victims, please, and agree to buy our milk. Please."

They did.

Within two weeks we made an awful discovery as nearly a dozen residents had been identified the first who could be given permission to leave. An issue of who could leave was who had a place to go where they would be accepted. Drying up their breasts was more difficult as that required going through pain.

It didn't work. At a big meeting a hand went up and a weak voice followed. "We may be permanently incontinent. Let's try diapers with no plastic pants as training pants. Let's see who can stay dry for twenty four hours." People did try that. Most

couldn't, and nobody over a few nights. The damage that had been done to us was that great.

A glum mood permeated everything over the next few days. Kim, Sheri, and I talked about it mostly in private. We collectively decided this was serious enough for calling a big meeting. Anger erupted. By dinner time the group realized that we all had to work on our moods. That started the first of little discussion groups. We didn't have any professional help leaving those groups struggling, but they were better than anything else. They did identify suicide as a major concern.

Mr. Smithers wrote us a non-profit corporation for our operating the place on our own behalf. That became another team for managing the money. He also launched a lawsuit on behalf of all of us as a group.

Should we take our very limited money and add doors to the cubicles? Residents were out of the cages for sleeping, but the cubicles remained almost full at night.

That was a terribly angry discussion. In the end, a conclusion advanced that we all knew each other very intimately. We were all bare down there for being changed, and most residents had been on duty at the changing station. Nearly everybody had seen nearly everybody down there. Maybe the money for the doors had a better use. It went into better foods.

We asked the hospital for the money for fabrics. The seamstress shop was making replacement clothes with better fabrics in different colors. They made me a nicer new dress with better pleats, and styled above our breasts and bras. A few men and several more women wanted dresses like it. Sheri and Kim did too. The shoulders could be unsnapped for pumping without exposing our diapers to view. The pleated skirts had the extra cloth for easily changing our diapers without exposing our breasts to view.

Kim was the first of the three of us trying training pants during the day, and then Sheri. But I enjoyed the wet warmth too much. They failed to stay dry by the second night. One mid-morning I lay on my tummy and had a good orgasm in my warm wet diaper. They did not tell me quickly how they felt about that. But they were standoffish and appeared to be fuming until lunch that day.