Bandsy Grows Young Chapter 41

“That was a good one Bandsy!” CryBabyCereal said smiling. She and Bandsy had just finished the Baby Bouncer Power Hour and were now alone in their video call. “You’ve gotten feistier since you went full baby,” CryBabyCereal commented. Bandsy blushed a little.

“I don’t know if it’s that or I’ve just gotten to know you well enough to joke with you,” Bandsy offered.

“I like my theory more,” CryBabyCereal giggled as she bounced in her bouncer. “I am ready for a diaper change though,” CryBabyCeral frowned a little as she bounced, squishing her diaper against herself.

“That wet?” Ravel asked.

“Girl no, I messed like right before we started.”

“Oh,” Bandsy blushed again. “But isn’t the point that you go until you need a change.”

“Well, what am I supposed to do? have a five second show? Besides I think a lot of the viewers will enjoy it more if they find out I was messy the whole time.” The two were interrupted by a soft knock at CryBabyCereal’s door. “Oh, you don’t mind if I get Daddy to let me out, do you?”

“No,” Ravel said before really thinking. If she had thought she might have realized that she was still in her onesie and her own diaper that was ready for a change. It probably wasn’t the best outfit to wear for first impressions. She didn’t have time to voice that concern as the door opened.

“Ready for a diapee change baby?” a soft but gruff voice said as it entered the room.

“Yes please!” CryBabyCereal said with emphasis. “I’m gonna let you go Bandsy. You gotta join the Cosmic Fans to watch me get my diaper changed.”

“I think I’ll be ok without seeing that.”

“Hi Bandsy,” CryBabyCereal’s daddy poked his head in frame for a quick wave. Ravel saw only his face. He was dark skinned and sported a brown mohawk and goatee. While she only saw his face, she blushed knowing he likely saw all of her and her dinosaur onesie. He had probably seen her as soon as he entered the room.

“Hi uhhh Cereal’s Daddy,” Bandsy mumbled realizing she had no other name for the man. This garnered a giggle from both CryBabyCereal and her partner as her partner helped assist her out of the bouncer.

“Baby girl you do need a change,” CryBabyCereal’s Daddy said in a deliberately embarrassing fashion. Now that she could see the diaper Ravel could tell he was right.

“Daddy!” CryBabyCereal whined. Ravel could tell that it was an act. CryBabyCereal had been a little since before it was cool and regularly streamed herself messing to her Cosmic Fans. There was no way she was actually embarrassed by being caught in a full diaper. She did have fun pretending she was embarrassed though. “I’ll call you back when I’m all clean.”

“No no baby girl. You’re overdue for a bottle and your quiet play time,” CryBabyCereal’s Daddy cut in. She looked to him and frowned.

“Well, I guess I’ll call you back a lot later maybe,” CryBabyCereal corrected. “If Daddy lets me.” Ravel giggled a bit at the interaction as CryBabyCereal and her Daddy both waved goodbye.

As usual, Ravel left the Baby Bouncer Power Hour feeling decidedly less confident about the standards she set for herself. She found herself being jealous at CryBabyCereal’s relationship, that she had a Daddy. It’s not like she ever doubted CryBabyCereal’s claims about having one, but just seeing them interact, even if it was only briefly, made Ravel feel a hole in herself that she didn’t know she had. A hole she had been trying to fill with her inner mommy voice. It was only just now that she realized that’s what was happening, though it seemed a little obvious in retrospect.

Another thing that was weighing on her was something CryBabyCereal had said. When Ravel complained about being inundated with Messy Monday ads, CryBabyCereal made the comment that the mysterious algorithm was only showing ravel what she wanted to see, and apparently that was diaper messing content. She likely meant this as a playful tease, but Ravel felt like there was probably some truth to that.

Ever since she had started wearing diapers again, the thought of messing had always been on her mind, growing larger and larger as she fell more and more down the diaper rabbit hole. Once again, she also couldn’t deny the pattern she had fallen into. A continuous cycle of no way, to doing it in secret, to fully embracing it. Part of her knew this cycle would be true with messing as well.

Ravel sighed resting her head in her hand as she thought this. Was she really doomed to repeat that cycle over and over again with every new thing? There really was only one way to break it and that was to just embrace it from the start. With a feeling of regretful determination Ravel committed to doing just that, if only to escape the repetition. That is, if she even liked messing in the first place. The first and only step to figuring out if she did was to give it a try. It seemed like everyone else did. Messy Monday wouldn’t be as popular as it was if it was an isolated activity. She had some reservations of course. CryBabyCereal seemed genuinely ready to be free of it at the end of her show. That was after sitting through it for the whole show however. For as uncomfortable as she was, she was still able to engage with her Daddy, so it couldn’t have been more than a nuisance.

Ravel could reason this all she wanted, and she likely would for a while. The end result was already determined though. She would mess her diaper, if only to know whether it was something she liked or not. If she did like it, she would embrace it to help escape from the cycle she found herself annoyed with. The problem now is that, unlike wetting her diaper, she couldn’t really muster up a mess on command. She’d have to wait until nature called, and this call could take a long time. Ravel had a diaper that was ready to change.

She waddled over to her bed and got out another of the Twinkle Stars print. Her second to last one, though she had plenty of other packs with plenty of other prints to replace them.

“Baby girl you do need a change,” The inner mommy in Ravel’s head spoke up as she laid down on her bed. Suddenly she was less eager to unfasten her diaper’s tapes. She recognized the words she just said to herself. They were a mirror to the word’s CryBabyCeral’s Daddy had said to her, only the inner mommy added a lot of sultry spice to it.

