

ABBY

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Chapter 15 - Attacked

My Mommies felt a mood change for the worse at the Mansion although I did not. They treated me differently in other ways, too, such as they bottle and spoon fed me. They changed my diapers instead of the changing station. They used a chastity device on my special toy keeping me from have an orgasm in my warm wet diaper. They changed me more often than I liked as little girls didn't like being in a wet diaper the way I did. They had to take me for pumping my breasts. They had the seamstresses make me a yellow little girl's dress that barely covered my bulging plastic pants when I was standing up. They tried suppressing their giggles at how that looked, but those squeals kept leaking out. They kept a pacifier in my mouth all they could. They took to breast feeding me, too, as their little baby girl.

When my protests became angry they quickly handcuffed me in those very restricting type of handcuffs that Pat used on herself.

At times committees, teams, task forces, or anybody else were kept away from talking with me. My Mommies explanation was I was in girl training for being convincingly more feminine. The upcoming construction would have me out in the world much more often.

I protested once too often and too strongly when that pacifier was out of my mouth for a bottle feeding. I shook my head keeping that bottle's nipple out of my mouth.

"Abby; we've been waiting for just this moment when you are not being a good little submissive girl. This is important. You smile to keep this from happening again."

They bent me over a chair, held me there, and strapped me in place. Down came my plastic pants and diapers. They smacked my butt until it stung. They rubbed a strong medication on it making it sting even more. I was weeping.

They applied jelly to my rectum and shoved something in. I broke out in a sweat of fear as they wrapped bands around my midriff and thighs. The electric shocks were excruciating. Shocks from that probe in me weakened my bowel control. I ejected it involuntarily spraying a stench across the floor.

Megan of all the gentle people pulled my head back by my hair. "This is important Abby or we wouldn't be doing this to you. Everybody here knows you are in charge. They know we are your Mommies and playmates, and they suffer being jealous of your having four girl friends. Nod if you are going to behave. Otherwise, you'll get more treatment."

I nodded which required pulling against her holding my hair.

They left me bent over and tied down as they cleaned the floor and me. That required removing those thigh bands, but they left the one on my midriff.

They put fresh diapers on me, left that chastity device in place, and pulled the plastic pants back up over the particularly thick diapers. With all four of them controlling me they untied me and sat me in that chair.

"Smile, you."

I tried, but I was weeping from that pain.

Kim was the most likely of the four to take charge, and did. She pointed a finger at my nose. "Sorry, Abby. We'd give you hugs and kisses, but this is big time important. The mood here changed. No one knows why. We are frightened. We are taking you to the beauticians. From now on you will be gorgeous and kept gorgeous for whatever is coming. Tara is leading sessions out there on everyone smiling at you so your weak guy facial muscles smile back beyond when it hurts."

Peggy had her own comments. "Your face has to be in motion. Girls do that for intimacy of sharing their feelings between them. This may be difficult for you, but try. Try all the time."

They towed me to the little beauty shop that had been installed in a back room.

The beauty salon had acquired used professional beautician's chairs. They checked my diapers because they did that to everyone protecting those expensive chairs. The women police guardians wanted treatments, too, but the rules were hands on the bottoms. They gave in, suffered a little embarrassment, and become so good looking their supervisor was shocked. Most of those officers joined in when we held singing sessions.

For one visit to the Beauty Shop my Mommies had me dressed in the Mansion's standard knee length utility blue-gray shirtdress. It had snapped straps over the shoulders. They had me in those special handcuffs.

The beauticians had a hand up my skirt checking my diaper before putting me in one of those special fancy chairs. They strapped me in place. They put a pacifier in my mouth, but did not tie it in. "Keep quiet, you."

I did.

They unsnapped the straps at my shoulders of that dress, and also unhooked my front opening bra and removed it completely. "This first time will take longer." They put warmed cups on my breasts which felt wonderful and induced my milk flow. They turned on a breast pump they had connected to me.

They leaned that chair way back to where my neck rested on the special shaped sink back there. They washed my hair, and applied a tint. They didn't like it without showing it to me and did the tinting three times. They raised that chair and towel dried my hair as they brushed it this way and that. Taking out the kinks hurt.

"Close your eyes."

I did.

I felt air on my skin from the top of my forehead to down into my cleavage between my breasts. They kept brushing my hair. "Keep your eyes closed." They fiddled with various makeup mixtures on my nose, cheeks, and everywhere. They tried several lipsticks removing each one before another. "We gotta go three layers." I felt three different things pressing on my lips.

