

ABBY

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Chapter 11 - Money

Megan and I were facing each other lying down in a dreamy state in our crib of after making love. There was that distinctive subtle sound at the door of the faint rustle of plastic pants. I heard Peggy's voice. "Abby's in here, Kim. She and Megan need a little attention."

I sorta jolted awake and rolled towards the steel bars at the side of the crib.

Peggy was beaming at us. "Little Babies need their diapers pulled back in place. Don't you think?" She reached through the steel bars and did that to me as being nearest to her. She unlocked the crib side. "You're wanted Abby. Go. I'll take care of Megan." When I was standing Sheri put me in a light blue onsie holding my damp diaper up in place and added a matching skirt.

Just on the other side of the doorway Kim held plain ole handcuffs connected with a chain. "Hold still." She ratcheted those on my wrists. She smiled. "Good little girl. Tara told me to."

I wet as we went down the hall being grateful Peggy had been careful that my slimy special toy was pointing at the center. Otherwise that strong a stream could have missed my diaper and squirted out underneath a hem of my plastic pants and down my leg.

At the pumping station they checked my hot wet sagging diaper and pointed for me to lay down where they changed me. When I sat in a chair for pumping my breasts they strapped a band around my belly holding me in place. The handcuffs and the band were a clue something was about to happen I might not like.

I hadn't been pumped for more than a minute or two with more time needed for expressing my milk when Pat arrived. As always she was in her orange jail shirtdress and those special handcuffs. "Abby; the design and architectural teams want a decision that has created a major controversy."

I felt the let-down reflex in my breasts as my milk was expressed into the cups. Her comment was interrupting the comforting feelings from giving milk. My voice was

annoyed. “What?”

One of our police officers was trying diapers and plastic pants that day because the other had been called away for a family emergency. She didn’t want to be absent from the phone or the door although Pat had said she would sit in. But that officer wasn’t one of us, and did her diapering in private even though we had offered to do so. All of the residents were routinely changed or pumped in view of everyone else. But this time I blushed with so many people hovering around watching me.

“Remember we locked the kitchen door out of fear of a suicide with the knives?”

I nodded. That had seemed a good idea. Where was this headed?

“Remember the Judge?”

“Of course.”

“The thought is growing we will have people dumped on us especially by the Courts. That Judge mentioned a judicial panel. What will she be saying at any judicial conferences? We had better make our new place expandible. That is, don’t put the buildings too close together. Give the parking lots space to grow. Make sure there is plenty of space out the back for expansion.”

I felt a particularly strong squirt of my milk. I took that as my queue. “Yep. We may. This requires powerful thinking. Those people may not be tame. They will be most likely coming to us involuntarily from jails, mental wards, institutions, Courts, or sent by frustrated families. They may be mad as hell. Pat and Tara are already fully engaged just for the rest us. Plan for outside staff. Plan for incarceration. Better have a basement where cells can be installed.” My other breast made one of those noticeable squirts.

Their faces told me this had caused difficult discussions.

“Say it all now. We have to get this out and resolve it. Let me finish here and I’ll join you in a big circle.” I dribbled into my diaper.

The group decision was for our people making construction drawings to dramatically expand the proposed facilities. But do that in a way that only what was needed now for us would be built first.

Our police officer held up her hand from the far corner at the door. “Ask the Chief Deputy at the jail for those extras for safe and humane handling of prisoners. At least a private holding room near the entrance and passages from there to secure cells or rooms. They may arrive without expecting diapers, so allow for their using a toilet.”

Everyone nodded. Several responded “thank you”. I was too concentrated on

dribbling in my diaper to think so fast. The plans added those.

A few days later I felt awful just thinking about going to a Jaycees meeting. In my anxieties my back felt like acid was washing over me. I was near to tears. Tara saw my miserableness and asked. I told her. She yanked on my wrist, pulled me in, and gave me a powerful smack on my padded butt. That would have knocked me to the floor if she hadn't been hanging on.

"Hey."

"Hey nothing. You can be a handful you know. You are deeply admired by all of us. Even the police talk about you in admiration. But none of that helps when you are determined to make yourself miserable. Don't tell me you don't do that as I do that too. There are women here with weak self esteem who have rape fantasies of their being involuntarily taken by you. Your four Mommies are more than enough for you. They are struggling too, but the impression they make is that they are falling deeply in love with you. We don't use that 'love' word around here much. Hardly at all. Pat's lust is the craziest of all as you know. Now get yourself together or I am calling an emergency meeting. There is no choice here. You simply have to go."

I was weeping in my misery.

"OK, little wretch. Your Mommies will dress you, a team will chain you, they will put you in my car, and I'll drive. Got that? Or are you going to do whatever you need to do to bring yourself up?"

