

## **ABBY**

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### Chapter 19 - Train Wreck

Megan and Peggy woke me up for changing my diaper before breakfast.

I was annoyed after having a really nice orgasm in my warm wet diaper before they woke me up. I had been thinking of another.

Instead of those pleasures, they asked. "What are these spots?"

There were little bright red spots appearing on my tummy spreading around my sides, and especially up my left side.

They called Tara the psychotherapist as the nearest person we had to a resident physician. Not a clue. They brought me breakfast as my breasts were being pumped. They hustled me into an old skirt and blouse.

Tara drove her and myself to the local hospital. We used what had been a small picnic cooler as a diaper bag. As we waited seemingly forever in the emergency room she brought up a new idea. "I need help. Too many residents are listless and despondent. They are too depressed for our home-grown counseling students to help them enough."

"What's going on, Tara?"

"We're a train wreck. Just a psychological one. Too many of our people are having long term psycho-traumatic effects similar to survivors of sexual assault. Aside from physical traumas, rape and other forced sex often results in long-term emotional damage of denial, learned helplessness, anger, self-blame, anxiety, and shame. Plus genophobia, nightmares, fear, depression, flashbacks, guilt, rationalization, moodswings, numbness, promiscuity, loneliness, social anxiety, difficulty trusting oneself or others, and difficulty concentrating. Being the victim of sexual assault may lead to the development of post traumatic stress disorder, addictions, major depressive disorder, or other psychopathologies." She let out a long breath from holding it all in. "The kitchen crew and the construction volunteers have activities to focus on, learn from, and develop their hopes and goals, but they too suffer."

“So, how?”

“I don’t know. Let’s think and talk more. OK? I just learned that your name of Abby as a pet beagle’s name means happy. Maybe we can use that.”

“OK. If you say so. Shouldn’t take this long from someone to arrive and examine these spots on me. Think you’d better go out there, stamp your foot, say a few hard words, and remind them we are officially under their care? Who we are.”

She rushed out of the room. A little while later she returned with a Licensed Practical Nurse. Tara removed my blouse leaving me in only my bra and skirt. The skirt concealed my plastic pants and diapers.

“Any pain?”

“No.”

“Itching?”

“Hardly any.”

“Been anywhere unusual?”

“In the weeds around our construction site.”

“What’s that?”

Tara explained which kept me from straining my voice from elevating the pitch too much for matching my woman’s clothing.

The nurse took a closer look at those spots. “Not shingles. You’re too young. Not Lyme disease either; which is good news. Let me get you something to ward off any itching. We don’t want this to become a medical train wreck. I’ll be right back.”

Tara called after her. “Bring lots. We could have an outbreak among everyone else.”

She returned with a big bottle of cortisone pills and explained. “Two a day for five days. One a day for the last two. Call me if anything unexpected happens other than these spots appearing all over her body before fading away.” She handed Tara a business card.

We did have an outbreak among the residents of those little red spots. Everybody who caught it had those cortisone pills. We never did find out what those spots were all about.

Tara and I traded notes of our visit to the hospital on the ride returning home to the Mansion House. They hadn't figured out I wasn't a woman. They hadn't realized we were in diapers. Tara made a sharply pointed comment that continued wearing of diapers was a strong negative influence on too many of the Mansions residents. But diapers didn't have to be so damaging. Just look at how we had managed at the hospital.

Not much was coming to mind for either of us. We brought into the discussion Tara's students, my Mommy-wives, and Tara's intimate partners Pat and Barbie-Doll. They had thoughts, but not any significant new ideas.

Several days later I was being pumped late at night without changing my damp diaper when we all felt a tremor through the floor. This was swamp country; not volcano and earthquake country. "What?"

We all went to sleep except the residents on duty after nothing else happened.

I felt I had barely dozed off when Kim was shaking me to wake up. All of my Mommy-wives were up. "You are wanted on the phone. There's been a terrible train accident."

I yawned. "Huh?"

"At the rail passage through the new construction site."

I bolted straight upright.

Sheri had been playing erotic bondage games with me, which I had enjoyed. They unlocked my ankle chain which released me from the chain to the bed frame.

