

Laura

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Chapter 22 - More New Businesses

The man at the party I was talking to increased his appearance of unhappiness, if possible. His bottom bulged from a thick diaper. He had just asked me who had done my makeup.

“No. My Dom usually changes me. We went to a beauty salon this morning and a fashions department of a big name brand store in a shopping mall after that.”

He scowled major doubts at what I had said.

“No kidding. My Dom had me start a business, and we’re successful. We even have space for rent.”

He actually bent forward slightly as a small gesture of being hit in the gut. He deflected faster than I could reasonably talk. “I don’t have any capital.”

“So? Give me a good reason why you can’t take phone calls, and take an order. That’s what we did when we started my business and figured out how to fill the order once we had it.”

His mouth clamped shut.

Laura came to me. “What’s fun?”

I told her what I had said.

Her face turned into a mean scowl, but she recovered. “Good for you. We lost a tenant recently. What other businesses could fit in there? This place is full of desperate cross dressers needing money. Needing jobs.”

I couldn’t stand the chilly attitude in the room. “Hey everybody. What’s got you all so down? I think we have an idea here.”

Laura and I went around the room one person at a time, but never said what was different. One of the trans t-girls broke down and cried. The he inside the she clothes finally let the cat out of the bag, and she made it all my fault, too.

I felt myself being set up for a fight. I made myself ready.

Their problem was they had been rejected too many times for employment.

“So. Find or create another business. Don’t glare at me. Or am I supposed to

invent this out of nothing? Out of the blue?”

The leaden silence was poisonous.

Some stray comment from our banker Anna came to mind. Or was that from the car dealer? “I have an idea, but need to check first.”

Their eyes were angry with that comment.

“OK. I’ll see what I can do. Everyone has to meet again. Yes? The entire group has to approve or someone will feel hurt thinking they were left out, or there was favoritism. You all have to come meet with us Tuesday morning of the week after next. Yes?”

A few nodded.

“Everyone.”

Begrudgingly they all agreed.

Laura and I grabbed Tacos for dinner on the way home. At home she lashed out at me in a rage with words at my being so uppity like a disobedient brat.

“What did I do?”

“Those business ideas for strangers. You were completely out of control?”

“Control? Your control?”

She slapped me in the face. When I stepped back she came at me holding my arm straight out, put a foot behind mine, and took me to the floor. Her face was all anger and rage. “Don’t back talk me.” She landed with her full weight on a knee in my gut knocking the wind out of me. As I heaved for breath she shackled me at my wrists and ankles, and clipped the chain of the handcuffs to a belt. She put a collar on my neck.

She clipped a leash to the collar. “Crawl.”

She led me on all fours upstairs and into that nursery room with the locking crib. She took that good suit off of me. My gut hurt from her blow and I was still struggling a little for breath. She ordered me up on the mattress with a snarl and I got it. She had my wrists in bands held flat on the mattress beside my head. She used a shaped padded board for lifting my ankles high. My plastic pants were pulled up to my ankles. Fresh clean bulky cloth diapers went under me. She spread K-Y jelly on my rectum before inserting half a dozen pills in me. The diapers and my butt were liberally powdered. The diapers were drawn between my legs, around my hips, and pinned in place. When my ankles were lowered she released the wrist bands from that strap and had me sit up. She used a strap around my back connecting my wrists bands to that strap with my arms crossed over my midriff. With my hands held out of the way she used a feeding pacifier in my mouth connected to a big bag of fluids. That both prevented me from talking and put lots of fluids in me for adding to my diaper.

In the morning she left me in my soaked diaper as she fed me a bottle without letting me out of the crib. She had me chained in there too. She didn’t mind answering

my business telephone, but she quickly disliked pumping both of our breasts without any erotic fun.

Then she relented. "I'm sorry, sweetie. Please don't frustrate Mommy so much."

"I'm sorry too. But, what happened? What did I do?"

She gently pinched my cheek. "We both forgot how much I need to be in control. Let's not forget again."

