

ABBY

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Chapter 17 - Construction

All that coaching of me for feminine mannerisms by my partners, beauticians, and Tara's students paid off quickly at the construction site. I had learned how to switch from a smile to a frown in a split second. The first time the General Contractor told me a sub-contractor had erred that switch to a frown was sufficient to send him storming off.

Gee, I thought, were guys that easy to manipulate? I asked Kim and Sheri.

Kim put a finger on my nose. "Of course." But their giggling communicated they were teasing me as Sheri put her hand between my legs for checking my diaper inside my plastic pants.

Pardon me, but was I amazed at the effect I was seeing at the construction site. When I told all those women at the beauty salon for restoring the roots of my hair they tilted their heads and smiled. But no words. That was another coaching demonstration which I tried before the beauticians wanted to do that three layer method on my lips again. In front of everyone in the salon my partners gave me passionate kisses with their tongues in my mouth suggesting good sex that evening. The beauticians grinned, and redid my lipstick. There were few long term secrets at the Mansion.

After lunch that day I was back at the construction site as a tower crane was delivered on four flatbed trailer trucks. It was one of those things of a tower with a horizontal crane way up the sky. It was for lifting heavy loads up onto the growing levels being built.

That evening before dinner my partners let me go for pumping my breasts, but told the changing crew they would change my diapers. "No self sex this evening Abby. We want you." They fitted a chastity device to my special toy until after the evening was over. They had found a new topical supplement which kept me erect with good orgasms with each of them all in one night. They were changing my diapers before my morning pumping when I asked. "Why?"

They smiled. "Oh, Abby, sometimes you are such a goodie two shoe. Just let us be your intimate companions. We know you far too well. You are our masculine companion, you know, and us women know you far better than you will ever know us. You go out there into the world fooling them all you are a woman. But back here those orgasms are another source of Oxytocin to go with your heavy lactation for your pleasant feelings. Those feelings are very important for your masculine anger not busting up your feminine act. Remember to close sentences with questions. OK?"

Kit smacked my butt inside my plastic pants. They took me for my pumping in just my new dry diaper, plastic pants, and nursing bra. They used the Mansion's

standard blue-gray shirtdress on me for breakfast. After that they put me in a gorgeous skirt-suit for going out there on the construction site.

That morning an old Winnebago camping travel trailer was out front in the old deteriorating packing lot where the Mansion House had burned down. Our residents with that trailer were talking with the police in a cruiser using that old parking lot as a district waiting station. The police had warned them against towing that trailer on the muddy trail and ford through the swamp to our entrance. We had rented that trailer for an on-site pumping and changing station when our people might be at the construction site for many hours. The interior was as clean as the worn flooring and dinged interior allowed. Our people would put plastic sheets on the beds and sofas and use our cotton washable sheets. But we didn't spook the delivery crew with any of that. They dutifully followed us and parked that trailer in the bushes on that extra property we had purchased.

I had asked to wear sneakers for walking in the mud that was sure to arrive. But all my women partners and coaches had glared. Their "no" was strong. "Wordless guilt trip anytime your gorgeous women's shoes and hose get muddy. Got that?"

There were bare patches of muddy ground at the construction site where the dirt had flunked environmental tests. The big incinerator equipment remained nearby with huge piles of unprocessed and processed dirt. The biggest unfilled gash in the ground was underneath where the railroad tracks had been.

What had looked easy at first blush under those tracks quickly turned into a major headache. Test borings had found pollution washed a long way downgrade which had been expected. Just not so much. The surprise was the polluted ground went so far upgrade. Higher up the tracks was an obvious trail made by trucks across the neighboring abandoned fields. Hidden by all the brushy growth was a missing section of fence. They had dumped whatever they pleased along those tracks including very toxic mixes of industrial waste from a long way away. There were no industrial plants like that nearby. Or that could have been waste from ships. Worst of all was what was under the bridge. As explained to me that was the favorite dumping ground because it was out of sight.

We had removed so much dirt from under the bridge that the polluted ground was extending underneath the bridge's supporting walls and foundations. We stopped digging while there remained more dirt to be removed from under the tracks. That was why the incinerator remained.

I was watching and thinking about all that when a car pulled in. Who ever was driving was not the least bit restrained. He came out the driver's door and strode towards the trailer. I stayed right where I was with a distinct dislike to his style.

He was quickly walking directly at me.

I didn't feel like being a girl with him, but thought maybe I had better use that smile.

His voice was gruff. "You Miss Abby Metzger?"

"Yes, sir." I tried bringing my smile back.

"Chair of the Foundation?"

“Mansion House. Yes, sir.” I tried smiling again, but doubted my success. I also doubted my voice had the higher pitch of a woman.

“Good. I’m Harvey Guidry of the local Road Commission. We have to do something about digging under that damned bridge.”

I thought ‘we means who?’ I didn’t put that into nice words fast enough for this overbearing guy.

