

Laura

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Chapter 18 - Parkington

Laura and I had a multimillion dollar loan approval for our package of loans for buying the Empire Cab Company building. As of the arson that building was reduced to only the masonry, and that was heat damaged. The police thought the arson was retaliation from the crack heads, or their drug dealers. That neighborhood was too scary, so we abandoned that building to the city for back taxes, and kept our loan approval in our files.

One of the rare times I challenged Laura in a major way was over the use of that loan approval. We fought over it so much that Laura's frustration drove her to retaking complete physical control of me. For a diaper change she had my wrists in bands. She connected those bands to a strap under my head and pillow and across the mattress in my crib. After she had me in fresh clean bulky cloth diapers inside my plastic pants she shackled my ankles while still suspended from the ceiling. 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. She didn't mind answering my business telephone, but she quickly disliked pumping both of our breasts without any sexual fun.

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

"I'm sorry too. You'd better change my messy diaper that is has been smelly for hours."

"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.

We had a pleasant dinner together after that. Neither of us mentioned that big loan approval which had turned awful for us.

Laura feared for Leslie's sobriety and brought her home for an evening. Over dinner Leslie asked for a small consulting fee. We were glad she was standing up for herself, at least a little, but that didn't come across quite right, either.

She told us she had found a new real estate project of a vacant department store and attached multi-level parking garage called 'Parkington'. It had failed from Internet competition.

We all visited it together a few days later. What we could do with it simply blossomed before our eyes. By then Leslie had seen Laura checking my plastic pants which made me blush.

The lowest level of the parking garage had a higher ceiling than the other levels for a loading dock. The time had come for Laurel Delivery to have its own six tire panel truck which could park there.

The same bank loan officer was thrilled with this project. Or as developed, these projects. With hiccups and annoying moments everything was moving along with multiple separate loan applications when somebody somewhere in the bank didn't like something. Answers and revisions were getting nowhere.

As we lay side by side in bed one night I affectionately touched Laura's nose. "Mommy, how do we ask private questions of the bank?"

"Not as a Mommy and baby girl as a playful game. What do you have in mind?"

"I get it that they can ask all the questions they want to and this is a very big increase in business. But how do we ask if my being a cross dresser is too much? Or our transsexual employees? Or worse, what if they found out about my diapers and can't stand it?"

Laura scowled. "We ask Leslie for her to go talk privately."

We were both tired that night, but I insisted I give Laura's back a quick massage anyway. Towards the end I enjoyed wetting my diaper and the pleasant feelings down there from the damp heat.

Almost ten days later Leslie called us. "Yes, the bank found out about the diapers. It's too far out of bounds. They checked with legal counsel who said voluntarily wearing diapers without a medical need is not a recognized disability. Can you quit that?"

We spent weeks having customers and employees write testimonials of how I had saved them with a different paragraph in each of unique details. Five employees mentioned how close they had been to suicide, and three of them became adamant about including that detail.

We were about to package those up for the bank when an entirely new endorsement arrived quite unexpectedly. Some Doctor I have never heard of at a big suburban hospital had a lawyer write a nasty assed threatening letter about disabilities.

With that I asked to meet in person with the loan committee downtown. Laura's and Leslie's AA group had a Mary Kay cosmetics representative who showed up at the house right after breakfast. Time was so short that Leslie was called upstairs and saw me in my thick diapers and plastic pants under the artificial hips.

Laura's frustration got the better of her and she told Leslie she looked like shit. One of my dresses flew out of the closet which Laura quickly used on Leslie. During that quick change I got to watch Leslie in just her bra and panties. Laura wrapped a hand around under Leslie's chin and pulled her face towards Laura. "Yeah yeah yeah, I know. Just think of Mindy as the girl she looks like and get over it."

The doorbell rang interrupting the confrontation. We all trooped downstairs in our blouses and skirts of our business suits for a fast and furious makeup session. All I remember is that she used three layers of different things on my lips before she was satisfied with my appearance.

Laura brushed my hair. The Mary Kay person brushed Leslie's hair. Leslie brushed Laura's hair. Leslie put her hand on my arm. "Mindy, you must be very special to Laura, and the rest of us need to remember that."

