

ABBY

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Chapter 10 - The Hill

I was so dejected after being told we couldn't have that loan that my Mommies left me alone as I cried in our crib. When their words were not enough to console me, they expressed their understanding of me by spoon and bottle feeding me. They worried about me so much they chained my ankle to the crib frame for preventing me from disappearing for committing suicide. At least one of them escorted me while holding my arm to be pumped. The guys picked up on my sorry mental state and insisted they change my diapers as a way of applying a little masculine intimidation. "Get over it" was their refrain.

My four Mommies brought me off frequently as they tried to get me out of my profound funk. Their having sex with a crying baby would be no fun for them.

They put me in a single piece light blue shirt-dress for a big meeting of all of the residents. I had been crying that morning and kept weeping a little as they strapped me into a chair. Sitting that way made my bulging plastic panties quite visible. Kim and Sheri sat on each side of me with Megan and Peggy sitting close behind us.

When nearly everyone was present Tara rose, walked to me, and bent over bringing her face down to mine. "You keep this up, Abby, and we'll start serious medication. This is ridiculous. You have the best skills of any of us out there in the community. How do you expect the rest of us to feel? What should we do? Spank you? Maybe those electrical torture bands and belts?"

She gripped my chin with one hand, and that was with a powerful masculine grip. "Maybe I should just slap your face a few times from both sides. Use a rectal shock plug? I found those in an old store room. Now you stop this right now."

I did.

Tara stood and faced everyone. "Sometimes. Sometimes we just have to be that absent parent the hard way. We have to use tough love too."

The long silence that followed was interrupted by a policewoman answering the telephone. "Mansion House security. Officer Long." There was a pause before her

voice emoted her surprise. “Really! You’ll just have to hold the phone. They’re having a big meeting.”

She walked into the middle of the circle with a grin big enough to die for. “They found a new site for a new Mansion House. It sounds so good. They of course have no idea what Abby has been going through. They asked for her. Is she up to taking this call?”

Kim, Sheri, Megan, and Peggy immediately unbuckled the restraints holding me to the chair.

Tara spoke first. “Healing takes time. You four help her walk across the floor.”

The entire room flashed me grins and a few thumbs up signs.

Their understanding me made me whimper all over again.

I was still sniffing when I reached the police desk and their phone. I blew my nose, and took the handset. My voice wasn’t quite ready yet, but I made do. “Abby here. What’s up?”

“This is your buddy, Abby, from the Jaycees. I’m Kit if you can’t recognize my voice. You know Lauren, too, who is standing here with me. Our boss told us a crazy idea, and after working on it since yesterday we think this may work. Ready?”

I felt myself going through more feelings than I could catalogue, or even remember. “Uh. Sure. OK. Go ahead.”

“Remember, we’re on your side.”

“I guess I knew that. Maybe not. Tell me what this is all about?”

“Bring several people and meet us at the Love’s Truck Stop at the interstate interchange. When can you come?”

I glanced at Tara, Officer Long, and my four Mommies. “We have to dress in clothes for going out. Say in an hour? Better would be an hour and a half.” I barely remembered to close with a question for my girl image. “OK?”

“OK. See ya’ then. Bye.”

I made a quick report of the people closest to me and walked to the center of the circle. My feelings kept going through loops. I was doing everything I could to bring my feelings up and keep them up. I repeated to everyone all that I had heard.

My Mommies whisked me to a breast pumping, and a diaper change even

though it didn't really need it all that much. Peggy brought out my best burgundy skirt suit, a well fitting bra, and a new never worn before blazing white blouse with ruffles. One of our in-house beauticians applied lipstick, a touch of makeup, and put earrings on me. They did all that to as many people as they could. Except so many wanted to come all they received was a fast partial pumping, a fresh diaper, and ten minutes for better clothes.

I asked for those special handcuffs.

Kim wagged a finger at me. "No. No. Not this time. You behave you little wretch you. And SMILE damn it."

I did. I was the best girl I could be.

Kim smacked me playfully on my padded butt as we went out the door.

The bus wouldn't fit into the loading dock and had to park outside. Megan and Peggy carried big heavy clubs which was so unlike their usually quiet and timid selves. They thumped the ground chasing an alligator back into the swamp.

Tara drove the bus into the truck section of the Love's big parking lot.