I sniffled. "Could a mass meeting help?"

"Whatever. Go wet and get yourself pumped."

I did; she did; everyone came together; I wept.

Two of the quietest women stood up and walked over to me, leaned over, and hugged me. "Cry your heart out Abby. We'll sit here and cry with you. If that's what you need to do everyone here is with you. But you are not that helpless inside. We know. We have watched you. Now, we'll sit here and cry too."

They did. That circle contracted into three rings as everyone else sat as close to me as they could.

After several minutes of that I felt totally ridiculous. "Thanks everyone. I'm coming up." A vision flashed through my head. "Sometimes we all need something simple to do. Why not have a shuffle board court in here?"

We did. It wasn't all that popular, but it was used nearly every day.

A few evenings later my makeup was airbrushed. My Mommies put me in that gorgeous burgundy skirt suit, with a subtle lipstick, and with little pearls at my ears. They didn't have to chain me, but they did pump me and change my diaper although it was only damp. I asked for and they put a vinyl slip on me under my good skirt as extra protection.

The Jaycees met in some weird place that had once served some other purpose. The parking lot was not well lit, and the building exterior seemed dark and foreboding. I felt I wanted a hidden revolver in a large shoulder bag as I got out of Tara's car.

Inside was better lit. There was a huge stone fireplace with a massive timber for a mantelpiece. Some overweight guy in an open necked shirt named Joe running a cleaning service welcomed me with a gin and tonic mixed drink. "Water, please." I didn't tell him why. I didn't like him at first, but he grew on me over time. When he said he would do something, anything, it was done on time and delivered at the right place.

The guys were polite, but I had a hard time getting a conversation going with them. They drank too much too fast and talked about sports. I had never been much into sports.

The women didn't quite know what to make of me either, but they would let me stand with them off on one side. They quickly decided I was a cross-dresser, so I asked them how they knew.

"Your face. You are not animated." She tugged me by my hand. "Come watch."

The women drank beers, wines, and mixed drinks too. But one or two a night. Not four or five.

The junior bankers Lauren and Kit arrived and went to the bar together. They came over to the little group of women I was with as they carried frosted drinks in their hands. The 'girls' as they might say all greeted one another. They were right. Their faces were in constant motion. I got it right then how depressed and depressing life at the Mansion was. We would do something about that. Maybe play Charades in the evening. When I told Tara on the way home she thought that was a terrific idea.

Kit and Lauren were not as shy here among the young Jaycees as I had seen elsewhere. I held back from wetting my diaper fearful my overdue butt was about to let go. "OK; Abby; how's the loan coming?"

I quickly summarized the idea of expanding the plans in a way we didn't over build at first.

They were delighted and wanted a visit at the bank loan office just as soon as possible.

We stayed so long my breasts hurt. So did Tara's. On the way home I suddenly pooped without warning. Tara wiggled her nose from the driver's seat. I was very grateful for that vinyl slip under my skirt.

The few who were up when we arrived made a huge fuss over how strong my poop was as they changed me. Sitting in the car had squeezed slimy poop out onto my thighs, and that vinyl slip. That talk did work for improving my feelings. They had me dressed in just diapers and bulging plastic pants as they pumped me. I was getting chilled as Tara brought all those residents who were awake to where I was sitting. Someone put a warm blanket on me which helped. She explained the bankers and how they had responded. My four Mommies put on an act of beaming at the success of their little girl. I accepted that and let that help me feelings. They took me to bed. Sheri gave me a big wonderful orgasm that evening. Then Megan after my 2 am pumping and changing.

A few mornings later one of the residents serving as a beautician arrived at the Dining Hall. She came to where my four Mommies and I were having breakfast. "Abby needs to blow them away. Hold still." She brushed my hair a different way using a few small hair clips and one big one. My hair was just long enough to be brought over my right shoulder and draped in little in front of me. Everybody was thrilled with the change. She took me back to the makeshift beauty salon. She gave my hair a full washing, a rinse, a blond tinting, and brushed it in place with a large and small hair clip.

My four Mommies took over dressing me in that gorgeous skirt suit with everything after pumping me and changing me. When one of the police arrived for her shift her eyebrows popped up in surprise at how good I looked. One of the residents put her hand on my forearm. "I was a bank loan officer BC meaning before captivity. You look fabulous, Abby. Blow them away." We hadn't know she had been a banker. When we returned she had joined the finance committee.

That morning we filled Tara's car with her, myself, and squeezed four of the plans committee into the back seat of her car. The committee members in the back seat had stacks of file folders. I was hoping we didn't stay longer than my breasts and cloth layers of diapers could comfortably hold out.

