

ABBY

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Chapter 33 - Oh Dear

During all the chaos while I was at the work site three people arrived at the Mansion in an almost orderly sequence.

The first was a voluntary full time user of diapers that wanted to live with us. Tara and a few of her students took him aside. I only heard later they took that guy into the back. There they strapped him into one of those adult sized bassinets we had never thrown out. They removed the diaper he arrived in, threw it away, and put him in our style of bulkier cloth diapers. The first bottle they held to his lips was heavy with calming medications in case he was a plant from the mob.

The second arrived in handcuffs, belly chain, and shackles at the ankles. We were told she was at risk of an assassination at the hospital by the mob. There was wide spread doubt about that statement, or a suspicion she could be a plant from the mob, or somewhere else. Pat and Barbie-Doll took an intense erotic interest in this woman. Fortunately a team of other women intervened. They too took her into the back, put her in diapers, and restrained her in a basinet. She would stay there until we could decide anything about the mob.

The third caught a ride across the causeway. He had hitchhiked in without knowing anything of our crises. I instantly liked him which was not a good thing to do, but I had to go back to the work site. By now we were totally distracted. My wives had Megan, two of the former fetal balls, and one of Tara's students take him to the changing mats. He saw the breast pumping operation in all of its shame and glory. Megan smiled, flipped her shoulders for a little breast action, used her soft voice style, and removed his street shirt. We all knew what went through his head. She kept that style going when she asked him to lie down on a changing mat. He did. She smiled again. Two of the guys strapped his wrists down without asking. The way I heard it is the resident women present broke out in giggles. He blushed. A woman coming off of a pumping stood over him with her breasts fully exposed as more drops of milk were expressed. On that as their queue the women stripped off his shoes, socks, and slacks. His thin disposable diaper was wet which went in the trash. Not only did they diaper him and his erection thickly with powder and cloth, they also cuffed and chained him. Megan took him to my wives in our semi-private area. The four of them breast fed him and had him sexually in rotation. By now of course he wanted to stay even more.

They put him in a starter bra with medicated pads, and the short baby style version of our blue-gray shirtdress. Plus handcuffs at the wrists and shackles at the ankles. I have doubts as to what they told him before they shot him up with hormones. Then they took him to one of those old basinets. Tara had a fit later at the abuse. Somehow beyond my comprehension he attracted two of those former fetal balls as intimate friends.

All three were brought out to the big room in handcuffs and belly band after the mob furor had died down. They shuffled in shackled at the ankles. Pacifiers were in their mouths strapped in with a band around their head. One of Tara's students held each one by an arm, and gave them a fresh bottle all laced with medications. If Tara, my wives, myself, or any of the committee leaders had been there we would have stopped all this. But the timing was when we were all away or distracted with being pumped or changed.

To the credit of the residents they did play straight describing the mob attack, and the torture nearly everyone had been through. Several people did a humiliation scene with public diaper checks. They put that prisoner in a jail orange shirtdress and Pat's style of handcuffs. Both she and Barbie-Doll took turns with their hands down inside that woman's diaper involuntarily stimulating her.

Joyce and Judy stood up interrupting everything. They told me Judy did the talking, but this sounded more like Joyce. "All of you arrived at a very difficult time. You will be kept in chains because we have to protect ourselves from an infiltration by the mob. You will be tortured with the electric shock treatment for any misbehavior. If you decide to stay, you will be given your slave number tattoo just like everyone else. You will have new names, too."

The pacifiers were removed. That prisoner was too much like Pat as a failed drug treatment program. She preferred us to going to prison, and added at least the residents had made their description rough enough that she knew. The pleasant effects of lactation and breast pumping made sense to her. She wanted that.

The two guys were less happy about growing breasts and giving milk.

By the time I returned from the construction work site each of the three were still here, and in diapers and chains. They were all separately under the control of a different faux Mommy.

The woman in the jail orange shirtdress had a new name that was ridiculously demeaning of Missy. She was part of Pat's security crew even chained at the ankles. Pat let her have Tara and Barbie-Doll for a few days of fucking like a fish. Pat used a vibrator when Pat and Barbie-Doll were not available, and had the batteries changed at every diaper change. That development raced around the residents like wildfire.

The two guys had backgrounds we could use. One was an accountant and

joined the finance committee. It took him weeks before he begrudgingly accepted that he would do his BMs in his diapers. That was as an excuse of monitoring his health. Messy diapers is a way of checking on health, but that's not what was happening. The residents simply meant it as part of the being a full fledged member.