A few minutes later a car came rushing at us. Kim stepped down from the bus at the main door. Lauren was in the passenger's seat. "Wow. I can see you all are juiced on this. Follow us to the side of the lot next to that big brown UPS truck where you can see this idea."

We did.

A corner real estate lot was not far away. It no longer had access to the highway. Rebuilding the road to town into a four lane for the interstate interchange had cut off that property's access. There was an abandoned gas station. "That means the ground is polluted. The rising hill behind," she waved an arm, "was used for many decades for dumping used oil." The trees there seemed scrawny. That hill wasn't all that high although it was the highest place in sight across all the low flat swampy ground.

"Just below our sight on the other side is an abandoned rail yard used for maintenance of railway cars. For decades they maintained refrigeration cars there originally with block ice and later with mechanical refrigeration. For that they dumped lubricating oil, refrigerants, and Lord only know what else there on the tracks and ballast. Of course all that gunk leaked right down into the ground.

"Oil tank cars were parked there when they caught fire sending burning fuel and heavier grades of crude oil flowing down the railway grade. There is a passage under the four lane road that is too low. The railroad reports they can't use that track with

their double stacked container cars. The railroad wants out of the environmental clean up problems by abandoning this right of way.”

There was a string of vacant small stores on the other side of the railroad cut.

“Those were a farm feed, lawn fertilizer, auto parts, fish market, and small restaurant all of which dumped nasty pollutants out back.”

The parking lot was weedy. There was an abandoned sleazy motel beyond the stores.

“Out of sight behind those stores and motel there are abandoned cars, trucks, refrigerators, freezers, and oil tanks. All those were polluters, plus benign rusty bed frames, washers, and driers thrown there for many years.”

The other banker cut in. “That nearby Love’s with fuel, food, and rest is competition for your restaurant. Plus this property has a disastrous history. This site is haunted with a history of lynching. There are urban rumors of a lost cemetery in there somewhere.”

My people were murmuring this was impossible.

I touched Lauren’s arm. I tried smiling like the woman I was supposed to be appearing as, but doubted I did that well. “So, what makes this possible?”

She grinned so big I didn’t know any face could do that. Her smile was so strong her upper lip rose so high as to reveal her upper gums. “There is more money available than you would ever imagine. County tax and clean up liens; environmental site fund; railroad contribution. Think big!”

I turned in a complete circle watching nearly all of the Mansion people. Their faces were full of doubts.

Tara rescued me. “So? How?”

Kit smiled again. “Divide this up into multiple projects and each one is a separate SBA loan. Take on one new business at a time, but all as a coordinated package of loans. Instead of hauling all that polluted dirt a long way from here, do the clean up with a portable incinerator brought here. Keep it going until an honest inspector says OK. Especially that railroad will keep this end of the county from ever developing at all. See that big abandoned field across the road?”

We all looked that way.

She continued. “The one with all the scrubby little pine trees. Clean up this side and that could be a big project. Not for you. You’ll have your hands full over here.

That will spur the big interests to help you with things like that incinerator.”

Lauren laughed. “Go talk to Judge Wagner. Better, we’ll have our CEO and Chief Loan Officer talk to her at their service club. She is such a political conservative she hates the environmental stuff. A call or two from her Court will make big organizations like that railroad react more promptly. We have asked around and been told the County will donate the land to get rid of it. The clean up laws do not apply to the County, and they want out of their expensive support of you. They want a settlement of that law suit. That donation of land is your equity capital that is more value than the loans require. That wouldn’t cost them any cash. That is less than the cost to them of your lifetime support.”

Tom was the guy who had first suggested a restaurant. “Got it. A real first class restaurant modeled as an old mansion. Make a tall sign for the interstate traffic. Have a beauty salon even this far out. Remember ourselves as customers will keep a few beauticians going full time. Put the new group home for us up there on that hill. Car repair. And more. We just keep this growing.”

Another guy in the back called out. “Yes; there are guys who would love repairing cars. Our seamstresses can make mechanics uniforms that are bigger in the butt, and zipper up the inside of the legs for changes. Not a problem.”

Kit and Lauren smiled big.

I wet my diaper in my growing excitement. So did others. I touched Kim’s arm. “You finance people up for all those loans?”

She kissed me on the cheek. “Yep.” She had never done that much of kissing me on the cheek. She whispered in my ear. “When we get home you get a wonderful time in your crib. Maybe Tara will keep your erection up and have all of us take you. Fantasize about that. Come up out of the funk the little wretch in you has been acting out.”

