Bandsy Grows Young Chapter 42

Ravel was lounging in her gaming chair as usual for this time of day. Lounging in what had become typical lounge wear for her: A comfy onesie and a thick diaper. This one was the last of her Twinkle Stars, and the missing stars were indicative of how long she had been in that particular diaper. A light green pacifier was clipped to the light blue onesie, and Ravel suckled on it while she watched a video essay about an old rpg. Her half drunken bottle rested nearby; three refills had ended up in her diaper so far.

It was in the middle of her video viewing when Ravel felt it. The sensation in her tummy that would usually mean she would have to get out of her diaper, only this time would be different. Her determination from the day before gave an all-new feeling to the familiar and mundane sensation. She had thought that there might be more pomp and circumstance to her first time messing a diaper, but it was as normal a moment as any.

Ravel paused the video and stood up, keeping the pacifier in her mouth. As the sensation grew, she knew now was the moment. Ravel paced around a bit. She didn’t know what to do. Wetting the first time came easy, she only had to get over the deeply engrained potty training, and she had already done that in college. She had wet so often now, that the potty training was only barely a factor. What she was struggling with now was the active part of messing. With wetting she just had to not fight it, with messing she had to actively push. She had to actively make the decision to mess instead of passively letting the decision be made. She had never done this in college either, so there was no prior experience.

It was an odd sensation. Ravel struggled a bit, squatted down and grunted, but eventually she found the right position and movements that would fill her diaper. She had a brief thought that, if she were the star in one of the videos that came across her Y feed, she’d be pretty cute looking. She was striking the classic pose, crouched over with a pacifier still in her mouth and filling the diaper already wet enough for a change. Quintessential adult baby.

With a final grunt and push the deed was done. The one similar thing messing had to wetting was that as soon as it started there was no stopping it. With a subtle crinkle the back of Ravel’s diaper expanded to fill the new kind of accident she had. Though it felt like forever, it was only a moment.

Ravel paused frozen in her position as she took stock of herself. As she moved to a regular standing position she felt the mess in the back of her diaper. It was hot and subtly stuck against her, and there was the noticeable smell. With a wet diaper, she could almost forget it was there, that was not true with the mess. It constantly reminded Ravel that it was there. It was a constant reminder of what she had done, and what that said about her. With a mess in the back of her diaper there was no way Ravel could deny that she was an adult baby, even to herself.

Ravel slowly moved more and more getting used to the sensation and deciding how she felt about it. She didn’t hate it. The real thing less gross than what she had imagined it would. Most things in abdl, she found, were similar. It wasn’t exactly enjoyable, but she didn’t hate it. She could live with it. It was a sacrifice she could make to be a “real baby.” “Real baby” wasn’t anything she put any stock into. She knew that it didn’t mean anything, but the idea of sacrificing dignity and comfortability to commit to the role was enticing in a strange but familiar way. She disliked the feeling, but the fact the she did dislike it, but did it anyway, was enticing. Ravel was a real bottom at heart.

With a blushing smile Ravel began to move past slow steps and took normal ones. Getting used to a sensation that would become a new normal for her. She couldn’t tolerate the state for very long, but the fact that she stayed in it at all was a testament to how baby she had become.

With a mix between a smirk and a grimace Ravel realized there was one thing left to do. She looked at her chair and grinned behind the pacifier. With a strange, deep, desire, Ravel lowered herself onto the chair. She felt every moment as the mess spread across her bottom and flattened out. Ravel never felt more baby. She had the strong desire to play with her toys, and a strong desire to play with herself.

It was as Ravel was compartmentalizing this new sensation and feeling that she was snapped out of it by a Chaos message. What timing.

CryBabyCereal: Hey. You got time to talk?

Ravel grimaced a bit. It really wasn’t the best time, but it would be a while between playing and clean up before Ravel could talk to CryBabyCereal again. Besides, in Ravel’s growing excitement with new sensations the idea of sitting through a call in a messy diaper was enticing.

Bandsy: Sure.

It was as the dial tone was ringing that Ravel realized she didn’t exactly know why CryBabyCereal was calling her, and that, maybe, picking up this call in a messy diaper might be a bad idea. Regardless she answered the call quickly.

“Hey girl,” CryBabyCereal said slightly less cheerfully than normal. In something of a rarity, she wasn’t wearing a onesie. She was wearing a t-shirt and short shorts. Ravel had no doubt there was a diaper on under those shorts. Suddenly Ravel felt out of place in her onesie and messy diaper, though CryBabyCereal clearly wasn’t bothered and likely didn’t even know Ravel was in a messy diaper.

“What’s up?” Ravel said her mood darkening at seeing CryBabyCereal’s mature outfit.

“Well, I wanted to ask your opinion about something,” CryBabyCereal explained. “I just need another perspective on it. Has Theo talked to you about it yet?”

“About what?” Ravel asked confused.

“That probably answers that question,” CryBabyCereal smiled weakly. “Theo sent a contract thing to me. I figured she’d send one to you too, but maybe you haven’t been a sponsor long enough.”

“Stuffies isn’t one to have contracts,” Ravel pointed out.

“Right,” CryBabyCereal agreed. “Part of why I’m concerned. I don’t really know how to read these things.”

“I have a friend of mine that’s a lawyer,” Ravel said with a hint of pride. “Would it bother you if he looked over it?”

“No that’d be great honestly,” CryBabyCereal’s mood perked up. “Yeah, we can totally do that, but I just wanted your thoughts on like the general idea of it. I don’t know the specifics, but Theo gave me the gist.” CryBabyCereal took a moment to prepare her retelling. “It is basically an agreement to not use the bathroom again. To go completely 24/7 on Stuffie’s diapers.”

