

## What's the Matter with Megan?

August 2023 – Commission

### Chapter Six

"So, what gives? What's with that weird pic you texted your 'Daddy' over lunch, huh? And what on earth happened to your pants, girl?!"

Sure, maybe I could lead with that. But you better know that tackling Megan head-on like that would make her clam up tighter than, well, a clam. I need to be gentler... nicer... more slow and tactful. I need to find some way to satisfy my burning curiosity, but without scaring her off.

I'm mulling it over all afternoon, you know – after we finish our lunch, and I'm finally able to ditch that well-meaning but unimpressive Corey, and we each go our separate ways. Even while I'm on my mandatory video chat with Mom, I can't deny my brain's puzzling over what I saw, and what the best approach will be to extract the truth from my friend.

*Let's see, what do I actually know? That she texted Dan a booty pic. That's not strange, of course. What's strange is that she was acting so flakey about it. And that she'd just dumped her drink all over herself – which isn't like her at all. And weirdest of all were those big wet patches, visible plain as day on her butt!*

"Oh, uh, mid-terms? Yeah, they're over. Oh, yeah, pretty stressful. Heh-heh! Not too bad, though..."

And on Mom prattles while my thoughts keep on churning. *So, let's say that it wasn't water. Either she's on her period and her pad leaked big-time, or... or she peed her pants? Wait, but that wouldn't leave two spots, would it? And anyway, that's just ridiculous! Maybe I really am overthinking it. But how else would she get so wet like that? And why on earth would she text something so embarrassing to her boyfriend, of all people?! I mean, she does call him Daddy or whatever-*

"Tennis? Uh, yep! Yeah, still keeping up practice. Every other day, promise. The sports facility here's actually pretty nice since they remodeled it..."

Well, this isn't getting me anywhere. All I need is time alone with Megan this evening. I think she said she was gonna be back around seven. I feel like Anya said something about being gone tonight, too. Which means I'll have a perfect chance to sort it all out.

Assuming she's willing to talk to me, that is...

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"So, umm, Megan. How was your day?"

Innocent enough a start, right? She's seated cross-legged on the other end of the sofa, scrolling through her phone, but at my question she raises her auburn head. "Uh, like, this afternoon? Fine... I guess?"

"And this morning?" I'm trying not to be too direct, but I can't let the topic stray too far afield. "Hey, I'm sorry if the double-date was weird or whatever," I offer, with a sudden flash of inspiration and a self-deprecating grin. "I, you know, Corey and me. He's just not the one, you know..." "Tell me about it," she grins back, and for that one lovely moment I feel like we're besties once more. "I could have told you you two wouldn't get along!"

"Well..." I chuckle with a wry shrug. "It's always worth a try, right?" But again, I need to stay on target. "Oh, and that's right! Then you had that spill with your drink? I'm so sorry about that! I just wish I could have done more to help, you know. I felt kinda stupid, like I didn't know what to-

"It was fine," she answers shortly, and the sudden shifting of her legs tells me we're rapidly approaching a topic with which she's uncomfortable. "Really, it was my own dumb fault. It was so embarrassing..."

*So embarrassing you had to sext Dan in the middle of it?!* That's what I want to say, but instead I opt for the oblique approach. "Oh, I wouldn't say that! Everyone spills stuff sometimes, you know." And then, another burst of inspiration strikes: one born from the odd combo of two and a half years of babysitting experience. "Wet little accidents just happen sometimes, don't they?"

Oh, the look on her face! She's visibly blushing, her lower lip disappearing as she begins biting nervously upon it. "Uh- well, no-o! I mean-" "At least it was just water, right?" I offer, hardly able to take my eyes from the mesmerizing sight of my squirming best friend. "At least, that's what Dan - sorry, your *Daddy* - told us..."

Her eyes flick over to mine, and in that moment I know... that she knows... that I know. Something's up. And it's too late for her to pretend otherwise.

"Natalie, please-" she begins, and in her voice I hear the break of desperation. She's terrified of something. "Please, don't... don't tell anyone about it, okay? Please?"

"Tell anyone *what*?" I counter, half pitying her for how distressed she seems, and half resentful that even now I – her supposed best friend – don't know what the hell is going on. "Look, if you'd only tell me what happened, I could help. But right now, I honestly don't have a freaking clue! All I know is we were sitting there having a good time, and then you started acting weird, and then you dumped water everywhere and ran out like a horde of freaking *bees* were after you, okay? And then when I go and try to help you, what? You just blow me off? And to top it all off, then you go and-"

I bite my angry outburst off short, suddenly conscious of what I almost revealed. "And what?" she asks, her voice low and tremulous, her eyes flicking up to mine defensively. "What were you about to say?" "I- well, it doesn't matter," I begin... but even as I say it, I realize how stupid it is for me not to come clean – exactly like I wish *she* would do.

"No, that's actually a lie," I sigh, and flop rather dramatically backward. "Look, I swear I wasn't trying to see anything, okay? I was just on my way back from the bathroom, and I had to step aside and let people go past. So I ended up, like, standing right behind Dan. And, well..." I sigh again. "Look, I get that girls sext their guy all the time. But what the hell was that picture? Does he get, like, turned on when your ass is all wet?"

