

What's the Matter with Megan?

October 2023 – Commission

Chapter Eight

"All rightie, then, Megs! Ready to hit the road? Dan's gonna be here any minute, you know..."

Megan's never been the best at planning ahead, I guess. Here I am, leaning against the door with suitcase neatly zipped up and locked beside me – ready to head out the door at any moment. Meanwhile, Megan... well, she's rushing around, shoes not even on yet, her red hair a frizzy mess, her suitcase still open on the unmade bed. "Almost-!" she splutters, and into the suitcase flies a couple of poorly folded t-shirts. "Just a few more minutes..."

"Here," I sigh with a short laugh, stepping forward and giving her a friendly pat on the shoulder. "I'll help. You got enough outfits to last a week? Panties, socks, bras...?" "Yeah, I- I think so?" she nods, but her uncertain tone tells me I'd better double-check. "Well, let's find out! I know we're just headed home to your place, but still. Might as well make sure you've got what you need-"

Open I tug her drawer, and toss another bra and a few pairs of panties into the messy suitcase. "Warm socks? It's nearly December, girl – can't have your tootsies freezing!" Open I tug the next drawer, and into the suitcase go three more pairs of fuzzy ankle socks. "How about yoga pants? Or pajamas? Nice and comfy, you know..."

"N-no- don't-" she begins, but it's too late. I don't mean to pry, of course. But when the bottom drawer flies open, it's neither yoga pants nor pajamas that meet my gaze. It's a pink-and-navy blue plastic package, with the word "Goodnites" and a picture of a sleeping teenager blazoned across the front.

"Oh-!" I pause, uncertain of what to do now. But even as she hurriedly reaches down and shoves it shut again, I shrug. I attempt a laugh. And to ease the tension, I adopt a humorous tone. "Wait, hang on! Those are your pull-ups, right? Sure you don't need to bring some along?"

"Natalie!" she whines out, and her cheeks are pink with embarrassment as she rises from the bed. "No- no way! I don't need them-" "You sure?" I'm laughing softly, the memory of those wet patches on her rear still vivid in my mind. "But what if your, um, 'Daddy' says you do-?"

"Natalie, please!" She's begging now in a fierce whisper, and as she jerks the suitcase closed I can see she's more than a little embarrassed. "I'm not a little kid, okay? And besides, I mean... look, there's

no way I could wear them around my family!" She turns her gaze to me, and in her green eyes I can see only earnest pleading. "Please, please don't make fun, okay? It's our little secret – nothing more–"

"Relax, girl," I soothe, and give her arm a reassuring pat. "You're good. I was just teasing, okay?"

"Okay," she mutters. But even as she tugs her shoes on, I can tell from her heightened color and shaky fingers that she's more than a little perturbed. And yeah, I suppose it makes sense. I've seen her pull-ups now: the ones she'd refused to show me. She's already embarrassed that I know about her little games she plays with Dan. I guess it's only natural that having even your best friend see your babyish pull-ups must feel... I dunno. Kinda humiliating...

But hey, it's all good, right? I've been wondering anyway what they were: real training pants for kids, or something else. *Huh... so they're for bedwetting? I guess that makes sense... But wait. If she doesn't bring any, does that mean she and Dan will just have to put their little games on hold? Aww, and I was kinda looking forward to watching...*

The sound of a slamming car door outside reaches me, and I jerk back to reality. "Yay, Dan's here! Let's do this, shall we?" I seize my luggage and turn to the door with a final laugh. "Thanksgiving vacation, here we come!"

Thanksgiving is a weird holiday, isn't it? I mean, Christmas in my family is easy: just snow and Santa and maybe a ham. But with Thanksgiving, we've got, what? Football. Turkeys. Green bean casserole. Gratitude. Yams. Black Friday. Stuffing. Cyber Monday. Cranberries. Pumpkin-picking. And all on a stupidly short college break.

Oh, and as if that wasn't confusing enough, this year my folks were all like, "Hey, Natalie, you wouldn't mind if we spent the holiday with your sister out on the West Coast, right? And then we'll be together for Christmas again. It'll be great!"