The bank building in town had a big expensive modern lobby. The elevator oozed wealth. Going up Tara put her arm around my shoulder. "We walk in there as if Abby is the big boss. This is a sale, damn it. They will be assessing Abby as both our leader and as a witness in that big law suit or another on prejudices. Sell, Abby, sell. Use all the personal power you can muster."

The loan officer Lauren was waiting for us in the hall. Her eyebrows popped up when she saw me just like our friendly police officer had been surprised. Her face went from confident to 'oh my gawd what have I gotten myself into'.

A face from a beauty salon poster came to mind. I had to smile like a real girl,

and my facial muscles were only up to that task for limited amounts of time.

We were perfect. We were better than if we had rehearsed. I don't remember a thing I said.

The loan officers Kit, Lauren, and three new ones all deferred to me as we went into the conference room. Kit introduced me to the even more bank loan officers in there, and I introduced the others who came with me. Tara handed out her and my business cards. I saw myself in a mirror as I was sitting down with my hand behind my skirt like a real girl. My closed mouth big smile was perfect for the business owner with an attitude of 'don't give me any of your crap'.

Kit launched into describing why the multiple loans. Tara kept laying file folders on the table as if she was the helpful subordinate.

Everyone had a note pad, a pen, and a water glass. I marked the top page of mine with the date and time. Then I laid the pen down as if I was waiting for anything new and important to be said. I secretly wet a little.

Kit had described just about everything one time through. Then she sorted through those file folders Tara had laid out. She took one and laid the pages out on the table. She put a page of her own on top. It was on the stationery of that Court. "You all know Judge Wagner. She wrote a testimonial praising this project." She stopped there and didn't say the second big paragraph of that letter. It said they had better approve this loan package or that other law suit could just march right through this county and town. And, by the way, why hadn't the bank noticed the peculiar account activities of those awful people now held in jail.

Tara talked for a few words slipping in a nasty thought that she knew her boss Abby Metzger would never say out loud. Her boss was just too good with customer relations.

Kit thanked everyone for their time.

A senior loan officer had the jitters making him seem frightened. He made all the closing comments and said they would call us. He said something about a CRD.

Lauren reminded everyone that this was both a package of SBA guaranteed loans and Community Redevelopment Loans. Both were guaranteed by the Federal Government, so no more fussing about our being a start up of inexperienced people under desperate circumstances.

I appreciated her candor.

Those closing comments were our queue to leave.

Both my back and my diaper were damp with sweat as we walked out.

A few weeks later we carried our paper blizzard of new organizations to the bank for meeting with Kit and Lauren. They were their smiling version of competent loan officers as we signed for those loans. Mr. Smithers came himself although Ms. Sanders carried the papers they brought.

Kit's and Lauren's boss arrived towards the end. The signings were getting old and my hand hurt with cramping from holding that pen.

I thought we had finished when yet another file folder of more papers was lifted out of Leslie Sanders' carrying case. Mr. Smithers explained Judge Wagner was seriously concerned with what the police had been bringing to Court. They had been finding and arresting people who hated us and wanted to hurt us. Or worse. He wanted us to review those new papers in the next few days. Tara picked them up and handed them to one of the others to carry with us.

Everybody was waiting for us just inside the entrance at the Mansion. "How did it go?"

I felt something welling up inside myself as I burst out wailing.

Tara instantly had her arms around me as she piloted me deeper in the big room. She was murmuring in my ear.

My four Mommies surrounded me asking what was wrong.

But I kept wailing.

Tara made a space around me. She must have used facial signals I didn't see as my Mommies let her make that space. Tara brought in two women who were mostly quiet. "Taylor and Ruthie cry a lot in their despondency. Let them take you to a chair and cry with you."

They gently towed me along to a chair. They pulled in chairs so they were besides me and also a little in front. "Cry your heart out Abby. Cry; cry; cry. What ever is going on you must need it."

Tara had my Mommies close in as tightly as possible.

I just kept crying.

Tara was nearby. "OK everybody. Sometimes I think we all just struggle through without daring to be our hurt, angry, depressed, desperate, tearful selves. Can any body guess what hit Abby so hard? You've all been there."

I was trying to be quieter, but another wail burst out.

Taylor was holding my hand with her other arm around my shoulder. Ruthie had an arm around me as she pulled my head in to be resting on her shoulder. "It's OK Abby. You're one of us. We know who you are, but you are still one of us."

A guy's voice came through. "What happened while you were out?"

Tara was talking. "They signed all those loan documents. Abby and her team were successful beyond their or any of your wildest imaginations. Clue as to why Abby has to cry right now?"

Taylor held up an arm. "Quiet. Let Abby process. This is big for her."

I kept on weeping. My noises came down to mostly sniffing.

"OK, Tara, what's this all about?"

