

ABBY

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Chapter 31 - Misty

Tara was waiting for me at the end of that day when we discovered the smashed electrical box at the construction site. She intercepted me inside the entrance of the original Mansion House where we still lived. "Don't get mad at me, Abby, with what I did until you see this."

I was hungry, my wet diaper was heavy, and my breasts needed pumping. But, I let her.

She took my wrist and held me tightly as she towed me to the security desk. On the screen was an e-mail from a few weeks ago.

"Dear Sir or Madam:

"I have a working software package for corporate security that recognizes authorized entrance by the eyes' irises. It can identify unauthorized behavior on video. What intrigues me the most about your operation is everyone is in diapers. I found that as an obscure reference elsewhere.

"I too am in diapers all the time. I'm a guy under the woman's clothing that conceals my diapers and enlarged breasts. My wife knows, controls what I wear, how I appear, and supports my responding to your listing.

"You can view my software in actual operation at 'beautysalonsupplypomona' and find a non-indexed webpage of 'securitywatch'. The temporary user name is 'interested' and the temporary password for the next forty eight hours is 'preventingthievery@38-40'.

"Please contact me at 'Misty@InlandEmpireCompuSec'. I would love to visit, meet with you, and see your operation.

"Sincerely,

"Misty Wood and Christina Wood, Psy.D."

Tara continued. "I didn't think these people would show up which is why I didn't tell you. These are the people you met this morning splashing through the mud of the loop around the swamp.

“Unfortunately, or fortunately, the third and fourth person they met was Pat and Barbie-Doll in those jail orange shirtdresses and special handcuffs. Even the chain at Barbie-Doll’s ankles hadn’t sent them screaming out the door.

“Hearty souls. Or foolish. Or maybe Misty was familiar with being restrained, chained, and tethered. Or something. She, Lynly, and Ruthie were already shackled at their wrists and ankles.”

Tara still held my wrist. She towed me to the dining hall. A dozen residents were chatting with four guests over coffee and cold sodas. The kitchen had served little munchies. Those residents were mostly the timid ones who didn’t go out much and rarely worked at the construction site. Or were in chains as they recovered from a black mood. Not a normally upbeat reception committee.

Barbie-Doll was loud. “Hey, Miss Abby.”

I felt sick at the mere idea of what impression our orange wearing, timid, and chained people might be making.

All four guests stood up. The sharp looking woman came to me the quickest. “So you are the locally famous Miss Abby.” She held out her hand. Somehow we converted that wordlessly into a hug. I one upped her by holding her hands in mine as we parted.

I had to think quickly. “No one told me how sharp looking you are. I would have had the full beauty treatment and worn a fancy skirt suit if I had known.”

“Pshaw. What an act. I’m Dr. Christina Wood. You met me on that muddy trail this morning.” She made a space for another person. “This is Misty.”

Misty was good looking too. Not quite that sharp look, but Misty’s appearance had to work with the broader face and jaw of being a guy. Who ever had worked on her appearance had done an excellent job.

I hugged her too. That allowed me a whiff for any diaper odor of stale urine or fecal incontinence. No, there wasn’t.

She, that is the he inside the blouse, skirt, and diaper, gave me a little girl style kiss on the cheek.

I blushed slightly. “OK, I see we are into competitive cross dressing care taking.” I snatched a delicious little munchie from the table. “What can you tell us? What would you like to know about us?”

To her credit Misty spoke instead of her wife. “When we called someone on the phone they reported you don’t need fancy software for here. But you do for your new

place. Yes?”

I explained the new site was nearly complete for our move, but had this wee little impediment. I sent one of the residents for the master site plan drawing we kept mounted on an easel for comforting ourselves. It took two to carry it. I walked our guests through it.

Barbie-Doll in her jail orange shirtdress, handcuffs, and ankle chain tinkling on the floor came to the easel. Her attire might have scared off the uninitiated, but her hair was well brushed and came down beyond her shoulders. She made a magnificent description of the security issues about the access from the covered walkway and the proposed parking lot.

Dr. Wood had the animated face of a real woman. She almost glowed with joy at the ideas swirling around of why we needed what we wanted. And what we would do with that parking lot.

I had Pat and Barbie-Doll lead the local tour of the old place.

Two signs on the walls prompted major reactions. Tears flowed at the sign: “No matter who you are, or where you are on the path of life, you are welcome here.” The second was at the changing station: “No modesty; no privacy; no suicides.”

Christina and Misty stopped cold in their tracks and stared at the changing station sign. The real she spoke first. “You are serious about that suicide thing. How come?”

