

Long Drive for a Bratty Baby

September 2023 – Part Three

"No, no, NO! What the- Not this! Not now!"

It was the angry, tired outburst of a genuinely pissed-off adult woman, yes. But as Amanda stared bleakly through the windshield at the seemingly endless stream of glowing brake lights before her, she couldn't help but muse – in a flash of self-awareness – that it also sounded uncannily like the peevish cries of a frustrated and nap-deprived toddler.

A toddler in dire need of a diaper change, too.

Nearly three hours had gone by since her mortifying shuffle out from the rest area toilets – when she had clumsily waddled her way back to her little car and plopped down upon her pillow-like bum. Since then, she had made good time: maybe not following the speed limits to the T, true, but definitely making sure not to go so fast as to call attention to herself. She'd had enough embarrassment for today, after all. Adding a run-in with Buddy Law – who might well glance down at her and ask what she had concealed under that bulging skirt – wasn't exactly high on her list.

But now here she was: stuck in what promised to be at least a half-hour of unexpected traffic, and maybe more. After coming so far – after Daddy's prescribed regimen of water had so comically bloated her diapers, and after enduring the past hours of increasingly ominous churning in her lower belly... well, she was in no mood to take it sitting down.

Except she had to. Both literally and figuratively.

She reached for her phone, swiped it open, and frowned in growing dismay at the map. Red, red, red. What the hell? Was that an accident up there? AND construction?! Oh, god – no, not that. At this rate, she'd be doing good to make it home by nine – two entire hours from now! Sure, these enormous, thirsty cloth diapers seemed to be handling the leaks that by now were dribbling regularly out from the tired leakguards of her swollen disposable. But that wasn't really the problem anymore.

The real problem was her overpowering need to take a dump.

Dee-dee-de-dee, Dee-dee-de-dee. "Call from – Daddy," intoned the automated feminine voice of her phone. *Oh, thank goodness!* Her was something to take her mind off her growing predicament.

She sighed... swiped it open. Took a fresh, long sip of water. And yes, felt yet another warm spurt between her legs as she opened her mouth. "Hey."

"Hi, babygirl! How are you doing? Getting close to home?"

She bit back a sudden cramp and shook her head, forgetting for the moment that Daddy couldn't actually see her. "Uh, I wish. No, seriously, it's awful!" She pounded the wheel in a sudden fit of anger, dark eyes narrowing beneath her frazzled bangs. "I- it makes no freaking sense! Look, all I want to do is get home, and get changed, and use the bathroom-"

"Babygirl..." His voice cut in stern, yet comforting. "I think you'd feel better if you spoke to Daddy like a good little girl should. Go on, honey. Try again." She broke off, awash in a swirl of conflicting emotions. And then, as her inner sub won out, her voice lilted obediently down into her preferred little girl voice. "Ohh... otay. Buh Daddy, iss noh *fair!* Dere's- dere's all dis twaffic! An', an', an' I can't dwive 'cause all these peoples are in my *way!*"

The very act of speaking in such toddler-like fashion, combined with the ever-present, swampy warmth of her enormous diaper, sent her tumbling down from the pinnacle of adult anger into bratty, peevish little space. And as Daddy's chuckle rumbled out from her tinny phone speaker, she gave a little wriggle of mingled distress and anticipation.

"Oh, sweetie... you're gonna be okay! I'm sorry there's all that traffic, but I don't think it's the traffic that's the real problem here, baby. To *me*, it sounds like you're just a gwumpy wittle baby girl who needs a change and a bath and a nice big bottle." His voice took on a sly tone, and her churning stomach somersaulted in response. "Tell me, honey. Just how clean is that diaper of yours right now, anyway?"

"Uh- I, umm... Iss pretty squishy..." "Oh, just squishy? Not *stinky?*"

"No-o, Daddy! 'Course not!" She was wailing, even as another spike of cramps racked her lower abdomen. "Me- me not shtinky!" "Well, it's only a matter of time, isn't it?" Daddy laughed softly, and even amid her discomfort Amanda felt the thrilling, aching tingle of arousal swelling deep in her piss-saturated crotch. "I seem to recall a bratty little baby this morning who ended up eating a very healthy, very fiber-filled, very castor-oil-laced breakfast. Of course she was far too much of a baby at the time to even notice. But she'll learn soon enough. She'll find out just how effective Daddy's punishment is, and just how badly she really does need those thick diapers..."

He was mocking her. Taunting her. And yes, both knew full well now that the odds of her making it home without a load in her pants was fast approaching zero. Her stupid, subby self couldn't help but thrill to that knowledge... even as she let out another disconsolate whimper and Daddy chuckled once more.

"Well, baby, that's all for now, okay? Drive safe – and have fun trying to pretend you're a big girl!"

With that, he was gone... leaving her stiffening and staring in aroused discomfort into the mass of traffic before her. Daddy was right, of course. It was hopeless to even think of holding out much longer. All she could do was try to hang on as long as possible, to delay the inevitable...

