Bandsy Grows Young Chapter 25

Ravel was looking at herself in her bathroom mirror, checking to make sure she didn’t look like she had just woken up at noon. She brushed her hair for probably the thousandth time, but finally managed to get it reasonably smooth. She smiled at herself thinking she looked at least presentable for her trip. She saw her very rarely used toilet in the mirror and chuckled. After this trip to the mall, it would be even less used.

           Ravel’s mission today was to go and buy herself actual diapers. She had known from her two sample diapers, and her streak of wearing pull-ups permanently, that she was ready for them. She still lived in rural Alabama, the nearest mall was an hour and a half drive away and it didn’t even have the most popular adult baby store, Big Smols. From the pictures she saw of some of the stores online, it really did look like an adult baby paradise. A whole wall lined with adult diapers and racks of onesies and cute outfits. A bit over the top for Ravel for the moment. She was happy with the Balmy Subject at her local mall. It wasn’t really geared toward adult babies specifically but it was an alt store, and adult baby was an alt subculture at this point. It’s the store where Ravel bought pull-ups from, after getting Micheal to drive her there. She knew from that trip that they sold printed adult diapers. Not quite the variety Big Smols had, but they had enough, and were low key enough, for Ravel buying for her first time.

           Even while trying to be low key, she was still going to be buying diapers, and couldn’t help but dress for the part a little. She was wearing a white flowery top with a short pink skirt. She had to put on some tights to go over, she learned her lesson about possibly risky skirts after almost revealing a diaper to Theo.

           Satisfied with her look, Ravel grabbed a purse and made her way to her door. What awaited her when she opened the door, was a large unmarked box. She knew immediately what it was, her resupply of pull-ups from Stuffies. She must have hit the magical window of the time between the package being dropped off and her getting the delivery notification. She dragged the box in, huffing a bit that her diaper trip was delayed again, if only momentarily. She was running out of pull-ups though. She hadn’t noticed the dwindling supply since she had been more focused on getting her new car, and on taking that new car to get diapers.

           She took time to open the box and start unpacking the pull-ups. One pack of Discretes, her go to print. One pack of Potty Training Princess, her surprise favorite, and two new packs: Little Mushrooms and a basic white. Ravel studied each of them as she started putting them away and noticed a final thing in the box. Another sample pack of diapers. Not totally unexpected, they had sent a similar sample pack with the last box of pull-ups Ravel got, and trying those samples is what made her want to go buy more. It was effective if nothing else.

           This sample pack was different though. Where the last sample pack was a plain white diaper, this sample pack had a print on it. A print that Ravel was familiar with. It was the Baby Bees. Ravel’s mind shot back to the SmolSally stream she had watched not long ago. She thought back to that stream, and to the last moment she remembered. She recalled how SmolSally had squatted down and messed a baby bees diaper live on stream as part of a sponsored stream. Ravel thought that she would never get to that point. She also thought she would never wear a pull-up, never wet a pull-up, never wet a pull-up on stream, and never wear a diaper. All things which she had done over time. It was likely that she would eventually be in the same position SmolSally was in before long, messing herself on stream.

           Looking at the same print from that stream suddenly brought everything into perspective. Ravel was looking at the very diaper she said she would never wear. Suddenly she felt like she was looking at herself in third person. Looking at the vibrant cute girl excited for her trip to buy her first real adult baby diapers. She was the picture of the diaper streamer she said she didn’t want to be. There was a sudden clarity and Ravel felt gross. Not only gross, but she felt like she betrayed herself. It was as if she was a frog who was suddenly aware that the pot had been slowly boiling this whole time.

           She suddenly lost all desire to go on her diaper shopping trip. If anything, she felt the sudden urge to throw all the pull-ups away, but she didn’t. Not only because that would be a lot of work that she wasn't in the mood for right now, but also because a good portion of her income was coming from her wearing pull-ups. She felt a little self-conscious about that now. She wasn’t throwing anything away, but she could get out of the pull-up she was wearing now and go back to wearing panties for the first time in a while.

           She felt weird changing back into panties, and back into her typical pajamas. She felt the missing thickness of the pull-up and felt suddenly more drab out of her cutesy clothes. It did however, alleviate the sudden feeling of shame she had. With her plans for the day suddenly trashed, Ravel flopped into her computer chair to browse the web instead. She was greeted by a Chaos message from CryBabyCeral which was a little shocking. Ravel got to reading while simultaneously browsing her social media

CryBabyCereal: Hey girl! I was wondering if you wanted to come back on the baby bouncer power hour. Let me know.

           Ravel was honestly a bit shocked; she didn’t expect that. Though, she didn’t expect her last invitation either.

Bandsy: Are you sure? Not any more dedicated diaper content creators you can have on?

           Ravel focused more on her internet, finding an interesting if brain-rotty video about the decline of tortilla chips. It was on the third video in this stream of conscious browsing that she got a response.

CryBabyCereal: I saw that Potty Training Princess stream you did. You qualify as a diaper content creator XD. Either way, despite how main stream abdl has gotten, the pool of diaper content creators isn’t very big. I have maybe like 4 others including you.

Bandsy: Oh. Well, you’ve kinda caught me in a bad mood. I think I need to take a break from all of this.

