

## **ABBY**

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### Chapter 14 - Site Visit

The bankers Lauren and Kit took us to a big local auto dealer for the cars, trucks, and a bus of our loan plan. I shivered with anxieties feeling like acid flowing over my back. This visit felt like the bank was a little too interested in our buying from this dealer.

Lauren and Kit knew that all of us were in diapers full time, but we didn't know if the auto dealership did. Probably they did, but they made no hints.

The young sales rep was too much energy and enthusiasm which was just the way I disliked him from the Jaycees. But I kept my mouth shut. I was acclimating to full dosages of estrogen and other feminine hormones. My breasts grew a little more, my skin became softer from a woman's fat underneath, and my overall shape became more convincingly female. My face changed ever so slightly, and best of all the pitch of my voice rose just a little. Or was that because I had been practicing?

The five of us on the vehicles committee listened attentively, but responded we needed to talk among ourselves. We were, after all, a committee. Back in Tara's car we quickly shared we all had similar reactions. Plus Judy had involuntarily pooped. Tara rushed us back to the Mansion with the windows open. Judy hadn't been wearing a vinyl slip. She cried from the accident, and kept it up even after being cleaned, changed, and pumped.

Tara and I took Judy aside. Tara did the talking. Nothing worked. Then it came out Judy had a girl friend. She was afraid of what her friend Joyce would think. When Joyce arrived and was told she shrugged. "Nothing big. Happens all the time." Joyce happily took Judy to their private space in the back for a little recovery with playfulness in bed.

Vinyl slips became standard for going out into the community.

A police officer knew of another auto dealer and searched the Internet finding it was about fifty miles away.

Judy was so embarrassed she felt she had to make up to us. For that she rose above her quiet self and called that dealership. She arranged everything over the phone except we had to run papers all over the place for the bank signatures. I didn't go. I didn't have to face Lauren and Kit. Tara lent her car to Joyce who drove Judy everywhere. They took so long they returned with heavy diapers and breasts.

A big meeting decided the color. It was a long meeting. I think they gave up from exhaustion and hunger. Diaper changes and breast pumping didn't take them too far away except the suction pump motor's light whirring could make hearing troublesome. We settled on a royal blue as our standard color.

We had decals made of an old haunted house on a hill for both sides of the vehicles. The word 'Mansion' was in an arc above and the letters of 'House' on the tombstones below. A little while later we made that not so odd by removing the tombstones. The word House became a string of letters as ornaments in a front yard garden.

The cars arrived first and in the nick of time. The transmission went sky toes on Tara's car, and the repair shop said 'no'. It could never pass inspection with body rust having eaten away parts of the bottom we couldn't see without crawling underneath.

That old bus that had been donated to us needed expensive transmission work, which was done.

The six wheeled panel truck we bought had refrigeration equipment. It immediately went into service delivering our milk production everyday. On the return it brought fresh produce, fresh dairy, fresh meat, and other chilled foods. That delivery was over an hour ride away making for a three hour run. That worked in the meals schedule but was a little long for the pumping schedule. Their diapers could hold the fluid. But they quickly found they had to wear vinyl skirts for their involuntary pooping just a little too often while being away that long.

Our police guards quietly told us because we were an organization that truck needed commercial drivers' licenses. That required a course. All of us rolled our eyes at the idea. We fantasized several of us men and women in blue-gray dresses and smelling of disposable diapers sitting among rougher men in such a course. A senior Deputy Sheriff came and gave us the course. We found out what his favorite lunch was. We sent out for that even though none of us had ever dreamed of having that tasty a food. Our happiness rose from such a simple thing.

Our cooks noted the recipe and took to making similar sub sandwiches which were wildly successful. We now had a cold soda machine, but Tara protested our having coffee, and we honored that. The better foods raised an issue of lactose intolerance which sorta became cows milk intolerance. Feeding ourselves our own milk felt creepy. The cooks found out a restaurant was buying our milk and they were advertising it. They asked the delivery crew going there to bring back a menu. The

cooks changed their title to Chefs, and simply took a little of our milk from waiting near the loading dock. They used it unannounced for a few residents with milk tolerance issues.

The same people were serving as Chefs all the time. The rest of the jobs rotated around without there being a posted schedule. Everybody was a little sleep deprived from the interruptions at night for pumping and checking diapers. That made for more naps during the day, and, according to Tara, more sex. I certainly did.

