

# Laura

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## Chapter 26 - Telling

In that community room during our reception I pulled Laura into me with my arm around her waist. Her eyes told me 'now what?'

"Friends, something happened today what was very important. Laura and I attend different AA groups. One of AA's twelve steps is to tell our faults to God and another human being. There is something I could never do until Nancy in the back corner helped me dress downstairs. Thank you Nancy far more than I can say. I have now told one human being. Nancy, you were magnificent. For myself, I have to say this before you all as witnesses, and especially here before God in His or Her House.

"What I have to say, for myself, and I trust in your forgiveness, is why I wear women's clothes. Why I cross dress full time." I paused. "There is a secret reason I have told no one other than Laura until Nancy today. The secret is that underneath my dresses I wear diapers all the time."

The room remained silent.

A strong male voice called out from the back as I was looking another way. "Oh. Is that all." In the pause I was watching when he spoke again. "You come to the men's monthly lunch group. Come anytime." It was Walter from church. He meant attend when he said 'come'. But I thought of an orgasm, for which I kept my mouth shut on that one. "Come in your skirts, blouses, hair, lipstick, painted nails, and all. The guy in you needs a little companionship too."

I was thinking about that as I stood there in my warm, comforting, damp diaper.

Pastor Karyn called out to him. "You're a Deacon here, Walter. If they wont come, let's start a transgender lunch group. Maybe one for the trans-men and one for the trans-girls. That split in age prejudice is what you call yourselves. Right? If your AA groups ever need a place to meet, we'll make the space available for you."

A few people in the audience whimpered with me about that loving kindness. We were joined by a few more.

The music started. I took Laura's hand and led her out there on the dance floor. At our dancing lessons she surprised me with saying she wanted me to lead. For dancing she did not want to be the Dom. As I had her twirl out there on the community room floor she was magnificent. The dance studio had taught us it was OK for the woman to also twirl the man. That she would do, and did. The room was full of people who had so much trauma in their earlier lives they had no dancing skills. Laura and I gave lessons, and then we asked everyone we could approach to come out and dance with us one-on-one. Even Walter; even Pastor Karyn.

We had told the musician to be prepared. We had everyone sing with us We Shall Overcome. I had Laura at my side when I asked how many people knew the country classic Stand By Your Man. Only a few nodded their heads. Let's do it as Stand By Your Trans. The flat screen showed the words. We opened slow with "Sometimes its hard to be a woman". Laura held the microphone in two hands with her elbows at her side as an image of snuggling. "Giving all your love to just one trans."

The first time even I didn't catch the switch in the last word from "man" to "trans". I got it with the gender substitution "you'll have bad times; she'll have good times; doing things that you don't understand". The audience stirred with that. "But if you love her; you'll forgive her; even though she's hard to understand. And if you love her; oh be proud of her; cause after all, she's just a trans."

Country music doesn't allow drums, but wind players hit the four strong notes perfectly for the next "stand by your trans."

People scattered around in the audience joined in. "Give her two arms to cling to; and something warm to come to." The music slowed a little for "when nights are cold and lonely."

The power in our voices came on for the next "stand by your trans" which had most of the audience joining in.

"And tell the world you love her; keep giving all the love you can. Stand by your trans."

By the second time the whole room did a fair job of singing including a few of the Lesbians.

As a very brief honeymoon Laura and I went to the Maryland House in nearby Annapolis for one night and a whole day. We had a room at the narrow end of the building where the streets on both sides came together for the historic traffic circle. The room charmingly had windows on opposite sides. Not to cause trouble we had our own plastic bag for used diapers.

The brunch in the morning was scrumptious with all the Chesapeake Bay sea foods. The Virginia ham from the south end of the bay was delicious. I ate too much.

Back at our businesses on Monday all those transgenders we had hired ganged up on us with a very special wedding gift. Both Laura and I were on the phones when Caity called out from the front door. She did whenever she showed up for work at the house. Our office was back home while the office space at the store building and parking lot were being worked on.

The next thing I knew two of the most adorable beagle puppies scampered into the office. One was tri-colored and one was tan and white. I picked up the tri-colored one who licked my face all over including trying to reach her little tongue up inside my nostrils. Laura reluctantly picked up the other squirming tan and white puppy.

Every trans employee crowded the door spilling into the office. "We couldn't think of how we could give you as loving a gift as you give us every day. Then we thought of your enclosed back yard."

The beagle in my arms licked my tears.

Our mattress had a plastic cover in case I leaked which was handy when the very young puppies had an accident. They were amazing at how fast they learned to climb the bed spread with their sharp little claws to be on top. They liked it up there as a more comfortable place than the floor. Plus if their humans liked it, it must be better.

We bought them dog baskets, which they enjoyed during the day. But they knew where we slept at night and wanted to be with us.

For our crazy erotic passions Laura and I quickly learned to retreat into the nursery with the crib. We could close that door without too much whining and yipping from the puppies.

Our trans people were right. Those puppies made our lives happier.

The tan one had to be named Ginger, of course, and the tri-color we named Snoopy.