

# ABBY

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## Chapter 7 - New People

We were an instant sensation when we returned to the Mansion House from the beauty salon. The two policewomen on duty took in their breath when they were surprised by our appearances. They made loud comments attracting others.

Kim clapped her hands. "Who wants to attend Beautician School? We going to need a beauty salon of our own."

"If we're going to do that why not have a beauty salon next to the restaurant?"

"I can't believe this is Abby."

"Our Abby."

I felt warm at the ears. "I don't know what's an appropriate girl's reaction."

Kim raised the shopping bag of dress patterns. "We all have to have better clothes, too. They gave us all these dress maker patterns."

Sheri slipped her arm in mine. "We all know Abby is our leader with the outside world. Well, something else has come up. Abby has to meet bankers, go to Chamber of Commerce meetings, and Lord only knows what else. She has to be convincing. As a girl, that is."

Kim interrupted. "Abby can't be our little baby girl anymore in here, and at the same time be an adult with us, and out there. That's just too much of a switcheroo for her and for the rest of us."

Sheri took my hand. "Let's get your pumped you gorgeous thing you, and then we start your feminine training."

Kim interrupted again. "You women start the facial emoting. Guys too if you can. After all the time in here on medication and being deeply depressed we have to raise ourselves up out of all of that. Fake it until you make it. We, all of us, have to be a roll model for Abby on how to use her face. She has to appear right often enough to

get by out there in the world. She is doing this for all of us. Yes?”

There was no response until murmurs of agreement rippled through the crowd. “Hey. Kim’s right.”

Kim glared at everyone. “Emote even if it is your pain, your anger, or whatever. Empathize with each other, damn it. At least be glad to see the other person. At least be glad they didn’t kill themselves since you last saw them. At least be glad from the last time they changed your diaper, or pumped your breasts. Or prepared your meal in the dining hall, or were nice to you. Be grateful for something even if it hurts. If so, grimace. Do something. Do something for yourself. Do something for Abby’s learning using her facial expressions for the good of the cause.”

As my breasts were being pumped a bunch of people collected in front of me. Their caring for me made me cry.

One of the woman crossed her arms. “You know, I could really like this. Abby has all the power as the leader, but we have all the power over her, too, as the omnipotent infant in diapers. Nice balance. Yes?”

I blushed furiously.

There was noise from the entrance. Two people ran by.

Kim was in charge, of course. “Put Abby’s best dress on her. Someone new has arrived.”

They brushed my hair and re-clipped it. Sheri held my hand as we walked towards the main door. She annoyed me when her hand holding felt controlling, but then I got it, and my feelings flipped into her caring for me.

Someone announced. “Hey. Here’s Abby.”

“Doesn’t she look adorable.”

One of the policewomen talked to a person standing next to her. “They voted Abby is their leader, but she is also one of them. Right?”

People murmured they agreed.

I dribbled fresh warmth into my diaper.

“This is Patricia usually called Pat.”

Pat was in an orange shirtdress, handcuffs that were hinged instead of chained, and shackled at her ankles.

“Pat failed a thirty day program for prescription drug abuse. They kept her for ninety days. She failed again.”

They didn't say how she failed.

“They sent her to jail for a revocation hearing about sending her to prison. She was previously a Deputy Sheriff. She begged to come here instead.”

There were various murmurs around the crowd. “Abby; what do you think?”

Pat blushed and squirmed.

I had no idea what to say, so I said the first thing that came to me. “Pat; do you know who we are?”

She opened her mouth, but nothing came out.

I focused on her. “We're not a treatment program. We were all abused and made incontinent. We have to wear diapers. The best of us might go the day, but loose control during the night, or the next day. We all have a slave number tattooed in our diaper area. The local government is mad as hell at having to support us. A few of us were released, but found they lost control. Most have returned. Those two police officers have a double roll. They are here as if to prevent escapes. We want them as our protection. We have not mastered what to do when one or a few of us have our angry feelings burst through all the calming medications. When that happens we scream for our police buddies. They are special because I have no idea how they tolerate the lingering stale urine smell every time they arrive on duty here. We have voluntarily kept up the lactation for the pleasant feelings that produces, and a little income. So, why in the world do you think you could fit in here?”

