

# ABBY

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## Chapter 8 - Unexpected Developments

Kim and Sheri had decided to take charge of me again for my learning their feminine mannerisms. In the evenings they strapped my wrists down beside my head in a steel institutional crib they had found in storage. It also served as a changing table. Kim attached my ankle bands to ropes. A little higher up those went through a pulley. Sheri pulled on those rope from the other side of the pulley lifting my ankles way up.

This was my late evening diaper change by Kim and Sheri. The three of us had made this into an ever more important private time for discussing our feelings about our day. I had never known I had so many feelings.

Kim tended to be the Mommy in charge while Sheri was just a little better at care taking.

Kim pulled my plastic panties off of my soaking wet warm diaper and pulled those panties up my elevated legs to my ankles. "What a little baby soaking your diaper so much. Aren't you glad to be a little baby girl with two Mommies?"

Fortunately they had a pacifier in my mouth preventing me from answering.

Sheri unpinned my diaper on both sides. "Tara and several others think this baby girl routine isn't helping."

I suddenly remembered to make a big smile.

"Good girl, Abby." Sheri pulled that wet cooling diaper out from under me and carried it away.

Kim slid a thick new one under my butt. "Let's see here, little one." She took my penis in her fingers and flopped it around. "That red spot on the underside of the tip isn't so bad this evening. You were too busy all day to rub it for an orgasm."

Sheri returned. Kim repeated her observations. "Shall we bring him off, or is it time for full sex with one of us? You horny?"

Sheri flipped my limp penis around. "I wish we could sell the semen again. We need the money." She took the jar Kim handed her and worked that Vaseline preparation loaded with papaverine all over my little toy. "Oh my; nice and firm. She is going to have a good one."

Kim leaned over me. "Abby; you had masculine aggression showing through today. We've talked and decided to medicate you. Those awful people left a major

supply. Plus numbing your rectum will make you less confident from fearing a smelly accident in public. Sorry, kiddo, but we're taking you down a notch." She spread KY jelly over me down there. "This is a vitamin." I tensed as she slid that in against the built in muscle resistance of my rectum. "These are a few for increasing your breasts and lactation." She slid in three of those. "These two are that medical confinement from Europe." She chuckled. "Ready?" She slid in those two. "This is a numbing concoction." She slid that in. "Just to keep you guessing, Sheri wanted those to be placebos."

"Shall we inject a muscle relaxant into the bladder?"

"Mmmm. But that would preclude ejaculating during an orgasm."

"Not so sure."

I tried protesting around that pacifier.

Kim smacked my butt. "Be quiet. You and everybody else agreed we are to be your Mommies and re-raise you as our girl. You stopped improving."

I remembered to smile again.

There was a knock on the doorframe. Tara came into my view. "How's the baby girl? May I?"

She too flipped my penis around with her fingers, except this time I was quite erect. "Feels greasy. What did you use?"

One of my mommies responded from out of my sight as she explained the preparation.

Tara chuckled. "Can Pat have some? She wants more of me than sometimes I can do straight through. But that's not why I came here even though I enjoyed the show. Let me bring in Megan and Peggy."

I could hear movement but couldn't see anything new or different. Tara was massaging my erect member as I was held helplessly in place.

Megan and Peggy were two of the quietest women we had. Both had tried training pants. Except we didn't have any which meant two cloth diapers without the plastic pants. They had returned to wearing diapers at night. They were on Tara's suicide watch list.

Tara stopped massaging me.

Pat arrived in her usual orange shirtdress. She was also in those special handcuffs. Tara welcomed her with a hand up her skirt for checking her diapers. "Wet but holding. Yes?"

Pat grinned. "You're evil."

"Aren't you glad I am. Back to business. Several of the women have noticed how often Abby is locked in her crib as Sheri and Kim go hide. Obviously you two are having lesbian fun. The whispering could disrupt things. If we're going to disrupt

things, let's do a good job of it. There are more natal women than men here. It might with the proper introduction help Megan and Peggy with their feeling dejected."

She paused. "I think Abby needs an orgasm far more often than anyone else realizes. We need Abby's self-esteem to be in the clouds, but also keep her feet on the ground as one of us. Megan and Peggy also want two Mommies in their own way. If you two Mommies are going to have Abby in a polygamous relationship, let's just make it four. Pat is different. She is working on that. How about this for Megan and Peggy as well as the good of the cause?"

Kim and Sheri blushed deeply in the silence.

"Peggy; pull Megan's diaper down. Megan get up there." Tara brought my ankles down. She had her arms around Megan holding her in place as she worked a finger down there.

Megan wrapped her wet self around my erect self. Her hips moved. I don't know how long we kissed and she thrust with her hips, but she stopped. "Time to share."

Peggy took over. She too was wet.

All of a sudden I had a fabulous juicy orgasm.

"Put me in a diaper, quick, before I leak everywhere."

"That good?" Tara was massaging me again. She brought up another erection.

Kim had me.

Sheri intervened. "Enough. Now let's get Abby back into her little baby thick diapers. Leave her locked in her while we go talk."

