

# ABBY

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## Chapter 38 - Transformation

The Grand Opening of the restaurant at the new Mansion House caused unexpected trouble. Too many of our residents were devastated by all the exposure to the public from that event.

A little while after that the General Contractor quit again. He had quit before, but returned. This time he didn't return, and our new residential building had not been made ready for a final inspection.

We could not move in. The financial and building committees poured over the financial records of what had been paid for. They never completely figured out what payments had been made for what work by what sub-contractors.

Our resident former banker curled herself up into a fetal ball making her unavailable for talking with the bank. Nothing we could think of doing reduced her pain from her belly cramping. Special diets, holding her hand; chiropractic treatment; psychological counseling; none of that worked well enough.

She ate so little we worried about too much weight loss. We took to bottle feeding her a thin kind of gruel as we tried giving her stomach something to work on.

She complained of pain every time she lay flat. Her ankles were held up and over her head for her diaper changes which helped a little with her discomfort.

She vigorously shook her head for 'no' she did not want to go to the hospital. She reported she worried the mob would find her in there and kill her.

Her sister-wives and other friends ran a rotating shift with one of them sitting with her twenty-four hours a day.

The finance committee went to the bank without her. They told me they had to do this on their own, and had me not come along. They returned with instructions from the bank for us to manage the sub-contractors on our own. Their marching orders were a mixture of "get it done" and "make it so".

The Plumbing Contractor came to the construction site and privately told me the mob had told the General Contractor to quit and now him too.

I asked him. "You want me to go to the FBI, or you want to just quietly fade into the background? This may be your last chance to escape the mob."

He scowled. "I have a family."

“So? Flee to Colorado. They need plumbers too.”

He stood very straight and tall as he pulled his cell phone from a back pocket of his jeans. “What’s the number for the FBI?”

The FBI found a new General Contractor for us two states away. Excavations were underway for a string of retail buildings and a motel when the wet ground underneath the hill was tested. It would not hold the proposed weight.

The bank told us to drive deeper pilings. The noise of that pile driver bothered us.

The developer for a major retail shopping center across the highway must have been having a problem as construction over there had stalled. We didn’t have enough room on our land for the proposed motel for the traffic on the nearby Interstate with its parking lot. So we contracted to put the motel on his property.

As the last few details were being repaired for moving into the new place we formed, of course, a committee for arranging the move. One of the biggest questions became what to take and what to leave behind. They surprised me by deciding for taking dozens of the cages stored away in back. Those had proven useful for suicide interventions. Occasionally residents had asked to be locked in them.

Christina, Tara, and all of their psychology students became very busy as therapists for outbursts of anxieties before the move.

I wondered what I would do with myself after the move. So much of my time had been occupied with the construction. My sister-wives thought we could have more sexual play time.

Three weeks later we moved from the ratty old place to the spiffy clean new Mansion House. Everything worked, and especially the rotating shifts for the restaurant between the breast pumpings and the diaper changes.

Shortly after our move, a church in Texas suffered a catastrophe of being shot up one Sunday morning. Nearly three dozen deaths, two dozen wounded, and only ten or so physically unhurt. At first no one wanted to hold services in that church again.

Our genuine psychologist resident Christina assembled Tara and their students. Could we rent vacant ground across the highway and big tents. Could we provide a place for that church? We didn’t yet know that church had the biggest attendance ever the very next Sunday. They pre-sold it among the residents before a big vote. We could walk there by using the railroad right of way under the highway. The fractious discussion and the closeness of the vote suggested how difficult having a church could be for us.

Same as for everything else, we formed a committee. They took a survey of the residents. No one faith received enough votes, but a second choice did in the weighted voting of three choices. If they couldn’t have their favorite, we could be Congregational. Except that had been merged into some weird thing called the United Church of Christ, or UCC. The Faith Committee called their headquarters in Cleveland, Ohio. The committee members cried when they discovered the UCC had motto ‘no matter who you are, or where you are on the path of life, you are welcome here’. When I heard that I cried, too.

The Committee discovered that churches were failing all over the country. The UCC share of failing churches had become one a week.

Within days a short woman arrived at our restaurant and asked for the Faith Committee. Lucy had been the Pastor of a failed small UCC congregation. She had summoned her courage to try again.