"You'd better change my smelly messy diaper."

"On your back," she commanded. She disconnected the bands at my wrists from that strap around me and connected them to that strap under my head across that mattress. She attached a rope to my ankle bands and lifted those high overhead. Pulling my plastic pants up to my ankles released the stench in all of its power. My diapers were rushed to the toilet for flushing down most of it. I heard the bathtub water which meant she was washing out those diapers. She returned with hot wet wash clothes for cleaning my bottom, and also used alcohol wipes. I must have been quite a mess as she was very attentive with the wipes around my testicles and the nearby areas.

A fresh pad of thick cloth diapers went under my butt. She had something else on her mind when she didn't powder all of that. She drew the diapers up between my legs, around my hips, and pinned those tightly in place. The plastic pants came down encasing the diapers. She attached one of my ankles to a very long chain before bringing my ankles down.

She led me into her bedroom with that chain dragging behind me. We kissed; then suckled; then went all the way. After her own recovery time she used diaper creme and powder before pulling my diapers and plastic pants back in place.

"May I talk? Mommy."

Her face hardened as did her voice. "OK. What?"

"Not if you're going to be mean again."

Her body sagged. "Yes."

Two Tuesday mornings later she fed me, bathed me, put me in two disposable diapers, and did my make up and hair. She dressed me in that expensive Nordstrom skirt suit.

"Mommy."

"Yes, little one."

"Let's not forget. Are you coming this morning to this big meeting. I don't want to send you into a rage."

She slipped a hand up my skirt and took a fist full of plastic pants around the fresh dry diapers. We just stood there as she held on to me that way. "Promise to dribble and not change yourself?"

“Yeth, Mommy.”

Her face went through a series of emotions faster than I could track. “OK. Let’s go.”

Two of my employees arrived before us. They had been forewarned what might be coming. They were setting up the conference room with rows of chairs instead of a few chairs at a table.

Laura drifted towards the back of the room, but I called her on it. “Come back up here. You can’t feel in control back there.”

Her face turned angry, but she caught it, and returned to the front.

A hesitant guest arrived I didn’t recognize right at the ten o’clock starting time. “Hi. Have a seat. We’re expecting many more than usual. Is there a crowd waiting outside?”

I couldn’t be sure whether the guest was a girl, a boy, or a boy in girl’s clothes. Or maybe even a girl trying to not look too out of place. Whether a he or a she, that person nodded a ‘yes’.

I turned to Laura. “You want to go bring them in? Or me?”

Laura went out and was soon leading in almost a dozen people.

We handed out clipboards with employment application forms, and when we ran out of clipboards used anything for a firm backing. Our t-girl office manager, Caity, made lengthy opening remarks about what we did and how we hired. She hooked a finger for me to come front and center.

“Caity take the one person we don’t know at all to a side room for a more normal conversation. Normal for us, that is.” I led the room in a discussion of how to have more business, and the struggles that would take. They frustrated me, but I didn’t catch they were until I saw it on Laura’s face.

What that meeting did was expand the Trans-Balto taxi service into another idea of carry out food called Pies On The Run. They could make meals in addition to just dinner sized pies. It was delivering them that would have defeated them. Now they had a ready built in delivery service.

But that t-girl remained so unhappy feeling she didn’t fit in no matter what any of us said.

I had to try. “What have you tried doing? That is, before you ever came here.”

“Florist shop.”

I took my handheld in its baby blue case out of my shoulder bag from under my spare diapers. I pushed icons bringing up Google maps. “There aren’t any floral shops nearby. How about a floral shop?”

Her eyes said he didn’t believe he could do that.

“Aw, c’mon. Just start. Print fliers that Pies and the drivers can take around. Emphasize delivery. That way the first orders are filed by purchases from the other floral shops. It’s not much, but it is more than nothin’. And who knows, fake smiling and see what happens.”

One of the t-men caught it. “Oh go on. The way Mindy just said that it can’t hurt. I wish I could.”