"Keep your eyes closed." They ran that airbrush all over me again. They also did my nails, and doing my toenails sent shivers up my spine. I secretly thanked my Mommies for that painful treatment for my tolerating those shivers. They had been right, damn them.

I had opened my eyes when my four Mommies were standing around me. They nodded which I took to mean they approved of what the beauticians had done. Sheri smiled at me. "Hold still, and close your eyes again." I felt her hooking earrings into my lobes.

I heard someone say "ready?"

Yes, they were. There was a screen on an easel parked a few feet in front of me. "OK, Abby, you've been good. Take a look."

"Oh my God. That's a video screen. That couldn't be me!"

One of the beauticians pinched my cheek very lightly as I watched her hand on my face from that video. "Abby; that's a mirror. This really is the new you."

"You are now the raving beauty of the Mansion. We should be calling you Miss Abby just like that movie *Driving Miss Daisy*."

I didn't know what to say.

Megan touched my arm. “Miss Abby. I like that. Being your Mommy I feel proud of my grown up teenage girl all ready for her first big prom date. I never attended College, so I can’t say what you would look like for that graduation. Guys out there will be ogling you and scared of asking you for a date.”

My Mommies and beauticians all murmured their agreement.

Kim put her head out into the hall to the big room. “We have invented a new resource for the trials ahead. Everybody come look.”

They did not pull that sheet up over the pump cups on my breasts, but we had seen all of that on each other. My nipples had lengthened from the pumping just like a woman’s. The suction would pull each nipple into the tube on the cup and let go from thirty to sixty times a minute. My let down reflex would express milk with each release. That also produced natural oxytocin in me which gave me pleasant feelings which was also just like a nursing woman.

The “ew”s and “ah”s got old. Megan smacked my wrist. “Smile, damn it.”

In the mirror a big smile did make a difference. That’s when I noted the turquoise earrings dangling under all that blond hair.

Tara was standing next to me too as nearly everyone came past. “She is now ‘Miss Abby’.”

Most people were surprised; a few shocked; even the police officers. The movie *Driving Miss Daisy* was quoted again. Pat and Barbie emoted the most of all. Joyce and Judy liked the ‘Miss Abby’ name more than anyone. Mack the Head Chef and male-to-female trans put her hand to her mouth and wagged her head for ‘this is over the top’.

My Mommies led me out into the big room. They removed the handcuffs and stripped me down to just my now very damp but not yet wet diapers and plastic pants.

A pair of the seamstresses came into the big room. They fitted me with a new bra and explained the difference of holding my breasts a little close together. It had the pouch for the key to a gun box. “Smile.”

I did.

They added costume hips over my plastic pants. They put a t-shirt on me with snaps across the bottom for holding up a heavy wet diaper, and slid a slip over me. It was regular slip of silk above my waist and vinyl protection below. A new skirt suit was brought in made in a subtly different color than my existing burgundy suit. It had been tailored more closely to me. They called it ‘exquisitely fitted’. They slid the skirt over me, but my Mommies fiddled fitting the blazing white blouse with ruffles to me. They

had brought that mirror, and my body was as completely feminine as that makeup on my face.

They had me slip my arms into the suit jacket that matched the color of the new skirt.

Wow in the mirror. They had attacked my appearance with vigor and forethought.

The room erupted in applause. Barbie Doll came and held both of my hands in her's. "I'm envious, Miss Abby, but more than that I am proud. I am proud of your letting us, your Mansion buddies, take this step. This is big. There will be troubles ahead in that construction. This makes you the Big Boss Lady, Miss Abby, and those rough construction men will be afraid of you. We know you insist on votes by us. We know you do not run roughshod over us. But they do not. I will call you Miss Abby with admiration of what you make us. Of what you make me. I will slowly grow into what you call us to do, which is to overcome all of my pain and sorrows. And someday, when we are financially successful, I want to look this good. Is this good enough for you, Miss Abby?"

I jolted and cried, but not for long.

One of the police officers had her cell phone out and took pictures of me from many angles. She had a few printed in a big format for hanging around the beauty shop.

Vicki took my hand and towed me towards a corner. The five resident women who had been fetal balls were sitting in a group with one of Tara's students. "Girls. This is the new Miss Abby."

The student spoke spontaneously. "Oh my God. I would never have thought this was even possible." She turned to those women. "I will take you one at a time to that beauty salon. We have to do all we can for raising your self esteem."

And that said it all for all of us. We bought two more beauticians chairs. We didn't send our beauticians to beautician school because of the diapering and pumping. Instead, we paid the school to send one instructor at a time to us. We didn't care about licensing; instead we cared about results. We cared that our beauticians were proud of what they accomplished. Their growing pride helped the rest of us.