“Who has that incinerator?”

“We have it on a short term lease.”

“You operate it?”

I almost thought of telling him where to go. I remembered my girl smile training in the nick of time, and tried that on him before answering. “No sir. They do. They have to certify the dirt is decontaminated. You’ve asked a bunch of rapid fire questions. I have one for you. What’s your interest in all this?”

“Those damn Federales.” He pronounced that word in Spanish which meant he was speaking in the tone of those who hated the United States Federal Government. I didn’t asked if he was being sarcastic or not. He continued. “I was hoping what I had been told isn’t true. Regretfully it is. That whole damned bridge has to come down for taking out that dirt. It’s a State Highway; not a Local Road. At least I don’t have to pay for it.”

He walked a short ways to where he could see the ground under the bridge. There was a long narrow pond of muddy water under where the tracks had been right up to those footings holding up the bridge. A heavy truck went too fast over the bridge. The vibrations made waves in the water. “Damned over weight truck.”

“Uh, Sir. We’re building a big project here. Removing a bunch of old ugly out of use buildings. We could be seen as making a major improvement to this end of the region. But people dislike us. Well, OK, I get that. We’re several dozen victims with weird injuries. People don’t have to like us. It would be sorta kinda better if they didn’t hate us so much. I hope what goes in across the highway improves things around here. Do you know what might happen?”

“OK, kid. You’ve been straight with me. Don’t ask me how I know. Hop in the car; I’ll drive you over there; it’s easier and more discrete for you to see for yourself. Don’t tell. OK?”

It was a moment to be glad for my revolver in my shoulder bag. I put on a cheery voice. “OK. Let’s go.”

He drove just as aggressively as before. He cut across the front of a big eighteen wheel tractor trailer truck that blared its horn at him. He barely got up to speed in front of a big bus when he hit the brakes and pulled off onto the shoulder. Dust and dirt flew as he slowed in the bumpy dirt and gravel.

Well, that’s how I used to drive. So I guess I had it coming, but I sure did understand the girls’ perspective a whole lot better.

He made a quick “cut” of a turn into the bushes, found a truck trail, and bounced his way along that. He didn’t seem to care that his car bottomed on the soft damp dirt a few times. He was not a gentle driver.

He drove up to the missing section of fence at the railroad tracks. We had towed long lengths of rail up there leaving those in the tracks. Tie plates, spikes, and switch castings were sorted into piles. The jail release work crews had done a good job of salvaging all those expensive parts.

He flung his hand out. “Get up on a pile, kid, where you can see more.”

I wasn’t all that used to my woman’s flat shoes. Their new soles were just a bit too slippery. Finally I was up there, sorta maybe balanced.

“Kid. Take a gander over the low brush. Can you see the treeline?”

I had to watch my balance as I took in the scene. Way across the field of little trees and saplings from naturally seeding in was a line of much taller trees. “I think so, sir.” He seemed like a guy who needed to be called ‘sir’.

“Now, just image this was all converted into a big retail shopping mall. You keep that to yourself, you hear?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Big hotel seen from the Interstate. Lots of business for your restaurant. Now just for grins and giggles imagine an electric trolley line coming along the periphery of the shopping center. Might be about where that tree line is. Can you imagine that?”

“Yes, sir. It curves too. What’s it following? A creek?”

“Good for you, kid. Yes, it curves, and yes that tree line is following a creek.”

I lost my balance up on that pile of railroad track parts and almost fell. The shock in my leg of my stray foot hitting an unexpected solid place shook me up. I lost control and wet. But he never knew that. “What am I supposed to imagine now, sir?”

“That trolley line would terminate with a track parallel to that railroad right of way you own. Now, kid, you are a 501(c)(3), right?”

“Yes, sir. How did you know that?”

“Not hard. I know a lot of things; especially what affects real estate. It would be an amazing boost to the local economy if your tax exempt status owns all of the railroad’s old right of way. It is wider than most people know. That railroad is struggling with hauling all the new container traffic. They need the track lowered for carrying double stacking containers under that bridge. If that trolley line comes under a widened passage under a new bridge, both could do a lot of good for this place. Your lawyer is Smithers. Right? Bunch of crooks. I’ll have mine contact yours. They’ll have to widen that bridge anyway. I just need to know I can rely on your letting that railroad unstick its bottle neck with dual trackage through here. And bringing that trolley line in here too.”

He drove us back with the same reckless abandon. I was glad I escaped from his car unscathed.

I had just barely finished inspecting the travel trailer when some guy was yelling noisily at the construction site. I walked briskly over there.

The job site foreman barely knew me, but he recognized my coming. "Shut up quick before **she** gets here."

His calling me a 'she' worked for me.

It helped I was trailed by two women from the Mansion plus two guys in coveralls over their diapers who still sounded like guys.

