

# ABBY

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## Chapter 6 - New Appearances

Kim, Sheri, and I rode with one of our guardian police officers in her car to Mr. Smithers' office. My wrists and ankles felt artificially light after the bands weighted by the chains had been removed. I had asked for those as solidarity with the misbehaving residents so they wouldn't be too down on themselves. I had enjoyed nice orgasms in my warm damp or wet diapers to my fantasies about being restrained. Otherwise, that was enough of actually wearing those things.

His secretary Betsy was waiting outside the office building. "Get out of the car. Let me see you first."

We did.

She took her cell phone out of her purse. "Awful. OK, we go." She returned her eyes to us from her cell phone. "Follow me." About a block away she stopped walking outside Lisa's Beauty Salon named 'Lisalon'.

But I felt awkward and anxious standing on the sidewalk at the front door.

Sheri eyed me. "Something wrong, Abby?"

"I feel miserable. Like acid running down my back."

Her face turned into a symbol of concern with a hand on my arm. I had come to understand that hand on the arm as a girl to girl kind of thing.

The police officer emoted a similar expression.

Kim interrupted. She had usually been in charge. "Oh dear. Abby. You can't back out. Too many people are depending on you. You may be feeling miserable, but you'll feel worse if we return without having done this. Sorry kiddo. It's either no beauty treatment making you look reasonable in dresses concealing your diaper bulges, or no restaurant. What can we do to help you?"

I choked up to cry, but caught it.

"That bad?"

I nodded. I wanted to turn away. I wanted to run. Fortunately I was too scared to do either. "How about boy clothes instead."

"You didn't like them. If you try oversized pants called jams so popular with the teens the bulk caused by your diapers will still show. You will draw scorn down on you, or you will feel you did. As a minimum your own conduct will leave you feeling ostracized. That would be totally unacceptable for making appearances in the business community as we all know you have to do."

I sniffled.

Sheri tugged on my arm towards the beauty salon door.

I couldn't move my feet. "What about thin diaps?"

"You wear the bulkier cloth ones we have been using like everyone else. We can't afford disposables. Now, either we go back, or you give up resisting. We have to do something about your appearance. Which will it be?"

I stood there without a thought. "I'm incontinent."

"For real; or are you just keeping it going because your special toy likes the comfort of the wet warmth down there?"

They had me there. I liked the wet warmth.

Sheri and Kim both frowned. "Oh no. Don't make us responsible for your decision. You decide."

The police officer frowned.

I blushed. The damp diaper felt good. "Talk wont hurt."

"This time it might hurt because we have to tell them everything, tell them all, for their help to do us any good."

Kim opened the beauty salon's front door.

Sheri tugged at me. I let her lead me in.

The officer followed for her own beauty treatment.

Betsy went into the back without any invitation, clapped, and had everyone's attention including two customers. She made a good summary.

Nobody frowned. Nobody scolded us. Nobody walked out.

One of the beauticians softened her face. "We have a few cross-dressing customers. Sure, we can do this." One of them pointed at posters of hair styles on the walls. "Which one is the cross-dresser?"

I stared at all those photos of hair styles. Most were extremes of what could be done. I pointed. "That one is an attractive woman."

"Would you like a date with her? Would you fantasize about having her in bed?"

I blushed.

The beautician grinned in a 'gotcha' sorta way. "That silence must mean yes, she's sexy. Did you notice none of the wacky ones are sexy?"

"Not until you mentioned it."

"OK, everyone, our goal is for him to look, act, walk, and talk like a nice looking her."

The beauticians all smiled. They said that photo I liked and looked so good was the cross-dresser. The he-she took all the advice they had to give.

Lisa waved a hand across the lobby. "Come sit."

We all sat down in the waiting room. Betsy went back to the law office. Kim and Sheri went first for their hair treatments.

One of the beauticians came to the passageway between the waiting area and the beauticians' working area. "OK, Abby, your turn." They took me to a fancy chair with a sink behind it. After I sat down, they leaned the chair backwards until my neck rested on the form fitting edge of that sink. They washed my hair their way. "From now on you wash your hair daily. Yes?"

My voice was weak. "OK."

"Good." They called to Kim and Sheri. "She wont get this. You are going to have to bathe him, wash his hair, and do his makeup. For this to work you have to control what he wears. I mean what she wears. Make a permanent switch with the pronouns so she is always in the mood to look, walk, and act like the good looking woman. That is what you have asked us to make her into."

Kim and Sheri shared a glance from where they were being worked on. "Do you know who we are?"

“Yes, Betsy told us. We all cried. We wouldn’t do this unless Betsy had told us. Now, we all start coaching Abby on her feminine mannerisms. She is going to have real trouble learning to emote with credible facial expressions. Try adding questions to her sentences instead. Yes? OK? Good? Things like that. Betsy told me a bunch about the three of you, too. You had been chained and kept together. There is no modesty. Right? So, as part of growing her intimate feminine conduct, keep right on changing her diapers all the time. Make her your little girl again as her Mommies. Not too little, but little enough, maybe a toddler in diapers, so she learns her Mommies’ mannerisms. Yes? Can you do this?”

