

# ABBY

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## Chapter 12 - More Surprises

The next two days were packed with meetings as every committee we had for our new buildings kept meeting among themselves and each other. They also called big meetings with everyone on the choices they were making.

A bank representative arrived and huddled with the finance committee setting up accounts with names and signature cards. They finally annoyed me. "Why me on all those bank signatures?"

She looked me square in the eye. "Because they all say you are the leader."

I asked at the next big meeting. "Who do you trust? This is a lot of money. Who do you trust to not steal it and run away?"

Tara was standing in the back, and pointed down at the person sitting in front of her. That was her partner in the jail orange shirtdress, and was in those special handcuffs at that moment. "Pat is the one person who never goes outside. We can ask our police guardians to make that official."

Heads nodded. Murmuring voices rose. The bank rep caught the mood. "Add her to the finance committee who can sign the routine checks. Require three signatures for anything big. How about her, Abby, and any one of the other finance committee members?"

The room said 'yes' before I could stop them. I glared at Tara who glared right back before breaking into a big smile. "Abby is suffering in a special way. All of us know our own suffering, but too often we ignore Abby's. Everyone give her a great big yes for this is what you want."

They did almost all together at the same time.

I only sniffled a few times with my newest tears.

Tara had several people come by and give me hugs. One of our challenges was how a resident in handcuffs could hug. We found several ways. Residents were in

handcuffs when they asked, and also when someone else feared violence or a suicide. Mostly the person in distress held out their wrists. Sometimes Tara was called to intervene, and sometimes they called me. "Go ahead; we can't tell." Several men and a few women took to the handcuffs as a reverse status symbol of sorts. My Mommies had me in 'cuffs from time to time, so I did too.

The Committees kept working. Tara went to an office supply store and returned with easels and multiple pads and rolls of paper. There was one for the overall site plan and another for each of the buildings. There were quickly all marked up in crazy ways for all the changes.

Leslie Sanders called. She asked had we looked at those extra papers. The police officer was on the only phone. "They haven't had time. They are working all day and into the night on their construction plans. I'll remind 'em."

When she hung up the room erupted with appreciation of what the officer had said.

A poster board went up on the wall at the changing mats.

"Diaper Changing  
No modesty  
No privacy  
No suicide."

My back was still flat on a mat after a messy diaper change when there was a shout from somewhere. My breasts needing pumping, but the pumping crew and everyone else at that station all looked in the direction of the noise.

The two police officers on duty loudly summoned Pat as back up.

What the hell?

Pat was in her handcuffs as always. She was also chained at the ankles for reasons most of us didn't know.

Tara stayed in place while being pumped.

I trotted towards the entrance with my heavily laden breasts heaving up and down inside my bra which hurt.

Everybody who wasn't occupied with something had arrived when an officer made an announcement. "A new person is being sent to us. That's all I know."

I was about to go be pumped when there was a knock at the entrance door and a call on the phone. One of the police officers opened the door.

Two Deputy Sheriffs entered dripping with their equipment. It was the person they brought with them that caught our attention.

I couldn't quite tell at a glance from the hair whether this was a male or female. I could tell the orange jail jumpsuit bulged below the waist. The wrists and ankles were in chains. On a little longer examination there was a facial beard. He was gagged.

A Deputy handed one of our two police officers a stack of papers in various colors.

The officer flipped through those papers. "Lonny has been sent here for wetting his bed at the drug treatment program. He has been held there for four months without being released. If you guys don't take him he goes to prison on drug abuse charges."

Eyes in the crowd exchanged glances.

Now what was I going to say? "Pat, show him your jewelry."

She held up her wrists. "Lonny; we vote in a big meeting; the majority here don't have to take you. And if they do you might not like it. My partner is going to tell you that I am self-confined here. That I am frequently in these special handcuffs. We are all victims. We are all tattooed. Only a few left quickly when we could, most of those returned, and no one has left since then."

Heads all over the crowd nodded or murmured in agreement with what Pat had told him.

Ruthie of all of the least likely people walked to the front desk. "Let me see those papers." I heard the faint rustle of her plastic pants, but did Lonny? She read down through them. "These are a permanent detention order, not a temporary one. OK, Lonny, you are in for the treatment before we decide whether you can stay. I say take him to the changing station and do him our way."

The crowd nodded and murmured they agreed.

One of the police officers glanced at the Deputy Sheriffs. "Go have lunch. Come back in a few hours. Or lunch is starting here. But it is plain, and no coffee or sodas."

The Deputies went out the door in an image of school boys sneaking out.

The officer pointed at two of the guys even though dressed in our regular shirt dresses with snaps at the shoulders. "Hold him by the arms and take him to the changing mat."

They cocked one end of their mouths, jerked their heads, and led Lonny deeper

inside.

I made a bee-line for the pumping station. If anybody was going to be embarrassed, let that be me.

