

Long Drive for a Bratty Baby

September 2023 – Part One

"Hey there, baby girl! Come on, *tiime* to wake up... It's a long day ahead, after all..."

Face scrunching. Squirring deeper in the covers. Daddy's gently insistent voice may have been warm – but so was the bed. "Nuhh," Amanda murmured into her pillow, strands of her tousled dark hair sticking in her mouth as she did so. "Nuh! Not morning. Not yet-"

"I'm afraid it is, baby-doll," Daddy rumbled, and now his deft hands were plunging beneath the covers: caressing her petite breasts, patting her onesie-clad tummy, reaching further down massage to the puffy padding between her legs. "You've got a long day, remember? I know bed is super comfy, but we gotta make sure you get home okay!"

Home. Ugh, really? "Bu- but Daddy," Amanda began, and now her eyes were cracking open to blink up into his kindly face. "Can't I stay here with you?" One hand emerged from under the covers and reached up pleadingly. "Home is... it's where you are, Daddy..."

"Oh, baby, now you're gonna make me cry!" He laughed softly, and then his arms were reaching around her, tugging her into a warm embrace – blankets and all. "Now, I know you don't want to go back right now. We've had such a wonderful week, you and me. But after today we gotta be apart again, okay? Just for a bit longer. Can you be a big girl and handle that?"

"Nuhh..." She muttered peevishly into his chest, but she didn't really mean it. Onesie and pacifier and crinkling diaper notwithstanding, she really was a 35-year-old woman: an independent, responsible adult who knew perfectly well about jobs and apartment leases and all the other necessary hassles of life. And so, even as she rebelled against the fact that her week of vacation with her long-distance daddy had flown by and was now coming to an end... well, she knew she'd have to accept it.

And she would. Though nobody said she had to be *happy* about it.

Nor did they say she couldn't have one last fling of babyhood. Bratty, *bratty* babyhood.

"Open up, honey!" Daddy's voice was lilting, yet edged with growing exasperation. "Sweetie, you

can't go driving ten hours back home on an empty tummy! Come on, there's no way this oatmeal's still too hot-" "Yes, it *IS!*" she grimaced through clenched teeth, the dangerous thrill of such blatant bratting shivering through her. Her bare legs kicked at the wooden legs of the chair in which she was seated, and she shook her still-tousled head in defiance of the full spoon held to her lips. "I don't want that! I want choco-puffs! Daddy, I want *choco-puffs!*!"

"Oh, do you?" In that moment, as Daddy's voice dropped and a determined gleam came into his eyes, Amanda knew that she'd gone too far. "Daddy doesn't have choco-puffs, baby. And even if he did, he most certainly wouldn't give them to the disobedient, *ungrateful* little brat you're being right now."

Oh, god- Daddy, yes- I mean, no! Her empty stomach flip-flopped at the words, her inner masochistic streak reveling in the alluring prospect of being disciplined. "No-oo?" She queried, one eye cracking open to watch as he rose and carried her bowl of lukewarm oatmeal to the counter. What was he doing? Surely he wasn't going to throw it away-?

"Well, if you're not going to eat it like this..." He began, his voice muffled as he busied himself with finding a spoon and rummaging through the cabinet. "I guess we'll just have to add something to make it suitable for such a picky young lady."

And into the bowl went not one, but two hefty spoonfuls of Metamucil. Followed by an equally large spoonful of castor oil.

"No, please! Please, I'm sorry, Daddy-" "Oh, now you're sorry?" He grinned, stepping back over and towering over her with a grin that was more than a trifle sadistic. "Well, baby girl, I'm glad to hear that! But you're still gonna have to eat this before you go. And don't worry: I know exactly how to force it down that pretty mouth of yours..."

Shut went her nose, pinched firmly between Daddy's forefinger and thumb. Open dropped her mouth mere seconds later, panting slightly with anxiety and arousal... and in promptly slipped the first large spoonful of her babyish breakfast. The taste of the cool, sticky paste may have been only marginally acceptable before. But now, as the oily flavor of the castor oil and the gritty texture of the Metamucil spread throughout her mouth, she quivered in revulsion... puckered her mouth as if to spit it out... and then, on second thought, reluctantly gulped it down.

Swallowing. Like a good girl should.

"Given that you've been feeling so naughty this morning," Daddy began then, as he thrust the second large spoonful easily into her mouth, "I think we'd better give you a few rules to keep you in line while you drive back home today. Here, listen up, baby girl. Daddy's gonna tell you what you need to do, okay?"

She gulped. Nodded. And felt that same, helpless thrill wash through her... made even more intense a second later as she let out a warm spurt of pee into her diaper.

"First things first." Daddy smiled and forced a third spoon into her still-chewing mouth, with the result that the gooey mixture smeared around the corners of her lips. "Obviously, you're nothing but a baby girl, sweetie. You've been doing so well using your diapers all week, remember? So I've decided that you're going to *stay* in diapers a bit longer: until this time tomorrow. Daddy'll make sure you're *nice* and padded up here before you go. Okay?"

Another shy gulp. Hammering pulse. And a nod. "O-okay, Daddy-" Cut off by another thrust of the heaping spoon.

"Now, second rule," he continued with a sly grin, as she gulped with full cheeks around the load he'd just forced inside. "We simply can't have you getting dehydrated when you drive, can we? Remember when you got here, honey – how all you'd had on the road was a burger and a Red Bull and a couple of those nasty Twizzlers? You're going to eat and drink like a *good* girl – and that means eating the food Daddy's gonna pack for you, and it means drinking exactly as much as Daddy tells you..."

Oh, no. She knew where *this* was going – certainly the hydration rule. "Bu- but Daddy," she managed stickily, blurring out her words before the next heaping spoon approached. "What if- if I *leak*?" She blushed and lapsed into silence as her mouth filled with the sticky mass, her eyes full of shameful arousal at how deliciously Daddy was treating her.

"Oh, sweetie, what if you *leak*?" Daddy crooned in gentle mockery of her anxious protest. "Well, I guess it's only natural that baby girls leak, isn't it? Don't worry! Daddy's will make sure to pack you some extra, super good cloth diapers and some plastic pants, okay? But you'll have to promise that you'll only put them on *over* your leaky diaper, baby. After all, we *both* know how distracted a horny little baby girl can get sometimes during a change! And we *really* can't have you getting distracted touching yourself on the way back, can we?"

Visions of herself in some dingy rest area bathroom flashed before her imagination: seated on the

toilet seat, panting mouth agape, a saturated diaper open between her legs, her fingers working furiously in and out of her piss-lubed pussy. "Nhhuhhh..." she mewled in sheepish protest, but Daddy merely laughed – and shoveled another giant spoonful between her oatmeal-covered lips.

"Well, I think that's all of Daddy's rules, baby!" Daddy beamed and scooped a final spoonful of oatmeal between Amanda's parted lips. "Now all we need to do is get your lunch packed, and get your water, and... Oh, we *definitely* need to get you changed and dressed to go! Unless you want to drive all the way back home like this? Wearing nothing but your diaper and your onesie?"

Well, that was enough to make her squeal. And as Daddy fetched the warm washcloth to clean her pathetically sticky face, she shivered... thinking now not simply of the sadness of saying goodbye to her wonderful partner, but to the prospect of such an interesting trip home.

And maybe more than a bit embarrassing? Well... only time would tell!

(To be continued!)