

ABBY

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Chapter 35 - Kitty Becomes A Kat

Kitty, our resident former banker, was terrified of going outside. She convinced us she really was afraid of mob retaliation.

But the bank wanted a visit by us with their new loan committee. Kitty had skills about bank loans all of us combined couldn't even come close.

She wailed as she ran to Pat. As usual Pat was in a jail orange shirtdress at that moment and those hard handcuffs. Pat was one of the least likely residents to be comforting to a distraught person. Not only did Kitty want her wrists in handcuffs, she wanted her ankles too. Not those police shackles, but her petite ankles were small enough for handcuffs built for heavy men's wrists. Her ankles connected with a short chain would prohibit her from walking anywhere. Anything to make her unacceptable for going outside. She made quite a scene.

Quite a crowd assembled around the crying, screaming, and slobbering Kitty.

I felt something well up inside of myself resulting in a big loud wail of my own. I ran to my wives' and our semi-private rooms.

Peggy was the first person arriving back there. "What's the matter?"

I threw myself at her lap.

Her first reaction was to lift me a little higher on her lap. She checked my diaper with her hand between my legs at my butt.

I spread my legs a little for her. I let her in between my thighs.

"Your diaper is fine. Just a little damp. What's this all about?"

I kept crying.

Someone else arrived. They did the same thing of checking my diaper, and had the same reaction. "This isn't working. Let's carry her to the crib where she can rest

her head sideways on your lap.” They did. Peggy tried putting her thumb in my mouth.

I let it in, but I kept crying instead of sucking.

Kim and Sheri arrived. Same questions; same answers. They tried handcuffs and shackles. One of them checked my diaper again and pulled out a hem of my plastic pants. “No fecal odor.”

I kept crying.

“Abby.” Sheri’s voice was gentle; not commanding. “Can’t you say a little? Can’t you give us a hint? Are you in physical pain?”

I answered by wagging my head side to side for ‘no’. I tried sucking Peggy’s thumb, but that only lasted half a minute before I returned to crying noisily.

“This is ridiculous. Sheri; go out there and find out what happened? This isn’t a little baby roll playing wanting comfort from Mommy. Something is serious.”

I quieted down, but even with sucking that thumb my tears kept flowing.

I heard quite a crowd had assembled in the hall. Now I was blushing in addition to crying.

“Let us through.” That was Sheri’s voice. “Tara is here with all of her students joining the crowd outside.”

I felt hands massaging my neck and upper back.

That had to be Tara. “No big tension. I want the wives to crowd in first. All of you have a hand on Abby. Then as many in here as possible. When I tell my best hint about Abby, I want her to know how so many people are right here with her. OK?”

My eyes were closed. I kept sucking and weeping.

I felt fingers on the temple of my head on the upper side.

Tara’s voice was as soft and gentle as the him inside of her could be. “Abby. I take this as real. I think what happened, but this is up to you, is you suddenly felt crushed; completely destroyed by Kitty. She dashed all your hopes; all your hopes for the Mansion House and all of us; crashed them and ground them up. Blasted from on high all of your hope. It evaporated completely replaced with utter despair.

“Your wives all love you and they are all here with you. The hall is packed with people who care from the tops of their heads down to their little tippy toes. They care profoundly for you. For you as a person. You could quit and say you wont be the Chair

anymore and they would still care. Care completely without any reservation.”

My crying came down to a little weeping.

Peggy’s voice was next. “Tara is somewhere near the truth. Abby’s sucking my thumb with less vigor. Her weeping may be down too. Megan; check her diaper again; make sure that’s not a factor.”

Megan did both the hand on my butt and pulled out a hem. “Damp the way she likes it.”

Kim’s voice was next. “Guess there are no long kept secrets in the Mansion House. We are all in this together. Abby; can we cry with you too? Is Tara right, or close to it?”

All my wives repeated that statement in various ways.

I nodded my head in agreement.

Peggy’s thumb in my mouth followed my movements. “Get her a bottle. No medications. We’ll just let her cry her heart out. Let her be all of the girl she can be. You’re hurting my legs. I need to shift you.”

Instead Megan took her place.

That bottle arrived. It was filled with very cold soda pop. I enjoyed sucking that.

“Hey. Here’s Miss Kitty. Make way for her wheelchair.”

I cracked my eyelids.