So, yeah. Not only is it a whirl of food and blatant consumerism, but I don't even get to have family with me. Instead, here I am bunking in with Megan and her folks. And to top it all off, Dan's staying here, too!

Sure is fun third-wheeling, isn't it?

At least they've being nice about it. Like this morning. "Wanna hit up the Black Friday deals? I saw they've got some massive sales on stereos," Dan had rumbled over breakfast, and before I'd had time to wonder whom he was addressing, he turned those blue eyes on me and flashed a warm smile. "Why don't you come along, Natalie? It'll be a blast!"

It was, too. We survived the crowds and found some pretty great deals to boot: a new pair of noise-cancelling headphones for Megan, and a couple of flash drives for Dan, and some super-good deals on Switch games for all of us. We even had time to settle down and have a nice lunch. And maybe it was just me. But I couldn't help but notice how Dan ordered for Megan... and just so happened to get her the largest size possible of lemonade.

Is he... playing with her? She certainly sipped it down easily enough. But I swear I caught more than once a knowing look between them, and afterward, the pink glow of a self-conscious blush creeping over her cheeks...

It's a few more hours until Dan declares that we've nailed everything on our list. "Time to head back and check out the haul," he chuckles, and I agree from my place in the back seat. Megan too nods, and I notice her shifting uncomfortably in her seat. Small wonder, of course. Because though in years past I would never have even bothered noticing such things, I know for a fact that she hasn't used the toilet once since we left. Nor have I, of course. But I'm already needing to pee pretty badly myself – and *I'm* not the one who chugged down that massive lemonade...

Oh, Dan. You do know what you're doing, don't you? I'm musing, my mind calling up little flashes of those fantasies I know I shouldn't have. Those blue eyes smiling mildly down. A frantic young woman, crossing her legs in frantic desperation. Her pleading voice, begging him to please, *please* let her use the potty before she has an accident-

What I'm about to confess doesn't exactly make me a good friend, I'm afraid. I still don't know exactly why I did it – or if I do, I don't want to admit it even to myself. Because what kind of best friend does something like this, just to scratch a secret itch of some naughty fantasy?

Whatever. The car has scarcely stopped moving when I tug open the car door and slip out. "Gotta go pee!" I call backward in my haste, and a minute later I'm trotting down the hallway toward the waiting bathroom. Slipping inside... closing the door behind me... turning the lock...

Oh, yeah. Did I mention this is the only bathroom in their entire house?

Never mind. I do my business, relieving the pressure within. I settle back on the toilet seat, reaching for my phone. Open goes the social media. And although it's more than a minute later when I hear the hurried click of Megan's shoes outside the door, I don't stir.

"Yeah, I'll be out," I call in response to her muffled murmur. I will, sure. I'm just, you know. Taking my time. Getting rid of some of that massive meal from yesterday. Letting everything flush...

"Please, Natalie! Can you hurry? I- I really need to go-" Megan's frantic, I can tell. In my mind's eye I can see her just on the other side of that door: prancing softly in place, her pretty teeth biting on her lower lip, her hands clutching between her legs. And behind her, I can already picture him: Dan, gazing silently down at her, smiling and shaking his head. *Oh, baby, you really aren't gonna have an accident, are you? Only silly little girls are dumb enough to pee their pants! Guess you should have brought your pull-ups after all...*

"Out in a bit!"

Sure, I will. I take my sweet time, though. And when at last I've flushed, and washed my hands thoroughly, and dabbed at my makeup, and blown my nose, and applied lotion to my hands... well, that's when I finally, finally open the door. And find myself staring into the pleading, visibly pale face of my best friend.

"Nat, I- I gotta- I gotta-"

But even as she steps forward, her hands fly to her crotch. Her face twists in a spasm of terror. And right there before my very eyes, it happens: the darkening blossom of fabric between her legs. The sudden rush of liquid between her clenched fingers. And then, the rivulets of urine, streaming silently down her legs even as the patter of liquid hitting the floor sounds in our ears.

And that's when I say it – probably the worst thing possible in that moment.

"Aww, what's the matter? Did a certain little girl forget her *pull-ups*?"

(To be continued!)