When I arrived at the meeting with Lucy I asked. "Do you know who we are?"

Her eyes popped open revealing her surprise at our explanation of ourselves all the way back to being kidnaped, tortured, diapered, and lactating. She wanted a tour. We told her we didn't do those, but she insisted, and we relented. She told us that we reminded her of a chaplaincy in a hospital. Barbie-Doll spooked Lucy by being in chains again until Barbie-Doll explained she liked it. Lucy responded "whatever". The residents being changed and pumped only blushed a little when she arrived there. She cried when she saw the big sign on the wall at the new changing and pumping station of:

No privacy  
No suicides

She had caught on to a few things about us when she put her hand on my arm as if I was a girl and looked me straight in my eyes. "You are the leader here. Yes? This is amazing."

I puckered up at her statement before I remembered to nod 'yes'.

Two Sundays later the tents were up, boxes of hymnals and bibles had arrived, and she had found a local band for the music. She heard we had a hymn at our restaurant Grand Opening of *How Great Thou Art*. She had that be our first hymn. My masculine voice couldn't handle the soaring refrain "then signs my soul" before coming down for "my savior God for thee". Our singing group led the way as the first choir.

Lucy's first sermon introduced us to a few books which she had ordered in multiple copies. *Scattering Seeds* told us for each of us to only take on the tasks we could do without resentment. Our restaurant provided the best hospitality after the service anyone had ever experienced. The munchies were too many and delicious after our chief cook Marsha had made herself into a chef with on-line courses. *Wisdom Jesus* provided a whole new take on what He had been all about. We liked that. It had a very different explanation. *Saving Jesus From The Church* had another and just as radical an explanation of religion in the modern world. We liked that too. I had no idea there were Pastors whose scholarly work raised the same objections to organized religion that I had. One passage in *Saving Jesus* really stuck in my mind and would not let go. It read:

'Orthodoxy's front door is gilded, but the rusty back door of the early church remains ajar — the one to the (basement) kitchen behind the creedal looking glass. There sits Jesus cross legged amid the steam and misery of the world. He has not moved. He has no new marketing plan or quarterly mission emphasis. He is not a 'new hermeneutic' (studying the bible for a new and better understanding), or a cognitive physician who makes house calls with a bag full of answers to life's toughest questions. He is a moveable feast, complete with bony knees (gnarled hands) and a matted beard. His message is a non-judgmental presence. Without saying a word, the crowd (out back of tattered, filthy, hungry, homeless waiting in line for food) gets it: we all matter, no exceptions.'

That I concluded *is us. Our kitchen is who we have become. What can we do?*

More from the UCC hit many of us just right. They had little red or black comma lapel pins for sale for their God is still speaking program. They quoted the entertainer Gracie Allen of *never use a period where God used a comma, as God is still speaking*. That was part of what they called an extravagant welcome.

Misty the adult baby husband of Christina made the church its own website. "What is the name?" Finding a name became a long struggle before settling on *Northside Congregational United Church Of Christ*. We were north of most of the alligator infested swamps.

The church grew. It needed a bigger tent. The Music Board blared music from loudspeakers out onto the highway before each service. It needed more land for a parking lot. It brought people to that shopping center. We guaranteed a loan from the bank for the money for a simple white church building with a square steeple much like the appearance of that shot up church. The bank suggested having a community room in a lower floor only partially down in the dirt. The first flood hit the community room in that partial basement, but saved the sanctuary on the main floor. The community room had been built to survive too much water.

The shopping center finally had a big grocery store. We bought a few golf carts for our residents to drive there along the railroad track under the highway bridge. I am afraid the quality of our diets declined with all the junk food we had become hungry for.

The seamstresses needed another sewing machine for all the new skirts and blouses we needed for looking our Sunday best. They wanted and we bought a commercial quality one. We all had new blazing white blouses with fancy ruffles for our feminine lactating breasts. The women had new pink pleated skirts for hiding the embarrassing diaper bulge; the men had blue pleated skirts.

We no longer cared two hoots what anyone else thought about us, men and women in skirts, or what was underneath.

All of our residents regularly attended. The choir had spiffy blue choir robes trimmed in white. Electronic broadcasting carried the service to the changing and pumping station for anyone who could not attend.

