

# Laura

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## Chapter 27 - The Party

Laura and I found a way to invite our parents to a Saturday lunch. After all, we were legally married. We wore our best business skirt suits with our hair done that morning by special appointment and had them do our makeup. Laura's parents recognized her across the hotel lobby. Mine did not. It was harder for my parents to relax than it was for Laura's parents. I watched the surprise grow across my mother's face as she realized how attractive I had become. Laura's Mom came to my mother's empathetic rescue on that, and then we had a reasonably good time. We did not tell them the real and secret reason why I was wearing women's clothes. Our parents were more comfortable with our discussing our businesses than they were with our discussing ourselves.

At least we could be in regular contact. Who visited who on holidays became so difficult Laura and I invited all of our parents to our place for holiday dinners.

I stuffed and roasted the turkey. Laura and I had a real struggle with both spouses being in the same kitchen at the same time. At one point she screamed at me in total frustration and stomped off. I welcomed her back with a hug. We were better partners after that dinner.

After that initial visit with our parents an idea crept up on Laura and myself at about the same time. We were both surprised the other had it. It wasn't mentioned at all until late one evening during my change when we talked about what happened during our day. As our growing businesses carried us further apart during the day this special time became ever more important to both of us. "Let's have a party!"

Our t-girl office manager Caity was thrilled to be the coordinator. We assembled lists of people to invite from AA groups, church groups, trans groups, and even customers. Caity was careful about any being offended. Some were; some came.

Some of the trans-men were charmed to do what no one had ever let them do as women which was to run the barbecue. Some of the trans-girls had a similar reaction to serving at the food tables. The t-girls used that to try extravagant combinations of shawls, scarves, and whatever. Most of those extra accents were shed as too impractical for serving food as the afternoon grew warmer.

The Deacon's Punch dominated the non-alcoholic drinks table which was also stocked with iced tea and sodas. There was another table with icy buckets of beer and wine which we found harder to find volunteers for. But Caity found them.

We had made friends with a few police officers after the fire bombing and invited them. We paid for two of them off duty to serve as gate keepers.

My biggest surprise came from the Doms-Subs list of Dr. Patricia did have a sub, and they were coming.

That high fence around the backyard made an outdoor party possible for people who would never risk such a thing. We named the party Laurel-Fest instead of October-Fest for the time of the year, and our inclinations against alcohol and football games.

Laura thought it was time for me to have a woman's faux-silk baggy slacks, but I said 'no'. Not because I didn't want to see myself with erotically interesting bulges underneath such clothes. My hesitancy was too many of our t-girl employees might feel uncomfortable if I wasn't in a dress. A few of them were using the key to the diaper changing restroom at Parkington. We felt they needed for me to remain in pleated skirts for their comfort.

The day was perfect with a warm temperature for October and scattered clouds.

Caity insisted everyone wear name tags for limiting the confusion. Either let yourself be yourself, or don't come. Laura's name tag said "Laura" and the next line read "Mommy Dom". Mine said "Mindy" and "T-Girl Sub". The t-men and t-girls' tags announced their lifestyle before there was too much guessing.

Being one herself Caity was happily and energetically organizing the t-girls.

Dr. Patricia's sub turned out to be her husband who was a prominent Doctor at a local hospital. When I challenged that with a question he grinned. "She who must be obeyed tells me what to do." I didn't think that was exactly what everyone else had in their mind, but what would I know?

At the party I gave nearly everyone hugs as they arrived including the two reluctant police officers on duty. This was Laura's and my party so who could tell me no?

The beagles made out like bandits at the barbecue grills for handouts all afternoon and into the evening. The inner girl in one of the t-men succumbed first, and then many of them gave those two doggies hamburger and hotdog treats. Justin admitted for them all as he handed each of the beagles another handout. "Stuffed little piglets." A bowl was confiscated from a food table becoming a water bowl back there on the ground. It was kicked over more than once, but each time the bowl was dipped

into melting ice water for those two beagles.

Two of the t-men and two of the t-girls called me to come to them behind the food tables. The t-girl Lucy grinned. "Give me your hand."

I didn't say what was on my mind as I raised my hand to her.

"Told ja'. No broken fingers."

I caught a few swear words in my mouth keeping them in. "What's this all about?"

"You have Laura so wrapped around your little finger our joke was that broke your finger. You are a switch."

I knew that meant someone who switched back and forth between being a Dom and a Sub. "Nah."

"Caity thinks so too, and made this." It was a name tag with my 'Mindy' name and the word 'Switch'.

I had to think of something fast besides letting them tease me into picking a fight. My guy instincts were kicking in too fast. They were employees who had found a way to bring the boss down to the common level. In backing up I stepped on the rim of the dogs' water bowl flipping it which soaked my feet. "Shh. Don't tell. What else is on your minds?"

A new business sprang out of their mouths named Two Puppies Home Care. It started with lawn mowing and lawn care, then painting the trim, walking the dogs, and picking things up from the stores. Those four employees made it grow like crazy. Medical Doctors in particular didn't have the time they needed for such chores and tasks. Dr. Patricia's husband trumpeted about us with the junior Doctors at his hospital. Those two women at my first Chamber of Commerce mixer were failing in their business. They were ready to close up shop when we called for their help. They were thrilled to set up Doctor's homes when they moved.

By late evening of the party the grass in the backyard was trampled into thatch. Caity organized the staff for cleanup duty when Laura and I disappeared inside for pumping our breasts.

At the end of the party clean up Laura and I were standing together outside with an arm around each other's waist. My diaper was wet, warm, and sagging. The last rented table was being carried down the sloping driveway to one of Laurel Delivery's trucks with six tires.

She leaned her head over my shoulder as her hand went up my skirt in back.

“Switch, huh? Who gave you that name tag?”

“Staff had Caity make it.” I quickly explained their new business idea.

My thighs felt her fingers clamping around my sagging wet diaper inside my plastic pants. “With all those part timers your business has more employees than mine. You switch you have helped so many struggling people.”

She kissed me on the cheek as she held me in place by my warm wet bulge between my legs. “You have made my life better.”