There was an awkward pause.

She repeated. “Can you do this? Or we wont.”

Kim and Sheri were in stereo with quiet voices. “OK. Yes, we will. Abby; can you let us control you that way?”

I had rested my head back on that sink when my neck had become sore. “Feels like the same ole way to me. Sure. Oh, that sentence thing. Yes?”

The beautician remained in charge of the conversation. “You are Kim and Sheri? Right?”

“Yes” they were.

“OK, Mommies, what color? What style?”

All three of us had blank stares. “May I look at your posters?”

They raised that chair. I looked all around. “I like the blond with the long hair over her shoulder.”

“Good. That’s modeled after a popular country singer. OK, by you Kim and Sheri?”

“Oh dear. She will look better than us.”

“Oh knock that off. All of you have overly long unkept hair. Walk around yourselves and pick what you want, too. I’d stay away from a platinum black if I were you, but that’s your choice for yourself. Abby, lean back. I have more to do.”

The police officer joined in the discussion. “Platinum black, huh?” She was a ginger colored mixture of white, Cajun, creole, Native-American, and African-American. “I’ll have to think about that. Yes.”

“Your choice, but I think how your hair is styled is more important. Keep

thinking.”

They washed my hair again without telling me what they were doing as I dribbled warmth into my diaper. When they brought me up I could see the opposite wall. “That girl in the poster isn’t me.”

One of them came close to me and whispered in my ear. “That’s a mirror.”

I whimpered and burst out crying.

Kim and Sheri rushed over. “What’s the matter?”

“She didn’t believe the image in the mirror is her. She felt profoundly cared for and was hit out of the blue. You two are going to have a handful with her growth. Now you go back for your treatments. We have lots more work to do on her.”

They brushed, and combed, and brushed again my long blond hair as they tried different hair clips. They finally stopped when I talked. “I like my new hair best when it is over my right shoulder, just like that poster.”

“That’s easy when it grows longer. Out of that chair and follow me.”

We walked into a back area. “Hold still Abby.” She reached up my skirt from behind and checked my diaper. I felt a hand between my thighs as she took a handful of my plastic pants with the wet load inside.

I blushed deeply.

“No secrets Abby. We can’t have urine leaks on our expensive professional beauty salon chairs.” They had Kim and Sheri change me almost in public with fresh dry diapers the police officer had brought in her car.

The beauticians turned to both Kim and Sheri. “May we?”

“Sure. Whatever it takes. He can always remove the makeup and the fingernail polish if he wants to revert. But I don’t think so. Just look at her.”

They all did.

They called me a ‘her’. I liked that. I tried smiling, but in the mirror I looked awkward and fidgety.

They descended on me. There is no other way to describe it. They must have tried half a kazillion different shades of lipstick. They put their hand on the back of my head when they applied lipstick to my lips or wiped it off. Their confidence came through and had me feeling more confident, or at least less nervous and anxious.

Tears welled up. They were really caring for me, and that affected me.

They let me cry, which made me weep even more.

They settled on a shade of lipstick straight out of that photo on the wall. They used the lightest touch of makeup accenting my cheeks.

They strapped my wrists and ankles in place because Kim and Sheri had said to, and doing that was right for the next step. The beauticians smoothed my nails and used fingernail polish that matched the lipstick. And my toe nails. Shivers ran up and down my spine with their working on my toenails. The shivers got so bad I asked them to stop. I explained. They let me bring my feelings down. "OK; go ahead."

When they let me I looked in the mirror with my red fingernails up in view too. "I'm already more like a girl. What's next?"

They all stood around me and beamed at me. "She's OK. Time for something really special."

I held up a finger for a pause. "What?"

The room bubbled over.

One of the customers called out. "Have her ears pierced. She stands out without it."

They chilled my ears and pierced the lower lobes without asking me. I hardly felt a thing.

"Her ears may be sore tomorrow; maybe a little pain. Do you have any anesthetics is she needs one?"

All three of Kim, Sheri, and the officer responded as if in stereo. "Yes."

"OK. Now for the stars."

"Hold still." One of them had a cell phone out and was taking pictures of the new me. She disappeared and returned with several printed photos. "This goes up on the wall in big format, and we'll print Abby's name across the bottom and see what the customers all say. Welcome to the new you."

I burst out crying again - just like a girl.

They all let me do that as if each and every one of them knew exactly what was going on in me. How sweet and precious they were with me and that special moment.

I sniffled clearing my nose of tears.

They all smiled which was all that needed to be said. "Now for the stars."

"Uh what?"

"Hesh little girl. We'd ask your Mommies. That's what you call your two friends. Right? They told us to do whatever we think." They grinned a little. "We think."

