

ABBY

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Chapter 1 - Drunk and Speeding

I had bought my own car with the money from my first full time job making deliveries for a restaurant equipment supplier. The Interstate had become boring, or maybe that was from drinking too much beer while driving. The side road was more fun going fast, passing everything, and driving faster than I could see through the low lying fog. I passed too close to a fog bank, faced an oncoming eighteen wheeler, and headed for the shoulder. Except I swerved too hard, went over the bank, and landed in a shallow swamp. Gunning the engine merely sprayed muddy water on everything without moving the car. The passing cars honked their criticism of my driving. My ears glowed hot with embarrassment. I drank more beer assuaging my feelings as I sat there and fell asleep.

Two Police Officers woke me up. They wore wading boots when they pulled me from my car. I flunked the breath test with room to spare. They handcuffed my wrists behind my back. They took my keys, wallet, cell phone, and carry bag as they locked me in the back seat of their cruiser. The open can of beer on my car's front seat was illegal. They used that as an excuse for a complete search and found a few guns in the trunk. They took the information from my driver's license and found a prior transgression. That had been multiple charges all at once of drunk in public, disorderly conduct, and cursing a cop when I was under 18. I thought those had been expunged, but they found it anyway. "Bad boy; we have a cure."

They stopped at a weird looking old mansion between a highway and another swamp. I had visions of Halloween ravens, crafty coyotes, and members of the Addams family. The handcuffs were hurting my wrists.

A young woman was sitting behind a desk in the front room. Her voice was chipper and upbeat. "Found another one?"

The officers nodded and handed over my wallet. "Found dead drunk and asleep after running off the road. Failed the breathalyser test by a wide margin, and has been in trouble before. Was armed, and is deemed dangerous. Better take a urine sample as evidence." He winked. "All yours."

'Aw oh', I thought. 'When was the last time I had a joint? But, no, they would

just find alcohol when I was underage in that state after I had a ready source in another nearby state. The other state had the same rules, but was more lenient.

Her fingers flew across her computer keyboard. She stood up revealing her attractive body shape and a nice smile. "Miss June is away and Mistress Helena is in the main building out back."

I felt dizzy from the alcohol, heat, a sudden jolt of fear, and almost threw up.

The police handed her my cell phone.

She woke it up, and checked a few things. "Text messages will be sent from close to the Mexican border. Say taking time off for studying a separate reality with the Yaqui Indians?"

I felt defeated. This was so unfair.

The officers chuckled. "Sure."

Two big rough men arrived from deeper in the house.

"Ah, what brought this one?"

That young woman's face turned so serious as to seem mean. "So drunk as to drive into a swamp. Been in trouble before and deemed dangerous. Police want a quick urine sample."

She tilted her head slightly with a knowing smile. "Welcome to the Master's House. This was established by the Reverend Billy-Sol Esterbrook as a reformatory for young offenders with prior records. This is intervention before miscreants like you get into any more serious trouble." Her quivering lips appeared to me that she was lying about something. "You have been adjudicated as a dangerous drunk and been sent here for your reformation. The proper Court order for your involuntary commitment for an indefinite period of time will be along in due course. Follow me." She looked over her shoulder at the two policemen. "Coffee's fresh."

Those two brutes took me by my arms. They more picked me up than walked me into the hall and turned into a side room. That made the handcuffs hurt my wrists.

The police remained behind in that front office.

She arrived and unbuttoned my shirt and pulled it down my arms behind me to the handcuffs leaving my chest in just my t-shirt.

Those two bruisers shackled my ankles. One of them put a big foot on the chain. Without letting go of my arms they removed those handcuffs and put my wrists

in shackles. That foot of chain went across the front of my belly. They picked me up, put me flat on my back on a long table, and strapped my wrists and ankles down on the table.