Kim interrupted. “We've never had anyone join voluntarily. The local government might not like this. They'll find out someday from the food bill, if not directly from our police protection. Just how the hell can we make this work?”

Fortunately, Pat found her voice. “I had heard what is going on here. If other inmates in prison find out I was a Deputy Sheriff, they are likely to kill me with their bare hands and fists. And those are women inmates! Being confined in here is much safer. I would love for someone to give me calming medications. Being kept in diapers is nothing. I bed wet to stay in the program and avoid being sent to prison. They already put me in diapers and shackles for that. But that only lasted so long. Being kept in chains as I earn your trust isn't nearly so bad as being terrified of prison.”

People looked down, or away, in embarrassment at Pat's story. How could we not help?

“Anything else?”

“Yes. And this is very important.”

Her face scrunched up with tears on her cheeks as she blushed deeply. “I fuck like a fish. I have used sex as an addiction. I have had law enforcement officers waiting for their turn followed by fire departments and ambulance crews. The truth is that I worked the inside of the recovery program the same way. That is why they don’t want to send me to prison, but they have to put me away out of sight. They have to send me somewhere.”

The silence was total.

“So, here is my proposal. Keep me in diapers and chains to stop all of that. Tattoo me too. Make me one of you. I like that lactation idea. You mentioned you do not know what to do when anybody explodes. I know what to do. Maybe keep me in this jail orange to distinguish I am never allowed out.”

I was thinking. “And we all know there is trouble whenever you come on the run swooping through in that outrageous orange. I get it.”

“And you know what? I’m in a dress instead of the usual jail jump suit specifically so I can have the staff fuck me. They knew exactly what I was doing.”

My erection was growing.

Kim and Sheri shared a glance, and pulled up my skirt revealing my bulging plastic panties. They wrapped a hand around the bulge in the front of my diaper and plastic pants. “Yep. You got her attention. Her special toy is all ready. Except she can squirt into her warm wet diaper instead. Sorry, Abby, we have known. But you don’t know how us real girls reach a hand down into our diapers.”

I blushed. “OK, everybody. Let’s go into our big circle for a meeting. Bring a mat. Pat; you lie down on that mat in the center. There is no modesty in here because there never has been. We’ll pull up your dress, check for any rash, and put you in thick cloth diapers and plastic pants. Then you and the rest of us can all decide whether you want to stay and whether we will let you.”

We did. Two of the guys held her down by her wrists as two of the women went to work on her. Pat already did not have any pubic hair. She quickly went sexually wet to a little direct stimulation. They slid a vibrator in her. They injected muscles relaxants into her urethra. KY jelly went around her rectum and they slid pills in there. A thick stack of cloth diapers went under her butt; were powdered, and pinned tightly in place. One of the police officers temporarily unlocked the chain at her ankles for plastic pants to be drawn up her legs, and into place. Bands were added at her shins for protection from the shackles.

“Very good. But is she truly one of us without at least a little of that torture?”

Kim pointed a finger at my nose. "You be careful, Abby, dearest. Sheri and I worked hard and took big risks keeping you from being tortured. Remember?"

I blushed.

People cast doubting expressions at me.

Kim glared at Pat. "Are you serious?"

One of the women in the back of the crowd spoke up. "How else? Just like everyone she will lie to get out of that torture. She will signal her complete submission to the group when she makes a lump in her diaper. Pat; this is your last chance to get out of this. Otherwise the rest of us know how painful this will be, and now you will too."

A woman walked into view with electric shock bands in her hands.

Pat grimaced. "Go ahead. I'll mess just as fast as I can."

Kim interrupted. "Oh no we don't. We are not starting down the long hard road of having tortured anyone."

Pat's voice was almost a whisper. "Go ahead." Her volume came up. "Damn it."

I burst out. "No swearing. The rest of us, especially the guys, have a difficult enough time remembering the swearing does no good at all. When anyone is angry, or distressed, say so. Swearing blocks any real conversation."

Pat whined with the volume up. "Please. I have to fit in."

Sheri moved to stand near to Pat. "Aw, c'mon everybody. Pat was mentally tortured already with a drug treatment program that didn't work. She just didn't know to tell us how."

Melissa moved to Sheri. "Just hold her down until she poops." They did.

