

## Laura

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### Chapter 13 - Socializing

Laura was bathing me in the bathtub when a thought came to me. "Mommy."

"Yes, sweetie."

"Am I a big enough baby to bathe myself? Kneeling on that tile floor must hurt your knees, and more so your back leaning over the tub. Could I try? Please."

Her face said she didn't like something.

"Please, Mommy. You remain in complete control. Take the handcuffs off my wrists and put them on my ankles. You can sit nearby, but why make you hurt?"

"You might play with yourself. I like your pleasure being completely controlled by me."

"Just control that part, then watch your little baby girl learn how everywhere else."

She didn't then, but the next time she let me.

We saw that my dresses had a better shape when I was in cloth diapers instead of disposables. The thicker bulk helped my shape front and back as the broader shape of the artificial hips made my image more credibly female.

During a visit to Dr. Patricia she challenged Laura about my not having any potty training. "Why change a messy smelly diaper when her hands could be cuffed behind her and tied to the water tank?"

Seemed like a worthy comment to me.

Laura tilted her head as if she was thinking about that. "She usually craps only once a day. That's three minutes out of fourteen hundred or so per day. I like the control. That's me."

"Are you socializing."

Laura blushed.

The very next day we visited her favorite beauty salon for our hair.

The following week Laura chained me upstairs again, and when she took me to the kitchen she strapped me in the chair. "Can my little girl Mindy keep her mouth shut

about some things? I've found an AA group for transsexuals, and another for Lesbians. Dr. Patricia already knew that and set me up to be embarrassed about it. I didn't like that."

"You mean not to mention diapers, cribs, chains, and restraints. Yes, that would be embarrassing for me too. But what about you? Is some Lesbian going to seduce you and have you leave me hungry and alone locked in my crib?"

Laura cocked her mouth and her head in a thoughtful pose.

"What is love, Mommy? We suckle and have sex, but are we friends and in love?"

Laura's face fell. She whimpered, and then burst out crying.

Chained and strapped in the chair I could do nothing for her.

Laura ran out of the room.

I had wet my diaper before she returned. Her face was sad; awfully strained and sad. "I'm sorry. Let's go sit together."

She unstrapped me and led me into the TV room near the kitchen where we sat on the sofa together.

I held out my handcuffed wrists. "Leave the ankle chain on, but I can't hold you and comfort you with an arm around you when my wrists are handcuffed."

She whimpered again with tears on her face. She went out and returned with a key for the handcuffs which she released.

I put my arms around her and my head on her shoulder. "You are my Mommy. You know that. But will you let me as your little girl Mindy comfort you? Children can be their Mommies best friend and advisor at times."

She whimpered again.

That didn't work so I used one hand to manipulate her nearest breast.

She pushed my hand away and brought it across her front. "Hold still, Mindy dearest, Mommy is having a hard time. You are trying to be my sweet little girl."

Several minutes passed when she planted her lips on mine and kissed me and slid her tongue into her mouth. "Over my lap. I want to check you."

I slid around and put myself over her lap. Her hand was between my thighs as she kneaded the bulge in my plastic pants for testing my diaper. She kept her hand right there as she talked. "You know me better than anybody. You are letting me control you in the most complete way right now. Yes?"

I nodded. "Yeth, Mommy."

Her hand squeezed the bulge at the bottom of my plastic pants again. "Let's go upstairs."

Up there she had both of us lay down where I suckled her. When we were done she touched my nose. "Sometimes I get wet and excited when we do that. Sometimes not. You're right my little one we have lots of sex. Are you in love?"

"Deep inside I lust after your body. I also care for you if you would let me. I think that means I am in love. How about you?"

"Good enough."

"Yes, I can keep quiet because I love you."

A few days later I was in the bathtub as she watched. Something felt odd in my breasts which had been growing. I rubbed myself, but that didn't help. When I squeezed near my nipples a drop of milk came out. My voice was joyfully excited. "Mommy; look."

She came out of a private thought. "What, honey?"

"Come look." She did come over and watch as I squeezed out another drop.

We both smiled.

Just as soon as she had dried me off we nursed each other which we did regularly thereafter. She still gave me shots, cremes, and pads inside my bra for more growth. Her breasts were bigger than mine, but my nipples grew bigger than hers. Maybe she should have one of those shots.

The next week after dinner and suckling each other she painted my finger nails before putting me in my best looking blouse and skirt. It was warm outside so she didn't use a suit jacket on me. She brushed my hair with a little conditioner, used a subtle lipstick on me, and added dangling earrings on my ears.

In the mirror I looked as fabulous as I had ever been. "Thank you, Mommy."

We got in her car. She dropped me off at a church for that Alcoholics Anonymous meeting of transsexuals.

I was surprised at my confidence when I found the room and went inside. A little nervous, too, but confidently so. One of them looked up. "Welcome." She had a masculine voice. "Hi; I'm Juli, and I'm an alcoholic."

Everybody else chanted all together. "Hi, Juli." One of them looked at me and asked. "Are you new to AA?"

My voice gave my real gender away. "My first meeting. Hi, I'm Mindy."

Someone offered me coffee which most of them were having, but I declined. I didn't say because my Mommy said I was too young. My real reason is coffee could make me anxious.

More people arrived. "Let's start."

Another one had a little plastic card and read about AA from it. "If this is Mindy's first meeting, let's read the first two steps."

There were nods and murmurs. "Just coming is the first step. Bob, you read."

Bob had a feminine voice as he read the two sentences of what I learned were steps one and two of their twelve steps.

Those steps sounded good to me. The meeting was friendly. They had a test of about a dozen questions of whether someone was an alcoholic. From a vague memory they seemed to be much the same as some of those questions from those tests Dr. Patricia had used. I scored a yes on seven of the twelve. They said four were enough to know I was an alcoholic. My appreciation for Laura went up.

I was fitting right in.

At the end they recited the Lord's Prayer as they held hands in a circle. They ended with their hands going up and down as they had a saying. "Keep coming back; it works if you work it."

They socialized over cookies and more coffee afterwards, but I excused myself. "I have to go."

They nodded agreement. "We'd like you to come back."

I could feel tears in my eyes as I departed.

Laura was waiting outside in her car. "How was it?"

"Good. I want to come back. How was yours?"

She smiled. "The same. I learned something I want to tell you." She reached over to me as she kissed me deeply as she massaged one of my breasts. "I love you better than any of my former dalliances. Guess that means I am in love with you after all."

"Let's practice being lovers out in the world. Let's have milk shakes."

We did. But we didn't stay long as we wanted to celebrate our love our own way suckling each other followed by going all the way.