Keeping up that beauty on me was work. My Mommies insisted that heavy make-up come off for healing my skin. The beautician instructor told us about products that allowed airbrushed makeup being left on more of the time.

The pumping crew found my long blond hair over my right shoulder would get in the way of the cup for my right breast. They used hair bands for holding it together and

keeping any loose strands out of their way.

I was leaving the diaper changing area one morning half way between breakfast and lunch. I was expecting a visit by those loan officers. This was after my diapers had just been changed and my plastic pants had been pulled back in place. I was dressed in a pleated skirt and white blouse without the jacket for that skirt suit effect. Miss Abby may be the Big Boss Lady, but I was submissive to my Mommies and the group's vote.

"CODE RED" bellowed across our big room. "Code red." That meant an attack from the outside.

Rick had his key out of his bra and unlocked the gun box. He tossed me my big red shoulder bag.

This time I caught it. I had never been much good at ball sports, and wasn't a good thrower or a good catcher.

I ran towards the entrance passing residents who were running towards the hall to the back.

The side door from the loading dock into the big room echoed heavy slamming into it.

I dove for the floor and skidded on it. My hands reached past the two glossy disposable diapers in my big shoulder bag to my 44 revolver. Only five of the six chambers were loaded, but the slamming into that heavy steel door shook the wall again.

My right hand held that gun as my left cocked the hammer. That would have worked even if I was in handcuffs. My elbows rested on the floor.

Bullets burst through the sheet-rock walls next to that door. But those passed over us lying on the floor.

The sound changed of the shooting in the loading dock. A minute later the lock tumbler came out of the door handle. They had shot out the lock.

Something pushed the plunger on the latch. Later we found out that had been the bullet end of a loaded cartridge.

The door flew open banging against the wall.

I fired at their legs. Two police officers and the three residents with guns were shooting.

The assailants plunged through that door. Their body armor stopped our pistol

bullets fired at their chests.

Six of them went down from being hit in their legs by the six defenders. The police with their fifteen shot semi-auto pistols shot in the head the two who went down. Other assailants were swinging for their rifles at us.

One of our officer guardians had died of a head wound. One of the kitchen volunteers was found dead in the loading dock. The attack had come through the big roll up door when there was a delivery. The police had parked their cars in front of the walk-in door to preclude a ramming to break in.

Blood loss from the leg wounds killed five of the six attackers before an ambulance arrived.

That attack ended any complacency about there were people out there who hated us. They hated our law suit, and they hated us for our lifestyle in diapers. Once we knew to look we found hysterical exaggerations and outright lies about us on the internet. The price of free speech in a free society is the dumb stuff, too.

But we all felt abused all over again. Three of the guys formed a website committee and quickly had a one page website up for free.

Our police guardians' desk received a phone call. The Judge wanted me in Court the next day.

What the hell?

An intense discussion followed with Leslie Sanders. We selected a half dozen residents to come with me. Then a fast and furious beauty session that afternoon. In the morning after breakfast, being pumped, and changed, my Mommies took control of me for dressing me.

At least we had photo IDs for the Deputies at the front door and scanner at the Courthouse. We made a quick deposit in the cars' trunks of cell phones and revolvers. I led the way in this time and asked a Deputy Sheriff. "Where is Judge Wagner's courtroom?"

Her face lit up like the proverbial Christmas Tree. I noted the technique. "Oh my God. We were told to watch for you. Follow me, please."

Anxieties fired up all over me. I think I broke out in an unlady like sweat. She took us up in an elevator to the third floor, and a short distance in a big hall. She held a wide double-door open for us. She must have signaled someone in there from behind me where I couldn't see. We tried to make ourselves invisible as we slid along the back bench.

No such luck. The Judge finished something and asked her clerk to call a particular case. A man on crutches came in a side door accompanied by two Deputies. A man and a woman in business suits went forward and through the swinging gate in the railing across the courtroom. They went to a lectern in the front center of the room and announced their names. That man on crutches joined them at one of the big tables.

Another man and a woman went forward through that gate, announced themselves, and sat at the other table.

The Judge looked up and across the Court. "Is Miss Abby Metzger in the Courtroom?"

I stood up feeling very vulnerable for being so conspicuous, but my mouth froze up.

"Please come forward."

I did stopping at a gate in the middle of the court room.

"Come forward. Swear her in."

A woman sitting at a computer stood up. "Raise your right hand. Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

My mouth opened but nothing came out. Something came out inside my diaper instead. Just a wetting, not a pooping. I nodded.