They gave me another erection before they pulled my plastic pants back in place. I was enjoying erotic fantasies while thinking of another orgasm.

A loudspeaker squawked. "Code Pat; code Pat." That meant an emergency.

Pat and Tara ran out.

The four remaining women had me up, put me in a yellow baby girl dress, and handcuffed my wrists. We all ran out to the front entrance as fast as a few shackled ankles allowed.

Pat had someone else's arm over her shoulder. Both of her handcuffed hands had clamped onto that arm. She pulled it down, rolled forward dragging that guy over herself, and slammed him to the floor. She landed with a knee on his gut knocking his wind out. Others quickly handcuffed his wrists and ankles as he screamed in pain. His elbow had been broken on Pat's shoulder.

The two police officers on duty had mastered the other two strangers. One of the officers had a bleeding nose. Another stranger had a knife sticking in his chest with frothy blood oozing from his lips. "You want to save him? Sure, for the record, but it wont work. That isn't just a sucking chest wound. That knife is in his heart."

He turned white in the face as he passed out to die.

Sirens screamed outside.

A police lieutenant said it all in just two words. "Aw, shit." The dead man and the other two were taken away. Our police were augmented with two more inside and several on patrol outside.

We hardly slept that night. I feel asleep after my 2am breast pumping. Megan and Peggy were handcuffed and chained with me in my crib. They kept waking me up for more kissing. Each of them managed another fuck out of me.

One of the two police officers came to me at my 4am pumping. "We have orders to bring as many as possible to Court in the morning. Let's get you into the beauty salon for that million bucks look."

I fell sound asleep as beauticians airbrushed makeup on my face, neck, and chest.

Peggy woke me up for a 6am breast pumping, and I had made a big smelly lump in my diaper. "We can't wait to change Abby in public." I was pumped again at 8 am. My diaper was changed after that 8am pumping in public by Megan and Peggy. Then they dressed me in my new gorgeous burgundy skirt-suit. Two of the guys held me as they handcuffed me. In relays as they had beauty and hair treatments all four of 'my wives' shoveled breakfast into me. They combed my hair with a little conditioner and pinned it so it came over my right shoulder.

Tara talked to everyone about what they were doing to me and why. Scowls were followed by smiles and nodding heads of agreement. A woman came from the back. She and another walked up to me. "Hush, Abby. We can do this nice, or we can have you held down. Which will it be?"

"What?"

"We don't have time. Do we have to have you held down?"

"Nah."

They hooked two of the most fabulous turquoise dangling ear rings into the holes in my earlobes.

Only a few of the residents remained behind. The police sent another bus to carry so many of us to the courthouse.

That building intimidated me at first sight.

Someone in security hand signaled those two buses to pull up at the front entrance.

There as an instant problem. None of us had any ID except Tara still had her California driver's license. Access inside the Courthouse required photo ID.

A Sheriff's Captain came out. The police made a rapid explanation. The Captain looked at us. All of us. "Why the handcuffs?"

“That’s the way they do things. These are the victims from that Mansion House disaster.”

“Hmmm. Put handcuffs on all of them and get a list of all of their names. But hold them down here as a group while I tell the Judge.”

My diaper was warm and damp before they led us to the elevators. They took us up two floors and into a Courtroom that was mostly empty. The back bench was filled on both sides with police officers in uniform. They were many of the police who had served as our protection. They made a receiving line giving us hugs as we went in. The Police Captain appeared annoyed at the delay from those hugs. He took me to the front and simply pointed at the near end of a bench. I sat down before he got mad at me.

There was a man in a business suit standing at a door in the front wall of the courtroom. The Captain nodded. He opened that door. “All rise. Judge Susan Wagner. Hear yee, hear yee, may God bless this honorable Court.”

She was in that traditional black robe of a Judge and took the seat behind the raised desk. “You may be seated. Have you selected a spokesman?”

I stood up. “I guess that’s me.” I couldn’t see behind me, but I was told later many of the others nodded their heads in agreement.

“Come forward. Swear her in.”

Her face jumped in surprise as did the others at the front of the Court when they told me to raise my right hand. Both of my hands came up with those shiny fancy escape proof handcuffs on my wrists.

“Is she a witness? Remove those handcuffs.”

An officer in a white shirt and a badge at the front of the courtroom came to me. He took my hands. His key didn’t work in the lock. “Your honor. These require a special key we do not have.”

I tried to be helpful. “Magnetic lock.”

That Judge glared at me. “No talking until asked.”

There was a pause as people thought. The Judge interrupted. “Take the witness stand.” One of the other people pointed at what that was.

I went there but remained standing. I couldn’t brush my skirt against my legs properly for sitting down with my wrists in those handcuffs.

“Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help you God?”

“Yes.”

“It is customary to add the words “your honor.”

I nodded like a school boy. “Yes, your honor.”

“Sit down.”

I did my best. Fortunately there was a solid front so no one could see my bulging plastic pants when my skirt wasn't right.

“Your name.”