I walked straight through the mud of truck tire tracks to the top edge of the pit they had dug. I tried my best raising the pitch of my voice for sounding feminine. I don't think I did that so well. "Hi, I'm Abby the Chair of the Foundation. What's up?" He didn't take my outstretched hand for a shake. His eyes took in my smiling face, long blond hair, before fixing on my breasts, and wouldn't let go. 'Yep', being a guy', I thought, 'could be a real handicap.' I grinned even more. All of a sudden being a Mansion person in diapers with heavy breasts was a real advantage. I could stand still while they had to take breaks at one of those awful smelling portable latrines. I enjoyed a little warm dribble into my diaper.

His mouth didn't work.

"So, what was he supposed to shut up about? Or do I have to call the general contractor's home office? I can do that, you know. Yes?" I didn't have a cell phone, but they didn't know that. This visit cured that. We put it in the Winnebago for anyone to use if they had a problem.

I switched from a smile to a glare.

His eyes broke away from watching me.

Or was that my feminine curves? 'Good', I thought.

"They didn't pour the pad right for the tower."

"Show me."

"Muddy down there."

I raised a gorgeous woman's blue flat shoe already caked with mud. "So? Take me there."

I took one of the Mansion guys with me and held his hand for stability. He was wearing a pair of those sneakers, and this time that was a good thing. I slipped twice on the mud of the truck road downgrade. All of the construction guys scowled at him being in work coveralls with a big butt over his diapers. That also meant they believed I was a woman. How dumb.

The concrete pad was at the bottom of a small pit within the larger one.

He frowned at me. "You can't go down there. Against the regulations. No hard-hat."

I bellowed. "Stop all work." There wasn't much happening anyway. "I am going to see that pad up close, or close you down."

"It's not level."

The guy he had been mad at glared right back. "So. Shim it up. Isn't hard. You should have told us the height needed for the shims. Cost over-charge to have an extra run made."

I smiled my woman's smile. "Stop work." His face said he hated that. He could confront anger, but not a sweet woman. Well, if he only knew, but apparently he hadn't a clue.

He stood there. I could see his jaw move both in anger and while searching for words.

I just kept that subtle smile going. Everybody near us, his and mine, just stood there.

He adjusted his hard-hat and spoke a low voice. "Stop work. Inspection." There must have been a radio in that hard-hat. A siren screamed. What little was happening all stopped. "C'mon."

We followed him down that grade. I held onto the guy with me. The mud grew on both my shoes and the hose on my legs.

That man who had suggested shims had a level in his hand. He put a knee in that mud, bent himself over, used that level, and read off numbers from his folding ruler.

On the way back up the ramp a huge ten wheel dump truck with extra axles backed up to the top of the incline. "Tell that bitch to get the fuck out of the God damned way."

I wondered if he could have used more swear words. What was more menacing was the glares at me from all the guys in work clothes and hard-hats. I walked right up to his cab, read the company name off of the door, and the company's numbers. "I'm the Chair of the foundation paying for this. I'm the big boss. You are ordered off this work site now, and I do not want to ever see you again."

If glares could ignite fires, his and several others would have incinerated all of us.

I turned to the site chief. "Tell him to pull out now and get out of here."

Nothing.

"I'm serious. Do I call your headquarters? Get that foul mouthed beast out of here. Your men don't have to be completely clean mouthed, but that was over the top. Anger like that will cause mistakes and hurt people."

That truck threw mud when it spun wheels going out. My whole side and my wonderful skirt suit was flecked with mud. So was the side of my face.

"I'll buy my people hard hats. I like the kind all of you wear. We'll buy those in white, have our name on them, and our decal. If one of our people screws up, tell us.

This works both ways. We have no spare financial capacity for mistakes.”

His face lost a little of its angry tension. But I saw others did not.

“Have the dimensions of the footings been checked? Are they correct? Our people will return with hard-hats and long measuring tapes. Better not pour unless the mix is specification and the dimensions are correct.”

I could tell as we walked out we had stumbled into a major construction corruption habit. We would have to check everything. We would have to have four men or masculine women here all the time. That meant diaper supplies, lunches, snacks, sodas, breasts pumps, and revolvers in that travel trailer. And one more thing. We opened a lunch counter for the construction crews of our speciality sub-sandwiches our police guardians liked, chips, candy bars, and cold sodas. Sorry, but no beer on site.

The next week our travel trailer was completely destroyed by a fire one night. When I told the police what had happened they moved another of their impromptu rendezvous points to our construction site. For them our project was conveniently close to the interstate highway. They couldn't be present all the time, but the message was clear enough. We gave them our best sub-sandwiches and cold sodas for free twenty four hours a day.

They knew who we were. We told them to use the gender words that matched the outer clothing of the moment. They felt relieved with our comment.

My nice new glossy white hard-hat had my name 'Abby' in red just above the bill and just below our Mansion House decal.