Sunday at the restaurant went from sparsely attended to packed after the service.

Our individual self-esteem soared. Except that exposed several of our residents as having severe lingering depression. At first they could not find anything they wanted to do which slowly resolved itself as more things became available. They formed their own therapy group and went to work with each other which was the best remedy available anyway.

Quite unexpectedly every resident became approved for government public benefits with a lump sum payment for all of the many months from when an application had been made. Our empty parking lot over the railroad tracks grew cars like weeds. Everyone wanted to drive after years of being cooped up. They quickly learned a limit of one hour out and one hour back for having breasts pumped and diapers checked. We bought an industrial strength battery charger as the use of cars declined from boredom setting it. The local flat swampy land that stretched for many miles could hold their

interest only so much.

We hosted a free lunch for the poor on Wednesdays at the church. *This is what we can do from what we have become.* Christina, Tara, and all of their students provided free personal and job counseling after the meal. On their own the homeless took on the clean up. We asked the hospital to provide a free medical clinic.

The free medical clinic made an unexpected connection with a diaper fetish medical doctor who applied to join us. We accepted. And a Registered Nurse. We made them a medical office inside the Mansion House and later moved that into a space in our retail strip mall along the highway. Fortunately as long as the authorities didn't find out those two had become very actual sexual partners with each other hidden in an exam room in the back of their medical office. They avoided the heavy lactation. We didn't ask what else was going on back there when rumors came back to us.

All was going well with the increasing number of church members outside of the Mansion House when the LGBTQ community discovered us. We formed a Search Committee and asked the UCC for candidates for an Associate Pastor. Lucy made herself extraordinarily helpful in the Search Committee. They found several pastors, but one named Stephanie stood out. A test sermon by that candidate pastor at a neutral church took our hearts. She had a Ph.D. in ethics, and had become a Lesbian without being obvious about it.

Parents with children who wanted back in diapers came to us. We were too open among ourselves about changes, breast pumping, and sexuality for children to enter the Mansion House. We started a Saturday program for those and LGBTQ children. Parents drove them to us from an hour's drive or more away.

We had two services on Sunday morning, and expanded the building. The church members from the outside grew to more than the Mansion House residents in diapers. In the church community the terms were outside and inside members.

As a Congregational Church, the UCC helped us, but did not dictate to us. Every major decision required a membership meeting. Tara became the Moderator for those meetings with her intimate partners Pat and Barbie-Doll carrying microphones to anyone in the audience who had comments or questions. At least Pat and Barbie-Doll didn't come to the church in the chains they frequently wore. The Congregation elected me as President of the Church Council, but all the action happened in the Boards for Deacons, Education, Music, Property, and Social Action.

When Lucy heard that I had served Communion starting on a Thanksgiving she declared I could be a Communion Server as if I had been a former Deacon.

Our two resident former uniformed officers took a duty station outside the church on Sunday mornings in their old uniforms. The state and local police who assembled in their cruisers on our property took to parking outside the church. They told me that ugly men had come by which encouraged law enforcement to have a cruiser outside every Sunday morning.

The LGBTQ kids wanted a Saturday of their own. The diapered kids joined in. What had started as a monthly Saturday became a weekly Saturday meeting. Not a religious meeting; just a non-judgmental time together with their new found friends. A Mom and Dad of those kids were always present, and we provided a Psychologist or a trainee. The psychologist staffing became two, and then all of our psychology student-

healers were swept up in the effort. What they found with the diapered kids is they had more stress than they could handle. Their wanting diapers came from wanting to return to a safe time instead of whatever stressed them out. Our efforts for all of those kids became family counseling and individual psychotherapy for the kids and the parents. Christina applied for a professional license which the authorities granted.

The diapered kids wanted to wet and mess. We provided a changing team in a separate room. They had to allow using our cloth diapers, or bring their own disposables. They became a Friday evening sleep over that stayed until Sunday morning. They took to bottle and spoon feeding each other which quickly became erotically massaging each others' warm wet bulging plastic panties. They boys saw us in dresses over our diapers so they took to wearing skirts too.

