Bandsy Grows Young Chapter 15

 Ravel was roused from her doze by a chime on her phone, a delivery notification. She quickly ran to her room’s window, which looked out onto the front door of her apartment. Stealthily she watched as the delivery man sat two large boxes down with a loud sigh. He took a moment to stretch and groaned in annoyance at the cumbersome packages before leaving. Ravel waited until he was out of sight before she moved to get the boxes.

           She quickly ran to the door, snatched the boxes inside, and closed it. The whole charade was a tad unnecessary; the boxes were discrete as ever and gave no hint at what was inside them. Really, she risked more exposure by bringing in the single packs from the mall because those had nothing covering them to hide their branding. Ravel felt a bit of a pit in her stomach at seeing the two large packages. Not that she didn’t expect it, but seeing the other package here, full of baby printed pull-ups she said she’d never wear, made it a little too real.

           Ravel grabbed a knife from her kitchen and moved to open the boxes. She only realized now that there was no way to tell which of these two boxes contained four packs of Discrete pull-ups and which one contained the mix of different prints. Given the choice Ravel would rather go with the familiar rather than open the new package, but she didn’t have a choice it was pure chance. With a sigh she dug her knife into the tape of one of the packages ready for what awaited her inside.

           The assault of bright colors confirmed that she had chosen the wrong package. With a sigh she decided that she might as well empty this one out since she got it open. The first thing she noticed, as it was resting neatly on top, was a sample pack of diapers. Two plain white plastic tape diapers wrapped in a small package branded with Plain and Simple, the name for Stuffies' non printed diapers. Ravel blushed and quickly put the sample package aside. She was willing to try these new pull-ups, but diapers were a stretch to far for the moment. She wondered why Theo even bothered sending them, and stopped short, choosing to give the benefit of the doubt that maybe they just sent samples with large cases like this. She would ask later either way.

           With the diapers out of the way ravel looked at the pull-ups. Somehow the dread she was feeling dampened a little. They were still ridiculous and overly cutesy, but not nearly as bad as her mind had imagined. It wouldn't be the end of the world to try some of these, she decided.

           Potty Training Princess was the first print she pulled. The packaging was anything but subtle, featuring a drawing of an adult baby girl blushing heavily as she covered the front of the pull-up obviously trying to hide it from the viewer. Several blurbs explained the gimmick, for lack of a better word, of the pull-up. It had one large wetness indicator on the front, a heart shape that would turn into a water droplet when wet. The idea being that the person wearing it wouldn’t be able to hide that they had wet it at all. It was almost like diaper foreplay, they would start with these pull-ups and have enough “accidents” to get put back into diapers. The blurbs definitely leaned into that narrative as well.

           Despite the premise, Ravel found the design to be really appealing. It had light purple sides and the main white body was decorated with a scant few large hearts. The biggest of these hearts took up the front with the titular wetness indicator taking a prominent place in the middle of the design, but several smaller hearts dotted the print as well, all of them having steadily smaller hearts of different colors inside the large outer heart. It was cute, but not in the overt way Ravel was expecting given the name and premise. Still, it wouldn’t be her first choice. With a bit more hope Ravel set that package aside and grabbed the next one.

           The next two were somehow less appealing to ravel than the Potty Training Princess. Both Unicorn and Letter Blocks were exactly what they said on the tine. Unicorns were pink and dotted with several cartoon unicorns shooting fade when wet magic stars. Letter Blocks, likewise, were all white pull-ups dotted with several letter blocks, all either “A,” “B,” or “C”. They didn’t have any fade when wet designs and Ravel found that oddly she liked these the least so far. They seemed lazy compared to the other ones, but they still weren't bad.

           The last package Ravel pulled surprised her. The Chic Flowers. The front package was decorated by a scene girl wearing some clothes not out of place at a rock concert giving a mean look to the camera. The pull-ups were definitely trying to hit a punk or goth aesthetic, and Ravel didn’t hate it. She opened the package and pulled one out to get a look at it. It had pink sides and a slightly grey body that was decorated with, as one might expect from the title of the print, several pink orchid-like flowers. Interspersed in between the flowers were black and purple broken hearts and skulls and well as dots and squiggly lines in the background. It was definitely cliché, all of the prints were really, but despite that Ravel found herself really liking them. She suddenly found herself in a position she didn’t expect, she was eager to wear one of the printed pull-ups.