The Mary Kay representative intruded. "Mindy needs to blow them away. Hold still." She brushed my hair a very different way using a few small hair clips and one big one. My hair was just long enough to be brought over my right shoulder and draped in little in front of me. Everybody was thrilled with the change.

When one of the t-men arrived his inner girl's eyebrows popped up in surprise at

how good I looked. He drove us to the bank building for all sorts of good reasons. He had been worried about any nervousness getting us into car wrecks for anything this big. We hadn't known he had been a bank loan officer during his womanhood.

My shoulder bag was stuffed with file folders leaving no room for spare diapers. The two disposables Laura had me in would be more than enough if all I did was wet. I worried about pooping in my fright and anxieties.

The bank building had a big expensive modern lobby. The elevator oozed wealth. Going up Laura took my shoulder bag. "We walk in there as if Mindy is the dominant partner. This is a sale, damn it, and they will be assessing Mindy as a witness in a disabilities prejudice law suit. Sell, Mindy, sell. Use all the personal power you can muster."

The loan officer was waiting for us in the hall. Her eyebrows popped up when she saw me just like our friendly volunteer chauffeur had been surprised. Her face went from confident to 'oh my gawd' what have I gotten myself into.

A face from a beauty salon poster came to mind. I had to smile like a real girl, and my facial muscles were only up to that task for limited amounts of time.

We were perfect. We were better than if we had rehearsed. I don't remember a thing I said.

The loan officer named Anna, Leslie, and Laura all deferred to me as we went into the conference room. Anna introduced everyone to the other bankers. Laura had both of our business cards for everyone. I saw myself in a mirror as I was sitting down. My closed mouth big smile was perfect for the business owner with an attitude of 'don't give me any of your crap'.

Leslie launched into describing why the multiple loans. Laura kept laying file folders out on the table as if she was the subordinate trying to be helpful.

Everyone had a note pad, a pen, and a water glass. I marked the top page of mine with the date and time. Then I laid the pen down as if I was waiting for anything new and important to be said. I also wet a little.

Leslie had said about everything one time through. Then she sorted through those file folders Laura had laid out. She took one and laid the pages out on the table. The top page was on the stationery of that big hospital. "You may know Doctor Rasmussen. He wrote one of the testimonials we sent to your loan office. This is new. He says his average daily balance with your bank is Five Million Dollars and up including all the sub-departments and funds." She stopped there and didn't say the second big paragraph of that letter. It said they had better approve this loan package or those accounts could just as easily walk down the street to the next bank. He also listed half a dozen grievances he wanted a calling officer to come to his office and

discuss.

Laura said a few words slipping in a nasty thought that she knew her boss Mindy Hyland would never say out loud. Her boss was just too good with customer relations.

Leslie thanked them for their time.

That frightened loan officer made all the closing comments and said she would call us. She said something about a CRD.

Those closing comments were our queue to leave.

Both my back and my diaper were damp with sweat as we walked out.

Outside in the car Leslie explained that term CRD meant a community redevelopment loan which the banks needed to do a few of those.

A few weeks later all of our blizzard of new corporations was on Anna's desk. She was her smiling version of the competent loan officer as we signed for the loans.

Laura's and my two real estate ventures were launched as LezTrans RE1 for the department store, and LezTrans RE2 for the garage. Laurel Delivery could acquire cars and trucks by leasing. TransBalto Cab Co could lease taxicabs. CompSec could install offices and tech labs in an upper floor of that building out of the public view. TransBalto Repairs could bring in the equipment for a full service maintenance shop. We had a nice big room with both theater style and conference room seating for meetings with employees, and Tuesday mornings with prospective hires. Our AA and transgender people could have their meetings in a safe place.

We had three restrooms with showers inside our offices in addition to all the other usual pairs of restrooms. Our people were told to use the men's or women's rooms that matched what they were wearing that day. There was a third with a locked door for diaper changes. Besides myself and Laura there were four other people who would take the key and use that one.

Leslie had an office. Although we retained space for our own business growth, we were otherwise fully rented out in six months.