I sat in a chair at the pumping station. The team unsnapped the shoulders of my shirtdress, and pulled everything down just far enough. They opened my bra. The pump cups went on my breasts. A switch clicked and a little motor hummed making the pulsating suction. I felt the first squirts as a relief from the pressure in my breasts.

Lonny was wide eyed. One of the guys holding him called for Pat. "Tell him."

Pat scowled. "Why me?"

"The 'cuffs. He'll believe you. The rest of us will all seem to him like spinning a story."

"OK. Abby in that chair is our leader. She's the Chair of our formal organization, but no one cares much about that. She has a girl name and is called a she by her preference. Her breasts are being pumped as you might have guessed. All of us are lactating heavily. But she isn't a she inside her diapers. She has four Mommies as they are called. They named what is concealed by her diaper as her special toy. You with me?"

Lonny did not move.

Pat held up her handcuffed wrists in a menacing way as if to strike him in the face. "Do you understand me?"

Someone behind him grabbed his head by his hair and artificially made it move as if he was nodding a yes.

"See, somebody cares. But you do that or else."

He reluctantly nodded his head. His face expressed his fright.

"Good. Strip him and lay him down."

The zipper in his orange jumpsuit was in the back as a confinement garment. They unzipped most of the way down his back and pulled the top down his arms effectively restraining his arms and hands. Those handcuffs came off. The jumpsuit was pulled down to his ankle chain.

He was in a hospital disposable diaper.

One of the women cupped her hand around his bulge in front. "Almost dry."

He blushed a little. His face expressed his anger.

“Lay him down.”

They did, and strapped his wrists to the webbing on the mat next to his head. Off came the police issue ankle chain and the rest of that jump suit.

One woman touched another on the arm. “We’ll get stuff.”

Two of the men lifted his ankles high.

He struggled against them and lost to four men holding his ankles and legs plus a threat to kick him.

They removed his diaper.

My Mommy Kim went after his penis with the papaverine preparation quickly bringing him erect and brought him off. The sample was scraped into a small cup as if we cared. They did take a blood sample without asking him as if we could do anything with it. The police took those samples to the local hospital. Later they reported back he was clean, meaning no disease and no unauthorized drugs. There had been hospital sedatives in him.

A stack of cloth diapers went under his butt.

Those two women returned who handed the diapering team plastic pants, but asked them to wait. They put a chastity device on his now limp penis. “No masturbating until we let you. Got that?”

He glared with anger.

They replaced the gag with one of ours made like a pacifier which was strapped around his head. His bottom and diaper were powdered and the diaper pinned tightly in place. Plastic pants were brought down his legs and over the thick diaper.

Those women had brought ankles bands and one of the short chains. Those went on him.

My breasts were giving little more milk so they stopped pumping, and pulled my bra and top back in place. I dribbled into my diaper after I stood up. “What next?”

Pat leaned over him pointing fingers from her handcuffed hands at his face. “Look, you. Everyone here but my partner was tortured. Every one here is like us with a slave number tattooed in our diaper area. Everyone is incontinent from being damaged, in diapers full time, and is lactating heavily. Even the guys. We’re not tolerating you if we have to chain you to a wall without any work out of you. We have

the chains. We do not have the patience. Everyone here has to do something.”

She stood up. “Any one else?”

One of the women called out from in back. “Give him the treatment so we can go back to work.”

There were murmurs and voices of agreement, but a majority stayed silent.

I stepped forward. “Not good enough. Complete votes.”

Hands went up.

“Any votes against?”

No one raised a hand. “OK, not only does he poop before the treatment stops, but he had better by crying too or he’ll get more until he does. Reduce him to complete hopelessness or we send him away. He wont fit in any other way.”

Six residents took him into the remains of the old torture room.

Half an hour later they returned him in a messy diaper. But no wet face from tears, or any that we could see. They did have him flat on a changing mat with the shock bands still on his thighs and midriff. But his plastic pants remained in place over his soiled diaper.

“Hard case?”

“No. He just doesn’t understand.”

Tara came over with an arm through an arm of Pat. “Look, kiddo. It’s either prison or you do what is needed. I can make you cry if you can’t. Counting.”

Tara whispered in Pat’s ear. Pat landed on his stomach with one knee knocking his wind out of him. Tara slapped him a few times in the face as he heaved for breath. Somebody handed Tara a vial. She held it to his nose.

He instantly cried to the crushed onions.

“Clean him up and tattoo him.”

They also spent the time removing his pubic hair. They did use a topical anesthetic before giving his breasts and areolas shots.

Finally he was in fresh dry diapers, stood up, and had one of the short length blue-grey shirtdresses pulled onto him.

They held him in place as he watched Tara and Pat being changed and pumped before they led him away. Almost two hours later they returned and clapped their hands. "This is Pat's new little girl. Her name is now Barbie. Tell them."

They unstrapped Barbie's head band and removed the pacifier. "I'll stay."

Pat glowed. "I'm going to have so much fun with my own little Barbie doll, dressing her, and making her the way I want."