           Ravel sent the message and felt the urge to pee, stopping herself before she had an accident. Even still Ravel was a little shocked at the speed at which she had to make it to the toilet and how quickly her bladder released once she did. Going back to using the bathroom after so long was a little surreal. She returned from the bathroom with a reply from CryBabyCereal that she didn’t quite understand.

CryBabyCereal: Oh, you’re not going through a purge, are you?

CryBabyCereal: I know we’re not like close, but I’m here to talk if you need it.

Bandsy: Purge?

CryBabyCereal: Yeah purge. Bing-purge cycle. You must be new if you haven’t heard that before.

Bandsy: Yeah, I guess so.

CryBabyCereal: It’s a pretty common cycle in our community. A lot of people over indulge in baby stuff, and eventually that swings the other way. You get all the rush and happy feelings then you suddenly feel gross and weird.

           Ravel repeatedly reread the message. She couldn't believe it. It was like CryBabyCereal was reading her mind. Her recent plunge into wearing pull-ups nearly full time was quite the over indulgence, and it led to an equal feeling of grossness.

Bandsy: Yeah, that sounds about right.

CryBabyCereal: You have hit the ground running and only sped up. It was bound to hit back.

Bandsy: So, what do you do about it?

CryBabyCereal: Well first off don’t throw anything away. I know it’s tempting to do that, but this feeling will pass. You’re still gonna be into diapers by the end of it though. If you throw things away, you’re just going to wish you had them back. It’s a big waste of money.

Bandsy: Speaking from experience?

CryBabyCereal: Yeah. You only have to do it once to never do it again. Learn from my mistakes young grasshopper XD.

Bandsy: Ok so I’m not throwing anything away. What do you do when you feel this way?

CryBabyCereal: I take a break.

Bandsy: Aren’t you like full time with a daddy?

CryBabyCereal: Well yeah, but taking a break looks different for everyone you know. I am committed to 24/7 and I do have a daddy to keep happy, but even then, I can always be a little less baby you know. Take some time to do big girl things until it passes. And daddy understands.

Bandsy: I see.

           Ravel gave a quick response to give her some time to think.

CryBabyCereal: If you’re feeling that way I encourage you to take a break as well. Dial it back a little. You have been going at it pretty hard especially if this is all new to you.

Bandsy: Already ahead of you. I had to change out of my pull-up once it came over me.

CryBabyCereal: That’s good. Take some time away. You’ll be itching to get back to it before long. Especially using the gross potty :P. If you don’t mind me asking, did something specific bring this on?

           Ravel exhaled out loud. The reason felt stupid and vague now. She almost didn’t want to say it, but CryBabyCereal had been nothing but helpful so far.

Bandsy: I got my resupply from Stuffies and it had a print I saw in a stream. The girl in that stream messed herself and … I dunno I guess I just remembered how back then I said I’d never do that and I think about where I’m at now. Feels like I’m knocking on that door you know.

CryBabyCereal: That makes sense. Sometimes I think there is this weird pressure to be the most baby, and messing comes with that. If it helps, I think that is a big step, one you should think about. I know a good portion of the community doesn’t do that, they only wet so there’s no shame if you don't want to do it. It is a little icky.

Bandsy: You mess though, and all the other diaper streamers I can think of do too.

CryBabyCereal: I do it cuz I like it. I’m not gonna pretend the it doens't bring in the crowds, but you shouldn’t do it for that. You should do it because you want to. Or not do it if you don’t want to.

Bandsy: More crowds is more money. I’m a big girl but $20 is $20.

CryBabyCereal: lol that’s a good one. Seriously though don’t sell out for online baby clout, or for the money. Not only is it bad for the soul, but people can tell.

           Ravel thought about Donna Sue. She would have said the same thing, has said that same thing numerous times already. She’d probably get a laugh knowing a diaper streamer was echoing her sentiment. Ravel would have to tell her later.

Bandsy: You sound like my friend.

CryBabyCereal: Sounds like a good friend.

CryBabyCereal: I’ll hit up Bunny for the power hour this week. You get your head on straight and be ready for next week’s episode ;).

Bandsy: Lol we’ll see. Thank for the help.

CryBabyCereal: Don’t mention it. Don’t be afraid to ask if you have questions about all this. I have been at this a long time and I can steer you though some pitfalls.

Bandsy: I’ll keep that in mind.

           CryBabyCereal didn’t reply and the conversation had reached a natural conclusion anyway. Ravel felt relieved. For some reason, giving a name to the weird feeling she had made it a little better, as did knowing she wasn’t the only one who felt this way, and she had a little less anxiety about turning into the next SmolSally. She was starting realize that she was glad that this wasn’t over. That she wasn’t getting sick of this little stuff all together. That the feeling would pass and she would be back in pull-ups and probably diapers soon. She was already missing the extra thickness between her legs that she had so quickly gotten used to. She was looking forward to getting over the funk.

           Ravel’s thoughts turned to her upcoming stream tomorrow. It would be the first stream in a while that she wasn’t wearing some kind of padding for. It would be weird. And it was weird that it was weird. Ravel chuckled a little. She never would have thought wearing pull-ups would cause her to think this much. She went back to her video watching to distract her thoughts.