

ABBY

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Chapter 13 - Serious Stuff

I was already bored and wanted nothing more than to lie face down in my warm wet diaper and have my own nice orgasm. The crew was sure to change my heavy sagging diaper inside my plastic pants at my next pumping. I wanted to enjoy it first.

But Mr. Smithers had called and was waiting on the phone.

“Yes, sir.”

He went through opening pleasantries rather briskly. “Have you looked at that extra package of papers?”

“We’ve been very busy sir.”

“Damn it all, Abby. The Judge just called here. I have report back to her. Call me in half an hour.” He didn’t add ‘or else’.

I called out from the police desk. “Would the contract committee quickly look at that extra packet of papers given us at the settlement. The Judge called Mr. Smithers.”

Two committee members rushed to their cardboard boxes of records. They quickly came up with a file folder and opened it. “Holy Jesus.”

That had everyone’s attention.

Tara intercepted them on their way to me. She took a quick glance. “Crap. I heal people; not shoot them.”

What the hell?

There were four applications for concealed-carry handgun permits. Mr. Smithers top letter explained the Judge’s concern with the arrests that had been made of angry people hating of us. There was texting, e-mailing, and talk in casino bars of attacking us with enough details to be serious threats. More copies of blank applications would be provided as needed.

An instant big meeting was quiet. The residents needed time to digest this. Pat spoke for everyone. "We have enough of our own troubles with depression and anger. Bringing guns in here? Surely thou jest."

New thoughts came slowly. An idea was quickly rejected of breaking up and going in small groups to other institutions in other places. "Could our police guards keep those guns at their desk?"

"If there is an attack, it will be there. Guns have to be stored away from that entrance."

One of the guys laughed in a strong hearty way. "Can't you just imagine it. Pat in her handcuffs at a gun show applying to purchase a handgun. No way, except we could all roll on the floor laughing hilariously. At least she could hold and shoot it with both hands."

I visualized one of us rolling on the floor letting outsiders see our diapers up our skirts. Didn't think so.

One of the women currently on duty at the pumping station spoke out. "Buy locked steel boxes. Put one at our end of the room. We're about as far from the entrance as anywhere in here."

"Who holds the keys?"

"Get duplicates made. Lots of duplicates. The question isn't the lock, the question is this location is occupied and watched twenty four hours a day. It takes just enough time to work the lock for the station crew to intercede as needed."

"Our clothes have never had pockets."

One of the bigger guys held up a hand. "Sew a little pocket in the side of our bras. Velcro closure. The keys just stay there through the wash."

"Buy big shoulder bags. Conceal what is at the bottom by carrying glossy disposable diapers on top."

"Who gets the permits?"

The room went silent. "You Abby. Pat and Barbie no. We should have formed a team, task force, or committee on security long ago. Whoever is on that."

Three weeks later I had been dressed in my best burgundy skirt suit. Ten dollars got me into a local gun show. When I walked in I was so outrageously overdressed I hustled back to the Mansion for simpler attire. My Mommies were not sure what to do. After a pumping and a changing, they and I used one of our institutional blue-gray knee

length shirtdresses on me. They added a short vinyl slip underneath. I stopped by Salvation Army with my new driver's license and a Mansion operating account credit card. I walked out with a baby blue woman's wallet and a big red shoulder bag.

I went past the main bank location for cash money. Much to my relief they didn't ask why.

Gun show security let me in because of the red stamp they had put on my hand the first time.

The array of guns for sale was bewildering. Some old bald guy with a ridiculous bushy white moustache almost as wide as his face asked me what I was looking for. He seemed friendly enough.

"Something for self-defense." I didn't explain anything more.

"Rifle or a handgun?"

"Wouldn't a rifle be too conspicuous?"

"Yep. Have secondary proof of residence?"

"What's that?"

"Anything that shows the same address as your driver's license. Car registration. Utility bill. Rental lease."

'Well', I thought, 'none of us have that. Guess we'll concoct some form of a lease.'

He read my hesitancy. "Can't sell you a handgun. Show has rules about sales from a table."

My spirits fell flat. At least he didn't question why I was wearing a dress.

"But you can buy privately. Walk around and see if anyone else walking around in here has a revolver for sale."

Several men had a rifle slung over their shoulders with a for sale sign taped to a stick stuck into the barrel. One of those men was also carrying a revolver.

"That for sale?"

He scowled at me. "Not to a fag."

"I'm not a fag."

“Well, what are you?”

I blushed while thinking fast. “I’m wearing a dress to conceal a medical condition.” I tilted my head just so as he looked at my breasts. “What is that?”

“A 44.”

“Does it work?”

“Yep.”

“I don’t know much. Can someone else look at it?”

“Who?”

“That guy with the big weird white moustache.”

“Oh, him. Sure. He’s honest. Let’s go.”