I could feel my special toy inside my warm damp diaper becoming interested.

Everyone was highly energized by the time we returned home. The people who had been incompletely pumped got first choice. Fresh diapers were ready.

I bent a little over a folding chair for a bowel movement that I had not felt coming before. I could feel my damp diaper sagging from that.

Sheri clapped. “Hey. Abby just pooped without knowing much in advance. I have an idea. Tara can explain better. What I have heard is that little babies think their poop is what they produce for their Mommies. They are proud and feel rebuffed when their Mommies react to the bad smells. Look; we have our troubles; yes. Now we seem to have a tiger by the tail with that new site.” She briefly explained for those who

stayed behind what we had seen and been told. "Let's build our self esteem by treating poopy diapers as our proud results instead of as a stinky failure. Poopy diapers are to be changed in public with supportive commentary. Tara; you have a little money. Go buy us a few outdoor trash cans and big plastic bags so messy diapers go straight in those for rolling to the laundry."

Pat broke in. "I like it. You first Abby and let's see how well we do. Everybody crank up your creative fantasies."

She grabbed me by a wrist and towed me to the mats at the pumping station. The smell was about as bad as I ever made. They kept coming up with different things to say as two of the men carried my yucky diaper away. One of the guys insisted on cleaning my butt. Another slid a thick pack of diapers under me.

Sheri powdered it and me. "Good kid. That was a good one."

Megan intruded and pinned the new diaper tightly around my hips. "Ready for the next one. Make Mommy proud."

Peggy pulled my plastic pants back in place.

The whole crowd chimed in. "Magnificent Abby. You make us proud. We couldn't do this without you. Make another good one. Wet it quick for the pleasure of your special toy. You are one of us, luscious breasts, stale urine, stinky poop, slave number tattoo, and all. Damn it tell us when you are down. It's OK, but we want to be with you every step of the way. We are yours, and you are ours, like a Native American tribe. We need your tribal leadership." And on it went.

One of the guys brought his hand down to me and helped me up. He grabbed me and held me in a hug. "Us guys need help with this caring business too."

Sheri brought out my favorite light blue little girl's dress with straps over the shoulders. She pulled it down on me, fussed over how it fell into place, and kissed me on the cheek. "My little baby girl is something very special to me."

"As to everyone."

"Lunch!" Half a dozen cooking volunteers bee-lined for the kitchen as others had their breasts pumped and diapers changed.

They kept hugging me making my cry as I walked around thanking them. They talked up a storm of spontaneous committees for planning and beyond.

After lunch Kim clapped. She was prone to being in charge. "We promised Abby a big reward, so we are claiming her for the afternoon."

Sheri had sex with me first complete with a wonderful juicy orgasm for me. Tara and Pat arrived. Tara was about to use that Vaseline and Papaverine preparation, but Pat grabbed it. "Hey, I get to learn too." She quickly brought me up and Megan had me. Peggy brought me up and had me. Kim did that, and I made more juice. After taking me to the pumping station, all four of my Mommies had me again before dinner. Wow, what an afternoon. We all oozed milk on each other. When they at last put me in a thick diaper I wet it so heavily they changed me right then just for fun.

For dinner they dressed me in the blazing white new blouse and skirt for that burgundy skirt suit. Except I needed pumping again. We all did.

Everyone made a standing ovation as we went into the dining hall.

"Hey, guys, this is too much."

Pat stood up with the index fingers of her handcuffed hands pointed at me. "No, this is not too much Abby. You made a miraculous recovery today, and we all watched it live and in motion. We needed to see it. And that messy diaper change. We learned so much from you all at once. You five sit down. Me and my assistants are bringing your food trays to you. Marsha."

The guy as the chief chef now known by the feminine name of Marsha came out of the kitchen in a chef's uniform. "We don't have much in the way of variety, as you know. A vote was taken and we asked Tara who went to a big supermarket. This is her money as a gift to you on behalf of all of us. You make us cry, Abby, in a good way. She bought you a steak which is being prepared right now. Just for you. Your Mommies can have a taste, but that's it. She bought the thickest one she could find, and found the recipe on the Internet. Not quite an Argentinian special, but as close as she could find."