Tara answered. "Abby just pulled off the biggest success of her life. It reminded her of how painful it has been here for her. Same as for all of you. She cares so much for you, all of you, that she went out into the world way beyond her comfort zone. Her hurt and anxieties were just awful. She is crying and wailing for you. Especially for you who have not been crying enough."

Taylor leaned into my ear and whispered. "Is Tara close enough?"

I cried audibly again as I nodded my head.

"OK, everybody, we are on. Everybody squeeze in with a hand on Abby or a hand on someone who has a hand on Abby. Physically let her know you are all with her all the way."

Hands multiplied on my shoulders and arms. Then my head and my knees. Then my hips.

The pain in my swollen breasts broke through my feelings. I sniffled. "Pump me."

They led me to the pumping station, and pulled my best skirt suit off of me. They kept right with me as I cried even more. Breasts being pumped are never completely dry because the pumps are not as good as a sucking infant. When mine were not giving up much more milk they laid me out on a nearby mat. But they wouldn't go away.

When I saw through my tears as I lay on the changing mat there were scrunched up and wet faces nearby.

My ankles were lifted by two people. Another pulled my plastic pants up to my ankles. Another unpinned my wet diaper. My Mommies shoved their way in with a stack of diaper cloth which they slid under my butt.

I was still weeping.

My Mommies damp rag cleaned my butt. They checked my special toy in front of everyone, and applied a little diaper creme there. They powdered me and the diaper, and pinned it in tightly in place. They brought my plastic pants down from elevated ankles and pulled it around that thick diaper.

When they sat me up I burst out crying again.

Tara nudged Taylor and Ruthie to me. After a glance at my Mommies those two pulled on my arms bringing me up from the floor. They held me as they walked me to a chair. By now I was just weeping tears with hardly any sound.

Taylor held my arm as she brought her face to my ear and spoke softly. "It's OK, Abby. Cry your heart out. So many are crying too with you and for you. We are all with you; even the police officers have had a few tears."

Ruthie was in my other ear. "Keep crying all you can."

My Mommies were right there too. "Those are genuine tears Abby. Not little girl temper tantrum tears. Well maybe a little of that too. We love you."

Another wail burst from my lips as I shuddered with yet more tears.

I heard Tara's voice. "OK, folks, Abby just had another breakthrough, and she is again our divine devoted leader. It's that 'love' word folks. With all the sex and lack of modesty around here, we forgot to feel loved. We are surrounded by understanding people of ourselves. All of us understand each other, and in a very loving way. Keep crying Abby. You are weeping for all of us. Somebody bring a cup of water."

I thought Tara was going to give me a little water to drink. But no. She leaned over me with a finger in that simple plastic cup of water. She placed her wet finger on my forehead. "In the name of all of the residents of the Mansion and on their authority." She paused. "I hereby Baptize you as the Pastor of the Mansion. You have been washed and cleansed by your tears."

I cried even more.

Tara yelled. "Cry you all, damn it."

My Mommy Peggy returned with a simple shirtdress in that blue-gray color we used so much. Even with my continued crying, my Mommies held my arms up as they

slid that shirtdress down over me. Megan wiped my face.

“Here,” called out.

Something was passed hand to hand to Tara. She passed one end to Pat in her handcuffed hands. They pulled it out flat. It was a blazing white cloth. They folded it a few times lengthwise. My Mommies held my hands. Tara draped that white something over my shoulders. She pulled my long blond hair out from under it and fiddled with it a little. “This is your Pastoral shawl, Abby. Pat has collected a series of religious services for us to play at Wednesday evening hymn sings and on Sunday mornings. We just need a leader. No experience required. Oh, and by the way, the best ones seem to come from churches with the least religious fervor. To quote one. ‘No matter who you are, or where you are on the path of life, you are welcome here.’”

I nodded as I tried to stop my crying. “That’s good.”

Those faces around me jumped into smiles.

Taylor and Ruthie gave me a big hug even though our faces were still wet.

Our chief chef Mack now called Marsha pushed her way through the crowd. She took no grief, and was not known for being much on caring. She grabbed me into the biggest hug. “Thank God for you Abby.”

My face was wet again. “Thank you for what you do, Marsha.” I looked around as she let go of me. “Thank you all for what you all do. The physical work here never stops.” An idea flashed through me. “I want everyone to turn to the person next to you and say ‘thank you; you have a place here’. Do it now.”

They did. They gave each other hugs, too.

A voice called out from the back of the crowd. “Let’s admit it. The foods sent here are the cheapest they can find. Marsha and her crew do the best they can with so little to work with. Thank you from the bottom of my heart and my stomach. But, tonight, since we have the money, could we order carry in Pizza?”

It was delicious.