“Wow,” Ravel said stunned. Ravel had a lot of thoughts about that development, but only one seemed relevant at the time. “Aren’t you 24/7 already?”

“Yeah,” CryBabyCereal admitted. “Which is why it feels a little odd. I don’t know why they’re asking me for something I’m doing already, and for a lot of money too.”

“How much money?” CryBabyCereal grimaced a little and typed out the amount to send to Ravel in a text message. “That is a lot of money.”

“Yeah. For so little change on my part too. I’m just confused is all.”

“You don’t think Stuffie’s is just being good to you?”

“A diaper company is still a company at the end of the day Bandsy. I hope you’ve been keeping that in mind.”

“I try to,” Ravel blushed at the light scolding.

“Even if they are a historically good company, it doesn’t make sense for them to pay this much for something they already have.” There was a pause as the two looked at each other silently. Ravel hid a grimace as she shifted still getting used to the sensation that was sitting in a messy diaper. She was regretting her choice to take the call now. “Then again, I could be looking the gift horse in the mouth. It’s why I wanted your opinion as a relatively new person on the scene. Is this something you’d take?”

“Well, my gut says yeah, but you’re not wrong that it doesn’t make a lot of sense,” Ravel admitted. “This is the kind of thing I normally ask my friend Donna Sue about.”

“Today you are my Donna Sue,” CryBabyCereal responded genuinely. Ravel glanced at CryBabyCereal then looked away. CryBabyCereal didn’t know the weight that title brought to Ravel. Ravel centered herself and did her best to channel her mature wizened friend despite the mess in her diaper constantly making her feel the opposite of mature.

“I think you should take it,” Ravel said simply. “I mean after my lawyer friend gives the ok, of course. Whether it’s some kind of ploy or not it’s easy money for you. You’re just doing what you’re already doing. I suspect that this really is just a marketing thing anyway. Having some streamers commit to your brand full time says a lot about its quality, and it’s kind of a hot scenario too.”

“Yeah, I hadn't thought about it that way,” CryBabyCereal started to giggle. “I think I did read a fic with this premise once. It was very hot. Stuffies does have a way of making those plots a reality.”

“For real,” Ravel stood up from her chair and tried to shift her diaper through her onesie. CryBabyCereal giggled again, but Ravel couldn’t tell if that was in response to her or not.

“I appreciate your insight and I’ll keep it in mind.”

“Don’t mention it. I’ll hit up my friend later tonight and get in a group chat with all three of us.”

“Sounds good. Here I’ll go ahead and send the file over,” There was a beep as the file was sent over Chaos. “Probably shouldn’t tell Theo I’m sharing this. I’m sure that like voids it or something.” Ravel doubted that.

“I’ll keep it secret,” she decided it was easier to just say that then explain why CryBabyCereal was probably fine sharing it.

“Thanks baby girl,” CryBabyCereal’s tone shifted to her more usual playful tone. “How’s that diaper looking by the way?" CryBabyCereal looked at Bandsy coyly. Bandsy blushed at the sudden question. “You green?” CryBabyCereal asked after a brief silence.

“Uh yeah yeah I guess,” Bandsy said her blush continuing. “I just wasn’t expecting that.”

“You don’t need to answer I know you need a change,” CryBabyCereal said confidently.

“How do you know?”

“Baby girl I’ve been in diapers and around diaper wearers for about half as long as you’ve been alive. I’ve seen every tell there is. No one gets up and does a diaper shuffle like that unless they need a change. And you tried to tell me you didn’t mess.”

“Wha I-I’m not …” Ravel stammered a bit before stopping. “You can really tell I’m m-messy?”

“Well yeah you just told me,” CryBabyCereal laughed. Bandsy tried to hide her beet red face in her onesie. “Don’t stay in it too long. Diaper rash is no joke. I’m not teasing I’m serious.” Ravel nodded still to demolished to respond with words. “In thirty minutes, I want you to change. ok?”

“Ok,” Ravel managed to get out.

“Good. I won’t keep you. I’ll leave you to enjoy your diaper. Talk to you later.” With that CryBabyCereal ended the call. Ravel was still floored by the whole thing. She had never expected to have been called out like that. At the same time, it was weirdly refreshing that CryBabyCereal was so casual about it. It wasn’t some earth-shattering revelation that would ruin a friendship it was just a thing. Of course she would see it that way. If anyone could call themselves a pro at messing diapers it was CryBabyCereal. It would be beyond hypocritical if she gave Bandsy anything more than playful shame. Still, it was refreshing to have someone be supportive of it.

It was also very hot. CryBabyCereal knew exactly what buttons to hit. They were her buttons too likely, and she apparently had some experience pushing other people’s buttons.

“Aww so cute,” The inner mommy spoke up and Ravel could tell already that she wouldn’t have to talk long. “My cute little messy baby. Even your friend could tell what a little stinker you are. First time messing your baby diapers. I’m so proud of my baby girl.” A small moan escaped Ravel as she grabbed the back of her diaper, feeling the mess press against her. There was a slight stinging sensation there, it probably was about time for a diaper change. There was still one thing left to do. To christen this new stage of Ravel’s life as well as her first messy diaper.

“You like being a little messy baby, don’t you?” the inner mommy spoke eagerly as Ravel was already making her way to her bed and fishing for her vibrator. “Let’s show mommy just how much of a good girl you are.”