

ABBY

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Chapter 2 - Babyhood

Those two brutes pushed me through that doorway from the loading dock. I caught myself from falling with a hand on a wall when one of my feet became tangled in the chain between my ankles. “Her name is Abby.” They slammed that heavy steel door shut behind me.

The place smelled bad.

“Hi, Abby. I’m Kim and this is Sheri.” Those two women managed a weak smile. “We are your Mommies for your acclimation here. You may only say three things as baby talk during your newborn stage. You can say ‘yeth, Mommy’ to us, ‘ba-ba’ for your bottle when you are hungry, and ‘ma-ma’ when you want comforting.”

I was outraged this was so ridiculous. But that pacifier held in my mouth made my words into a garbled mumble.

“Come along.” They each led me by an arm out of the loading dock receiving room and into a kitchen. From my delivery job I could tell the kitchen equipment was old and worn. We moved through a dining hall of old chipped Formica topped tables and flimsy chairs. We went into another hall, around a corner, and into a room with contraptions and gadgets. I shuddered at the sight of a modern version of a Spanish inquisition.

I felt my diaper becoming warm and damp. I must have dribbled without knowing it. I was surprised the damp warmth felt so good down there.

A third person in one of those blue-gray shirtdresses arrived with her ankle chain tinkling on the floor. “Who is this?”

“This is our newborn who just arrived, Susie. Her name is Abby. But no electric shock torture. We will control her instead.”

I cringed. I had heard of shock treatment. That was awful. How was I going to get out of here?

Susie frowned. "You sure Mistress Helena approved? I don't want her coming after me."

Kim scowled. "You want to ask her and incur her wrath?"

Susie's frown deepened. "You sure about this?"

"We can do that shock thing later if needed. Do you have time for removing her private hair and tattooing her?"

She frowned. "I guess." Her voice sounded resigned, as if she had no other choice. She motioned with a hand. "Bring her over to that table."

The three of them lifted me up onto a sturdy table and slid me around where they wanted me. They disconnected my wrist shackles from the belly band. Straps with snap links to my wrist chain held my hands down on the table beside my head. My ankle shackles were similarly held to the table at the other end. A fluid bag was hung on a pole attached to that table. The pacifier in my mouth was connected to that bag with a tube. They adjusted a valve at the bottom of the bag sending whitish fluid into my mouth.

"Suck it down. Otherwise you might choke."

I did as instructed although I didn't like being referred to as a girl.

Susie came close to me and wrapped a hand around the bulge at the front of my plastic pants. "Spread your knees." I did. That hand moved down between my legs. "Just damp; not wet." They pulled my plastic pants down and unpinned my diapers.

Kim frowned. "Use a topical analgesic for her electrolysis. Her acclimation is an experiment without the pain."

Susie squinted her doubts again. "If you say so. Let's see here." She played with my penis a little before inserting a catheter. She manipulated me again although not much with that catheter in there stiffening it. "Nice special toy. Your Mommies will have fun with that."

She frightened me with her comment. Her voice was so flat instead of humorous.

She adding another squeeze bottle of something to my bladder. She removed that catheter and added a tube over my penis with a tip just a little way in. The tube from that went down under the table. She spread a cold gel over all of that pubic hair. She used an electrolysis needle at each hair as it was pulled out.

Kim and Sheri shuffled out of my sight with their ankle chains tinkling. I hadn't

noticed before that their ankles were chained. They returned with another bag of fluid which they connected and sent into my mouth.

While I sucked and Susie pulled hairs, Kim and Sheri pulled my t-shirt up my front. They rubbed a chilling lotion on my breasts and nipples. Kim waited before she pinched my nipples. "Feel anything?"

I wagged my head for 'no'.

"Good."

Susie stopped pulling hairs long enough for giving me a hypodermic needle shot painlessly in each breast near the areola. "That lotion had an analgesic in it. This is a human milk farm, and your breasts are being enlarged for milk production."

Milk farm? But that pacifier and sucking that fluid prevented me from asking. Instead I asked myself, 'Why? What is going on here?'

Kim frowned. "You look surprised, Abby. Get this straight before you say the wrong thing and have them intervene. This is a human dairy run by the mob who are moving in on the regular dairies and the human milk banks. Al Capone made more money from pasteurizing milk than he made from illegal liquor. Between the calming medications, induced incontinence, diapers, restraints, and the alligators in the swamp no one ever escapes. Everyone is watched all the time by having their breasts pumped every two hours for maximum production. Everyone wears a belt with a GPS tracker so a computer always knows our location. There are cameras and microphones everywhere. Everyone quickly learns to control their mouth or the brutes swoop in and carry an inmate away for another session in here. Or back to the newborn nursery with increased medications and restraints. Or worse."

What could be worse? But I couldn't ask with that pacifier in my mouth. As I swallowed in a hurry Sheri pulled the front of my t-shirt back down.

