Bandsy Grows young Chapter 20

“Welcome welcome to a very special stream everybody,” Bandsy said in an excited voice. The camera angle she currently had was a unique one. Normally her camera was focused on her at her desk, but this current angle was a full body shot of her standing up with her hands on her hips.

           She had taken some time between getting the package of pull-ups and this sponsored stream to get a new camera and set up this second angle. She was due for a big windfall from this stream so had extra funds. If she was going to do more of these, and she would if they kept paying her this much, it would be a useful second camera angle to have. Even without the need for modeling pull-ups, mixing the visuals up would be good for viewer retention, at least that’s what Theo had told her.

           If the new camera angle didn’t send signals to the audience, then Bandsy’s outfit certainly would. Bandsy normally wore comfy pajamas, so her current outfit stood out. It was a long sleeve pink crop top with “cute” written on it in a flowing script, and a purple mini skirt. It was the cutest outfit Bandsy could manage in the short time frame, it would serve a practical purpose for this stream as well.

“If you couldn’t tell from the intro, this a stream is totally sponsored by Stuffies and their Potty Training Princess pull-ups!” Bandsy spoke cheerily. The practicality of her outfit would soon be made apparent. The crop top and skirt were short enough that Bandsy almost didn’t need to lift her skirt up to show the world she was wearing said pull-up, but she did anyway, giving an unobstructed view. It wouldn’t be a pull-up stream without her modeling the pull-up.

“I’m wearing them right now!” Bandsy said happily, doing her best to simply ignore and move past the weirdness that was the sudden change in stream format. She could barely read chat from there, but she could tell that it wasn’t really working right now. She still had an ad read to get through though, and by the end of it maybe chat would just accept what was happening. It wouldn’t matter, her instructions were to make this a positive stream so negative chat comments weren’t going to be entertained.

“As you’ve heard from me before, Potty Training pull-ups are a very fun pull-up from Stuffies. If you’ve got a little out there who insists they are a big kid, then let them try Potty Training Princesses. As you can see,” Bandsy scooted closer to the camera to focus it on the front of the pull-up where the large wetness indicator was. “These pull-ups feature one large wetness indicator right in the front. Right now, it’s a heart shape but when your big kid,” Bandsy said “big kid” here in a way that cast suspicion on the term. “Eventually does wet their pull-up, because we all know they will, then this heart will magically turn into a water drop. With a wetness indicator this big there’s no way your little one will be able to hide or explain away their accident, and you can get them right back into diapers where they belong.” Bandsy turned around to show her butt to the camera. She had to actively suppress her embarrassment and keep going, but her showmanship was strong so she didn’t skip a beat. “And before you worry about leaky accidents while you’re testing your little, don’t. Potty Training Princess is a Stuffies pull-up, which means you can rest easy knowing it’s got Stuffies signature high absorbency. It can handle anything your not so big kid can dish out. We’ll check back in on my pull-ups later during the stream,” Bandsy finally pulled her mini skirt down, though after she had revealed the pull-up underneath it was even more poorly hidden by the skirt.

           Bandsy quickly made her way to her usual spot and switched the camera back to it’s usual view, this time with a specially branded stream overly decked out and an obscene amount of Potty Training Princess iconography. Notably the Stuffies mascot, the stuffed bear, adorned the top right corner of her screen dressed as the titular potty training princess. After Bandsy had sat down, the weight of what she had just done had hit her. With the rush of performing done Bandsy had to reckon with the fact she had done something that she couldn’t take back. She had shown off her pull-up live on stream to the biggest audience she had so far. She did a double take to confirm that fact. She began to wonder if the moment her audience increased significantly coincided with the moment she lifted her skirt. What surprised Bandsy most was how much all this didn’t bother her. Maybe it was the thrill of adrenaline and the dedication to doing her sponsored stream that kept her going through it. If so, she would process these emotions later when they really hit her. One thing that she was sure of, was that the sizeable view count that had come in for the diaper stream specifically and that increased her confidence in her ability to just talk past the nature of the stream.

“So yeah, everyone this is my first sponsored stream. Stuffies is footing the bill for this one and they’ve got a great round up of games for me to play in between my diaper checks,” Bandsy blushed after saying that, but only for a moment. “First up we have Danky Kang party. I’ve heard about how this game kills friendships, but I don’t’ think I’ll lose any sleep over the computer players not calling me for brunch anymore.” Bandsy started booting the game up. “We’re gonna be on theme and pick princess pear of course. Not quite a potty training princess like I am today, but that’s close enough. Until Stuffie’s makes their own game anyway.” Bandsy seamlessly transitioned into the game and started playing.

           She switched gears from her pull-up advertising voice to her gaming voice pretty easily. If it weren’t for her cutesy outfit and all of the branding one might have thought it was just a normal stream. It was about an hour of regular gameplay when Bandsy got the subtle alarm from her watch that it was time for the next ad read. She took time to finish what she was doing in the game to make a more natural transition to the ad read.

