

ABBY

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Chapter 5 - New Directions

We were visited regularly by several people, and each had their own agenda whether they said so or not. We referred to ourselves as residents, and they did too, which sounded less awful than victims or inmates. But we were all three of those categories. All of us remained in diapers.

The chains on most of us were removed including Kim, Sheri, and myself. I protested “for the common perception”.

Kim wasn’t buying my protest. “Look, Abby, we have to have your ankle chain off too. You are spooking too many visitors from the outside when everyone here treats you as the leader.”

“Isn’t that part of everybody knowing they have to behave, or else they too can in be chains?”

We held a big meeting. What came out was many of us had developed erotic bondage fantasies. Residents wanted to be banded and chained at the ankles. Kim rolled her eyes.

“OK, everyone. Make this optional. But there has to be a roster at the police front desk. They or our resident stationed at the door has to explain the chains to any guests. No chains if going out into the community. Buy better clothing patterns, too. Out there we have to appear reasonable.”

The three residents with serious criminal charges had been transferred away which was a traumatic event for many of us. That frightened us that we had been within the reach of such dangerous people. Those transfers away felt like a failure on our part. None of this made great logical sense, but those feelings were wide spread.

The police were tired of us. Sheri and Kim told me privately they saw it, others saw it, and finally one of them admitted it. We had three of the guys go to work on an alternative to the police having six officers on duty around the clock. A gal joined their little task force, and a proposal came out shortly after that. No one said, but the rest of us thought she had brought an essential different and fresh perspective to the problem. The better answer was cameras, alarms on the locked exterior doors, and giving the police a semi-private office of their own. Their new place was between the main front door and the kitchen loading dock. All that video and audio cabling had remained in place from the mob. All we had to do was bring it down from the computer room upstairs to the police station downstairs. We had that area built the way they wanted it even though that required moving installed kitchen equipment. The police presence plummeted to just two officers, and sometimes even less.

Fortunately there were two officers on duty when a pack of hateful thugs tried to break in. No one told us what they hated. The Judge reacted to their first appearance in Court by sending a representative from the Community Hospital.

She was no more successful in figuring out what to do with us than anyone else. What to do with us meant how to get rid of us. We were an expensive embarrassment to the local government who was paying for our support. Money was too tight for using disposable diapers. We remained in bulkier cloth diapers.

Mr. Smithers visited from time to time. He reported on the local government trying to unload us, and on the progress of the suit on our behalf. He came with the hospital representative who reported a new idea.

The major regional hospital had developed a new problem. Their alcohol and drug treatment program was having relapses. That is, people who had been through their thirty day program were returning, and frequently after being arrested. This was bad on the statistics about returning patients, and their Medicaid funding was threatening a cut back for those return cases. To change all that they had tried putting returning patients into diapers and restraints. Their thinking was a therapy program based on those failing patients having been acting like two and three year olds. Well, maybe they were, but three of those patients had taken to bed wetting and other disruptions to remain in the program. They seemed to have killed their treatment and progress by staying in diapers without going to jail.

Sheri gave me a sideways glance and so did Kim. I told the Representative to write this out if they wanted those diapered patients sent to us. We would have the group vote on it.

She didn't like that, and focused on me. "Look here; we're having a very difficult time with your costs. Take these people as a way to shift your costs onto a different accounting category." Her voice dropped. "Please."

Suddenly I liked the idea of being chained. I went erect in my warm damp diaper on a vision of being chained to Sheri and Kim. My being the lowest on the power structure gave me the most power in negotiations. "They may be in diapers, but they are not one of us. Do you know our breasts are being pumped and our milk sold? How can these people truly fit in without a disruption? We don't want to be difficult; not at all. But we don't need a fight breaking out between any of us and any of them. Anger and other passions can run amok in here. We don't have that much capacity for internal control."

"Aw oh," Kim interrupted. "We'd better create a reaction team." Sheri agreed.

"Tell you what. Why don't you put those people in a special category right where they are now? Give yourself the power to correct their voluntary bad behavior. For financial purposes put us and them in the same category. Would you please at least go ask?"

She scowled. She did write herself a few notes and went away.

We didn't see those patients, but our own people who had thought they could go home were returning in a steady trickle. They were being rejected for their incontinence and diaper wearing. The only place they could feel accepted and understood was back with us as the other victims. We were their new family.