Susie shuffled out with her ankle chain dragging over the floor being the loudest sound in the room.

Kim eyed Sheri. "Tell Abby where Susie went."

Sheri used a quiet voice. "She went out to have her diapers checked and her breasts pumped."

The two of them just stood there with a hand on each of my arms as we waited.

I was thinking of that kitchen loading dock as a way of escaping. That would require a vehicle to ford the swamp. I was fantasizing about that for the quarter of an hour before Susie returned. How could I work in the kitchen to study that door?

Kim put her hand up the back of Sheri's dress. "Go get changed and pumped." When she returned after another quarter of an hour Kim went out and returned after a similar amount of time. After awhile they all agreed I was as bare as a baby down there. Susie consulted a three ring notebook before tattooing a number from it and my new name on the right front of my diaper area.

Susie glared at Kim and Sheri to shut up. She disconnected one of my ankles from the table. She lifted that leg with an alcoholic swab in her hand.

Kim's and Sheri's faces froze.

Susie wiped a spot on my leg with that swab which meant a shot was coming.

My gut clenched in fear.

She gave me a shot in the back of my thigh which hurt as she did it. She massaged that painful place which hurt more at first but then reduced the pain.

Susie removed that tube on me. They pinned my diaper back on me which felt cold from evaporation. The plastic pants were pulled in place. When I wet I was surprised again with how much I liked that damp warmth down there.

Susie rolled something into the room and brought it near me. A fourth person in a blue-gray shirtdress and an ankle chain arrived with her.

Kim commanded. "Be a good little baby girl Abby, and behave." Sheri agreed as she put her hand on that new contraption. "This is your newborn baby stage basinet."

They released me from those straps as their hands held firmly onto me. The four of them controlled me as they lifted me into that adult sized baby basinet and strapped my wrists and ankles to it. They added a medical stand to the side of the basinet, and hung a fluid bag on it. They put a tube from that into my pacifier. I sucked it down wondering how much fluid my stomach could hold.

Sheri leaned into me with a low voice. "This is laced with knock out drugs. Swallow it all down so you don't choke when it puts you to sleep."

I swallowing. I asked myself how to escape this nightmare.

They rolled that basinet out into the hall with me in it, and around a corner. They saw someone I couldn't see beyond my head and stopped. Sheri's face expressed a deep concern. I heard Kim's voice with a touch of surprise in her tone. "Mistress Helena. What a surprise. This is our newborn."

Mistress Helena's voice was gravelly. "Been to the domination punishment room

and been tattooed?”

“Oh, yes, Mistress Helena.”

A hand pressed heavily down on my forehead. Her face was lined and the skin appeared dry as if something was fundamentally wrong. An alcoholic, perhaps?

“Oh, she looks so cute in her plastic baby pants. No fly. She must be a girl.”

That first lying woman had said that when I arrived. Did they all lie this way? What else had they lied about?

“Is her special toy in a chastity device?”

“No, Mistress Helena. She is being medicated and will sleep far too much for any of that. Besides being held on her back in her basinet until she is allowed to crawl. Then we can bother.”

“Are you her Mommies?”

“Yes, Mistress Helena.”

Helena’s voice was so loud as to be nearly a bellow. “Two assistants here on the double.”

Kim and Sheri stiffened, exchanged a glance, but kept their mouths clamped tightly shut.

I heard running in the hall.

“They are being too nice. Chain their wrists as a reminder of their subservience to do what they are told.”

Shackles with a long chain went on their wrists. They didn’t protest as they froze their facial expressions.

“You make sure your baby ...” She switched thoughts. “What’s her name?”

“Abby.”

“Cute name. You make sure Abby becomes completely obedient. Do you need any more reminders with a little electric shock treatment to each of you?”

Both fell promptly to their knees with their chained hands held up in a pleading way. They were almost in stereo. “Oh please, no, Mistress Helena. We’ll obey. She will be completely controlled and obedient.”

“I should ...” but she was interrupted by a shout from down the hall. “Mistress Helena. Overseas call from the Reverend.”

I felt that heavy hand push down even more on my forehead before lifting up. “Very good. Let me know how she progresses. Has she had her breast shots?”

“Oh, yes, Mistress Helena.”

“Good girls. Get on with you.” She and those two brutes with her walked rapidly away.

My Mommies’ faces expressed their surprise and an intense sense of relief. Their ankle chains were too short for them to stand up on their own. Each helped the other up.

They rolled that basinet a short way down the hall and stopped. “Oh dear, that wheel is stuck again.” As they leaned over to a wheel their mouths were close to my ears as they alternated whispering. “We can’t stop them from putting you in diapers and making you lactate. We are trying to keep you from being tortured like every one else. Like we were. You have to obey us completely before you draw their attention and they look too closely at you. We worked long and hard to be promoted to be your Mommies. They think our reward is having you as our little plaything the way Miss Helena does. There is no privacy anywhere from their cameras and microphones. Get over being mad real quick if the medications haven’t calmed you too much already. You have to play the game that way as that is the way the game is played. Or else far worse. You’d better do as we say, or they will see you as resisting and uncooperative. If they think anything like that, they will take you away from us, punish you, and medicate the hell out of you. They have done that just for resisting by not pooping every day in the diapers, or for too low a milk production. That will turn you into a passive zombie like so many here.”