Barbie's face appeared crestfallen as if saying 'what have I gotten myself into'.

They led Barbie to the dining hall for lunch.

The Sheriff's Deputies were delighted when they didn't have to take 'him' back. We didn't tell them of the new name.

Pat kept her little girl Barbie with her for several days before putting her to work with the diaper changing crew. In those very restrictive handcuffs she didn't change diapers or clean butts. She picked up the smelly diapers, loaded them into a trash can, and wheeled them to the laundry. Pat had someone spend a day using electrolysis removing Barbie's facial hair.

Tara whispered to me that Pat was fucking like a fish again.

I grinned. At the next big meeting I asked for volunteers to work with the police and create an intake form. We needed a better way before anybody else was dropped in on us out the blue. The police brought forms from the jail and the hospital which yet another Committee used as a base and modified.

The next morning there was a murmur through the Dining Hall. Pat and Barbie came in with Barbie wearing a jail orange shirtdress like Pat's. In a former masculine life Barbie has been a security guard at an industrial plant. Barbie was now called a 'she', and Pat had an assistant in case of trouble. Other than Pat's longer hair and narrower face, the two were hard to distinguish from each other.

Tara had half a dozen women residents studying psychology. Or at least childhood development, depression, anger, and post traumatic stress. I asked if I could visit them. They agreed to meet with me, and even better, thought I might be onto something.

They6 called a big meeting where the six of us stood in a shallow arc in front of everyone else. We passed comments back and forth. We had 58 men and 39 women residents. There were about fourteen pairs. A man named Rob, and myself had more than one woman as regular intimate partners. Pat had two men of Tara and Barbie. The men without partners were having a fine time having orgasms in their warm wet diapers. But not the women. Five of the women were curled up in tight little fetal balls

and would not talk. Volunteer women fed them, changed them, held their hands, and talked with them, but those five merely stared with unexpressive eyes.

I wet a little. “Barbie joining us is a big warning. We have to have a few fundamental rules.”

Tara took over. “From now on all sexual advances have to be by women. There are too many serious pitfalls any other way. The Committees have looked long and hard at requests by various people, especially women, who have wanted to be out of diapers. We tried in the form of training pants made out of a few layers of cloth diapers with homemade cloth panties. No one made it through the night in our sleep deprived state of needing to be pumped. Worse, the bulky feel between the legs of the way we made training pants suggested being in diapers resulting in soaking wet training pants. No privacy. We have interrupted a few suicide attempts which means no private toilets either. If there is one consistent comment from the women it is they do not like being watched as they sit on a toilet. Having tried it they would rather wet.”

I talked next. “Anyone can try training pants at any time, but they will be checked just like a diaper when they are pumped. But no. Anyone who thinks they can stay dry can do that in diapers in plastic pants, and if you can make work, then fine. But always plastic pants at night. Anybody see another way?”

Silence.

“Votes. Do we write this into a policy book? We had better have something before there is an inspection. Like that sign says; no privacy; no modesty; no suicides. Raise your hands if you agree.”

Hands slowly went up. The majority agreed. The minority didn’t vote when given the chance.

“Next. Nobody says you have to have sexual intercourse. But everyone else wonders why not. It is the human condition. Tara’s assistants have agreed they will run small groups of the singles. This isn’t coercion to bed someone. We do need assurance that any special needs are identified so we can do what we can. With me here?”

Silence.

“Sorry folks, the group insists. No?”

More silence.

“Any ideas what we can do for those fetal balls kept in cribs?”

One of the quieter women who was always in the back, or tried to be, raised her



hand. "Remember when Abby came home and couldn't stop crying? When we all felt her sadness and pain? The next time I was with one of our little balled up women that came to me. Could we have someone work up a good wailing cry like that, but do it in that room? Have two or three women with each of those people in so much pain they never say a word?"

Judy volunteered to wail, cry, and snuffle. Tara called the mental health wing of the hospital but they didn't know. They didn't say 'no' outright.

We assembled in that room. Judy burst forth. She was so noisy I felt awful wanting to rush to her side even though I was standing right there. My ear hurt from her screams. It was awful.

It worked. One of those little fetal balls let go with a shriek. Fortunately our police guard knew what was going on.

Judy immediately stopped. She later reported her throat had hurt from all that. She took my hand. My Mommies smiled their approval at Judy and I from around the room.

Three women were there with our fetal ball as those shrieks and wails continued. Just not as piercing as before.

Then another.

We all thought two out of five was being wildly successful. Took time; lots of time; being with those two.

The day came when one of them was willing to walk into the big room. We all knew we shouldn't notice. A standing ovation broke out anyway. I cried at that.

That poor person buried her face in the bosom of one of the two women with her. But she didn't collapse to the floor although she wept for several minutes. It was weeks before she discovered where diapers were changed. One day a small women's group she was attending all needed to be pumped, which meant to be changed. She lay down on a mat as that group kept the boys away while they changed her.

The telephone rang. It was Mr. Smithers' secretary about those extra papers.