Silence. Uncomfortable silence. A desperate fidgeting of her hands, heightened color in her cheeks, and a gaze fastened on the floor. And then... she finally gulps. Nods. And with a shaky sigh, raises her eyes to meet mine.

"I, umm... I'm sorry. I didn't want you to know. It was just... I didn't think you'd understand..."

"Understand *what*?" I want to give an incredulous laugh, but I know that the best thing I can do now is go into listening mode. So I stay quiet... meet her eyes... nod encouragingly...

"That I had an accident," she almost whispers, cheeks crimson with shame. "I, um... my pull-ups leaked..." "Wait, what? Pull-ups?" I'm genuinely surprised for a split second, visions of potty-trotting toddlers and cheery commercials flashing through my mind. "Um, what? You like, actually wear pull-ups? But you're- you're-"

"Too big, I know," and in her voice is the most curious mixture of impatience and something like shy delight. "I'm in college, Natalie, I know! But, I- well, um..." She pauses, then plunges on with

desperate energy. "Remember how I told you once that I, um, I've been calling Dan Daddy?"

"Uh... yeah?" I give a little chuckle. "How could I forget?" "Well, um..." She's back to fidgeting, her expression flitting back down toward her crotch. "We, um, we also play a little bit of a game. He, like, gets to tell me when I can... you know... *usdbmmm bmm phobhmm...*"

Her voice sinks down into an audible murmur, and I scoot closer with a short laugh. "Girl, speak up! It's okay, you can tell me. What is it he tells you to do?" "When I can use the bathroom," she clarifies, and it's as if every syllable ignites a fresh wave of color in her cheeks. "It's silly, I know. But he likes to make sure I, um, drink a lot? And then it's, you know... it's really hard to hold it. And sometimes..."

She's so red now it's almost comical. "Sometimes I don't make it. And most of the time it's okay. My pull-ups hold it. But today... it was too much. And when they started leaking, I freaked out, you know? I had to knock over my water... so any leaks wouldn't show..."

"And then you had to show Da- err, your 'Daddy'... what? How much you'd leaked?" I'm trying not to sound judgmental, or flippant. But damn, this is a lot – and it's also kinda weirdly hilarious. A grown young woman? Wearing pull-ups like a little kid? And having to dance around holding it in until she gets permission?!

"Natalie, please," she begins again, and in her face I see nothing but agonized pleading. "Please, it's- it's our private business, okay? You can't tell a soul! You really-"

"Megan." I sigh gently, reaching over and patting her knee in sudden seriousness. I'm her best friend, after all, and I can't just let it go without checking. "Just tell me this. Is he making you do this? Is he forcing you to, you know-"

"No, no!" She hastens, and in her earnestness I can read nothing but the honest truth. "I swear he's not! I, well..." She pauses, flushing again as she realizes how she's incriminated herself. "I really like it. I, um... it just. It feels good. It's fun... and sexy... you know, to let him take control..."

"Ah. Make you feel small?" I supply, and she nods in silence. *Small indeed*, I muse with sudden clarity. *Aww, this is so weirdly cute. Is this what they call 'daddy issues'? But they do seem like they're both fine with it...*

"Okay," I announce, and flash an earnest smile her way. "Look, as long as you're okay, I swear I

won't tell anyone. You're my best friend, after all! And best friends keep each other's secrets, right?"

"Right," she nods, and now I can see a glimmer of grateful tears in her eyes. "Thanks- thanks, Natalie. Really. I'm sorry, though. I- I'm so dumb..."

"Nope," I deny, with a laugh and a bounce up from the sofa. "Not dumb! But look, girl, now you've got to tell me one thing." I lean down in sudden seriousness, and her gaze lapses back into anxiety. "Uhh... huh?"

"When are you gonna show me these pull-ups of yours?"

"Natalie – *nooo!*"

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I'm grinning softly to myself in the darkness that night, listening to the distant rhythmic thumping of a dorm party and the soft creaking of Megan's bunk. Well, talk about a discovery, huh? Who'd have thought? Megan and Dan... her going around with some kind of crinkly little-kid pull-ups under her pants? And having to ask him whether she can use the potty or not?

Huh, I reflect, with a sudden flash of – actually rather horny – imagination. That would be quite something, wouldn't it? It's not too much of a stretch to see myself in her position, after all. *Oh, Dan, please! I- I need to go so bad! I promise I really do. I've been a good girl. My panties are still dry, see?*

Or would they be? I squirm over onto my belly, sighing as my hand reaches down to rub gently at that familiar tingle. Dan – how stern and calm he'd be. How he'd shake his head- refuse- tell me he likes to see me dancing and squirming and *begging*...

And off I sail: into a weirdly hot fantasy of my own invention. How much it resembles Megan's own experience, I neither know nor care at this point. All I know is that her secret is safe with me – and that it's given me plenty of sexy ideas to dream about.

*(To be continued!)*