Kitty was sitting in a wheelchair with her wrists and ankles in handcuffs. “Miss Abby, ma’am. I’m so sorry. What can I do? Can I coach the committee? Anything to keep from going out there. I can’t stand it.”

Pat’s voice was out in the hall. “May I come in.” People moved around. “C’mon Miss Abby. Time to sit up.” She had both of her hands on one of my arms because both of her hands were in those weird handcuffs.

But I didn’t help.

“Aw, c’mon Miss Abby. Would you all help, please.”

My wives and a few more sat me up. Sheri had a hand down inside my blouse and bra. She massaged a little and brought her hand out wet with milk. “Do your breasts hurt?”

I wagged my head for 'no'.

Megan pushed the nipple of that bottle in my mouth. The soda in it was cold and delicious.

My eyes were closed again as I wept.

I heard a voice, but not so certain whose until the words told me.

Kitty asked to have her wheelchair pushed up to me as closely as possible. She took my hands in hers. "Miss Abby. What can I do to make this up to you? Please. I am so sorry."

Those were a woman's words. Not a guy trying to match the costume.

"Just hold my hands." My eyes scrunched up again as more tears flowed.

"Here's another bottle. That seems to be the only thing that worked."

Megan switched bottles.

Tara leaned over right in my face. She kissed my forehead. "Get serious. There is no way that bank is going to cancel this loan. There is no catastrophic disaster even remotely possible from this proposed meeting. They all know who we are and what we are doing. They know just as much as if they had a camera feed from the changing and pumping station. Yes, cry all you need to because you need to. Maybe all of us need to cry too. But you know what?"

I wagged my head for no. Megan had her movements down pat for keeping that bottle nipple in my mouth.

"You simply forgot how to stop crying. Megan and Peggy; sit on each side of Abby and hold on to her just as much as you can. We are communicating with her inner Abby; not with words."

They did.

I sniffled a few times. I reached up and gently tugged on Megan's wrist removing the bottle. I dribbled. "Thanks. I am so embarrassed."

"Yeah," Tara responded. "And showed the rest of us we need to cry too. Kitty here has the next wettest face in the room. You're not up to taking care of anybody but the hurt little kid in you."

Kitty interrupted. "I think she is. Let me sit on her lap and see if she can hold me and rock me."

Their reactions doubted that.

She was right on. I stopped crying and reached out with my arms. When she was in my lap, she rested her head on my shoulder.

Kim reached down to Kitty's handcuffs with a key.

"Not yet. Don't deprive me of my punishment."

That comment brought me completely out of my misery. That was a very aware statement.

I rocked us both back and forth. "Kitty; you don't have to be in diapers."

Her voice was very soft and private. "I do now." She twisted around and gave me a big kiss on my mouth and pushed her tongue in.

Pat stirred. "How many police and sheriff's officers would it take to surround Kitty and have her feel safe. Whatever the number, betcha they would all be in uniform."

"That bank building is more armored than the courthouse."

Kitty stirred in my lap. "Am I hurting your legs?"

"Not too much."

She gave me another deep kiss. "Just hold me."

We sat there rocking for a few more minutes. She slid out of my lap onto her wheelchair. Back in the big room Tara led us in a quiet, soothing, healing meeting.

Kitty wanted back in my lap. She was wheeled over. When she was in my lap she tugged at my ear gently with her teeth. "I still want you in bed. But if I can't have that, I want to go with you everywhere you go."

Kim came in and leaned down. "You'd have to be one of her five wives, and we all suckle and have sex with each other."

"I can do that. Let's talk."

"Were you ever lesbian?"

"No, but I can learn."

The whole room had a mixture of subtle reactions including chuckling.

Pat promised that if Kitty would go that Pat would go too, and Pat had almost never been outside.

We had a enough people to fill the smaller bus. I was all made up. Others were too. Kitty opted for a plain shirtdress in white with her hair done, fabulous airbrushed makeup, and little pearls at her ears. Pat was in orange and her handcuffs. Barbie-Doll was too. Tara stayed behind. At nearly the last moment Kitty held out her hands. Everybody knew what that meant. One of the police officers handcuffed her. "To make this official, I'm going to check your diaper, too." She did.

At the bank parking lot I ordered that Kitty's handcuffs be removed. "We can't spook them too badly. Pat and Barbie-Doll will already do that."

