

Laura

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Chapter 15 - Laurel Delivery

Laura put her hand on my forearm as we sat at the kitchen table after lunch. "This isn't role playing, Mindy. Dr. Patricia is worried about our mental health, and especially about yours."

What had that damned doctor said now went through my head, but I couldn't say that fast enough.

"As an example, it is crazy for me to change your wet smelly diapers all the time. It is even more damaging for you to wear diapers 24/7, and use them exclusively. This is serious Mindy. Are you with me?"

"My anxieties just went through the roof, so don't torture me with any hidden agendas or secrets. What's on your mind?"

Her eyes went to the ceiling. "Your anxieties can just come right back down here." She focused on me. "No. We're not starting potty training. With the Good Lord's forgiveness, and a little help from AA groups and others, we are who we are, and we are in love. Or at least we enjoy each other sexually all the time. None of that needs to change." She smiled. "Oops, that wasn't a pun."

She took both of my hands in hers which I took to be a girl to girl thing. "Something was said at my AA group that started me thinking I couldn't even put into words. It all came together with that 'fun and vendor day' at church. It is hard for full time cross dressers and transgenders to find jobs. Worse, it is just about impossible after putting diapers as a disability on an employment application. The members of that church might be open and affirming, but there are many times more people in this city who are not. You with me?"

"Yes, and this time I am going to say this the way I want to. Yes, Mommy, I am with you. Not yet, but as an adult talking. Well, maybe as an older child. I want you as my Mommy."

My statement of wanting Laura as my Mommy surprised me. That was me talking, not something she had demanded I say.

"Good girl. I have an idea for a new business where you have all the contact with the customers and the resources. You have all the social contact. Just hear me out."

I closed my mouth so hard my molar teeth clacked when I jammed my jaws together. I nodded she should go on.

“My business partner Diane is so mad she could chew nails. Privately I think she is envious of my having a domestic partner who makes me very happy. You do make me happy, you know. She always thought I was a Lesbian. Well, the truth is out with her coming out of the closet herself. She is moving to California with her new partner. I don’t think so much of their relationship, but that’s their business. I have to buy her out, which is a pain with a bank loan application. That will take more of my time drawing me away from you.”

She paused. “But we can do that. You can help me with that loan application. The difference is that I will be the sole contact with the customers of the computer security business. If we were south of the Potomac River we would be in Virginia and would be a computer security company for Pentagon Defense Contractors. But this is Maryland. Our customer base is the medical community around here. They are concentrated here because the National Institute of Health, the FDA headquarters, and Bethesda Naval Hospital are all located in Bethesda or nearby. We don’t have to have all those military security clearances.”

She took a breath. “But the medical staffs all have their own self made agendas creating their own problems. They project their anxieties of being in the rat race of patient care. The Doctors rule the roost, and the staff is always acting like the next patient visit is an emergency. Their customers are patients who can become emotionally dependent and clingy. That’s why they have those awkward counters and windows limiting contact between the staff and the waiting room. They all have wasteful budgets because they are used to billing services which are simply added to the invoices for medical care. What those staffs all need is when they decide to ship something, it just happens. They package it up in a box and put it on their front counter. Then they return to whatever they thought they were supposed to be doing, and don’t want to think about that package again.”

I nodded I understood so far which I didn’t all that much. Instead I wet my diaper again just a little.

“So,” she began, “we form a delivery company. That is you and I form a delivery company with guarantees tuned to their needs and anxieties. Five days from now my company owes a medical research lab several new computers. This is just standard computer security stuff. But I tell them the guarantee is no good unless they authorize a special delivery company. That it completely tracks the shipments from our door to theirs. Nothing can get at those computers from the lab bench to their desks. They are spooked by the latest computer scare being inside medical diagnostic equipment. What we do is package a GPS device in each box, just like that device in the belt I put on you. That device is a tangible deliverable that makes all the yakking credible. Or, at least with them anyway.”

“I feel surprised. Sounds good to me.”

“And for that we charge three or four times the standard rate. With that we can even call taxicab companies when we need help.”

“And all I have to do is answer a phone, run a computer, and call taxicabs.”

She smiled. “Good for you. Almost that simple. They never hear your voice and see what you are wearing at the same time. Perfecto-mundo.”

“What’s next?”

"I call our Lesbian lawyer who charges too much to her Lesbian clients because they won't trust any one who is straight. All we want is a quick incorporation, after which we use other resources. I'll call a Lesbian commercial loan officer - same story - who gets us whatever SBA loan we need. We may not need it, but some days the only three things that count in a small business are staying power and staying power." She paused. "And the third thing is" ... "staying power."

I smiled at that. "Good so far."

"They may not even need to meet you. All they may need to see is Mindy's signature and they can think whatever they want to think about whether I am a Lesbian. I thought I was. Now I have you, and you please me very much."

I felt warmed and good that I pleased Laura. "Got a name?"

"No. This all came in such a rush."

We sat there thinking. My mind was dancing over her breasts and her Laura name. "Got one. Laurel Delivery. They will think it means Laurel, Maryland."

She tilted her head. "And to you it means it is your Mommy's business, when in fact it is your business. You have the business cards. You come with me to Chamber of Commerce meetings, except they think we are separate businesses. Because it is your business you never have to say one damned thing in an employment application. Or check the Internet. Betcha there is a Laurel Pizza Delivery, Laurel Floral Delivery, and you get my point. How about Laurel Medical Delivery Service?"

"I like it. Let's write this out after you change my soaked diaper." While my bottom was bare we reverted to our crazy selves, suckled after the incomplete breast pumping, and made love.

We put my older car back on the road. I changed my name so I could get a driver's license that matched my new name and image before any nervous busybody could ask. While transferring my car title to Maryland it was registered in my new name.