“All right chat, time for our next game but first,” Bandsy cooly switched back to the wide camera while simultaneously switching the game off. When she had bounced into the wide frame Bandsy was already holding her skirt up. Maybe her frequent pull-up use was doing something to her bladder, but Bandsy was struggling to continue holding in her urine for the right moment during the read. She needed to get to that moment quickly, she wasn’t sure if she could hold it until then.

“We’re sponsored by Potty Training Princess pull-ups,” Bandsy said quickly. “Like I said earlier this is the perfect pull-up for those littles who think they are big kids, because when they get wet …” Bandsy was somewhat thankful that she was struggling to hold it in because that made this next part easier. She was also thankful that the camera was zoomed in on the front of the pull-up and her face was excluded from the shot. Not even her expert performative nature could keep the complicated expression from her face. She had moved from one diaper streamer first, showing her pull-up on stream, to the next, wetting it on stream. She felt the familiar sensation of urine hitting padding and the warmth spreading throughout. As the warmth in her pull-up grew, so too did her dream of being a normal streamer diminish. Bandsy captured an admittedly stellar shot of the big heart turning into a water drop, which at the same time was the captured moment of the last chance she would have to be a typical gaming streamer. The Potty Training Princess pull-up did their job of loudly and undeniably labeling Bandsy as a baby, or at least someone with a wet pull-up. Bandsy didn’t feel too bad about this though, as the view count was the highest it had ever been and support and donations from chat flooded in. Being a baby was profitable, not that Bandsy had ever doubted that.

“When they get wet the heart turns into a little water drop,” Bandsy continued her ad read after a moment’s hesitation. “As you can see, there’s no denying that this pull-up is wet, and no denying what that means for your would-be big kid. Back to diapers. Lucky for me I’ve got the rest of the stream to get through, so I get to skip out on going back to diapers. Just to let you see how much a Stuffie’s pull-up can hold I’m not going to change either. Maybe I’ll wet it again if I’m hydrated enough,” Bandsy punctuated this by drinking from a bottle of water. “Don’t hold your breath though I’m new to this, I’m not a wetting machine. And thanks for all the donos during the ad read everyone. I’ll be honest I’m not sure how to feel about that quite yet, but I’ll take you money.” Bandsy paused for a beat of giggling before continuing.

           “Ok next up on our list is Pretty Princess Designer. I think my stuffies rep might be trolling us with this one, but who knows maybe it’s a sleeper hit.

           As it turned out it was not a sleeper hit, and Bandsy wasn’t shy about saying so. Her rules say she was discouraged from fielding negativity about the product, but they didn’t say anything about the games. What did they expect her to do sending her this one? She did manage to milk enough from the bad game to take up the next designated gaming hour before the next and final ad read.

“Well, everyone looks like we’re already at the end of the stream,” Bandsy got up from her game and switched the camera again while she took her place. “Yeah it’s a bit of a short stream because it’s all sponsored, and because it’s such a change of pace for me. I appreciate everyone sticking around during this. I know it’s something different and I’m not gonna lie to you all you can probably expect more of this kind of stream in the future. Judging by the numbers you all really liked it.”

“Before we get too mushy, oh maybe that's a poor choice of words,” Bandsy giggled a little. “For the last time today, this stream was brought to you by Stuffies and their Potty Training Princess pull-ups!” For this final read Bandsy let the mini skirt fall completely from her waist casually kicking it off. “It’s the perfect pull-up for your littles who think they might be big kids. It’s big feature is it’s big wetness indicator right in the front, which used to be a heart for me but, well, I had to show off the change didn’t I.” Bandsy turned around to show off the back of the diaper. “If you’ve been watching you’ll know that my wetness indicator has been a water drop for almost an hour now and I have no leaks and no drips,” Bandsy squeezed the pull-up for emphasis. “Even when it’s on littles who think they are bigs, Stuffies pull-ups hold up as well as their diapers. Now that the stream is over though I can go get changed.” Bandsy spun back around to face the camera. “Of course, if I was following the rules of Potty Training Princesses’ I should be changing into a diaper.” Bandsy comedically stuck her finger to her chin in an overdramatic thinking pose. “But what I change into after this you’ll never know.” Bandsy giggled. “Thanks again everyone for tuning in to this very different kind of stream, and thanks to Stuffies for my first ever sponsored stream. See you guys soon!” Bandsy waved to the camera and pressed the button that ran through the brief credits sequence of her stream.