I went to the front desk as my warm wet diaper inside my plastic pants sagged between my thighs. My breasts had enough retained milk to bounce around in my bra as I walked fast.

The front desk officer handed me the handset to their telephone.

"Hello; Abby here."

The call was from the State Police. Two freight trains had collided in the big railroad cut at our construction site.

"I have to do a few things first as well several others. We'll be there in thirty or forty five minutes." Actually, an hour had passed before we arrived.

Before we departed my thick pad of wet cloth diapers was changed. A good breast pumping took longer during which the kitchen crew brought me breakfast as I sat

there. My Mommy-wives took more time for a quick make-up air-brushing and put me in my best looking skirt-suit. That delay allowed seven more residents to come along too. One was the bus driver. The other six were a mixture of the site plan committee, the construction supervision committee, and the finance committee. Four of us had revolvers in our big shoulder bags.

Tara caught up with me in the dining hall enjoying munchies as people assembled for this trip. "We have to talk when you return. We have received an interesting request to move here."

I didn't have the time right then for discussing that with Tara, but she already understood I was in a rush.

As we approached the construction site we didn't need to be told this was awful. We could see the glow of a big fire from quite a distance. The police routed us onto the oncoming lanes of the bridge for avoiding the damaged spans over the railroad. The morning traffic would be awful.

The railroad had messed up royally with two heavy freight trains coming from opposite directions on the same track. There was a slight curve just east of the railroad cut through our property which had prevented the locomotive engineers from seeing each other.

The train crews were all located in the head end of their trains with just a rear-end device on the last car. They had died in the collision. Or in the fire.

The locomotives' fuel had caught fire. Those engines were jack knifed in the cut along with freight cars behind them. Both trains had loaded oil cars. Several of those had cracked open adding their oil or gasolene to the fires. Many thousands of gallons of flaming petroleum had flowed down the slight grade of the tracks.

The lanes of the new highway bridge on our side had been cooked, and would have to be replaced.

The ground under the railroad tracks was soaked with petroleum. Our work digging up and incinerating the ground from under the tracks would have to be dug up and incinerated all over again.

We didn't need an inspection to know our covered walkway over the tracks would have to be replaced. The plexiglass sides had drooped or melted. The steel frame was deformed and sagging.

The Chair of the Finance Committee was confident the railroad would pay for all the damage and rebuilding.

"Fine. But we need this now. Right now."

“Hesh, Abby. That expensive insurance policy the bank required will pay now and go to court for the replacement money from the railroad.”

Harvey Guidry arrived after sunrise. He surprised me by keeping his language nice. He pointed out a few improvements both of us could make in the rebuilding. We really liked him for that and became good working buddies without our quite becoming friends.

We were there so long that morning we had diaper changes and breast pumpings in our little trailer off on the side.

We sold so many sandwiches and sodas at the trailer to the emergency crews that we sent the bus for more from the kitchen.

I was an exhausted wreck when I caught the bus in shuttle service back to the original Mansion House. My breasts hurt so much I was being pumped before a diaper change.

Tara found me in the dining hall. “Remember I said I need help. Our homegrown counselors aren’t up to all the depression. We can use this. Come look.”

A message displayed on the Security Desk computer screen was:

“Dear Sir or Madam:

“I have a working software package for corporate security that recognizes authorized entrance by the eyes’ irises. It can identify unauthorized behavior on video. What intrigues me about your operation is everyone is in diapers. I found that as an obscure reference.

“I too am in diapers all the time, and am a guy under the woman’s clothing that conceals my diapers and enlarged breasts. My wife knows, controls what I wear and how I appear, and encourages my contacting you.

“My software is in action at ‘beautysalonsupplypomona.com’ and you can find a non-indexed webpage of ‘securitywatch’. The temporary user name is ‘interested’ and the temporary password for the next forty eight hours is ‘preventingthievery@38-40’.

“My wife is a psychotherapist with applicable experience. She wants to come too.

“Please contact me at ‘Misty@InlandEmpireCompuSec.com’. I would love to visit, meet with you, and see your operation.

“Sincerely,

“Misty and Christina”

My heart pounded a little and I felt warm at the ears.

Tara came to my rescue. “Let me call them and learn more about them. Then we can talk. You are going to be very busy with that train wreck. Yes?”