That first delivery that Friday a few days later was made by me with forms Laura and I had created.

My diaper was slightly damp when I left the house, and was wet when I returned. Enough of that obedient little girl stuff. I took off my adult clothes myself when I returned home, and pumped my breasts. I violated all the rules by removing my diapers myself and sat on the potty. She hadn't used that cage in my diaper for collecting stool as it made me walk funny. She didn't want that to spook any customers. I visualized sitting at the phone in Laura's office with poop squished out onto her chair.

I was scared of her reaction to my rule breaking as I waited.

She drove too fast over the driveway ramp and screeched to a halt at the kitchen door. She raced through the kitchen into the lower powder room, and I heard the toilet flushing.

Her breasts hurt. She needed a suckle or a pump.

I suckled as she sat and I lay on the TV room sofa. “Mommy; I have to say something.”

She pulled my head back into her until I had done a better job. Her hand was massaging my head. “What is it sweetie?”

“I’m sorry. I broke all the rules when I came home and used the potty. I just couldn’t wait, and didn’t want to squish smelly poop on your office chair while waiting for a customer call.”

“Good girl, Mindy. I knew something would happen when we were both busy. I’m sorry I had to be away. Did you pump?”

“Yeth, Mommy. Are you mad at me for breaking the rules?”

Laura had a hand on my butt. “Are you mad at me for not being here when you needed me?”

I kissed her. “Am I still your little one?”

“Do you want to be? I’m still the sex craved addict and control freak. Nothing new about myself.”

“I want to stay with you. That’s what I know.”

“And the diapers. Do you still like a warm wet heavy diaper? Having orgasms?”

“Yeth, Mommy.” I felt tears on my face, and when I looked there were tears on her’s.

“And the breasts. Do you want to be in women’s clothes?”

“May I sit beside you?” I didn’t wait as I twisted around and sat up. I took her hand in mine. “I still want to massage you and give you fabulous orgasms.”

We went upstairs and had a good time.

As we lay there afterwards she asked me how many ejaculations I was having. “About every three hours.” Her face went thoughtful before she blossomed with surprise. “Eight a day! No wonder your special toy is always red on the underside at the tip. You are more of a sex fiend than I am.”

“Yeth, Mommy.”

Three weeks later was my first Chamber of Commerce visit. Before going Laura had me sit beside her on the bench at her dressing table. She gave me my first real lesson on doing my own makeup.

While changing my diaper she put that chastity device on me down there to keep my special toy pointed at the middle. Any anxieties about any prospective leakage would just not do. She added the costume hips over my plastic pants. We did a last minute breast pumping of each other, and I kissed both of her nipples before we put bras on each other. We helped each other with new pantihose which held my diaper in snug against my skin. I put on my own blouse, skirt, and jacket, as she put on hers.

She put women's shoes called flats my feet, and simply slipped her feet into hers. My masculine feet were two sizes larger than her feet. We finished with helping each other with lipstick and earrings. I had a brand new blue purse that I had wanted very much. Laura had her old black one.

At the Country Club there was a welcoming table in the hall outside a big room. They had a name tag for Laura Hyland, CompSec, Member, and one for me as Mindy Hyland, Laurel Medical Delivery, Guest. They were so energetically projecting total joy, which I doubted, that I never had to use my voice with them.

Inside the nearby huge room were dozens of people in good business clothes. My stomach clenched as my back crawled with anxieties.

Laura whispered to me. "Just watch at first, sweetie. OK?" She went to the nearest person. "Hi, I'm Laura." She said their first name reading that from their name tag, and read their company name. "What makes you different from your competition?"

She got four minutes of talking out of that person without Laura saying another full sentence. In the process Laura got a business card from them for a follow up phone call. That cost her giving away one of her cards she had dug out of her purse. Cards were cheap. She smacked me on my padded butt and spoke in a whisper. "You go find somebody and just do the same. Make me a proud Mommy. Go, Mindy, go."

I turned and zeroed in on two young women standing together nearby, and did the same thing quickly before any reaction could ruin me. They had an interior decorating business, and said I could call them. I marked a "Y" for yes on their cards. The meeting with them went so quickly I never even mentioned that I had a low voice.

An older woman lawyer with an odd first name said "no" I could not call her. I marked her card with a "no". But she didn't say a word about my having the wrong voice for the clothes I was wearing.

I had over two dozen of other peoples' business cards in my purse when I ran into Greg of an Atlas Van Lines franchise. His office and warehouse were located in Ellicott City. After he explained what he was up to I asked a question Laura and I had developed that morning. "Can I call you for an office move if a customer of ours calls us? We do medical deliveries; small package stuff; but sometimes we get calls too big for us."

His eyebrows squinted. "Medical deliveries?"

"Medical tissue for evaluation, computers, drugs, and equipment. They got so spooked with the latest computer spy-ware scandal they sell themselves on our guaranteed safe delivery."

"How do you guarantee safe delivery?"

"We pack a GPS in every box with a return shipping container and label."

"We hate those stupid little calls. Not our market sweet spot." He proceeded to talk himself into quickly becoming a big customer for us. His eyes loved watching my bust so much I don't think he ever noticed my voice. I made a follow up call the next day.

Laura drove on the way home from that Chamber meeting as we talked about who we had met. "Mindy, you get the Momma's good little girl award for the evening. You done good. You made Mommy proud. How do you feel?"

I never knew how I felt, which I was discovering was an after effect of too much depression. Or may be a cause. But I enjoyed pleasing my Mommy and said so.

When we arrived home we quickly shed our clothes for sucking. My diaper was more than damp but not yet soaking wet.

Laura let me massage her back for the first time as I enjoyed wetting my diaper.