           She took a moment to poke at the discrete pull-up she was wearing to see how wet it was. She had gotten so used to wearing them all the time, she found herself forgetting if she had wet them or not. She only really noticed when she wet them twice and they were on the verge of leaking. She could tell by her poke, and confirmed by still seeing the subtle wetness indicators that she was dry. She was kind of disappointed at that. She really wanted to try these Chic Flowers pull-ups, but also didn’t want to waste the pull-up she was wearing. With a sigh she sat the fluffed-out pull-up she was looking at on top of the package and set to work opening the other package with the expected four cases of Discretes.

           Ravel took some time to organize her growing collection of pull-up packages in her room. They were starting to spill out of the small space she allotted for them in her closet. She would have to reorganize them at some point. When she was fianlly satisfied, she turned back to her computer and saw a notification from Chaos. She glanced over to look at it and saw it was from Theo.

Theo: forgive me for being nosey, but I got the notification that your padding got delivered.

           On seeing the first message Ravel decided it would be worthwhile to engage Theo a little bit, she wanted to talk to her anyway. She thought it was a little odd that Theo was watching her package as well, but figured it made sense that she would also have tracking info. Ravel had learned that Theo wasn’t exactly the uber professional marketing person she had initially expected. She assumed Theo really did just want to chat. Ravel opened to see a few follow up messages.

Theo: I’m interested to know what you think about the prints I picked out for you.

Theo: If you have the time. --) (--

Bandsy: Yeah, I was just putting them away. I really like the Chic Flowers.

Theo: That’s your way of saying you didn’t like the other ones. :(

Bandsy: They aren't bad, baby girl just isn't really my aesthetic.

Theo: I know, I was just hopeful. I came up with Potty Training Princess print you know.

Bandsy: I’ll give you that it’s a good idea for your demographic, and I actually like the print. Not really for me though.

Theo: Sorry, I’m a bit attached to them so I show them off when I can XD. I hope it doesn’t turn you off enough to not try them.

Bandsy: No, I’ll def give them all a try. Especially the Chic Flowers.

Theo: I thought you might take a liking to those. I can add them to your regular order if you’d like.

           Ravel had to stop for a moment before she answered. She did make a bit of a commitment that she wouldn’t fall into the other printed pull-ups, that she’d avoid any of the stereotypical baby girl diaper streamer stuff. She had to admit that they were really cute though. They weren't really baby print either, just different. Her resolve was fading fast.

Bandsy: Yeah, sure go ahead and add em.

Theo: Will do.

Bandsy: I wanted to ask you about something else. I got some actual diapers in with the mixed case. I don’t know if you guys just sent samples or what.

Theo: That was me, I thought I would send you some.

Bandsy: Oh …

Theo: Don’t be mad at me just yet. XD

Theo: I noticed on your last stream that you had to leave in the middle to go change your pull-up. If you'd had a diaper you could have just kept going.

Bandsy: I don’t really want to wear diapers.

Theo: I know, and I’m not making you. If I sent these for an ad read I’d send you a whole pack and probably of something cuter.

Theo: I just thought I’d send you some to try if you were interested. No one would have to know, not even me.

Bandsy: Ok, I guess I’ll keep that in mind.

Theo: Good, but save em for your stream, remember you have pull-ups to do reads for that you need to wear first. I can line you up for a Chic Flowers read on your next stream if you want.

           Bandsy had to shake her head. She knew that reads would be coming more frequently, but right after she had just done one was really fast.

Bandsy: All ready?

Theo: None of our other diaper streamers really wear pull-ups, so we don't have anyone to do ads for them.

           Bandsy chuckled a little. It was a little funny to her that everyone was so focused on being baby that no one was left to advocate for the "big kid" pull-ups.

Bandsy: Lol, yeah that checks out XD.

