Bandsy Grows Young Chapter 17

 Theo was anxiously twirling her fingers at her desk. She was chatting on the Stuffie’s company network. She was not in her usual chat, however, but in a one-on-one chat with her boss, Rachel. Rachel was always intimidating, even to Theo. Normally this would keep Theo from reaching out, but she had her concerns, ones that were big enough to warrant the discussion.

T. Mallory: I’m just worried about keeping pace. We are making good progress in getting Bandsy to try more pull-ups. Just last stream she endorsed the Letter Blocks print and she’s scheduled to do a read for the Potty Training Princess print. She’s slowly moving toward are more childish prints. I don’t have any doubt that we will get her to endorse Potty Training Princess, but I worry that we won’t have anything to really push her over the edge. She seems entrenched in not wanting to be a diaper streamer, and effective at deflecting accusations of being anything else.

           With the other diaper streamers Theo had an in. An angle she could work on to get them to really embrace the diaper streamer identity. CryBabyCereal was easiest, she had been into abdl on her own before it really blew up and so was easy to convince. Bunny had been dipping her toe into cosmic fans, so adding a popular fetish to really blow that up was a convincing argument. SmolSally had been in the middle of a burnt-out fueled depressive episode and was already looking for a change. Theo was there to suggest the one they wanted.

           So far Theo saw no such in with Bandsy. She had been easy to lead down the path they wanted so far. Surprisingly easy even. Theo had some suspicions that Bandsy was liking this more than she was letting on. Theo was convinced she would hit a wall soon though, if she hadn’t hit that wall already. Bandsy was stubbornly determined to keep her stream a typical gaming stream. Even if that stubbornness had waned somewhat, as she had admitted to wearing and using even the baby printed pull-ups Stuffies made, but she had proven resourceful. Bandsy had been able to pivot with the new development well. Theo thought that even if Bandsy had admitted to wearing actual diapers she still could play it off and not really get stuck with the label of adult baby.

           It was a little frustrating to Theo. She was racking her brain about what she could do to push Bandsy over that edge, to do something that she couldn’t as easily play off or come back from, but she couldn’t think of anything. Anything she could think of would be too much, something Bandsy wouldn’t do. If it wasn’t too much then it wouldn’t do enough. Light pushes had proven to be ineffective and were easy to brush off. She needed Bandsy to do something big, but it needed to be something Bandsy would actually want to do without her being suspicious of their greater plans for her.

There wasn’t anything she could think of, and she was worried about stagnating where she was at. Hopefully her boss would have an idea. Thoe snapped back to attention. The three little dots at the bottom of screen let her know Rachel was typing, and she had been waiting a while for this response.

R. Wollingworth: I understand your concern, but I think patience is required here.

           Theo was frustrated at the quick reply, and may have replied a little too quickly.

T. Mallory: I don’t think we can be patient for much longer we need a big push.

           Theo was doing her best to hide her frustration from her boss, and she could tell she wasn’t really that great at it.

R. Wollingworth: I can understand your frustration, but I do not say to be patient out of a lack of ideas. Bandsy isn’t very well off is that correct?

T. Mallory: That's correct. She’s pretty far below the median income for the nation, though for the area she’s in she’s actually pretty close to the median.

R. Wollingworth: And you are paying her well?

T. Mallory: within my budget ma’am.

R. Wollingworth: You misunderstand. Bandsy hasn’t know success since she’s become an adult. She’s been living paycheck to paycheck, and that’s undoubtedly made worse with her expensive hobby of live streaming, and she is only just now starting to recoup her losses on that and make a profit.

T. Mallory: That’s all correct.

R. Wollingworth: Well now she has more money coming in. Soon she’ll realize that she can finally be secure financially, and she can finally improve her station in life, finally secure some essentials she’s been missing. I think very soon she will have her eyes on a big purchase, and she will be very eager to make that purchase. That’s where you can make your big push, maybe by making her make a big push XD.

           The chuckled a bit at the joke before leaning back in her chair in thought. Her boss was right, she usually was, especially about stuff like this. Theo was thinking more how she could capitalize on this idea. What could she do to encourage this.

T. Mallory: Inciteful as ever. I think maybe I can encourage this. Pry a little more into her lifestyle and desires.

R. Wollingworth: Not a bad idea, but mind your discretion. Don’t come off as nosy.

T. Mallory: I’ll be careful ma’am.

R. Wollingworth: Good. Continue to keep me informed and come to me with any other concerns you have. I’m eager to see this idea of yours succeed so I’ll help any way I can.

