

## What's the Matter with Megan?

September 2023 – Commission

### Chapter Seven

Well, I guess I thought all of that was going to clear the air. That's what they say, right? Just communicate and talk things out, and everything will be okay?

We did all that, sure. I still can hardly believe what I heard that night from Megan: how she and Dan have this weird little power play thing where she has to, like, ask him for permission to pee. I mean, it's not the *weirdest* thing I've ever heard. But I just never thought Megan would be the type, you know? Like I've said before, she doesn't exactly strike me as the freaky sort – and certainly not the kind of girl to go around with literal pull-ups or whatever under her pants!

Yeah, about those. I've been tempted more than once to take a little peek into her stuff, just to see what those things really look like. After all, I still can't believe that the kind of pull-ups those kids used when I would babysit them would ever fit someone in college. But then I've always stopped myself short. You know, just trying to be a good friend and all – to respect her privacy despite my curiosity...

And honestly, most of the time it's not that big of a deal. These past few weeks since finding out, it's been shocking just how *normal* everything else is. Our classes keep on trucking along. The fall is slowly slipping toward winter, and folks are making plans for Thanksgiving vacation. Anya's slowly becoming more sociable, believe it or not. I hang out with Megan now and then when she's not with Dan; we go shopping, or do our nails together, or check out an episode or two of the latest streaming shows...

But yeah... You'd have thought that communicating would get rid of *all* the weirdness between us, right? Oh, heck no! If anything, now that I know her and Dan's little secret, as soon as I'm around them for too long it's almost more awkward than ever.

Like right here, right now. Tonight.

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"Aww, man! I thought I had that for sure!" "Hah, gotta get gud, girl. Good luck catching up with me!" "Two more tracks to go, though – I still got a chance-"

It's Mario Kart night. Anya's chilling on the sofa beside me, headphones on once more though she's watching in unacknowledged half-interest at the screen before us. I'm dominating right now, and Megan beside me isn't exactly pleased. "Never mind – I'm gonna beat you for sure this time," she announces, with a determined kitting of her brow and a subtle bounce in her seat. "I got to! I simply got to..."

She unsurprisingly doesn't. Which makes her pout and mumble and squirm for all the word like a sore-losing little kid.

"Hey, we'll go again," I offer with a grin, reaching forward and grabbing my White Claw – only to discover it empty. "Oh, hang on! I'm gonna get a refill," I exclaim, bounding up toward the kitchen. "How about you, Megs? Want another?"

She shoots a glance at her own empty can, hesitates, then shakes her head. "No- no, I'm good..." "Okay. Suit yourself," I shrug, reaching into the fridge and grabbing a fresh one even as I catch myself mentally calculating how much she's had. She's acting a bit weird tonight – super competitive but also absent-minded – and my mind immediately goes to that little secret of hers. *Hmm... I wonder if she's got something on under there...*

"Rematch!" I say as I crack open the can and flop back onto the sofa – and away we go. Yet while the minutes tick past and my friend squirms silently beside me, her pearly teeth slipping down to bite nervously at her lip, my mind is racing along as speedily as my pixelated cart. *Let's say she's wearing one of those pull-ups right now. Or at the very least, let's say Dan texted her and told her she can't use the toilet. What would be most likely? Would he seriously say she can't for, what? A few hours? Until she showers? Until bedtime?*

Ehh, who knows? If Dan were here, I might be able to figure it out – maybe overhear them whispering or something. But the way things are, all I can do is watch and guess. And yeah... maybe look for ways to make it fun. Like making sure she drinks enough.

"Wait, what the- fuck me! Not again!" "Aww, you almost had it!" I offer, and now even Anya seems to notice how visibly Megan is squirming and crossing and recrossing her legs. "I mean, if you'd rather stop – maybe kick back and have some tea before bed- a nice, big cup full of warm tea-"

"No!" She's almost pale now, and as she enters the lobby once more I can see her determination flaring into panic. "No, I gotta-! I swear, if it's the last thing I do-"

Okay, then! Well, there's nothing else to do besides start again. Seeing her so on-edge is making me more and more curious, and I'm beginning to suspect that our race might be part of the equation somehow. *Hmm... should I just let her win this one?* Just to see what will happen? But then again, she knows how good I am – and this is honestly weirdly fun, watching her getting so incredibly flustered for no apparent reason...

Ehh, whatever. I swerve "accidentally" near the end of the final lap, and I let out as indignant and authentic a groan as I can while my friend's cart shoots past me. "I- I did it! YES!" Megan pants out, and even before the victory fanfare has finished, she's off the couch and bounding for the hall. "Be right back- gotta- go-"

Though she doesn't manage to disappear before I happen to notice two rather large, wet patches on her hastily retreating bum.

Oh, my. I'm on the verge of asking Anya if she saw that, but she's absorbed in her phone at the moment. Half of me wants to prance down the hall after her and tease her, asking what on earth is the matter and why she doesn't want to play again. But I'm sensible. I'm cautious. And so I sit there, sipping my White Claw once more and musing in satisfaction at how right I was. *Oh, yeah. She definitely was holding it for Dan tonight. Poor, wet little thing just couldn't hold it! At least the couch doesn't look too wet, thank goodness. Aww, I wonder if Dan will make fun of her, though...?*

She emerges a good ten minutes later, and it doesn't take Sherlock Holmes to notice that she's changed into a brand-new pair of sweats. I open my mouth to say something. I glance her way and catch her eye with a knowing look. But then, just as I'm about to ask if it feels better to have dry pants for a change...

Well, my better judgment prevails.

And so I settle for a knowing wink, a sly little grin, and a casual little question. "Feeling better?"

The fiery blushes on her cheeks as she sheepishly nods and sinks back down onto the sofa are all the confirmation I need. I know exactly what was going on – and *she* knows that I know, too. And, well... that's that, isn't it?

Though I do wonder if she's got another pull-up on under there – and whether it's going to still be dry by bedtime...

*(To be continued!)*