“Abby Metzger.”

“Address.”

“I do not know your honor. Nobody ever told me. I'm from that Mansion House north of town. The one that burned down.”

“Don't you have a driver's license?”

“No, your honor. Those awful people took my wallet with it, and it burned in that fire, or they had destroyed it before then.”

She leaned over to someone sitting below on the main floor in front of her. “Are these the same people in that big law suit against the government?”

The woman sitting in front turned completely around and raised her head and eyes. “Yes, your honor.”

“Call counsel from both sides of that case and have them in here right now. Call the government attorney as well. Call the Chairman of the Board of Supervisors. He needs to come too if we can find him.”

She called one. Two others called more.

The Judge turned the other way. “Bring in the prisoners.”

They still wore the same scruffy clothes from the evening before. One of them had an arm in a sling. His face radiated his pain. A woman in a business suit came to that railing across the courtroom. Yes she could take a case as appointed counsel. The judge had her fill in two half sized sheets of papers.

“Can you identify these two men?”

“Yes, your honor.”

Do you know their names?”

“No your honor. I only saw them after they broke in. I saw when that elbow was broken.”

She read a few papers in front of her. “Did you see the stabbing?”

“No your honor. I saw the frothy blood oozing from his mouth and as his face turned white as a sheet. I guess I saw him die.”

“Were these people every authorized access inside your place?”

“No your honor.”

“How do you know that?”

“No one is every authorized access. Very few people come to us. Inside smells awful. The few who want in are introduced, and only the police security admit anyone. Food truck delivery drivers do not come in anywhere except the loading dock at the kitchen.”

“Smells awful?”

“We are all abused victims. We have to wear diapers.”

The Judge pulled her head back in shock and surprise at that. She bound those two over for the grand jury. “Jail; not bail. No bond. The charge is increased to being accomplices in a death during a crime. That can be first degree murder. Counsel; I have to move this along for other reasons. File your appeal if you must. Miss Metzger, raise your hands so counsel can see your wrists.”

I did.

That woman lawyer’s mouth popped open.

“I recommend you stay for what follows. Everyone in the Court who agrees with what Miss Metzger said stand up.”

Everyone back there stood up.

Everything was interrupted when a man came in the main doors from the public hall. Ms. Sanders arrived. Then a few more.

The Judge made a rapid explanation of the Mansion House from what she had heard before. “They were attacked yesterday evening. Those two have been remanded to jail without bond for capital murder. We can’t have this continue as is as they are attracting hateful people. This is all a quagmire, and the local government is facing catastrophic liability. It is not the business of this Court to order civic improvement. But what I want is the service clubs to run a fund raiser for One Hundred Thousand Dollars. Take that to the First and Central Bank and have their SBA expert put together the best loan package they can.”

Faces frowned.

“Next. Ms. Sanders. I want an application for their non-driving photo ID cards from DMV on my desk by tomorrow evening. The next morning if you have to. Make that one application and prepare separate orders for each one. Don’t include the Court seeing any birth certificates. We simply have to move faster. They can apply for driver’s licences another time with all that documentation.”

“Miss Metzger.”

“Yes, your honor.”

“Your voice sounds masculine. Why the women’s clothes? That is a fabulous hair style.”

“Hides the diaper bulge your honor. I have to wear women’s apparel at all times for that reason.”

“Ms. Sanders. There are going to be more of those. Be careful the application and the Orders distinguish anyone who is dressing as the other gender.”

“I’ll have to research the statutes.”

“No. Just do it. Mark the gender correctly and put in parenthesis a ‘T’ with a hyphen for trans-gender for the gender as they appear in public. The Judicial Conference examined this. I will call DMV before those Orders are entered.”

There was a silent pause.

“Miss Metzger. What are you usually called?”

“We never use last names in the Mansion House. We were victimized.”

“I meant do you want to be called Mister Metzger and Miss Metzger?”

“Miss Abby, your honor. No one has ever asked. Can we hold one of our big meetings and discuss this? We can let Ms. Sanders know.”

“Big meeting?”

“We hold a big meeting of everyone sitting in a circle for decisions. We are trying our best to overcome post traumatic stress syndrome. It’s hard going. We have a psychologist with us full time. She can explain it far better than I.”

“The Court is impressed, and wishes you all the best. I want to hear of any major troubles you encounter. This Court passionately wants you to be successful. And for that success to carry all of you out of this as best as you can. Dismissed.”

“All rise.” We all stood up. The Judge went out. We went back to the buses and returned to the Mansion House taking all those extra handcuffs with us.

We had been at that Court longer than we liked. All of our breasts needed pumping. A few soiled diapers needing changing quickly. The rest of us dribbled and wet as lunch was prepared. As we ate several people came past the five of us of Kim, Megan, Peggy, Sheri, and myself. They wished the five of us well together.

Tara took the five of us aside. “Abby; you were fabulous. Now I want the five of you to bond together as a family or a mini-tribe inside the tribe of all of us. As for myself, Pat wants me playing with her in bed right now.”