The owner knew that man’s name as Ernie, who listened, opened it, closed it, cocked it, and squeezed the trigger to a click. “Yep, that will do.”

I interrupted. “How much?”

The owner looked me up and down again. Somebody behind me ran into me almost knocking me out of balance. I became frightened that no one would sell to me. I had to do something as my dress could cause trouble in there. “Show me how to load it.”

Ernie showed me how to open it, load it, and empty it. He handed it to me and showed my how to hold it and cock it. “Go ahead, point it high on a wall, and squeeze it off.”

I did. “How much?”

The owner frowned. “You legal?”

I handed my driver’s license to Ernie. He scowled. “You ever been arrested?”

“No sir.” The more complicated version could stay out of sight for awhile.

“Guess so. He asked you how much. He asked twice.”

The owner frowned at Ernie. “I thought you were a patriotic old fart like me.”

Ernie laughed. “I’ve figured her out. She is doing something heroic. Seems

more patriotic than what most of us are doing these days.” He turned his attention on me. “Where are you going to carry it?”

I opened my big red shoulder bag.

Ernie reached over the table, opened that bag, and dug underneath the two disposable diapers. “Yep. That’ll work, but you be careful. Law might not like it being concealed and out of sight that way.”

“I have a Court order for the permit.”

Ernie’s face broke out in a smile.

I turned facing the owner. “Gotta have something. How much?”

“Aw. \$800.”

“Ernie?”

He fingered his moustache. “Up to you. That’s an old Smith and Wesson. Got collector value. Faded blue. Holster wear on the sights, barrel, and cylinder.” But his voice was saying something. There was a doubt in there somewhere.

I had to guess. “\$600.”

The owner scowled.

“Cash.”

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Ernie nod his head just a little. “You’ll need patches, the right oil, and a short ramrod. It will all fit in that shoulder bag. Oh, and a silicon cloth to protect it and keep it’s shape from being too visible in there.” He flipped his head. “That guy in the corner sells those.”

The owner gave it a fond look. “Make it \$700, and I’ll throw in a partial box of ammo.”

“Stand still while I dig.” They waited as I pawed around in that big bag. I brought up a thick wad of twenties and counted out 35 of them. Ernie’s face expressed his silent surprise as I handed him the money. “Here; hold this.” I had no idea where I summoned the courage to command him like that. “Let’s go buy that oil and stuff first.”

The owner took me over to that other table and told the man there what was needed. \$40 came out of my wallet with \$5 in change returned to me.

Back at Ernie’s table he wrapped it all up in two bundles. One was of the oil,

patches, and half box of ammo. He wrapped the revolver in that cloth. He pulled me around and glanced about the place before stuffing it all in and closed the flap of my second hand shoulder bag. He handed the seller the money. "Good luck. Wish you well."

"I'll be right back."

"What do you need?"

"Another guy like me and two women are on the security team. They all need a something."

He smiled in a big and nice way.

Tara drove us back to the Mansion. We quickly concocted residential leases and picked up another guy and two women on the security committee.

I took them straight to Ernie's table. He had another big 44 revolver for the guy and two smaller ones. He took our credit card as our committee members filled out a big complicated form. I didn't know they could pack that much on one page.

Ernie signaled with a hand to a police officer walking security. "Give them tickets for safety training."

The officer tilted his head a little. He had served police duty at the Mansion. "Tuesday; 10am. And have two boxes of fifty rounds each for each gun. Follow me."

He took us to an ammunition dealer. "Hollow points. They aren't restricted like us."

That ammunition seemed expensive, and was heavy! He had us buy three boxes for each gun.

The next Tuesday morning another officer who knew us showed us how to load, unload, and clean those revolvers. My first shot taught me real quicky to hold that grip tighter. I wouldn't say we enjoyed that session, but everyone hung in there like a trooper. We needed the practice with two complete boxes of ammunition.

Back at the Mansion we showed the two officers what we had bought. Residents came crowding around. We emptied those revolvers and let anyone handle them who wanted to. Then we used that silicon rag wiping off the finger oil. The police recommended leaving one chamber empty and aligned with the barrel. We did. Our various purses and bags went into those locked chambers. Keys went into new pockets in our bras.

While we had been away two of our women residents, a guy, and a police officer

all armed with clubs had toured our grounds. They found a patch of weeds at the water's edge with aromatic qualities that partially neutralized the smell of stale urine. There were more patches of those weeds all over the property. Two crushed leaves went between the layers of our cloth diapers at our changes.

We were just finishing up when I pooped without warning. That ended my feeling I was the big cowboy. On the changing mat I went. Barbie pushed her way through and insisted she clean my butt. Except she was a guy and pushed harder on my skin than the women. I was pumped. My Mommies took me in the back where we stripped to our plastic pants over our diapers. We kissed, suckled, and snuggled each other. They emptied my other gun-like special toy hidden away in my diaper.