

# ABBY

© 2017 By Sue Erickson

## Chapter 30 - Stalled Work

Tara had warned me a car might be arriving. If it did arrive, let it in, and she would handle it.

I was grateful for her warning. After we drove around it the morning it arrived, we sped off in a bus to the construction site.

The police were there from the train wreck the day before. An officer was in the way at the entrance from the highway. "No stopping allowed."

I opened the bus' door and leaned out. "We're the owner of the land and having the construction."

"ID please." At least he was polite in his officialdom.

I practiced smiling. "I have to dig." I had gone so long without carrying anything, or any ID, having to dig into my shoulder bag wasn't a practiced art. Carrying a purse wasn't natural yet, either. I reached under the disposable diapers used to conceal my revolver in the bottom. Lying against it was my baby blue feminine wallet. I brought it up hoping it hadn't been soiled by any gun oil. I held my wallet where he could see what I was doing as I found my driver's license with my new name and image. I privately thanked the judge for that as I handed it over.

He called to another officer standing next to a police cruiser. "Is Abby Metzger on our authorized list?"

There was a delay as the other officer opened his patrol car door, sat down, and consulted a computer. He put his head out the window. "Yes. Let her in."

"And the others?"

"Them too."

He waved us onto the lot and out of the of the highway traffic.

We drove part of the way to where we had been parking our travel trailer, turned the bus around, and waited in the bus.

Several cars and pickup trucks slowed on the highway, but moved on when the officers waved them on. Two stopped, but they were ordered to keep going.

A big SUV painted red with a flashing light suite on the roof pulled in. A big guy

in a uniform came out and consulted with the police who pointed in our direction while he was talking. I almost wet my diaper in fright as that big guy came to us. We both said "hello" at about the same time without quite being in stereo.

He didn't smile; he frowned; but he didn't seem angry at me, or at us. "Half the force is on administrative leave. Fire wardens have been called into police duty. What happened here?"

"Do you know who we are?"

"No. Do I need to?"

I explained the Mansion.

"You look healthy to me. Cute too, if I may say so."

"Thanks. No offense." I barely remembered smiling like a girl. "We are not all that used to being out in public." I explained what we knew about all those people hating us.

Another big SUV arrived. I was becoming envious of the big impressive cars. This one carried the name on its sides of the general contractor construction company. The driver was another big, older, overweight guy who stepped out. He and the Fire Warden talked for several minutes.

That officer who had consulted the cruiser's computer went to the warden and the corporate official. After a few words he waved his hand for us to join them. One of the guys in the bus with a semi-feminine name of Ricki pushed on my shoulder from inside the bus. "Just you go, Miss Abby. Keep the confusion down. Be the boss."

I glared at them all, but got it, exited, and went to the huddle.

The executive took us to the outdoor electrical panel which had been destroyed. The electric meter had been smashed. Wires had been cut.

"So," I spoke up. "Call an electrician."

"I won't even call them. They are with the unions who won't cross the mob. More arrests are coming."

I took a close look at the panel. "The main conductor in has been damaged. Even our people can repair the other wires. Call the power company for a new meter."

"Against code for non-rated people to tamper with it."

"So, go away and come back tomorrow. You'll never know."

He glared at me with real anger.

I retaliated by wetting my diaper.

He looked away. "There is one I will call. You all go away, or he might not do the work."

“We’ve had nothing but trouble with subtle sabotage. We’ll wait in the bus.”

“Now see here, you.” He pointed his finger at my face.

“Oh, yeah. We’ve been fire bombed, attacked, and sabotaged here. No more. From now on we inspect everything.”

“You can inspect after I have him in here and out.”

“Good. How soon?”

“Not hard. This evening.”

“See you tomorrow.”

At the Mansion that night Ricki-poo was positively glowing in his report of our site visit, and the others agreed.

Tara came to me after that and whispered in my ear. “What a hero. I mean heroine. But we need everyone to feel you are part of their plight too. I’m going to have you changed publically. Your mommies can feed you at dinner. And you put up with it you hear, or I’ll sic Pat on you for taking you down. You got that?”