“You lost your job?”

“The girl inside the men’s clothes sniffled for a few tears.”

“What did you ever do?” Lightning streaked through my brain. “I’m so tired of the expense of all my new clothes I’ve even thought of taking up sewing. Did you ever sew anything back when you were a girl or a teenager that is?”

His head nodded ever so reluctantly.

I slapped my forehead. “Why didn’t I think of this before. Let’s go to Goodwill and Salvation Army and see if I can buy a sewing machine. What else do you need to make me good clothes?”

“Patterns.”

“Where can we buy those?”

“Crafty Planet.”

“One set?”

“No. Need a pattern for each style.”

“Expensive.”

“No. \$2.99 to \$8.99 each.” His face was losing its meanness. “Might be wise to buy the fabric there instead of on the Internet until we find out which fabrics work best for you.”

“What else would help?”

“Buy a leotard and wear it for taking measurements, plus photos for the proportions.” He eyed me closely. “Next Saturday we go shopping together. You need costume hips for this to look right, too. How serious are you?”

“How serious are you? If we buy this stuff will you do it?”

“Dress form. If you want really high quality stuff, I can do better if we have a dress form.”

“How much?”

“Look in Amazon.”

I did right then and passed him my handheld. “Which one?”

“Ninety bucks ought to buy a good one. They have many choices. Are you really going full time with women’s dresses and staying with it?”

“I do already.” I stood up, held my hands out from my sides, and turned completely around in place.

One of the people who had been silent but whose face radiated thinking was next. “Website. Perfect Fit Tailor and Seamstress is going for the transgender market for serious and for real. OK, boys and girls, make your faces seem right and everyone is a model for the good of the cause. For getting us all up out of our misery and make this world a better place.”

At the meeting two weeks later one of the cab people interrupted. “Florist in one corner. Custom tailor in another corner. Pretty soon we’ll be a mini-mall.”

I pulled my blond hair over my shoulder. “My beauty salon put up a poster of me as a promo. How about we take photos of the first product and make fliers for taking around? Keep the costs down until the cash flow can afford a spiffy website.”

“Bull shit. This is going to fly because we are going to make it fly. Mindy you have been trying to get us on the team of ourselves. You have cared about us more than we cared about us. I get it now. Trans-Balto is a good name for a taxicab company. How about Cedar Falls florist just because its nearby. We’ll come up with a spiffy name for the clothing business.”

A t-girl named Joyce hadn’t said much. “What make’s the money?” The he inside the she made a short pause. “Creativity and marketing. People hate selling. We can form more businesses, but have others do the work. If I get it right you are running a monthly newspaper add for employing transgenders. Make that weekly such as ‘Interviews Tuesday 10am; honest work for transsexuals only.’”

“Make it so.”

One of the t-girls lit up like a Christmas Tree. “Auto-repairs. You have the space. All the guys in girl clothes all played with cars. We can do it.” Boom. We did. The mini-mall of businesses was launched. Some struggled longer than others.

Trans-Balto Cab put a slogan on their delivery way bills. Emergency Delivery. They received orders for delivery needing trucks which we could rent when we needed more trucks than we could finance owning.

But, Laura and I were slowly losing money. The bank loan balances became larger. Nothing seemed to reverse the trend. Laura and I were unwilling to lay people off who were desperate for jobs. We just could not, and were afraid of serious depression afflicting the staff if we did downsize. Laura, most of the staff, and I were sitting one Thursday evening with munchies, sodas, and non-alcoholic punch when the finances became a discussion. The office manager and bookkeeper, Caity, and the accountant Leslie returned from a private diaper change, but something was different. Their bodies were less lethargic and had energy. Their faces were not as down as the group.

“Hey, you two. What’s up?”

“We have an idea.”

All conversation stopped.

Their idea was we had enough people to run a wine fair. There were wine fairs in the states south and north of us, so why not here?

It worked. We and the mini-mall became financially successful. Where there is a will there is a way.