Tara called a big meeting that residents were breaking up with each other and doing it badly. Nobody was married. Instead, Tara's committee of budding psychologists created a process for breaking up without too much lingering hurt. They made it stick with that old bugaboo of deep anger becoming suicidal.

Tara took up with a different woman, but they broke up, and Pat wanted Tara back. Pat and Barbie were nearly inseparable in their orange shirtdresses and handcuffs during the day. We bought them thin elbow length gloves for protecting their wrist skin from long term contact with metal. But they didn't use those gloves all the time.

The Central Hospital visited. We didn't have to be told they were appalled, starting with the urine smell. Tara and her students took them around and reported it was that sign at the changing mat that brought them around. Plus, they were shown our plans included massive air purification. Just before they were to meet with me I had my Mommies put me in Pat's style of handcuffs.

Tara was perfect. "This is Abby. Abby is our elected leader. Abby also has had breakdowns just like everyone else with a particularly big one after signing all the bank loans." She explained my extending crying and those loans. "Her intimate partners saw something in her for this meeting with you. As with everyone else, we intervene quickly before any outbreak covers over too much anger. We remain ever vigilant on that suicide thing."

Their discomfort with the handcuffs was evident with their hesitation to shake my hand.

Tara intervened. "We are unique with everyone lactating heavily including all the guys. My professional opinion is the Oxytocin effect from lactating is soothing which everyone here needs. They were all badly abused. You will note Abby's low voice pitch which she has been raising. She is a guy. Her partners refer to that little detail in her diapers as her special toy which they enjoy regularly."

We sat in the Dining Hall around a table and talked. In the end they admitted there wasn't much that could be done better for our residents. And a whole lot of standard thinking that could be worse.

I felt so good as I went for my pumping and diaper check that I actually liked being in those handcuffs. I kept them on for days although my Mommies didn't like sex so much with my hands kept together that way. Tara and her students supported me.

The time came for everyone to visit the site for our new building all at once. Construction was about to start. I announced I was staying in those 'cuffs because a bunch of our residents had never had gone out in the public. They might be scared and feel more comfortable being controlled. About a quarter of the residents were in handcuffs as we boarded our two buses. Tara had a police officer physically escort Pat and Barbie who had never gone out and didn't want to.

We had bought a commercial shoe size measuring gadget. Over half of our people had been barefoot for a long time. On an explanation, the decision was that everyone would have the same medium blue shoe called a 'flat' in women's fashion. Even the guys including with cute short feminine socks. We made a list and ordered from Zappo over the Internet. When their sizes were not large enough we ordered special sized shoes from China.

Three police or sheriff cruisers were at the site for our new building when we arrived, and that seemed to be a good thing.

That site visit made a difference. The plans had moved our main residence building across the railroad tracks and further away from the Interstate. We wanted to keep as many trees as possible around the main residence. A retaining wall was added across the back and a little down two sides preventing a heavy truck from ramming the building back there. We retained a kitchen in the main residence instead of using the restaurant kitchen. But we added an underground passage so the two kitchens could support each other. More underground passages were added between all the buildings. The main underground passage had a bright cheery section of sunlight when it became a bridge over the old railroad tracks.

We bought the property next door which was in bad repair. Its dilapidated condition was fine by us as we had it bulldozed too.

Our police guardians on duty stayed at the old place, but one of their regulars was at the site visit. They recommended a way for the police to have a not so obvious special parking and their own way to enter. Their fear was that any serious trouble at our fortress would prevent them from entering. We fixed that in our plans with a private door in that aerial tunnel. But no side walk and the door was blended into the panels used for the exterior. The latch and hinges could not be seen from even twenty feet away. Only the police and ourselves knew.

The beauticians had expanded their crew. I asked and they took to coaching my voice and mannerisms. Tara and her students promoted our seamstresses thinking about becoming more professional. Two decided they didn't want that job if we were going to expand that into a business. Other women and a guy joined. The next time

they made me a new skirt suit it had a special label on the left inside of the jacket. That label had two lines reading 'Abby' and 'Exquisite Fit'. They liked that 'Exquisite Fit' name as a business name. My shape and appearance had become just feminine enough they had a long photo shoot of me for a future website. They used my long blond hair and my smile making that skirt suit more appealing.

Tara's students caught onto the beauticians coaching me, so those students came to my beauty sessions and joined in coaching me. I was smiling more and beginning to get the women's facial signals.