Making me a zombie would prevent my escaping. I hoped they were being honest with me instead of frightening me with more lies.

As if by magic that wheel worked again. They rolled that basinet with me in it a short distance and turned into a small room. “This little room is our reward for our promotion. We want you here instead of in the newborn nursery so we can monitor your medications and behavior more carefully.”

They moved around until Sheri was checking something about the basinet as she whispered. “We are reducing the medications when we can. For Gawd’s sake don’t talk about that. OK?”

I was too terrified of what a microphone could hear or a camera could see if I nodded, so I didn’t respond.

They parked that basinet along the available vacant wall. A bed was along the opposite wall.

I drifted off to sleep.

Severe abdominal cramps woke me up. Finally I got the hint and made a deposit in my diaper in addition to all the warm fluid I had put in there. I fell asleep again quickly. I woke up when they changed me. My legs were lifted high overhead as they washed my butt and pinned fresh diapers on me. They pulled the plastic pants back in place, lowered my ankles and strapped them in again, and gave me a fresh bag of fluid.

I slept so much the medications must have been knocking me out.

Another time Sheri woke me up with a soft warm hand on my forehead. Her hand felt comforting and very different from Mistress Helena and those brutes. Sheri ran her finger around under the elastic at the leg openings of my plastic panties. She moved the elastic just a little off the red marks that caused on my skin.

Kim was with her and had a bottle with an adult sized nipple on it. She was untying the ribbon on the pacifier held in my mouth. "You'd better take this bottle nicely." She didn't say for anyone listening 'or else', but her tone did.

I let Sheri put that nipple into my mouth. The contents tasted semi-sweet.

Kim spread a light blanket over me which felt good as she brought her face down close to my ear and whispered. "We poured out the worst of the medications from the bottle and replaced it with liquid nutrition." She stood up and used a normal voice. "Sheri will watch you while I have duties elsewhere. You got that little girl?"

I didn't know what to say.

"I said you got that little baby girl?"

I didn't want any awful punishment. Being strapped on my back in a basinet for several months with heavy medications would be bad. That could wreck my mind. But I couldn't speak with that nipple in my mouth as I sucked. I nodded instead.

"Good girl, Abby." She held up that bottle and examined it. "Now you can tell me, but you had better use little baby talk. Say 'yeth, Mommy'."

I thought I had better. "Yeth, Mommy."

"Good little baby girl. You know as a little infant stage baby that your Mommies will have complete control over you. You wear the diapers, baby style clothes, and restraints we put you in. You stay where we put you. You are obedient to us. In addition to your enjoying using your diapers and lactating like everyone else here, your

only other function is for our pleasure. You heard Mistress Helena. Don't get us into any more trouble than we are already in." She held up one of her chained wrists. "Understand? Agree? Say that again."

"Yeth, Mommy."

"Good little girl, Abby."

I was thinking of how to escape. Instead I whispered. "Is this for real?"

"Very." She wasn't lowering her voice. "This is a corrupt town where the mob can do whatever they want, including with you."

I shivered in fright before I drifted off to sleep.

They had changed me when Kim went out and returned with a strange looking plastic gadget. Sheri folded down that blanket and pulled up my t-shirt. Kim put that gadget on my breasts one at a time. "This is a breast pump for starting your lactation. All the hormones in those fluids, in the pills in your rectum, and the shots will cause lactation and grow nice breasts. You are our obedient girl, now."

Sheri shifted her position sideways just a little for a few seconds.

Kim whispered very low. "This is all for show if they are watching and listening." Her voice came up. "Use baby talk."

I thought I had better. "Yeth Mommy." That pump pulled on my nipples.

Sheri pulled my t-shirt down and brought that blanket back up over me.

Kim did the talking. "Good little baby girl. Maybe next time they will let you suckle our breasts. That depends on how docile they think you are. Dribble all the time into your diaper and make a small mess every time you can. Use baby talk and 'Thay yeth Mommy' frequently."

"Yeth Mommy."

She unbuttoned the top of her shirtdress and opened her nursing bra revealing her breasts sagging with weight. She squeezed around an areola expressing so much milk it almost flowed in a continuous stream. "Be a good little baby girl." Her voice dropped to a very faint whisper. "Maybe we can protect you." Her voice came back up to a normal volume. "Thay yeth Mommy."

"Yeth Mommy."

"Baby girls smile at their Mommies. Baby girls always want to please their

Mommies. Baby boys play with mobiles. Think about that.”

Sheri tilted her head. “Smile at us all you can as if your life depended on us as your Mommies. It may.”