Into another chair I went which almost put my plastic pants bulged by my diaper into the most obvious view. They unbuttoned the shoulder straps on my dress. They wrapped a special sheet over my shoulders, and around my arms, but in a way that left my chest exposed above my bra.

"Abby; you'll just have to trust us. Do your best to relax. Tell us if you have to have us pause again. OK?"

One of the other beauticians intervened. "I don't think so. I asked Kim and Sheri. They said to strap her wrists and ankles down. We don't want any interruptions for this."

I furrowed my eyebrows.

One of the beauticians pointed a finger directly at my nose. "The way we hear this your two girl friends are going to control you completely as your Mommies to their new little girl. That is completely. No just what you wear, but everything about your appearance to their satisfaction. Yes? Or do we have to interrupt their beauty treatments and bring them over? What will it be?"

Anger raged through me, but I tensed up and held it. Then I collapsed and wept. They let me take the time. I felt so embarrassed with so many beauticians and customers hovering around. I sniffled. "OK."

"You sure? You're having a hard time with this."

I nodded. "Yes. Please do."

They strapped me in place and brought out something I had never seen before. "This makes the million bucks look of a star. We are sending you to the stars, and especially to cover your masculine skin pores. This is a makeup airbrush."

They paused as if waiting for me to say something, but I didn't know what to say. I closed my eyes and leaned back in that reclining chair.

One of them talked first. "OK, let's start." They dabbed tears from my face with tissue.

I flinched as they pulled hairs from my upper chest. "Close your eyes and keep them closed."

I felt the air on my skin as they sprayed all over the exposed parts of my upper chest, neck, and face.

"OK, see the new you."

I opened my eyes. "I don't believe what I am seeing. Is this a video of that singer?"

"No, Abby, this really is the new you." She pinched my cheek lightly so I could feel her fingers as I watched her hand on me in the mirror.

"Let the makeup dry a little bit before you rub your own face. Hold still, we have touch up work."

I closed my eyes again, leaned my head back on the rest, and felt spots of air here and there on me.

When I could see again I turned my head this way and that as I watched in the mirror. That beauty in the mirror really was me. I was so good looking I would never have dared ask a girl this attractive out for a date.

The officer tilted her head and smiled a little.

Kim and Sheri came over to where I was. They were all smiles. Kim was an auburn with her hair trimmed into curve barely around her ears. Sheri was a dark blond with her hair curving into her neck just below her jaw line. They held up their new fingernails, but both stopped dead in their tracks.

"Oh, my Gawd, Abby. Look at you. We're going to have a revolt."

"We're going to have to buy a chair and have a beauty salon on the premises just for peace and quiet." She turned her attention to the beauticians. "Come to us. Help us set up. Give everybody at least a basic treatment. PLEASE!"

"Oh dear. Guess we have to. But you have to too. You have to buy a hair removal electrolysis machine for home use. His beard is going to cause constant trouble. Sorry. I know this is asking for a lot, from all of you. But you just have to. Can you do that?"

There was a long awkward pause. "OK."

The officer put on an official face. "We'll make 'em."

Betsy arrived with a huge shopping bag of dress patterns. "Oh my Gawd.' Her voice became more Southern. "I wouldn't have believed it if you told me with your hand on a stack of bibles." She had another woman with her and her voice returned to more normal American English. "This is Ms. Sanders. She has been sent for the corporate and business permits legal work." She introduced all of us.

Ms. Sanders' face went through a wide range of emotions. "Well, so much for life being what I thought it would be. Have you selected a leader?"

Kim and Sheri were almost in stereo. "That's Abby here."

Kim kept talking. "But we heard strange things here today. I guess we had to. Abby are you going to let us? That is, let us be your Mommies again? Let's not mislead Ms. Sanders and have her mislead us. Bad idea. Are you willing to be our little girl again?"

"Like I have a choice? Yes. You were before. There doesn't seem to any other way."

Ms. Sanders smiled. "Good. Have you made a name for this proposed new business? We have our doubts anybody is going to let you, finance you, for such an entirely new business. That is by you people who have no experience running an enterprise."

Sheri, Kim, the officer, and I were struck mute.

One of the beauticians put her fingers around her jaw with an index finger in front of her lips. "That was that old Mansion House north of town on the swamp that burned to the ground, wasn't it? Mansion House Restaurant ought to do for starters." Her accent became notably Southern. "Now, you-all go down the street to the office supply store." Her voice came back to a more modern sound. "Have them make business cards. They have thousands of images. Put an old Haunted House image on your cards. Cards are cheap. You can change to anything better another time."

Another cracked a big grin. "I wouldn't have believed this knowing anything less than the whole story. We know so much. OK, girls, you're on as they say, and we are with you. Go." She slapped me on my diapered butt.

We had those cards made that day even though our breasts ached from needing to be pumped. Kim and Sheri checked each others' diapers before returning to the car, but didn't change each other. Our only phone was at the police desk used by the kitchen for supply orders. We used that.