This almost became a disaster when the diapered kids wanted to watch the changes. Instead, Stephanie brought in the *Our Whole Lives* ("OWL") program from the UCC for these kids. OWL explained sexuality in stages they could take in at various ages. When a special event was suggested for the parents of *OWL For The Rest Of Us* the residents of the Mansion House wanted that too. Having already broken the rules to be in diapers, those kids revolted in mass, and came in the changing room. They watched the changes whether the parents or us liked it or not. They had already made themselves prematurely sexualized, and there was nothing any adult anywhere could do about having them stop their sexual expressions.

We found out the measure of a healthy church was the youth program. Lucy and Stephanie made presentations at the service clubs. I went along having made presentations there before. The seamstresses and my wives decided I needed a better wardrobe (again) and made me an apricot skirt suit with a peach blouse for those meetings. They grew and died my hair blond and draped it over my right shoulder. The Sunday youth program grew more quickly which brought their parents.

The Head Ushers needed help, especially for the 11 o'clock service. I became a regular Assistant Usher in the apricot and peach outfit with a UCC red comma lapel pin.

We added more space to the sanctuary by building wings called transepts, pushed the raised stage called a chancel further back, and added a choir rehearsal room beyond that.

We drew so many LGBTQ and diapered kids to our Saturday for them that somebody somewhere else thought a special school for them and for children with disabilities could be established nearby. That became the Western Special School on the other side of the nearby Interstate Highway. They all came to our youth program which brought their parents.

Lucy and Stephanie challenged us in a profound way. Christina, Tara, and all of their students made a survey. Those kids were much more open with discussing their fantasies as they had sexual activities in their diapers. Those discussions were too hot and were leaked to us in the Mansion House. Tara's two intimate partners Pat and Barbie-Doll in their chained ankles and wrists were quickly seen as sex slaves. There were several more intimate partners who were so submissive as to be deemed as possible sex slaves. They tagged myself as a sex slave to my five partners who had long been calling themselves sister-wives. We played with that motif. What upset several people is I liked it. I liked being controlled. I liked be strapped down. I liked playing as their one year old toddler. I had become what they called an ABDL for an Adult Baby, Diaper Lover. Call my sexual expression whatever you want. I knew I had

become addicted to it.

One of our play scenes had one of them have me over her lap face down. We learned this routine from Christina and her ABDL husband Misty. A typical dialogue went like this.

“Mommies keep their babies in diapers.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“Mommy has you in diapers.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“You must be Mommy’s little baby.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“No fly in your plastic panties.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“Without out a fly you must be Mommy’s little baby girl.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“Mommy will have to dress you as her little girl.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“Little baby girls have looser skirts so Mommy can easily check their diapers.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

While I was over her lap her hand went between my legs. My thighs felt her hand squeezing the warm bulging plastic around the damp diapers.

“Damp; but not wet. Your little baby diaper doesn’t need changing yet.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“You going to be a good little baby and keep dribbling in your warm diaper?”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

She would massage the bulge in my plastic pants and diaper checking for a lump. “No gift for Mommy. You know to poop in your diaper.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

“Time for little baby to be in her crib.”

“Yeth, Mommy.” I dribbled making my diaper wet instead of damp.

After they locked me in one of the steel cages as a crib and Mommy went out the door, I rolled over on my tummy on my pillow. I had a nice orgasm in my warm wet diaper. My special toy never tired of being in a damp warm diaper.

They bottle and spoon fed me as part of the game. They also gave me my hormones with a tube into my rectum as part of my being kept submissive as they controlled my medication. I had become proud of my full sized fully lactating breasts.

We had been selling our human milk production to a restaurant in the nearest big city. Their menu advertized items could be ordered without the lactose digestion issues of cows’ milk. We split our production between them and our own restaurant.

Our own increasing self-esteem made a difference. One of those differences is my sister-wives differentiated themselves. The original two of Kim and Sheri were sleeping and having sex with each other. The next two of Megan and Peggy took to regularly sleeping and playing in bed together. Kitty continued being such an anxious wreck that she wanted sex with me multiple times every twenty-four hours. I enjoyed it. We didn’t tell anyone outside of our little faux family.

My masculine voice began bothering me with being such a mismatch with my wonderful feminine appearance and clothes.