Bandsy: I guess I should get to work. Weird that this is my work.

Theo: How do you think I feel?

Bandsy: lol fair enough.

Theo: Have fun! ^^

           Bandsy stepped away from the computer. She checked the pull up again, still dry. She would still have plenty of time to try Chic Flowers before her next stream, but weirdly she was becoming more and more eager to try all of them as time went on.

           Something about seeing these new prints wavered her original resolve to avoid them. It was easy to say she’d never bend and go further down the baby girl rabbit hole when the path down that rabbit hole wasn’t staring her in the face, and that path wasn’t paved with lucrative ad reads.

           Even without that incentive though, Ravel found she didn’t hate these prints as much as she originally thought she would. They were kind of cute and that cuteness spoke to her and enticed her. Maybe she was more into this than she thought. She felt that familiar longing to try them. A feeling that a while ago should would try to suppress, but now she was eager to fulfill. She was eager to explore these new things. Excitement about pull-ups, Ravel never thought she’d be here.

           Ravel’s eyes settled on the Potty Training Princess pull-ups and the wheels of her mind started turning. Not even a few minutes ago, she decided it’s premise was something that wasn’t for her, something that was too far down that baby girl diaper streamer rabbit hole. Maybe it still was, but that didn’t stop what Ravel was feeling.

           She thought again about that premise. About these diapers with a huge wetness indicator designed to be impossible to hide. She pictured herself in that scenario. In her mind she saw herself not very different than she was now. In a t-shirt and just a pull-up, but it was these Potty Training Princess pull-ups. Ravel squirmed and gave quick breathy moans as she covered the pull-up with her hands. She bit her lip and stopped squirming as  her dubious potty training failed her and she filled her pull up. Even though it was covered with her hands Ravel could see the blue heart at the front of the pull-up turn into a blue water droplet, branding her as a potty training failure. Everyone would know that she had wet herself, there wouldn’t be any hiding it.

“Ravel! Move your hands let me see,” an unseen voice called out. “Did you have an accident?”

“Noooo,” Ravel whined childishly.

“Well then you won’t mind if I see your pull-up then,” the voice countered. Ravel blushed slowly removing her hands. The voice gasped at the reveal. “Ravel! Now you tell me: is that a heart or a water drop? I thought you said you were potty trained.”

“I am!” Ravel whined.

“If you were then you wouldn’t have wet so many of these pull-ups,” the vague voice manifested a very full trash can of the pull ups with their voice. “You’re not as much of a big girl as you think you are. Maybe it’s time we put you back in diapers.” Ravel turned her head and the sample pack of diapers came into her fantasy.

“No! No! I am a big girl!” Ravel whined.

“Are you sure about that miss soggy bottom? Can you really say you are a big girl?” Ravel pouted and blushed at the voice’s pointed question.

           The blush donned the real Ravel’s face as her fantasy faded. With a quick breath she grabbed her Discrete pull-up, now finally wet. A different version of the fantasy still ringed in her head.

“These are supposed to be big girl pull-ups, but you’re constantly wet. Maybe we need to move you back to potty training pull-ups,” the same fantasy voice said in Ravel’s head. Ravel looked at the pack or Potty Training Princess pull-ups, and suddenly those were the ones she wanted to wear the most. As Ravel pressed her soggy pull-up against her she thought about that question from the fantasy voice more seriously. Did she really think she was still a “big girl?” Did she really think that she was still detached from this whole abdl thing and that she didn’t find the exact same enjoyment in them that all those diaper streamers she wanted so badly to distinguish herself from did. The growing need from inside her wet pull-up seemed to suggest that she wasn’t.

           Ravel couldn’t stop it now, she needed her release. She quickly opened the Potty Training Princess’. Thinking to herself that after she finished and yet another soggy pull-up, she would be forced into these much more juvenile, but much more appropriate, potty training pull-ups. She stopped for only a moment, looking at the pull-up she had fished from the package. She though briefly about what this meant, and why she was doing this. The thought didn’t last long, other thoughts were crowding her mind. Ravel pushed her concerns out of her mind and let much more lewd thoughts take over.