

## Long Drive for a Bratty Baby

September 2023 – Part Two

A tranquil Sunday morning. Sun bright overhead. Toward the edge of the vast ribbon of asphalt crept a timid rabbit, its nose twitching as it nibbled tentatively on a mouthful of grass. *Hop. Hop, hop.* Along the highway it crept, eyes bright and ears swiveling. *Wait... that sound... danger, danger!*

And away into the roadside grass it bounded – very wisely – as the approaching green Mazda whizzed by in a blur of humming tires and rushing wind.

"Good bunny," Amanda murmured from behind the wheel of said Mazda, her brown-eyed gaze flitting momentarily to the rabbit's terrified leap to safety. A little shiver of self-conscious happiness rippled through her at the sound of her voice, and she wriggled instinctively in place, momentarily distracted from the gloomy thoughts that had been occupying her mind. "Dat's a weally good bunny," she reiterated in a childish lisp, as if to embrace – or perhaps remind herself of – her toddler-like state. "Me's not gonna hurt you, bunny! You stay dere nice and safe..."

She wriggled again, and now her left hand drifted down from the wheel to rest in her lap. Gone was the onesie of earlier this morning. Gone too was the bib from around her neck, and the smears of oatmeal from around her bratting mouth. From the top down she now appeared exactly the sort of responsible, sensible thirty-five-year-old woman everyone expected her to be: with a pale pink blouse, a modest silver necklace, and her brown hair and bangs smoothed and presentable. But down below...

Well, there was a skirt, sure. A pretty, black skirt. A fairly short skirt. But one that was already struggling to hide the oddly thick bulge swelling beneath.

Her eyes glanced down momentarily, and now her fingers were stroking at the diaper between her legs. "Nice and safe. Jus' like Daddy made me." Oh, yes. She was definitely safe – if "safe" meant "taped into a disposable diaper capable of absorbing more pee than the average person excretes in an entire day."

How Daddy had grinned at her blushes upon helping her up, then completing that final wrap of clear tape around her waist! How he'd condescendingly explained that the extra-thick booster and the waddle-cut overnight diaper were truly necessary! After all, all week she'd shown him what a drippy girl she was, right? And drippy, accident-prone little girls would be so very, very embarrassed if their diapers were to *leak* in public...

Neatly ignoring the fact, of course, that the six-liter hydration pack securely strapped around the driver's seat – the rubber tube and bite valve of which even now hung limply across her shoulder – wasn't exactly helping to lower the risk of said leaks.

Her hand rose from her crotch... reached for the tube... slipped it between her parted lips. *Suck. Suck.* It was so strange that such a babyish action as this – sucking and gulping down a flow of liquid – was such an acceptably adult thing to do! She blushed... paused... and then gulped twice more. Daddy had told her to drain the entire pack before she got home, after all. And bratty as she might sometimes be, she still wanted to be a good girl for Daddy.

Oh, Daddy. How she was going to miss him.

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Four hours into the drive, her legs were stiff. Her stomach was audibly gurgling. And yes, her bladder was dribbling like a leaky faucet. "Time for lunchies," she announced to no one in particular, flipping on her turn signal and coasting slowly off the highway in the direction of the gas station coming into view. "Lunchies for da car, and lunchies for *me!*"

She shifted wetly in her seat, suddenly and uncomfortably aware of such how thick her warm diaper seemed to have become. Only to be expected, she mused with a wry grimace, eyeing the approaching gas station with growing apprehension. She couldn't very well go on without gas, that was obvious. She just had to pull up. Slip out of the car. Gas up, while looking totally, completely normal...

And definitely not like a fully grown woman standing there with a literal – and well-soaked – diaper underneath her skirt.

Out she stepped, trying to resist to overwhelming urge to tug at her skirt. God, it felt shorter than ever right now! Amid the fumes and the sound of engines and the tinny music of the pump-side ads, she nervously did the needful: operated the pump with trembling fingers, then stood there awkwardly, trying her level best to keep her hands from reaching back to feel for incriminating wet spots...

Of course she did anyway. Nervous as she was, she couldn't help it. But lucky for her, there didn't seem to be even the hint of a leak anywhere. Bulgy she certainly felt, yes – and definitely wet. But

Daddy's taping job was doing great, as was the undeniably heavy-duty protection into which he'd sealed her...

*Clink.* And onto the ground tumbled her keys, slipping from her clumsy fingers. Leaving her with the suddenly horrifying task of figuring out how to retrieve them... in a perilously short skirt.

She cast glances this way, then that. Ugh, there was a car pulling up behind her already! Maybe if she squatted down quickly? Bending at the knees, and lowering her bum in a doubled-up squat? God, she'd look like a toddler – but then again, so she would if she bent at the waist as usual, flashing that driver with her obvious diaper butt below her hemline...

*Daddy, why did you have to give me such a short skirt?*, she wanted to wail. But there was nothing else to do. And so she hurriedly gulped, sidled sideways, and squatted down, fumbling for the key with sweating palms and shaking fingers. *Don't think, don't think, just do it-*

And so she did. Though not even after she had finished her transaction and scuttled back into the safety of her car did she dare look at the person behind her... dreading the thought of the strange looks they just might be casting her way.

