

## Laura

© 2015 By Sue Erickson

### Chapter 16 - Growing

One morning Laura had my ankles tied overhead in the crib as she changed me after breakfast. Usually she just had me hold my ankles, but retained her Mommy domination privileges whenever she felt like it. She used that gel bringing me erect, but stopped before bringing me off. "Little Mindy. Dr. Patricia has me spooked with all that psychology talk. AA is fine, but I want us to see a real psychologist, at least once."

I just wanted my orgasm after she had started my erection. "Don't stop. You're teasing me and making me angry."

She went back to work and quickly brought me off. "The spot on your special toy is awfully red. You'd better be protected for it to heal." She held up that device to put on me down there where I could see it.

I had found I could take a cell phone from the office up to the nursery and have several orgasms a day. Even then we suckled at least twice each evening, and went all the way with each other at least once. I didn't want a psychologist getting in the way. "What has Dr. Patricia been telling you?"

"That we are damaging each other by bribing each other with frequent sex. Typically three or four times a day."

"You tell me that you are having orgasms. Is that true? Is there some AA style admission that needs to be made?"

I didn't need to admit a thing as she was monitoring the evidence of the red spot.

Her answer was to plant her lips firmly on mine and slip her tongue between my teeth.

So much for the psychologist talk.

She put a thick pad of cloth diapers under my butt. She used diaper creme on that red spot, and put that chastity device on me down there keeping me from rubbing against my wet diaper. She spread a little diaper creme across my butt and up where my thighs rubbed against my wet diaper and plastic pants. She powdered me, the diapers, and pinned those thick diapers in place. She pulled my plastic pants down from my raised ankles. She did that domination stunt of running a finger under the elastic hems checking all the diaper cloth was captured inside the plastic.

Those bands and bar went on my ankles before she brought those down from the overhead.

She ran out when the telephone for Laurel Delivery rang in her office and was gone for several minutes as she handled that call.

She left me in the crib with my wrists strapped down.

When she returned she released me and dressed me quickly with that GPS belt, and a onsie with snaps under my bottom. Over that she added one of the little girl one piece yellow dresses with a short skirt. She checked the time. "Oh my gosh." She ran out to her car leaving my ankles in those bands with the bar.

I was briefly angry with the belt and the bar. But got over it by lying on my tummy on my pillow in the crib with sexual fantasies going through my head.

After that I inch wormed through the house to the kitchen, made a huge bottle of dilute fruit juice, and went to the office.

Laurel Delivery had four orders from anxious customers who wanted instant service. I sent taxicabs.

All that dilute fruit juice contributed to my enjoying my diaper which was wet, warm, and heavy when Laura returned for lunch. There was a tinge of a blush at her ears when she discovered she had left my ankles in those bands with the bar.

We both needed a suckle. Off came that chastity device and we had that fun too. I was in a toddler uniform of just a bulging plastic bottom and that onsie as we went down to the kitchen for lunch. She had brought a deluxe pizza which was a favorite of mine with sausage, pepperoni, and green peppers.

She was cleaning up the kitchen when I figured something out. "Mommy, we had four rush orders this morning, and I called the taxi company. But that's expensive. What would you think of my asking my AA group of transgender people how many need work?"

She stopped in the middle of the kitchen floor with a stunned look and dirty plates in her hand. "Is that wise? Hiring from inside your AA group can disrupt the group."

"Couldn't I ask the group first and have people contact me privately?"

"Maybe. Let me ask my sponsor first."

Her AA sponsor didn't like it, but asked at the Baltimore Intergroup. They found someone at the Maryland state wide Area level of AA. Their summary was hiring from inside the group frequently had undesirable results. Ask the group first. Be wary of an employee becoming emotionally dependent and expecting too much tolerance. Set firm boundaries that I was willing to keep.

The first person I asked was going to an AA meeting every day which prevented full time employment. She was delighted with a part time job on an as-needed basis. Even better her own sponsor was in another group.

Her car broke down. This crises was short lived when we leased a small white car and had the company name on a magnetic sign on the side. She asked for cards and brochures and asked every medical office she visited who else they knew.

The business grew so fast with her promotional work that we had to hire more people.

Late one night during my change Laura stopped as she was powdering my bottom. "Have them all come to a weekly meeting. Have their help on any problems that come up."

The employees quickly told me just how important these jobs were to them. We were saving lives. They knew of transgenders who could find no other work than prostitution who could be suicidal.

We all stalled out on how to make outreach that didn't trip over more problems than we could count, or handle. A T-man sitting in the back said something in a meek little woman's voice. A silence descended on the room. The T-girl sitting next to the T-man spoke up. "What she said was to put an advertisement in help wanted of a Tuesday morning open meeting for transgenders seeking employment."

Everyone nodded they thought that was a good idea.

But I didn't want to do that alone.

They made a roster of who would help me.

When there were only two or three guests we met with them sitting around a table. When there were more guests an employee or two and myself stood in front of the room. We provided coffee and munchies.

Our business grew. Our AA groups grew. We had many strange encounters. A T-girl lawyer came. Other professionals came. We developed a three ring notebook of the business cards of all the transgender people our little encouragement had them relaunch their careers.