T. Mallory: I appreciate it ma’am.

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“So, we’re just rolling with it now?” Micheal asked Ravel. Ravel had just closed another stream, this one reading an ad for the third of her new prints, the pink unicorns. At this point trying to downplay how childish the prints were had proven fruitless, but rolling with it had done wonders. Micheal had stayed on their Chaos call after the stream had ended.

“It works,” Ravel said dismissively.

“I guess,” Micheal didn’t sound satisfied. “Banning everyone was getting exhausting too. I gotta ask though, is this becoming a thing for you?”

“Is what?” Ravel pried for mor information.

“This whole,” Micheal paused a moment searching for a word. Even though it was only a voice call Ravel could picture him in his mind waving his arms around in a gesture of vagueness. “abdl diaper thing.”

“They’re pull-ups,” Ravel corrected quickly.

“I don’t think it matters.”

“I mean it’s not really a thing. It’s mostly because Stuffies is paying me for each one. They’re desperate for a pull-up mascot I guess.”

“Mostly?” Micheal asked pointedly.

“A girl gets bored of the same underwear every day,” Ravel admitted.

“Hey look no judgement from me,” Micheal assured. “Do whatever you wanna do, especially if you’re getting paid. If you start wetting yourself on stream though I don’t know if I should be sticking around. Not judging just not really something I want to be there for.”

“Keep your pants on Mack I’m not doin’ anything like that,” Ravel fired back in frustration.

“If you say so. How much are you makin from this anyway?”

           Ravel was quiet for a moment at that question. She had looked at her finances recently. For the first time in a long time her bank account had four digits on it, and that first digit wasn’t a one.

“I’m makin enough,” Ravel said vaguely. “It’s the first time in a while that I’m not worried about a bill, or having to skip meals to make rent.”

“Damn,” Micheal exclaimed.

“Yeah, I’ve been doing a ton of them and it’s added up fast.”

“That’s great to hear Ravel,” Micheal said genuinely. “It’s a bit of a weird way to get there I’ll admit, but whatever does it. What are you gonna do with it?”

“I dunno,” Ravel said genuinely. “I mean I’ve had ideas. Should I like, do stocks?”

“Probably not if you really think ‘doing stocks’ is the right phrase,” Micheal joked. “You should put it toward something important though.”

“Yeah, I don’t just want to throw it all away. I just don’t really know what’s best.” Ravel spun around in her chair. “Hey!” She exclaimed, suddenly coming up with an idea. “You think you can take me to look at cars sometime.”

“Wow really? You’ve got that much.”

“Probably not enough for a nice car, but something. I’m just tired of making you haul me around everywhere, and being stuck downtown cuz I can’t go anywhere.”

“Not to mention all of the better jobs you could get if you had a car,” Micheal added.

“Well at this rate I might make more streaming.”

“I wouldn’t get ahead of yourself,” Micheal cautioned. “But I think that’s a great idea. I can take you after work tomorrow.”

“Do you know enough about cars? Maybe I should invite Donna Sue,” Ravel said quietly in contemplation.

“I don’t know that she’d know any more than me, but more the merrier.”

“Mmmm,” Ravel mumbled quietly as she already set about typing the message to her friend. “I’ll have to do some research, I guess. It’s gonna take some time.”

“What you’re not gonna roll up and drop a couple tho’ on a car like a baller?”

“Hardly,” Ravel giggled at her friend’s phrasing.

“Maybe you can get with your people at Stuffies. Will they finance a car if you go full abdl on stream?” Micheal asked as a joke more than anything.

“I wouldn’t do it if they did. I may be a streamer, but I’ve got my dignity.”

“That’s an oxymoron.”

“You can’t see it but I’m flipping you off.”

“I can tell.” Micheal and ravel both laughed for a bit. “Anyway, Ima hop off. I’ll pick you up tomorrow, ok?”

“Got it. Later Mack,” Ravel ended the call and set her headset on top of her desktop

           That whole conversation was a bit surreal for Ravel. Money had always been a struggle. Not only for her but for her family in general. Generational poverty was as real as generation wealth in Bandsy’s case. Despite the love from her parents, they couldn’t support her after she left. Her degree wasn't really helping either, only giving her a student loan that was just another bill to pay off. She never thought she would ever get out of the hole, and she never would have guessed that what would get her out of the whole were abdl pull-ups. She wouldn’t look a gift horse in the mouth though. Regardless of the source, finally having enough money to start buying the necessities she was missing was a god send. Ravel already had a fear in the back of her head that this opportunity was doomed to go away soon. While she had it, though, she was determined to make the best of it.