Tara broke in. "Oh no. I asked the butcher, and you all know us guys never ask even when dressed and acting as gals. Everybody up for a standing ovation." Her voice changed pitch as she raised her wrists in the Pat style handcuffs. "To Abby."

Everybody rose. They raised a hand, or two if in handcuffs, as if hosting a wine glass. "Abby; Abby; Abby."

I scrunched up, but caught it before weeping too much.

As they took our food trays away little committees came by our table. They announced what they were doing for planing, zoning, applications, and a long string of speciality tasks.

The loan committee wrote in extras with separate pages of explanations. They included two pickup trucks because we were in construction, and three passenger cars. Good thing too as Tara's car decided the time had come sending its transmission sky

toes a little later. The repair shop said they couldn't repair the car as the body rust was too great and would soon fail an annual inspection.

That many vehicles meant we needed drivers' licenses. At a big meeting one of the quiet people spoke up. "I want the same last name." Heads nodded. "We are the Metzger tribe. Chasing our old records such as birth certificates will make me cry too much. Let's write a letter to that Judge and ask her to tell DMV to issue licenses. Take driver's tests, yes; remind me with names of BC before our captivity; NO."

Heads nodded their agreement. "Yes"es, "yep"s, and more echoed.

We did.

The Court called us for all of us to come at once. All of us. The police would augment our guardians.

Pat would not give up her orange jail shirtdress. She kept the handcuffs on, too.

"Are you crazy?"

"That judge knows me. All of me. Now you tell her dead straight what I do here. Remember, she has to authorize restoring my license to drive having revoked it for too many DUIs."

There were a few groans at her statement.

The day came when we went to Court. Security called in advance, but this time most of us had the non-driving identity cards for courthouse security. The few who did not were with Pat in handcuffs. Just simpler ones with a chain between the rings.

We arrived as instructed a little before 3pm. The County Sheriff was there, had one of the police on duty say we were all from the Mansion. He escorted us around the metal detector and all the way up the stairs to the Courtroom.

Judge Wagner was already there, and summoned me to the front. "You are Abby Metzger, yes?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"Where did you come up with the Metzger name?"

"One of our people had that name and it seemed better than anything."

"I see everyone has asked for that same last name. Why?"

"We are lost, dazed, and confused as you might guess."

Her face revealed her alertness.

“We are describing ourselves as a tribe. No one expects to go home anymore. Or at least that is what we are telling ourselves. Someone coined the name the Metzger tribe, and that stuck. May I ask everyone, your Honor?”

“Go ahead.”

I turned around in place as I watched everyone else. “Did I say that correctly? A show of hands if you agree.”

Hands shot up vigorously all across the Courtroom. It seemed everyone agreed.

“One at a time I want everyone to say they had a valid driver’s license before all this. Starting with you Abby.”

“Yes, your honor.”

That was repeated one at a time.

“I understand you have a resident Psychologist. Would he or she come forward.”

Tara rose and came to stand next to me.

The Judge’s face expressed her surprise. “Why the handcuffs?”

“My partner.” Tara turned and tossed her head. Pat honored that and came forward joining us. “Your Honor knows Pat all too well. What no one knows except us and our police guards is she only wears jail orange shirtdresses as she is now. She is self confined with us. She is our own in-house security. When she runs through in that bright color we all know there is a crises somewhere. When that happens several of us tag along in case more people are needed. She is one of the few who never goes out of our building. She was afraid of being killed in prison. But, that does not mean she should be free on the street. She frequently asks for those special handcuffs that need a magnetic key.” Tara reached up to Pat’s shoulder and undid a snap. “Even bathing and breast pumping she is rarely out of those cuffs. I know. I bathe her. Sometimes we fear she might cry unnecessarily, and coming here could be that for her. So, I asked to be handcuffed too in solidarity with her, as did several others.”

Tara paused. “I came here because I was no longer welcome anywhere else. I was desperate. So far only Pat and I have talked our way in. Pat asked for and had a mock torture session and was tattooed to be as much as possible like every one else. She is diapered full time as I am. But with this big project we may have more people sent our way, or arrive on their own. Pat caught on quickly that we needed internal security. These people were so badly abused they all went depressed. The anger

buried under that was too dangerous. Pat suggested and the group agreed for her to be our internal security. She is a holy terror even in handcuffs. She wades into a fight like a momma bear into a thicket protecting her cubs. She is an important part of how we survive. She made those handcuffs part of her presence. When we were attacked she is the one who broke an assailant's elbow even while she was in those handcuffs. What did you want to know, your Honor?"