"You have to say 'yes', or something."

My voice was barely better than a squeak. "Yes, I do."

She pointed at an elevated chair inside low walls.

I found my way up there. In my fright I barely remembered to use my hand behind my skirt as I sat down.

The Judge's voice had a friendly tone. "Your name."

"Abby Metzger."

"Is that your original name from birth?"

"No sir. I mean your honor."

She knew that, damn it. Why was she pestering me?

"I'm a victim. I was damaged and have to wear woman's clothing. I needed a new name to match my new appearance."

"Can you recognize the man with the crutches?"

I glared at him. "No, sir, I do not remember ever meeting him."

Both of those people in business suits next to the man with crutches leaned forward and came up out of their chairs. The man sat back down. The woman stood completely up. "Objection, your honor."

"Objection overruled. Miss Metzger. Are you a Chair or other leader of an organization? What is its name? What does it do?"

"Yes, your honor. I am the elected Chair of the Mansion House Foundation. We are an institution for about seventy abused victims. About a dozen went home after we called in the authorities. Most couldn't stay home and returned."

"Why couldn't they stay home?"

"Incontinence. All of us must wear diapers."

"Are you in diapers right now?"

"Yes, your honor. The reason I wear women's clothes is to conceal my diaper."

"And the other reason?"

I was getting this without knowing why. I took in a deep breath summoning all the pride I could. "They made my breasts grow and lactate. It is too painful to quit. I have the big breasts and produce milk like a nursing mother with an infant."

"What do the others at the Mansion House call you?"

"Miss Abby, your honor. They added that 'Miss' title meaning like the movie *Driving Miss Daisy*. That says I'm the boss, except there are others who can control me when they think the group needs them to."

"Are they in the Courtroom? Can they stand up?"

The back row on both sides all stood up including an off duty Deputy in uniform from among our regular guardians.

"Is Miss Abby truthful here?"

They all nodded and some murmured.

“Miss Abby. Are they all the women they appear to be?”

“No, sir. Three of them are guys just like me in diapers with big lactating breasts.”

Those two lawyers jumped up again. “Object, your honor.”

“Overruled. Miss Abby, how is your diaper right now? How essential is this as a medical accessory.”

“Very damp, your honor, and becoming wet.” She was almost smiling at me. A vision flashed across my brain. That man on crutches was the survivor of the people who attacked us. My 44 bullet may have taken out a section of his thigh bone. “I could bend over one of those tables so somebody here could check my diaper. We do that all the time at the Mansion House because we have to. We are no longer embarrassed by someone else reaching up a skirt and taking a handful of plastic pants with a wet diaper inside.”

Both of those people I now guessed had to be lawyers brought their heads and eyes up. “Defense accepts her testimony.”

The Judge’s face went official. “Good. I want the Defendant to seriously consider a plea bargain. A police officer died in the line of duty. Five of his comrades died. Those are all capital murders under the laws of this State. Every Judge in this State knows the story of the Mansion House and these very brave people. A plea bargain could make a lot of sense. That is up to you. But come back in here for a jury trial, and you will get to see and hear Miss Abby again. Next time that will be for her full story.”

My face scrunched up, I choked on a wail I caught in my throat, and my face was wet with tears.

“If you insist on going to trial just imagine what Miss Abby’s testimony is going to do to the jury. They will get mad. First at her which will quickly switch to you as the Defendant. They will cry. Go ahead; try your luck with a jury. But there isn’t a Judge in the State who doesn’t seethe at what these people have been put through. And you attacked them? Juries watch Judges. Juries violate instructions, and sneak peeks at the Internet when they are home. You want them seeing a more complete website for the Mansion House? These victims can temporarily make that much more revealing than they might leave up permanently. No, I don’t think you want a jury seeing any of that.”

She brought her head and eyes around on me. “Thank you Miss Abby. No one told me how fabulous you are in your new appearance. What a conversion. Would you stand up and turn completely around so the prosecution and the defense can both see you. They need to know the full impact of your walking across the Courtroom in front of

a jury. Imagine her standing up for the question of why a guy wears a woman's dress."

I stood up, held my hands and arms a little ways out from my side, and turned all the way around.

The Courtroom was so silent the sound of the proverbial pin dropping might have been heard.

"Thank you, Miss Abby. You may step down. Please take the Court's sentiments with you that we wish you, all of you, the best of success. Thank all of you for coming."

I wet, and also pooped involuntarily, as we went to our cars thankful for the vinyl part of my slip.