About ten minutes later Kim held up her hand. "I smell a mess. Check her."

One of the gals pulled up the hem of Pat's plastic pants. "Ew."

"OK; clean her up and tattoo her before she goes back into fresh diapers."

As they did that one of the women looked up from her work on Pat. "She wasn't lying. The inside back of her skirt is stained." They made sure all the fecal smears were truly clean and treated with an anti-bacterial agent. No vaginal or bladder infections if we could prevent it. They slipped that vibrator back into her. Fresh thick diapers were powdered and pinned in place. The plastic pants were pulled up around

all that.

“Abby; lactation?”

“Only way to be a full fledged member.”

They unbuttoned the top of her shirtdress, applied analgesic lotion, and gave each of her breasts a shot near her areolas.

“Bring in another chair; pick her up; have her sit in our big circle.”

The only chair they could find was an old metal folding one that needed a lick or two of paint.

“Sheri and Kim. Sit with me and hold my arms as if I am your little toddler girl. Pat needs to know she isn’t the only one.”

We did.

“Pat. Let’s just say we know that was awful. Now that you know the extreme abuse we all suffered, are you so sure? The group could put you through that shock torture another time.”

“Oh, yes, that would be agony. That vibrator is making me horny. I can feel the dribble already.”

“Stand up. Sheri; go bring her off.”

Sheri pulled Pat out of that chair, sat in it, and turned Pat around facing away from Sheri. She reached around both sides of Pat, and slipped a hand down into her diapers. In minutes Pat was rhythmic and close to collapsing.

Sheri’s voice was stern. “I didn’t say anything about falling down. Now you just stand there. Or, else, we can give you that shock treatment for your disobedience. That is one of the stronger ways they abused all of us.”

Pat tried to keep standing up, but was too into her orgasm. Sheri let her lie down on the floor. Finally Sheri stopped and leaned into Pat’s ear. “Now that we have that settled that you are as horny a bitch as I’ve ever seen, it’s time to get up. Sit in a chair again.”

The women removed Pat’s handcuffs and orange shirtdress and put her in a longer top in that blue-gray that was still ubiquitous with us. Her shirtdress was hustled to the laundry.

By the time the washed, dried, and still warm orange shirtdress had been

returned, Pat had announced again she wanted to stay. The majority vote was she could remain with us. The police officers called the drug program and found they had two more of those orange shirt dresses.

Pat was now our chief of internal security.

A thought flashed through me. "Pat. You know how to escape out of those handcuffs. You have to. We have a few pairs that are really different. Bob, go get a pair with the magnetic key in the hinge."

"Yes, ma'am, Miss Abby." He trotted off. He handed those special 'cuffs to two of the women. "I'm a guy, and do want to be seen as abusing a woman."

Two men held Pat by the arms. On went the handcuffs built very differently with a hinge, and the lock mechanism was built into the hinge.

"Try that Pat."

She could move her hands a together all the way up her mouth. But there was none of that twisting permitted by handcuffs connected by a chain. She tried lots of things in those finding she could wipe her mouth and blow her nose. But couldn't turn her hands to fit flat down inside her diaper and plastic pants for bringing herself off. She looked at the top of the lock mechanism. "You're right. No way I can escape from these. But don't any of you get into a fight as I can still pull your arm way up behind your back. That will hurt a lot. Let's demonstrate. I wont hurt you."

She quickly had one of the arms of a guy up his back who had been standing near to her. "Enough?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well Pat? Are so sure this is right for you?"

"Abby! Just what the hell else am I going to do?"

We locked her in a steel crib that night. Those were still being stored in back rooms. We did that before we had any trouble with the guys and a few gals wanting sex with her. That took weeks before the group found a way with a sign-up list for a few hours at night with her in a room. Our police escort knew. We never found out what they told their home office.

Our kitchen was getting better. Our police volunteers were having their lunch with us. They also suggested better air purification equipment.

Not too much later another new person arrived. A new police shift brought in a third person wearing an attractive blouse and skirt.

Tara had been handcuffed by our police guardians before they brought her in.