           With the stream over the performer mode Ravel was in washed over her and she slumped into her chair with a sigh. Despite being tired she couldn’t hide or deny the smile on her face. That was one of the more fun streams she ever had. She playfully poked at her sodden pull-up with a giggle. She was expecting that, at some point, the shame and humiliation of wetting herself on stream was going to hit her and she was going to hate herself. It never did though. There was a bit of melancholy when she though back to the moment, and what it meant for her future. She couldn’t ever really go back from this. She was a diaper streamer now, even if she never did a stream where she showed her pull-up again, she would forever be a diaper streamer thanks to that one moment. That didn’t bother her though. In contrast she was looking forward to when she might get to do it again.

           Ravel thought back to the stream and all the shots of her in her pull-up and how cute she thought she looked. How cute she felt as well. It got her into a bouncy bubbly mood, more than usual, and it wasn’t all performative. That was a thing littles talked about, their little space. Maybe that’s what Ravel was feeling, or a lighter version of that. It definitely influenced the end of her stream there. She didn’t know where that whole bit about not telling her chat what she was changing into came from, but she liked it.

           She thought back to her reads some more and it stirred some strange, but not unfamiliar, feelings. Even from the start, she had become oddly attracted to the Potty Training Princess failed potty training narrative, and now wasn’t an exception. Ravel found her hand going to the front of the pull-up, right over the water droplet, actually. She wondered if that placement was intentional.

           The end of streams, especially more involved streams like this one, did have a habit of getting Ravel in the mood to blow off steam. Maybe that’s what was happening to her now, but the thoughts running through her head were far different from her usual thoughts at times like these. She looked down at the pull-up, branded with the mark of potty training failure. She thought about what that meant. She failed potty training. Not only did she know it, but the whole internet knew it. No way to hide that fact any more. By all accounts she should be changed into a diaper now, and she had diapers.

           Ravel ran that narrative through her head as she pressed harder on the water droplet of her pull-up. She had never worn a diaper before. That was always too far, always too baby. That’s what she was now though, a baby. The heart turned water drop on her pull-ups marked her as such. She hated the thought of being forced into a diaper, being teased about how much of a baby she was, and being forced to wet it instead of being allowed to use the bathroom. She liked that she hated it. Liked the idea of having her adulthood forcibly stripped away because she deserved it. The thought of this nameless dom person taking her and forcing her into one of the sample diapers spurred her onto her bed, where her hand was quickly replaced with a vibrator.

           Ravel panted and shut the vibrator off after finally blowing off the pent-up energy from her stream. Even in the thoughtful haze of post nut clarity, one thought ate at Ravel’s mind. She was thinking about the sample diapers she had. They were just a little way away in her closet. She really should be in them by all accounts. Not just because of her fantasy but because all things pointed to her possibly liking them. It was just as Theo said when they arrived too. No one would have to know.

           It was a day for firsts it seemed. Ravel got off her bed and made her way to the sample package. She made quick work opening it and removing one of the two plain white diapers that it contained. Her tummy fluttered all over again as she opened the diaper up over her bed. She pushed herself through the uneasy feeling as she took her pull-up off and sat her naked butt on the diaper.

           It was her first time taping a diaper on herself, and her tape job wasn’t perfect. Even Ravel could tell it was off. She did the best she could though, and with a shaky step she stood up and looked at herself in the mirror. There she was, in a diaper. The tapes were out of alignment and she felt like the thing was far too loose on her, but even with her imperfect tape job it felt comfortable. It felt right. She looked at herself in the mirror, still wearing her pink crop top and nothing else covering the diaper. She thought she might feel weird by the sight, like it was something wrong. It looked cute though, normal, like it she was meant to wear it.

           The diaper felt thicker and crinkled even more than the pull-ups as Ravel moved. She was realizing now that maybe the thickness and the subtle noise of the pull-ups were things she liked about them. Diapers were thicker and crinklier than pull-ups, so it made sense that she would like them more. She knew that they would feel even better when she learned to tape them on correctly, and that would be a when not an if because she was definitely going to wear the other diaper in this sample and would have to find a way to get more in larger quantities. Maybe that would be the first trip she would make in her car. A trip to get more diapers for the definite baby she was. Maybe ones with baby prints.

           That though triggered another in her mind. All the stuff she was going to need to get. Baby print diapers were just the gateway. She knew she would want to try pacifiers, bottles, onesies, cute dresses, big toys, maybe a bouncer like CryBabyCereal had. The price tag of all that rang through her head. She fell back onto her bed in exasperation. This was going to be a whole thing. She at least a steady way to make all the money she would need to buy that stuff with her streaming.

           All these thoughts in her head were a great way for Ravel to tire herself out, and diapers were incredibly comfy. Ravel thought she had earned a nap, or at least a brief rest. She had a lot to think about, and a big check to get from Stuffies. A check that would lead to a car that would lead to more diapers that she could learn to put on right so they’d feel even better. All good things that were coming, but at the moment the only thing coming was sleep. Ravel threw off her crop top and feel asleep in just that diaper. Smiling at both how comfortable the diaper was and how good her future looked.