Bandsy Grows Young Chapter 19

Ravel was sitting in the passenger seat of Micheal’s car, just coming back from another trip to the mall. One Micheal was happier to make since it wasn’t for pull-ups Ravel could get for free and Ravel was due to get her own car soon.

“She’s already got a table,” Ravel said looking up from her phone.

“Can she take you home? I’ve got to head back to work after this.” Ravel made a gesture and started texting again.

“Yeah, she can,” Ravel sighed.

“You seem anxious,” Micheal said in a tone that communicated he knew exactly why she was anxious. Ravel shot him a look.

           There was no time for further comment as Micheal pulled into a medium sized Mexican restaurant. Ravel and Micheal entered, with Ravel carrying the bag of what she had bought on her trip to the mall. After looking around a bit the two managed to find Donna Sue, who was halfway through a large soda at a table. The two wordlessly joined her, Ravel sitting next to Donna Sue on her side of the booth.

“Good to see you dear,” Donna Sue gave a side hug to Ravel. “I get the feeling that you’re not just taking me out to eat to visit. These conversation are getting more and more frequent you know.”

“Yeah,” Ravel said with a flush. She had to think that last time she visited Donna Sue she was still just wearing Discrete pull-ups. She marveled at how things have changed since then. Despite the change the purpose of the visit was remarkably similar. Donna Sue communicated that she knew as much with her gaze.

“Usually, you at least come over when you ask me things,” Donna Sue reprimanded.

“I’m under a bit of a time crunch this time,” Ravel apologized.

“What kind of a time crunch?”

“I’ve got about as long as it takes for Stuffie’s expedited shipping to get here.”

“Oh, so it’s stream related.”

“That’s about as far as I got,” Micheal chimed in. “And that it necessitated Ravel shopping for miniskirts.”

“Mike,” Ravel chided blushing furiously.

“Drinks?” the server’s timing was right on queue. The group ordered their drinks before resuming the conversation.

“So, what have you gotten into now?” Donna Sue asked expectantly.

“A bit of a conundrum,” Ravel paused while drinks were dropped off and then continued, spinning her drink around instead of drinking it. “Stuffies is offering to pay for my car’s down payment.”

“Woah really?!” Micheal said excited.

“If that was all there was to it you wouldn’t be spinning your drink around, and you wouldn't have called us here.” Donna Sue was observant as ever.

“Yeah, it uhhh … well …” Ravel was cut off from answering as the server came back to take food orders. She was thankful for the reprieve but Donna Sue wouldn’t let her off easily.

“Go on Ravel,” Donna Sue said looking distinctly at Ravel. Ravel shot a similar look back to Donna Sue.

“They want me to do a sponsored stream,” Ravel continued. “Part of that stream is that I have to show the pull-ups on stream and uhh wet them.” Ravel blushed as she quickly started drinking to fill then sudden tension.

“Seems like a no brainer to me,” Micheal said.

“I agree,” Donna Sue crossed her arms. “But I think we are on opposite ends.”

"You think she shouldn’t do it?”

“Not if she can do it without pissing herself live on the internet. You can just save over a few weeks, right?”

“But that’s a few weeks,” Micheal answered before Ravel could. “She can get all of it right now, and then put those few weeks of saving into something else.”

“You two have succinctly summed up the situation,” Ravel said in exasperation.

“That explains the miniskirts,” Donna Sue said thoughtfully. “Seems like you made up your mind already if you bought those.”

“Not completely,” Ravel blushed. “Just wanted to be prepared in case I did take it.”

“I think I told you before that I don’t really want to stick around if you’re going down the diaper streamer route,” Michel reminded. “I still think it’s a great idea though.”

“It’s just not worth it,” Donna Sue said with a huff. “This is a slippery slope. You know where this leads, and I think Stuffie’s knows that too.”

“That’s a little conspiratorial,” Micheal smirked.

“It’s just a little suspicious to me. Is it not to anyone else? That they would just drop that kind of cash? It’s nothing to sneeze at even for a big company like Stuffies.”

“I mean it’s a little weird,” Ravel admitted. “But I’ve been talking with their … rep I guess. She’s really friendly. I think she just wants to help. They’ve always been nice to me.”

“A diaper corporation is still a corporation. Corporations aren’t nice. They aren’t going to do anything just to be friendly.”

“Friendly or not a car is a car,” Micheal cut in.

“So why aren’t you out there wetting yourself for cars? Or at least hanging out with Ravel while she does?” Donna Sue challenged Micheal.

“Because I’ve got a lawyer job I need to think about.”

“I need to get real mods anyway,” Ravel cut in. “Not just making my Mike do it, and if I start making more money then I can get real mods. No offense.”

“None taken,” Micheal waved the concern off. “I’m definitely not a real mod, and you're definitely going to need more mods if you keep growing.”

“And they pay more the more I play along,” Ravel finished her thought.

“Which is exactly what I’m worried about,” Donna Sue countered.