I glared at her.

“No; I’m not jesting. We are not as healed as we appear. The students will gang up on you if you insist on a discussion. Come with me.” She took me forcibly by my wrist with all of her masculine hand power. That hurt. She towed me to my Mommies who were waiting. The five of them stripped me to my bra and plastic pants, and put me in the crib.

Tara departed.

My four Mommies hooked me up to a breast pump which I needed. They all played house with their hands constantly kneading the bulge in my plastic pants. They lifted my ankles high overhead and pulled my panties way up. They just didn’t change me. They did all that plus rectal pills of both calming medications and feminine hormones. They brought me off by hand, but they also put a fiber-carbon chastity device on my special toy and used a catheter. When I was thickly diapered inside the plastic pants they brought my legs down and shackled my ankles to the bedframe. They sat me up and put me in a new bra. They touched up my makeup and lipstick, and brushed my hair with a little conditioner. They chose the pink little toddler girl’s dress which I didn’t like so much. Pat style special handcuffs and police style ankle shackles went on me, and an especially pink pacifier went in my mouth.

They took me shuffling out in the main room. Tara explained it all and encouraged everybody to make little disparaging comments. Gently, please, especially you guys, or Pat will see you the hard way. They were told to put their hands up the back of my skirt and check the condition of my diapers.

I blushed. Tara announced out loud that was perfect.

My Mommies made me stand still for all that humiliation which had me blushing repeatedly. They spoon and bottle fed me at dinner.

After all that Tara and her students led a complete meeting on how everybody felt.

Ricki-poo reported he did not like the abuse of me. Joyce and Judy agreed. Barbie-Doll made the perfect non-expert explanation. We all sat around that evening and sang favorite songs as I enjoyed wetting my diaper. My wives made it up to me that evening with lots of sex. In the morning I was less rested than usual as they touched up my makeup for the day. Women do not wear the same outfits two days in a row, or not even twice in the same week. After breakfast they selected and dressed me in a different skirt suit.

The same crew as the day before went in the bus with me to the work site. They wore blue-gray knee length shirtdresses as working clothes. We all carried shoulder bags with revolvers.

The police let us on the property. The electrical panel had been repaired. We walked all over the place with contractor's tape measures. There was minor damage, but nothing that would slow down the work.

I looked way up that tower of the crane. "How hard is it to operate that thing?"

"Can't be too hard. All it does is swing that arm, move that trolley in and out the arm, and lift stuff. They don't even move the counterbalance very much.

I examined what I could see. "How many crane operators were arrested?"

"Lots."

"I'm climbing up there. Two of you want to come too?"

Ricki-poo for Rick and Wendy for Walter decided to come. The others stayed at the base.

That was a long climb up. The police watched us. As the wind blew my pleated skirt I was sure they could see the plastic bulge up my skirt between my legs.

The door to the control cabin was locked. Wendy picked it. There was a key inside. Wendy picked that up too.

I sat in the control chair. The other two watched me and watched outside. I quickly discovered my watching too much outside made me dizzy.

"Careful."

That comment wasn't helpful. I moved a control. The arm swung around the sky which is when I discovered not to watch outside too much too long. The trolley came in and went out. The controls were obvious. How much speed or risk was not the least bit obvious. "See anything we can lift?"

Ricki-poo had a cell phone. He called down. There was a vandalized trailer mounted air compressor. We brought the crane over that, and lowered the hook on the trolley. We took way too long fiddling to bring the hook down to the compressor. The guys down there found cable and looped those from the four corners of the compressor frame through the hook. We felt the cabin floor move every so slightly under our feet

when I lifted that compressor. We discussed whether the wind would fly it around, but Wendy remembered seeing those in the sky at night all the time. We left it hanging just out of reach from the ground.

We turned off the key. The door locked itself when we went out. That was a long way down, and I found looking down to be troublesome.

The big Executive was down there when we came down. "Have fun?"