As best as I could tell not a single banker recognized Kitty. Not even in the loan department on an upper floor. I wouldn't have. Maybe they had all fled. Or maybe they knew. We never really found out.

It took two elevator trips for all of us to arrive upstairs. The main floor alerted them before we arrived. We were escorted into a big conference room, but the seating at the table wasn't even half of our number. Somebody had the brilliant idea of sitting Pat and Barbie-Doll in a corner with others sitting in front of them. Their handcuffs just about disappeared from sight.

I watched Kitty's body language demonstrate her rising composure as we waited a few minutes.

A big overweight guy, a thinner one, and two women in good looking business suits came in from a side door. They were just as polite as they could be welcoming us. They managed to slip in they were not expecting so many people.

They reviewed our loan packages and construction progress for perhaps five minutes. Kitty was perfect. The rest of us hardly said a word.

The overweight guy changed subjects abruptly. "Thank you for coming, but what we have in mind is very different. Rick of Wyndham Construction has been talking about you. You have a big problem on our hands and want to ask you if you could manage it for us."

"Uh. What, sir?"

The big gambling casino nearby is about to be raided. All of their top managers will be gone. They have the staff to run it. Can you take over and keep it clean of fraud and corruption?"

"Uh, sir, you do you know who we are?"

“Yes, actually. I also know something else because we did an intense audit when this came up. You have the squeakiest cleanest accounting books ever seen.”

“But, sir, it is going to take all of us to staff our own operation. None of us will feel safe going in there alone, or even with a few.”

“We have an answer for that. Read this over.” One of the women handed Kitty a fat file folder.

Kitty was now our resident Kat on a hot tin roof so to speak. This was as if she was stalking the corrupt mice in the hay and woodpile below.

The owner in Las Vegas went to Court to block it. The Judge took them all into the back room called Chambers. It was never announced officially. The bankers told us that every judge surviving after the FBI indictments knew all about everything already. So either be graceful or the management of that business could be indicted too.

They made us a very nice offer as a structured settlement. The Judge told them all cash. The Court would hold the money. They caved and paid it into the Court.

Tara assembled my wives and myself during a canasta tournament at the old Mansion House one evening. “This is offered in hope and joy. I trust you can take it that way.”

None of us said a word. I certainly had no idea what to say.

“I want the six of you to become legally married.” She held up a finger for silence. “Hear me out. They allow polygamous marriages in Utah. Go visit a weird business on the Interstate in Arizona. They are so much like the Mansion House being built as to be uncanny. They have a big glossy gas station, auto and truck repairs, a spiffy restaurant, a motel, heavy trucking company, and auto sales. They even have a heritage tourist railroad.”

She let that sink in. “Their manager is a guy who wears dresses all the time for no apparent reason. He is married to four Native American women who are the choir for their little Christian church. Those women are also healers in their Native American church. You need to meet them.”

She paused again. “And, I suspect something else.”

I almost burst out asking. “What?”

“There is no good reason for him to wear skirts with a big hunting knife at his hip. Unless all that is only to conceal he wears diapers full time. So, I want you to plan on visiting out there.”

My wives all had quiet little smiles.

“Where there is a will there is a way. Right?”

Pat continued. “That place gave me more ideas. Buy a motor home tour bus for your own travel out there. With a full strength washer and drier, of course.”

Kim as the natural leader was the first to respond. “Of course.”

“Nearly everyone here with the possible exception of myself is qualified for Social Security Disability Income, and Section Eight housing. Our people can almost go home. Most wont even try if we present this right, and just like before, if they go they will feel ostracized and return. Your proposed marriage is a call for all of us to work on the residents who have not bonded with anyone. The sexual pressure here is sky high. That is with the nudity, lack of privacy, and every possible pairing imaginable of straight, gay, lesbian, and multiples. For instance Pat has reverted to fucking like a fish which is just an addiction replacing her former addictions. Fortunately she has Barbie-Doll.”

She tilted her head. “Plus, we’re going to need a high rise garage with a private secure entrance. With SSDI money nearly everyone will want to buy their own car. Plan for it. Maybe build it over the railroad tracks so it doesn’t mess up the site plan. Plus that place in Arizona screams at me we build a motel. Kitty; can you the Kat handle that at finance?”