She was already in diapers. Except she was a cross-dressing diaper wearer on her own. Inside her diaper was a special toy like mine. She had been a Ph.D. psychotherapist who got into wearing women's clothes and had voice surgery. Her feminine breasts were real. She had gotten into diapers and fell into a deep depression. She had been suspended from practice, and in her desperation had found out about us.

She liked the idea of inducing heavy lactation. She even knew the right name for the hormones from that which would generate pleasant feelings. She wanted those.

We didn't do that torture thing, but she, or he when her diapers were off, was tattooed with our next sequential slave number. That was the next number after Pat. She asked for chains at her wrists and ankles until her suicide fantasies subsided. We had a rotating duty of a resident with her full time until she said she was OK.

We now had a resident psychotherapist. We all needed that for our post traumatic stress syndrome. She knew all about that from her own experiences that had driven her to diapers.

We were all sitting in our big circle for a meeting as she challenged us all. She too was wearing those same handcuffs that Pat wore part of the time. If anything that made her parading around in the center of the circle all the more effective. That time she wore a longer blue-gray top barely covering her bulging plastic pants. No excuses from anyone as she had been there; done that; even though all in her head. She had mentally abused herself with similar ill effects as real abuse had been on the rest of us.

Pat took Tara aside. They were both sex addicts. The whole place seemed to settle a little knowing Pat had a partner. There were no more controversies about when Pat was available. Kim thought both of them were going to bed with anyone who asked, but they kept it discreet enough.

Tara had her car parked outside, and we needed one desperately. She had the only driver's license as all of ours had been lost in that fire destroying the old mansion house; if not before. She also had a newer computer which we needed. She set it up in the common area every evening after dinner and had us watch the news.

It helped immensely that we saw her as a woman, and felt that way about her. But we all saw just as many public diaper changes of her as with everyone else. I wasn't the only guy going full time cross-dressing for having to go outside in the world.

At one session in the round the women went to one side and the men were on the other. "Hold it." I pointed my hands with my wrists together as if inside those very restrictive cuffs. "You two guys over there." I pointed at the women's side of the circle. "You two Mel and Vicki go to the men's side." I moved more people. "Look; I know it is



traditional to have gender only groups. But this time I think not. We have to bring all of us up from the lethargy and the depression. The guys emote their anger faster. The gals bury their heads and weep faster. Yes, Tara?”

“Just maybe. I don’t know you all well enough yet.”

“Aw, c’mon Tara. You know us well enough. But you know what? Underneath all that is the same depression in everyone covering over the same outrage in everyone from the way we were all abused. Come the day after Christmas we will be dealing with suicide risks if we don’t get on top of this real fast. You want to wallow? No. The only remedy I can think of in a hurry is to handcuff together in groups of two the most depressed among us. Not for any diaper checking or sex. For keeping anybody from being alone long enough to carry out their suicide. I don’t want to be packed off to an uncaring state facility who won’t understand my diapers. So, we all stay together, and we all come to know ourselves deep inside ourselves by what everyone says and does. Everybody has a story. We will all learn from those stories.”

I took a breath as I knew there was more to say. “I can not make this fair. I can not correct the serious damage. I can not guarantee we will be successful. I do not know if we can operate a restaurant or anything else. But what I can say, and do say, is I am going to do everything I can, bust my diapered buns if you will. We will be successful. We will lift ourselves up no matter what. We are all part of your tribal family now. Tribal members look out after each other. We are going to come out of this like a sailing ship with all the sails billowed by a strong wind. No suicides. None. Everyone is on the care-taking team no matter what it takes.”

The room was so silent we could hear those metal folding chair squeak when anybody shifted or squirmed even just a little.

I wet my diaper. Kim was prone to be more authoritative than Sheri and did so. “Very good Abby.” She reached up the back of my skirt. I could feel her hand around the bulge in my plastic pants between my thighs. “Just a little humiliating diaper check before your head swells too much with your success. You too are one of us.”

That evening when they were coaching me on feminine mannerisms we slid very easily into playing I was their little baby girl again. We suckled each other, and after being changed and pumped we went all the way with our plastic panties and diapers pulled down.

Tara had arrived in the nick of time before our SBA loan application required our full time attention. That threw us into difficult discussions producing tension with each other. We needed Tara’s skills with that tension, the anger it precipitated, and all that depression all over again avoiding the anger.