The other had worked full time in auto-repair and became the nucleus of our auto-repair business when we could get that going. Each of the two former fetal balls latched on to one of them. They had more sex than either one of them had ever imagined. Both the guys took girls' names for their growing breasts, except they used the word boobies.

Barbie-Doll called Leslie Sanders for name changes and guardianship papers only to learn that Mr. Smithers had been arrested. He had been released on a personal bond, lay down in his bath tub, sliced his wrists, and quietly bled to death. Suicide cancelled all of his life insurance leaving his law firm in a financial difficulty and his wife financially destitute.

I cried. He had been good to me, and to us. No one had ever been that good to me ever before. Tara led me through a few sessions concealed as general self-awareness sessions. Wow, did I appreciate that. When I tried to tell her she just pinched my cheek very lightly. "Now Miss Abby. You know the best therapy is when the patient doesn't realize the difference." No I hadn't known that.

Kit and Lauren fled their bank employment. We never found out their full story until Kit arrived. Her hands trembled as she explained herself. She had known of the corruption, but had kept out of it. Not quite made a scene with resisting, and now she feared criminal prosecution, or being attacked. She feared for her life. Could she join us?

Tara was in a group therapy session. One of her students led the interview of Kit with two dozen residents hovering around. "Do you know who and what we are?"

I was told that Kit blushed ever deeper until her ears were beet red. She had the perfect answer. "Your craziness is less threatening than being maimed or killed. I'm terrified."

"OK, Kiddo, but you get the full treatment."

One of the former fetal balls actually spoke up. "Full treatment? Isn't that too harsh?"

The psychology student twisted in her chair and wet diaper. "We can always stop. You got another way to find out just how serious she is?"

The way I heard it they took Kit into the old torture room where they did everything all in one session. They used a catheter in her for a week as they

administered muscle relaxants in her bladder. They slid anesthetics into her rectum. They asked if she was still serious. The next steps would be more permanent. She responded she was serious. They tattooed her on her right side inside the front of her diaper area just like everyone else. She went into thick cloth diapers and plastic pants before holding her face down over a table. She whimpered yes as she grimaced. They claimed they didn't give her a full power shock. They told me she quickly pooped in her diapers. I didn't ask her. She was the only person to not change her name until my wife Kim reported the names of Kim and Kit were too much alike. Kit became Kitty. She went on the bank relations sub-committee of the finance committee. She reported she experienced the lactation as a yucky mess, and the hormones from that greatly helped her with her frightened feelings.

She came to me a little later in handcuffs and chains. "Have me, Abby. Take me against my will. I need a good orgasm from a powerful person." I had my wives select a few guys instead. She used them all before settling on a different one she met in the Dining Hall. I never noticed any of the guys she rejected being angry, but they could have had calming medications.

Kitty did one more thing for the good of the cause. She reported all she knew about the local corruption, and that was a major assist to the FBI.

That's when we found out Mrs. Smithers' financial distress. She was deeply affected in other ways and very depressed. We sent Tara with two of her women students to visit Mrs. Smithers. They visited the law firm which was closing down. They went with me to meetings of the Chamber, Rotarians, Jaycees, and Kiwanis. We even went to a meeting that was concealing a modern Klu Klux Klan Chapter from which we departed in a hurry. It was the Kiwanians who made the rounds for us on Mrs. Smithers' behalf. In the end a local firm hired her part time for work on our community relations, and the bank approved. "How can we object?"

Both of those wounded police officers survived. Both were disabled from active duty but remained with the force. Both arrived together to live with us.

We responded. "Not so fast. Do you know who we are?"

The man with the head wound had been injured in the brain making him intermittently incontinent. The medications required far more surgery of the woman correcting the unfortunate results of the emergency surgery's unwanted results. That had made her loose control a few times too often.

I asked the group for a vote. A majority voted 'yes', but a different majority insisted they be fully one of us. No torture; they had been. Tattoos, pubic hair removal, and lactation were the required conditions to join us.

They agreed. They said they had no choice. Another compromise was to their uniforms. They went into skirts for their diaper changes just like the rest of us. And

blouses for their lactating breasts. He in particular grew big impressive breasts, and came to be proud of it. She thought he was nuts to have that reaction.

A group of residents responded. "Welcome to Mansion House."

They also kept their privately owned cars, their badges, their equipment, their powers of arrest, and their service firearms. They had their disability income which we didn't know what to do about for the longest time. The answer came to be they formed their own charity with their income and made their own gifts as they thought appropriate. We had our own armed guard.

Over time they grew close to each other and became intimate partners.

Oh dear. That was just the latest thing we didn't tell the outside world.