She came to the edge of the table where I lay. "First the urine." She undid my belt and unzipped my slacks. She pulled my slacks and underpants all the way down my legs to the chain between my ankles. I was too frightened to be embarrassed. She slid a catheter in me which hurt less than I feared. That drained a large volume into a medical plastic bag which she handed to one of those big men. "Carry it out front to those officers. Return their handcuffs, too."

He went out carrying those things.

While he was out she connected a squeeze bottle to that catheter and send its volume of a pinkish fluid into my bladder. She removed the catheter.

When that man returned they shifted the straps on my ankles and unlocked the shackles. My pants came off of me and she put new pants on my lower legs. They relocked the shackles on my ankles. "Lift the ankles." They released those straps and held my ankles way up over me. Up there I could see they had put plastic pants on me.

She slid several layers of cloth under my butt. She applied a chilling jell at my rectum and slipped a pill in there.

I tightened up from being goosed.

She pointed a finger at me. "None of that. There are six medicinal and calming pills going into you. Its called chemical confinement in Europe. No motivation for an escape."

I thought they were kidding.

"We're not kidding." She held up another pill. "Don't fight us. Relax. One yellow; four green; one blue." She slid five more pills in me. "That fluid and those pills are laced with anesthetics and muscle relaxants which will quickly make you incontinent. We deem your bad behavior was acting out like a baby, so, your diapers will be as necessary as for a baby. Enjoy the damp warmth."

I blushed. In diapers? I felt crushed.

She chattered cheerily about her diapering me. She flipped my penis around a little and applied creme to the underside of the tip. "Some one will have fun with this." She powdered me and the diaper, and spread the powder across my butt with her hand. "Baby powder has a fragrance that appeals to Mommies. Get used to it." She drew those thick layers of cloth diapers up between my legs, around my hips, and pinned those tightly in place. The plastic pants were pulled down my elevated legs and

around all that cloth. She ran a finger under the elastic hems making sure all the cloth was up inside making me feel intensely humiliated.

They lowered my legs back down to the table top.

She went a short distance away, wiped her hands, and returned. "Oh! You look so cute in baby pants." She put her hand on the plastic bulge in my front. "My, my. No fly. These are panties, so you must be a little girl." She put her finger to her lips. "Your name here is Abby. That's a nice little girl's name. Isn't it?"

My mouth popped open in surprise. What were they doing with my name? I blushed at being called by a girl's name.

"Everyone detained here is in diapers matching their infantile behavior."

They pulled the shackles up my shins a little and put bands on my ankles. "To protect your shins from the shackles." She adjusted a wide band to fit around my waist which clicked together at my back. "This has a little GPS device built in. The computer will know where you are at all times."

Computer? I didn't know what to say.

"Good little baby girl, Abby. Take your pacifier." She reached an arm around my head and pinched my nose. When I opened my mouth to breathe she put that pacifier into my mouth. She tied it in place with a pink ribbon around my head. "Your Mommies will have total control over you the same as a new born baby during your acclimation. Take her to the big house."

Those two unstrapped me and stood me up. My wrists were linked at each side of that chain to that band at my waist.

She grinned as she pinched my cheek in an affectionate way, except she pinched hard enough to hurt. "Shuffle your feet so I don't trip over your ankle chain." She chuckled as if that command was humorous.

They marched me out into that hall with my bare feet shuffling along and the chain tinkling on the floor. They turned towards the back, into a side hall, and out a side door. They lifted me into the back seat of a black SUV, and strapped me in place.

They drove along a curving one lane trail through the swamp trees and stopped at the water's edge. "We can ford it here in this Suburban or a light truck, but don't walk around outside. The swamp has hungry alligators." They drove through the ford with the water high enough to slap against the floor. On the other side of the swamp was a big plain white building with no windows on the lower floor. A garage door opened and they drove in. The door clanged down behind us. They grinned. "No alligators in here."

They removed me from the SUV and carried me up a few stairs to a loading dock and an inside door.

One of them held up a remote control. A latch clacked loudly. That door swung open with two people standing inside wearing shirtdresses of the blue-gray color of medical technicians.