"Good girl!" Daddy's commending, albeit staticky, voice told her fifteen minutes later, as she was settling her shaky nerves and gurgling tummy with carrot sticks. "See, you're absolutely fine. I'm sure they didn't notice anything, baby..." He paused, and Amanda sighed into her phone with grudging assent. "Besides," his voice went on, now with a wry smile in its tone. "You're never going to see those folks ever again, right? So why bother worrying? Even if they really did see what a waddly little diaper girl you are... well, it's nothing but the truth now, isn't it?"

"Daddy!!" But even as she wailed, the sordid little flutter of arousal deep between her legs reminded her of just how much she did love this kind of embarrassment. And before she could help herself, she blushed... wriggled... and opened her mouth.

"So, um... you know, I kinda woke up super early, Daddy. Do you... maybe, um, think I should get a coffee on the way? Just so I can stay awake?"

Oh, that made him laugh. "Oh, but of course! What a good idea, baby! In fact, now that you mentioned it, hmm..." A pause, and she bit her lip as she waited. "I think I'm going to *order* you to get one. And make sure it's an extra-large size, baby. We can't have you falling asleep behind the wheel, after all."

"Uhh... really? O-okay..." And as Amanda let another warm spurt out into her already swollen diaper, she felt her churning tummy do a somersault. They both knew what coffee did to her – and yet, here she was, practically begging Daddy to add it to her already embarrassing situation. Maybe she really was more of a masochist than she'd thought!

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And yes, maybe that had been a mistake. A mistake that was about to bite her in her amply padded bum.

Two hours later, she was on the road again, eyeing the massive, almost-empty iced mocha in the cupholder beside her. She'd done it, just as Daddy had ordered: pulled into a drive through and ordered the largest size possible of her favorite caffeinated drink. She'd drank so much, too, washing down each sugary sip down with even more water. Her system was positively floating – as was her thoroughly soaked rear. So now as she shifted in place, her hand reached down to check once more. Surely everything was still okay...?

No, it most definitely wasn't. The lukewarm wetness of her skirt and the seat beneath confirmed her worst fears. *Shit, shit, shit- Not leaking already! It's a big one, too. Crap, what am I gonna do-?!*

Actually, she knew *exactly* what she had to do. She just didn't want to admit it to herself. She didn't want to think about Daddy's admonishing words from early this morning, and the softly crinkling mass of fabric and plastic and pins filling out the entire bottom of the Hello Kitty backpack he'd handed her. She didn't want to admit that between Daddy's hydration regimen and her own stupid, masochistic request for a coffee, the ordeal Daddy had set for her was about to happen.

But there was nothing for it. There were still four long hours of road between her and home, after all. She couldn't very well sit here in a growing puddle, allowing this poor seat to become soaked and smelly. Daddy had told her what to do, and she was going to have to go through with it. Exactly like the subby, masochistic, blushing adult baby girl she really was.

"Rest Area – 2 miles." There it was. That would have to do. She'd pull off. Get out. Hold the bag over her shoulder as if Hello Kitty was the latest trend for all thirty-something women. Saunter in... look for a family bathroom... lock herself in and get busy...

Which she did. Somehow. Ignoring everything and everyone until the door clunked shut and the

rusty lock slid into place and she drew a deep breath to still her pounding heart.

Well... here it went. Off came her skirt, its black fabric mercifully showing little to none of the massive wet patch across the bum and left side. She shivered, catching sight of her reflection in the mirror. Oh, god – that swollen diaper between her legs! It was simultaneously comical and pathetic: so like the sagging, beach-ball bums of babbling babies who had toddled into the waves at the beach, whose Pampers were now bloated with seawater and practically ready to explode. And yet...

Yet this was nothing compared to what it was about to become, wasn't it?

Trembling fingers. Soft grunting. Brow furrowing in concentration. Pins slipping, then poking deep into layer after layer of fabric. And finally, she rose from the questionably clean floor, bowlegged and red-faced, with the two nightweight cotton diapers Daddy had so thoughtfully packed for her now pinned fast around her waist.

It was atrocious. It was horrifically, undeniably, absurdly bulky. But at the end of the day, she had no choice. She was locked tightly into her sodden, bloated, leaking disposable. And she was a good girl for Daddy – which meant that she was bound to obey, no matter how mortifying it might be.

So she reached for those softly rustling plastic pants. Stepped clumsily into them. And slowly, shamefully, pulled them up her naked legs and over the massive bulk of her enormous diaper bum.

By the time she'd wrestled the skirt up and over the giant, plastic-encased mass, she was almost panting with exertion and nervousness. Enormous as her bum was, the short skirt was forced upward, leaving even less fabric than usual to fall downward in its concealing folds. To make matters worse, her stomach was now churning double-time: egged on by the coffee, her own stress... and most frighteningly of all, by the fiber-laden breakfast she'd earned hours before. If she had been free and wearing nothing more than her usual adult panties, by now she would have been tugging them down, sinking gratefully onto the toilet to relieve the pressure building within her lower belly. But now...

Well, she couldn't. She simply couldn't. All she could do was stare into the mirror at her reflection. Grab with shaky fingers at the now-empty pastel backpack. And tug fruitlessly at her stupid skirt, willing it over and over again to inch just a bit further down. *Please, just a bit further?! God, no – even without bending it's gonna show! As soon as I leave here, people are gonna see-*

Well, *did* it show? *Did* people see? Very probably. But whatever the case, poor blushing Amanda

didn't stick around long enough to find out. She was far too busy waddling hastily out through the noisy crowd and toward the safety of her little car... cheeks burning scarlet with humiliation.

This trip home was becoming very, very long indeed.

*(To be concluded!)*