"Not exactly. We now know we can operate that crane. Perhaps with a little coaching. Can you get a crew in here tomorrow?"

The next day I went up again with Wendy as the lock pick and the second operator in training. Except this time we had the key. They gave us company hard hats for the phone connections to the ground.

The sun was blazing bright up there. The air conditioning worked. We had sub-sandwiches and cold sodas. I freely wet. Wendy did too, but there was a bad smell. The windows didn't open, but the door did. I changed Wendy using cold soda for washing his butt which made him shiver. A disposable diaper went on him from one of our shoulder bags.

The site boss Sam talked into his microphone. "Sam at Mansion site. Activate Abby and Wendy in crane."

An electronic voice startled me speaking into my ear piece. "What! They can't do that!"

"Sam to Central. Well they are. Frank, Jodi, Tom, Scuzzy, Miguel, starting crane. Need a light first load."

"Crane this is Jodi. Come south for a pallet of electrical fixtures."

Wendy pointed with her fingers. "Go slow; take your time." Her message was broadcast all over the site.

I lowered the hook thirty feet as the signal to the entire site the crane was active. I also moved the hook's trolley further out the crane arm to clear everything. The lever for swiveling the crane left or right was smooth. I only used a little power as that whole top rotated itself with the long arm turning south and the counterweight out the other end. I was reminded real quick to not watch the horizon beyond the turning arm. That made me dizzy.

"Jodi - this is Abby in the crane. Ready for the hook?"

"Drop 'er."

I stood up where I could see all the way down as I lowered that hook. A crew down there looped a pair of cables over the hook crisscrossed over the pallet to its four corners.

Sam was next. "Jodi - you ready to take up the slack?"

There was a pause. "Up slack."

Still standing and watching I moved the lever for the pulley winch. As the cables became taut I could feel the matching movement in the crane through my feet. "Feels taut Jodi. Ready to lift?"

Sam. "Just a little."

I moved the lever controlling the cable winch. The pallet swivelled a little as it came free of the ground. But the crane hardly moved at all with the extra weight. The counterbalance could stay where it was.

Sam. "Crane - bring it all the way up and put it on the top floor. Harv - you ready to receive?"

"Crane - we'll be ready."

I brought that pallet up nearly to the long crane arm. I rotated the whole thing until the pallet was over what looked to me like a solid concrete top floor. I lowered the pallet until it was a few feet off the floor. "Crane to Harv. Where do you want it."

"Harv to crane. Bring it into you twenty feet, swing another thirty feet to your right, and bring it down."

I did that slow. A crew of men assembled on three sides of the pallet.

"Crane - park it."

Sam kept up the coaching for about an hour. There was one load near a weight limit where he coached me on moving the counterweight out for balance. He coached me on bringing it back in as the load was parked in place. "Sam to Mansion. Abby and what's her name done good. You guys help him when she asks. Got it."

"Yes sir"s echoed over the electronic sound system.

I forgot to wet my diaper for almost another hour when I announced the crane was taking a break. That warmth felt good as I had a sandwich and a soda.

"Crane to Site. We're back in action."

Sam called up midway through the afternoon. "Abby - you two OK up there?"

"Sam - yes we are." My eyes watered just a little that a big meaty guy like Sam cared enough to ask. I didn't tell him why we didn't to come down for using the portable facilities. He should have known, but no one openly discussed our little issue.

He told me when I had been working up there eight hours, which meant nearly nine since we had arrived. It was 6pm. "Crane - we're way behind. Can you stay? Time and a half over time."

The disposable diaper felt to Wendy that his was overloaded. He changed himself. Way up there no one could see much us below the shoulders.

He pumped my breasts, and then his.

"Crane to Sam. Yes sir, boss." I wet again and kept right at it. Except neither

Wendy nor I were expecting to be paid, and were not. That would just be proof of violating the work rules.

That evening Tara told me that those new people were in a session with Tara's students. She glared. "Just let them."

I told Tara and my mommy-wives no more of that put down of me as their little baby. I was just too tired.