Which also meant that when she finally cracked – when her aching muscles finally gave out – the sensation was the closest she had ever felt to genuine, infantile bowel incontinence. It simply erupted out of her as she winced, straining up in her seat, widening eyes riveted on the glowing red taillights of the tractor-trailer ahead of her. Oh, it was so firm at first... and then softening. Quickening. Becoming more sticky and warm, rushing out of her quivering bumhole and spreading inexorably between her thighs...

A short lull. Then, as a fresh cramp seized her, the pressure spiked once more. She let out an animalistic grunt of relief as the load exploded out of her: a wave of gooey, almost liquid diarrhea and gas, burbling and ballooning out in the already full seat of her swollen diaper. Now it began spreading, even as she winced and cringed at the sensation: forward toward her sensitive princess parts, and backward and upward, along her crack and across her ass cheeks...

And still it flowed. While she sat there, imprisoned in the uncompromising taped mass of her own soiled diaper, and in the almost motionless ribbon of traffic. She had no choice, after all. She had been a bratty baby this morning, and now she was simply facing the consequences.

She would later have died rather than admit it. But for the next two hours, as her little Mazda slowly inched its way homeward, her breath was hitching. Her eyes staring. Her imprisoned princess parts leaking. Trapped as she was – smelly, humiliated, and hopelessly beyond any pretence of adulthood – she was becoming so turned on that she was trembling on the brink of orgasm the entire way home.

When Amanda finally arrived, nearly twelve hours after leaving Daddy's place, she was an absolute

mess – in more ways than one. In she waddled, furtively and with cheeks that even in the glowing street lights looked unnaturally red. Up the stairs she trudged, suitcase and empty hydration pack in hand, her poor skirt no longer able to hide the heavy and swollen bulk of plastic-covered diaper between her thighs. And once inside her little apartment, she locked the door with a sigh... dropped her things in a disorderly heap... and reached for her phone.

Daddy would want to hear from her, after all. And she also needed him... so very badly.

He could tell, too. "So glad you're safe, baby," he smiled into the camera, and as his bare-chested figure leaned closer in, she couldn't help but shiver with tired anticipation. "Wait, I think you have something to show me, baby. Strip for me. Off with those silly big girl clothes – now. Show Daddy what you really are."

And she did. Hastily. Desperately. With plaintive meeps and moans, wincing as the devastated diaper and the mucky mess within assaulted her senses with every move she made. The ripe smell of her own mess filled her nose, her shaking legs wobbled and bowed outward around the swollen mass... and deep within, her aching pussy was begging for relief. "Otay, Daddy..." she began, blushing stepping toward her phone camera. She was naked now, her hands first nervously cupping over her breasts, then dropping to knead suggestively and desperately at her giant diaper. "Pwease, Daddy... I, um... pwease, may I- may I change...?"

"Oh, you do need a change, don't you?" He was laughing at her once more, warm and condescending, and she let out another whimper of distressed arousal. "But I think you need something else first! I see you were such a good girl for me: putting on your lovely thick cloth diapers and plastic pants? Because of *course* you needed them, didn't you? Come on, baby – tell Daddy why you needed them..."

"Because," she faltered, and now the hormones were surging, her subby self blossoming before him. "Because I- I'm jus' a dumb diaper baby, Daddy! Be- because I drinkeded so much- an' I wet so much- An- an- I *leaked* so much-" "And you pooped so much too, hmm? Be honest, baby..."

"Yes," she confessed, and now she was frantically and shamelessly kneading at the swollen bulk in full view of the camera. "Yes, Daddy! Yes, I- I made a big mess- a big, smelly, icky mess-" "Like the dumb little diaper girl you are." "Yes, jus'- jus' like the stupid- smelly- *pathetic* little *diaper* baby I am-"

"Get your wand, baby. NOW."

She waddled frantically off, driven by her own burning arousal and Daddy's husky command. Back she shuffled, legs bent, hands grappling to plug the thing in to the nearest outlet. "Good. Now play with yourself, baby," came Daddy's low, urgent command – and over the suddenly loud buzz of the wand in her hand, she could hear in his voice the fierce note of his own arousal. "Grind that wand deep into your filthy diapers, baby. Show me how much you love your diapers. Oh, you *need* them, baby. You *need* to cum in them. You *know* you *deserve* them, night and day, for the *rest* of your life..."

And so, as her choked little assents and half-articulate moans melted into long-drawn wails of pleasure, Daddy smiled softly into the camera. What a way to end a long day, indeed. Amanda deserved it – all of it. And even though he might long to be there in person – to smell her pathetic mess, to force his fingers deep into her babbling mouth, to pin her down on her poo-covered, squishing ass and make her beg him for mercy – well, this would have to do.

And judging by the way she was still visibly cumming – face contorted in bliss, her lovely face screwed up in pleading submission – it wasn't the worst way to handle an LDR, was it?