Those three criminals that had been taken away leaving us feeling miserable about them were sent back. The Judge had ruled they had been subject to cruel and unusual punishment, but that didn't quite solve all the issues. When given a choice they wanted to return. The men's prison couldn't handle the diapers, and especially the breast pumping. Our general reaction was "now what?" No one wanted to treat them badly. Chaining them to a wall meant we would have to carry to them food, fresh diapers, and breast pumps. Not good. Instead they were chained at the wrists and ankles and wore jail orange shirtdresses. Not so good either, but no one had a better idea right then. They couldn't work on any of our teams. We found, and they agreed under pressure, that they would wheel the carts of wet and soiled diapers from the changing station. They ran the industrial sized laundry machines.

That was a major difficult meeting. Passions ran high. But the majority voted to let them return.

"Hold it. That's not quite right for those opposed. What would help you?"

That was another difficult discussion. What came out was fear. We kept talking until there was a wider feeling of being comfortable.

We couldn't stand the orange colors on those three. The seamstresses made them special shirtdresses in a light gray. To a casual outsider their new clothes seemed to be the same as the blue-gray the rest of us wore most of the time. Those gray ones had snaps at the shoulders for coming on and off without unlocking their chains. We made cloth ankle and wrist wraps for protecting their skin from too much contact with the metal. They accepted staying chained. In a meeting of just guys they said they had erotic fantasies with those chains, and nearly all the guys did too including me.

I called another meeting. "The reason for this meeting is deciding what about those who are returning. Someone is going to catch on our population is growing and eating more food. We are a financial burden, and I don't want a disaster falling on us. What can we do?"

There was a hushed silence before one of the returnees spoke. "I tried working in a restaurant before I involuntarily pooped one day which they couldn't stand. My family couldn't stand it either. So, here I am. Could we operate a restaurant?"

There was a collective hush or a "huh?"

"How about on the ruins of that old mansion house along the road? Call that lawyer. Ask a bank about an SBA loan."

I shuffled in my ankle chain to the police station that had the phone. We explained the idea. They rang up Smithers for us. He was out. The police at the front desk sent a resident for us when he called back.

"Mr. Smithers?"

"Hi, Abby. Don't you want to use your real name?"

Kim and Sheri had arrived. I asked them with Mr. Smithers listening. "When I'm out in the community I look more like a woman now with long hair and wearing a dress. My breasts have grown into a woman's size and are lactating heavily the same as

everyone else here. Why don't I just keep the Abby name?"

We all made small talk until Mr. Smithers interrupted. "OK. I'll ask the Court for an official name change. What last name do you want?"

"We never use last names here. I was Kim and Sheri's little baby at first. Sheri; what's your last name?"

"Oh no. You don't want my last name of Fink. Honest; Sheri Fink? Bad idea. Kim; what's yours?"

"Metzger."

Sheri had a strange eyebrow expression. "Why don't all three of us use the same last name? The others here treat us as a family. Let's be a family. I'm not letting anyone know I'm here in my own name. Too embarrassing."

Mr. Smithers interrupted. "I'll send over draft papers for that while you think what you really want. Now what did you call about?"

"We have an idea." I paused. "One of our people returned after too many fecal accidents. Plus his big breasts. He's a bit like me of her diapers and breasts make her look better in a dress. Can we ask if she wants a name change too?"

"Whoa there, Abby, with switching around the gender pronouns. I get it, but be careful out in public. As for name changes, ask everyone. This is easiest if we do everyone at once. Now, what did you call about?"

"She worked in a restaurant. She asked if we could open a restaurant and make money. Talked about a funny loan. Does S-D-A make any sense to you, sir?"

"S-B-A does."

"That's it! What does that mean?"

"Small Business Administration." He paused. "Wow. Oh boy, the local government would be very happy for you to become self-supporting. Let me ask bankers at the next Chamber meeting. After that I'll come visit you. Uh. Better; let me see the new you here at my office. How presentable can you make yourself for appearances with the business community? Get your hair styled. Use makeup. Buy earrings. Paint your nails. Especially you Abby with your low voice have to be convincing at first sight."

"That costs money, sir." I wet and warmed my diaper.

"I'll tell the treasurer at the hospital. I'll have one of the women here go to a beauty salon, explain a few things, and arrange a real beauty treatment."