           The server came back with the group’s food, but left quickly sensing a serious conversation was in the air.

“I’m kind of surprised at you Donna,” Micheal said snidely. “I didn’t think you had anything against diaper streamers, and where exactly do you think this leads?”

“It leads to porn,” Donna Sue said flatly. “And I don’t have anything against diaper streamers or porn stars for that matter. If Ravel wants to do that more power to her, but it should be her choice, she shouldn’t be manipulated into by a corporation or by peer pressure.”

“I'm not looking to be a porn star,” Ravel said a little annoyed at being talked over.

“I think wetting yourself on stream already counts.”

“I don’t.”

“You’re biased.” Ravel looked to Michael for support on this point, but he didn’t offer any.

“You're pretty firmly in the diaper streamer camp if you do this,” he said instead. “You can’t deny it, and there’s nothing wrong with that.”

“Only if you want to do it,” Donna Sue added.

“What if I want to be manipulated by Stuffies?” Ravel asked. Micheal and Donna Sue both looked at her in confusion hoping for a further explanation. “I mean, being a diaper streamer, it’s not really what I had in mind, and it’s not really what I wanted to do, but I don’t hate the idea. What I do want is for Stuffies to give me more money. Maybe I don’t mind being a diaper streamer if it means more money. More money means I can make a career out of this.”

“And if making a career out of it means porn?” Donna Sue asked in response.

“I’m not gonna do porn!” Ravel almost whined.

“Not yet, but it comes with the territory. If you are going to be a diaper streamer, you’re just not going to be able to compete with the other diaper streamers that have a cosmic fans.”

“I’m sure I can manage,” even Ravel wasn’t convinced by that.

“What if Stuffie’s paid you enough?” Donna Sure looked at Ravel seriously.

“They would have to pay me a lot,” Ravel and Donna looked at each other, and the unsureness of Ravel’s commitment here was noted by everyone.

“I suppose you have a point,” Donna Sue admitted. “Though I don’t really like it.”

“I mean she’s just doing stuff for money,” Micheal pointed out. “It’s what any of us do.”

“True, it’s still not going to get my blessing though.”

“I wasn't looking for a blessing, just advice,” Ravel reminded.

“I know. You’ve been on a streak of not taking my advice lately.” Ravel grumbled and huffed. “I just want you to be happy, and make the choice you want to make. I don’t really trust Stuffies if I’m being honest.”

“Stuffie’s is fine,” Ravel said defensively.

“I’m sure you think so.”

“Is big diaper really the hit conspiracy of the year?” Micheal joked.

“Seems like it,” Ravel agreed.

“It’s healthy to mistrust most corporations,” Donna Sue said flatly. “I’m just telling you to be cautious. I think you’re being too friendly with them. If you’re really out to just take money from them you should be unsympathetic so you get as much as you can.” Donna Sue casually started eating after she said that. Ravel silently thought about what her friend had said as she started eating her own food. It seemed a bit unsympathetic when she thought about doing that to Theo, but Donna Sue was right when she said that Theo was just the face for a corporation. When Ravel thought about doing this to a corporation instead of Theo, she felt less bad about it, and Donna Sue made sense.

           The groups conversation turned to more pleasant things as they finished eating their food. They didn’t stick around too much longer, they had been absent mindedly munching while they were debating the best course for Ravel, so it wasn’t too much longer until they finished and their server returned with the check.

“You still need me to take you home?” Donna Sue said, her tone much sweeter.

"Yes," Ravel confirmed.

“Thanks, I’ve really got to get back to work,” Micheal groaned. “We’ve got this case at the firm and I am in paralegal hell finding all the info for it. I think I'd rather do porn.” Donna Sue and Ravel both rolled their eyes at the comment before standing up to leave.

           The drive back to Ravel’s apartment was short. As Donna Sue pulled up to ravel’s door, she noted the small box sat by it.

“I guess we know what that is,” she said with a smile. “Looks like you’ve got a choice to make.”

“Yeah,” Ravel said with tangible dread.

“Whatever you do, I’m still gonna be your friend,” Donna Sue said seriously. “Even if it might cramp my style to be hanging around with a baby,” she ended with a tease.

“A baby that won’t need you to drop her off any more,” Ravel countered as she exited the car.

“That’s,” Donna Sue giggled as Ravel shut the door.

           Ravel grabbed the package as she opened her door. Donna Sue had driven off by the time Ravel had made it into her apartment. She looked at the box containing the pull-ups and the bag containing the miniskirts she had bought. She let both fall from her arms and onto the floor with a dull thud.

           Despite the long conversation she had just had about it, and how difficult the decision seemed those few hours ago, Ravel felt like she knew what the answer was. She felt like this answer was inevitable, like whether or not she had this conversation and put this much effort into thinking about it, she would have made the same decision. She opened Chaos on her phone and quickly navigated to her private messages with Theo.

Bandsy: Pull-ups came in, I’ll do the sponsored stream.