"I think I just found out. You have a Ph.D. and were a clinical psychologist. Why in the world did you come here?"

"Honestly, sir; ma'am. I wanted to be in diapers, and that became wanting to be in diapers full time. That is my sexual fetish. My peers couldn't stand it and had my license suspended. I searched around on the Internet, and an obscure reference led me to find here. My car has been the only vehicle they have had."

"And your professional opinion is these people are worthy?"

"Yes, your Honor. Very much so. And please remember they accepted me when no one else would."

"Is it your professional opinion they can successfully operate a restaurant, a beauty salon, and more?"

"Yes, your Honor. We as a group have had seriously bad moments. Abby has had terrible downs, and amazing recoveries. They have given her a few standing ovations. The entire group 'gets it' if I may use that phrase that they have to make this work. They are one big tribe of a group therapy session. They have the capacity to punish; threaten it on occasion, but have never had to in any major way. Yes, your Honor, we, and I mean we all of us, will make this work whatever it takes. We have to."

"Why have to?"

"Diapers, your honor. A few went home and most of those came back. Their families and employers couldn't stand their incontinence, their anger, and their depression. The common thread is everyone says this is their only chance, ever, to be anything but an inmate in a dreadful institution. We all wear and use diapers. In sorting out the work load we have three guys who replaced the women running stale and smelly diapers to the industrial laundry machines. We need the women doing other tasks. Takes more than two people for all that laundry work. Cloth instead of disposable are used as our contribution to keeping costs down."

"Are you serious running a licensed kitchen and being servers in a restaurant while wearing and using diapers?"

"We all change each other all the time. We are breast pumped every two hours. We will design the restaurant with space for those functions. No one will be preparing

food or serving in a stale or messy diaper.”

The Judge’s head pulled back at the mention of breast pumping.

“Your honor, those awful people started that. At first it would have been too painful to have stopped cold. Now, part of our home grown medication program is all that Oxytocin and other hormones we generate in our own bodies from lactation. If we have to be in diapers, breast pumping is just part of our every two hours routine every day and every night. That every two hours is part of our watching each other for suicide risks. We sell the product which hasn’t helped the operating costs all that much, but it does.”

“Does anybody come and inspect your place? It is an institution.”

“Does our police guard count? They are with us twenty four hours a day and are all over the place from time to time. Let’s just say we expect the new facility to pass all inspections instead of none. Nobody in an official capacity wants to close us down and have to house us in a hospital or jail.”

The Judge’s face gave away she understood that.

“Miss Metzger. Would you prefer being called Miss Metzger or Miss Abby?”

“Just Abby your honor. We only use first names. Until this issue about driver’s licenses came up we almost never heard last names. One of the worst abuses perpetrated on us was tattooing slave identification numbers on us inside our diaper areas. After that who ever needed last names? Most of our first names were assigned too. Tara has had her work cut out for her, and she didn’t know any of that when she arrived. Somebody should give her a certificate of appreciation and a new state license. May I ask the Court to do that?”

“File a written Motion. Just write a letter in plain English and sent it in with an \$80 filing fee.”

“Thank you, your Honor. What did you want to know?”

“I have heard that here today. Your Motion for Drivers’ Licenses will be granted. Stay out of trouble as the police will go nuts if they ever arrest any of you.”

“Thank you, your Honor.”

“One more thing.”

The courtroom was silent.

“The Court has received a Petition. The Judges asked me to evaluate you here

today. I will be recommending and I'm confident the Panel of Judges will grant the County's Motion to seriously reduce the damages of your suit. That will be by deeding to you that land for your new restaurant and facility. First and Central Bank has preliminary approval from the SBA."

I scrunched up and whimpered, but held it.

She waited. "Don't embarrass me by wrecking it. On that, please have each operation in a separate subsidiary under your foundation as an umbrella organization. I want to see those Articles of Incorporation and Organization just as quickly as possible for inclusion in that Order."

I couldn't stop from more whimpering.

Tara and Pat snuggled against me in their handcuffs. Kim brought forth all four of my Mommies to hug me and lead me towards the rear of the Courtroom. My diaper was damp, but I didn't remember my wetting. I didn't see the Judge leave.