Ravel spun back up from her back and grabbed a particularly firm pillow, straddling it and forcing the wet diaper against her privates.

“Someone likes their diapers,” the inner mommy spoke delicately. “Finish up and you can have your bottle and some quiet play time.” Again, the inner mommy mimicked CryBabyCereal’s Daddy, though not to the exact degree it had earlier. Ravel wasn't successful at playing last time she tried but she clearly liked the thought. It would be worth trying again. After she finished with her much more adult play time.

Theo walked into Rachel’s large office. Despite how well she had gotten to know the ceo at her time at Stuffies, walking into her office was always intimidating. Part of it was by design. Rachel hired someone to organize the furniture in a particular way to make anyone entering feel uneasy. It worked, though she was seemingly immune to it. Maybe it was because she knew exactly what was unsettling or she had just been exposed to it for long enough to become immune to it.

If she were meeting anyone else, Theo would have entered confidently and immediately taken control of the conversation. She had two diaper girls waiting to hear from her, the two hosts of the latest Baby Bouncer Power Hour. She couldn’t do that with Rachel though. Not just because she was the ceo, but also because her personality wouldn’t allow it. She was one of the few people more confident than Theo. Instead, Theo just coughed to get Rachel’s attention. It worked. Rachel turned around from her silent musing watching the world from her high window.

“Oh sorry Theo. I didn’t hear you come in,” Rachel’s smile and bubbly attitude contrasted the mood in her room. “I’m sorry from keeping you away from your work. I know the latest Baby Bouncer just ended and you’ll want to talk to Bandsy and Cereal.”

“I can make time for you,” Theo responded quickly.

“Oh, I know,” Rachel smiled gleefully. “But still, I do owe an apology from keeping you from your work.”

“I assume it’s for a good reason,” Theo said eagerly.

“It is,” Rachel said with purpose as she sat at her desk that took position just in front of the large window in her office. Theo followed her standing in between the two cushioned chairs that were on the other side of Rachel’s desk.

Rachel shuffled around in one of her desk drawers before fishing out a small packet of papers which she slid across her desk to Theo. Theo picked it up and began skimming the first page which was a summary. Despite being knowledgeable in a lot of areas, Theo knew she wouldn’t be able to comprehend the legal minutia of the entire document.

“This is something we’ve been cooking up for a while. I think it should help in your efforts.”

“We are on schedule with Bandsy ma’am,” Theo looked up from the paper with concern.

“I know,” Rachel nodded. “The timing of this is unrelated to your progress with Bandsy, but I think this will help you go over the edge even faster than usual. It’s our lifestyle contract.”

Theo looked up from the papers at Rachel’s succinct explanation for what she was reading.

“We’ve been running it through legal until we got it just right. Binding in all the right ways without being too obvious,” Rachel explained further.

Theo remembered what Rachel was talking about. It was something of a pipe dream back when they first started recruiting their diaper streamers and pushing for more advertising in general. In the simplest terms it was a contract that offered someone a lot of money from Stuffies, but in exchange they were legally obligated to use Stuffies diapers. Legally forced diapering. It was something out of a bad smut fic, deemed too ridiculous to ever see the light of day, at least not without a lot of pending law suits.

“I thought this was a no go,” Theo said confused. “What changed?”

“Well, you happened,” Rachel smiled again. “Public perception of littles and adult babies couldn’t be better, and we have you to thank for a lot of that. Back when it was first pitched, anyone would read that document and see it as some kind of messed up corporate slave contract. Now though they’ll see it as a lucrative opportunity. It’s tons of money from doing something tons littles are striving to do anyway? People will be jealous not appalled.”

The looked form the packet back to Rachel in amazement. Rachel smiled, happy to soak in her employee’s awe.

“I’ll send you an electronic version. Hand it out to all your diaper streamers. I’m sure most of them will be eager to accept it, and the one that won’t be, well she’ll come around soon.”

“Yes ma’am,” Theo said with zeal. “I’ll get right on it. I’m confident this will rapidly expedite our plans.”

“I’m confident you will succeed,” Rachel said with a confident smile.

Ravel had surprised herself. Despite her failure to engage with her toys last time, she found herself enjoying the quiet playtime she had set aside for herself. She didn’t feel like she was quite in that little space yet, but she did enjoy coloring a few pages in a coloring book she had bought for her last attempt.

She noted in this semi-successful attempt, that a big problem might be a lack of dedicated little space. Her tiny apartment struggled to hold everything she needed for day-to-day existence, and lacked any room that she could dedicate solely to little activities. Maybe she could rearrange some things to give her that space. Since she’s going full baby, streaming in a little dedicated space would probably help her numbers and give her that dedicated space. That was for later though. For now, Ravel was simply happy that she had the little taste of little space. It was fun, and she was eager to try it again.

It was only now that Ravel noted she hadn’t received her usual Chaos message from Theo. She usually got some kind of debrief after every sponsored activity she did, and she thought that would include her collaborative sponsorship with CryBabyCereal. Ravel was a little relieved if she was being honest. She doubted she could have enjoyed her play time if she had been distracted by Theo. Even still she couldn’t help but feel a little uneasy about her corporate contacts absence, though she couldn’t quite articulate why.

The concern vanished as Ravel tried to drink from her bottle and got only air. With a childish groan she got up to refill it, forgetting the concern she had a moment ago.