“Barbie-Doll recently asked to be chained at the ankles. She felt a black mood coming on. Right Barbie-Doll?”

Christina’s face flashed seriousness. “Why in the world would you have such a ridiculous demeaning name as Barbie-Doll?”

To her credit Barbie-Doll’s face flashed a huge grin. “Because both of my intimate partners.” She managed a cuddle to Pat’s shoulder even with both of them in those unique handcuffs. “Dress me as their Barbie-Doll plaything. We are too afraid of going out, so we have to play in here. Pat has a serious addiction problem she is unlikely to overcome. So we are addicted to each other in another safer way now. As a real Doctor can you let us continue?”

“Call me Christina. You mean you are addicted to sex.”

Pat answered. “They say I fuck like a fish.” She didn’t even blush.

All of the residents present reacted as if this was nothing unusual.

Lynly and Ruthie had faces of disbelief, disdain, and dislike.

Christine and Misty shared a glance. "Mommy."

"Yes honey."

"I need to poop."

Pat interrupted. "Well, go ahead. This is the place. No modesty; no privacy; no suicide. No one is allowed to use a toilet without special permission."

One of the guys on changing duty was in our standard blue-gray shirtdress and standing in just the right place. He dressed as a she picked up the back of Misty's skirt. He put his big hand around the bulge at the bottom of Misty's plastic pants. "Damp going on lightly wet."

To Misty's credit she blushed a little.

"Go ahead. You think you might stay and work here? Guess its time to experience the real us."

Misty flexed a little at the hips. Her face went solid. We all knew what that meant.

The guy who had checked her told her. "On the mat."

She didn't sit on her butt going down. That confirmed to all of us she had lots of experience pooping in her diaper.

The team brooked no argument. They had her wrists strapped down, her skirt pulled up over her belly, and her ankles lifted high. Her plastic pants came up to her ankles releasing the odor in all of its glory. That disposable was carried quickly away. The residents present made a major demonstration of cheering a poopie diaper as a baby's gift to her Mommy.

Dr. Christina blushed a little to that comment.

The crew on duty wet rag washed Misty's butt, and minced no hesitation at cleaning and inspecting her special toy. They filled the crack in the butt with diaper creme plus a little spread on her cheeks down there. Thick cloth diapers went under his butt, were powdered, pinned tightly in place, and the plastic pants drawn over the cloth. The he had become a she again with those fly-less plastic panties, skirt, and blouse. Fingers went around under the hems of the plastic making sure all the cloth was up inside. We all knew that finger trick was a symbol of submission. It was a masterful demonstration of our team at its best.

Lynly and Ruthie had watched with a strained fascination.

While Misty was held down and could do nothing about anything one of our real women knelt down at Misty. The woman had her hand inside Misty's bra. "Yep. They're real. Put her in a chair."

Christina smiled. "She's lactating heavily and likes the hormones from that."

The crew removed Misty's blouse and bra, and put the cups on her nipples and areolas. The pump made little whirring sounds.

Christina's smile became a grin. "My, my, you weren't kidding about no modesty; no privacy."

"Yes, ma'am. We pump every two hours and check below every time. You would think we would have quit this lactation business. What a mess. We have been told that keeps us generating our own good feelings which we need."

Tara chimed in. "And, so far, Dr. Wood, no suicides. Our in-house students have their own counseling patients now. But professional help is welcome, and needed. What kind of a Doctor are you?"

She grinned again. "Hypno-therapist."

"Perfect."

We hired Misty without a second thought. That allowed the covered walkway, the parking lot entrance, and any other underground connection we might build to have a security check. That check would use her software comparing images of the iris of everyone's eyes.

Dr. Wood stayed too as Christina who quickly changed her familiar name to Chrissy. But we had our conditions of interviews, tattoos, and diapers. Even her. Tara talked a House wide meeting into a vote of no torture. We came to know Chrissy by the high quality of her psychotherapy skills. Plus her control of Misty, Lynly, and Ruthie, and she kept Misty busy with work goals, diaper changes, and their sex addictions. Misty was all for having her breasts pumped. With her high volume her breasts hurt even after a short delay. At first Chrissy didn't like having her breasts pumped, not at all, even though she knew of the oxycotin benefits. That hormone clicked in for her and then she wanted to express all the milk she could.

Lynly and Ruthie withdrew into themselves, but not for too long. The two of them became an item together which we honored.

Welcome to Mansion House. There are no long kept secrets here.