

The Price of Being Picky

January 2024

Squelch. Squickk. Splort.

"Ugh, that's revolting!" Auntie Priti words may be voicing disgust, but in her tone is nothing but sweetly sadistic glee. "You know, Jason, you could have made those up *before* we brought them in. Would have saved these crabby babies of ours from having to wait..."

Jason – aka my Daddy – glances up from the counter and the two large, pastel bowls into which he's spooning truly horrifying mixtures of food. "Oh, but where would be the fun in that?" he returns, with a mocking glance over at me and my partner in crime, each locked snugly into our oversized high chairs. "You should know better than anyone, Priti. Half the fun comes from making our naughty little brats *watch* their punishments being prepared!"

I glance nervously over at Angela, whose dark eyes behind her pacifier are wide with fear and questioning. She's squirming in place, and I can just make out the sight of her pastel pink diaper between her bare and chubby thighs. It's a sight I know all too well: not simply because of the resemblance to my own thick padding currently wet and swelling around my little dick, but because, well...

It's her diapered crotch I was grinding on just this morning. You know, before Daddy and Auntie Priti pulled us apart and began scolding us for being naughty, horny little babies who couldn't stay out of trouble. And then – like the brats we both were – we'd both lied about it. We'd fussed, and kicked. And we'd together behaved so badly, by throwing our sippy cups and whining about how we didn't like our mid-morning snacks, that both of our Bigs had lost all patience with us.

"Fine. You don't like your crackers? We'll find something better suited for picky little brats like you!"

But a renewed sound of squelching arrests my attention once more, and my eyes flit back to the layered monstrosities Daddy is now proudly showing off to Auntie Priti. "See that?" he chortles, and as he smears a last thick glob of Velveeta atop the dish intended for Angela, I hear her let out a pathetic little whimper of disgust from behind her pacifier. "Nice and big and beautiful! They'll be the perfect thing for our picky eaters, don't you think?"

"I'll say," Priti smirks, and in her dark countenance I see glowing the delighted sadism of a true

mommy domme. "Tell me again: what did you put in each?"

"Oh, nothing too bad," Daddy Jason returns, handing her an oversized bib and an equally oversized, rubber-coated spoon. "Basically just those foods our little stinkers have always said they hate most. For your Angela, let's see... canned cherries on the bottom. Then a layer of refried beans, then dill pickles, and finally a good hefty layer of Velveeta cheese. Tasty, huh?"

"Hell yeah!" Priti's got a shit-eating grin on her face now. "And for Tommy?"

"Oh, that was easy." I squirm as Daddy begins tugging the bib around my neck, cringing at the enunciation of every single food that makes me want to vomit. "Stewed prunes, of course: lots of them. He absolutely *hates* when I give him those! Then a layer of those rice noodles he hates, and a nice hefty helping of extra-fishy tuna fish. And over all that... a good, thick layer of cottage cheese. Extra lumpy, of course."

"Oh, my," Priti laughs softly, returning her gaze to her own captive Little and reaching over to pluck the giant pacifier from her trembling lips. "Sounds like the perfect treatment for picky eaters, huh? I mean, little babies need to learn to like anything and everything they're fed, of course. And how else are they gonna do that if we Bigs don't help them learn?"

"Agreed," Daddy Jason chuckles, and I wince as I watch his spoon bite decisively into the smelly, goeey mass that is to be my punishment. "But actually, Priti, I've got an idea. Why don't we spice things up a bit more, hmm?" He glances at my wide eyes and smiles roguishly. "They're gonna hate this stuff, obviously. So why not make it a rule that whichever baby eats the most in the next ten minutes wins and gets to stop... but the loser has to eat everything?"

"Oh... oh my. You are devious, aren't you, Jason?" But Priti's eyes are sparkling brighter than ever, and she nods decisively even as she reaches for her phone and its timer. "Agreed! Come on, Angela, baby. You don't want to lose and have to eat *all* of this up, do you? Come on... let's show your naughty, bratty little friend here that you're a good girl. And good girls eat everything they're told!"

Into the wide-eyed, shrinking Angela's mouth goes the first loaded spoon. In other circumstances I would be transfixed by her pathetic meeps and groans of disgust – mesmerized by the sight of the icky goo squirting out at the corners of her mouth as she begins unwillingly to slurp down the nauseating mixture. But I'm far, far too busy with my own problems. Because, well...

My mouth is being stuffed full, too. And Daddy's actually laughing as I almost choke on the

revolting mush.

Oh, it's so bad! The gumminess of those awful rice noodles... the pungent aroma of tuna fish filling my nostrils... the creamy, curdled, vomit-like consistency of the cottage cheese... and over it all the unmistakable tang of those horrible stewed prunes... It's horrible. Truly horrible.

But I gulp it down somehow. I open up again with all the blind urgency of a baby bird. And in Daddy shovels another load, while I squeeze my watering eyes shut, and force back my gag reflex, and focus on muscling the hideous concoction down where it belongs. Then, when it's finally all down... we begin all over again.

Above the revolting taste and smell, I can hear dimly the encouragements of our two Bigs. "That's right! Mmm, yummy after all, huh?" "No- no, don't spit it out, baby- You gotta swallow it all!" "Hurry up, little one. You don't want to *lose* to your little friend there, do you? How *humiliating* that would be..."

The minutes drag on, and still the bowl before me seems no emptier than before. It's with greater and greater effort that I'm gulping down each mouthful. A burp rises to my throat, and with it I almost lose my lunch. But I gulp it back down in panic, spasming reflexively in my high chair, and Daddy pats my head and calls me a good baby. And open goes my messy mouth once more – and again, and again...

Any time now, right? The timer's gotta go off any time now-

I sneak a quick peek over at my friend and am astonished at what I see. Sure, she's swallowing and gulping just like me, but she's... wait. She's *definitely* not as far along as me! And in that moment, a burst of unexpected hope and relief washes over me. I don't need to eat quite so much. I can relax a bit, confident that I've already won. I can recover myself, catch my breath...

And then I see it: the two noiseless tears slipping down Angela's flushed cheeks. Glimmering as her jaws work, mechanically and with ever-increasing slowness on the concoction within. And even as Daddy is audibly coaxing me on, telling me what a good baby I am, how I'm gonna win... I pause. And a wave of remorse ripples through me. *No, Angela... don't be sad! I- I don't want you to feel icky...*

Maybe it's the sight of her tear-stained face. Maybe it's also the memory of how my trapped little cock feels whenever I see her pretty dark eyes and freckles. And yeah, maybe it's the shivery feeling

that swept over me earlier, when we were grinding and humping against one another in rising urgency. It had started playfully enough, sure. But oh, the little moans she'd made, and the shuddery sound of her breath behind her pacifier when I'd flopped down on top of her...

I stop. And purse my lips tightly shut, shaking my head in decisive denial. I'm not going to eat any more of that awful concoction, no matter how much Daddy tries to force me. At least, not so long as it will make things worse for Angela.

Bee-bee-bee-beep! Bee-bee-bee-beep! It's only when the timer goes off several minutes later, echoing loudly through our spacious dining room, that I venture to open my eyes. And that's when I see, laughingly presented by a triumphant Priti, that Angela's dish is... emptier than my own.

"Well, you know what that means, huh? Heh-heh! But wait, Jason. I've got an idea to make it even better!"

I don't even watch what they're doing now, those two sadistic Bigs up at the counter mucking around with blenders and whatever. I'm far too busy gazing over at my fellow brat, who's staring back at me with the oddest mixture of relief, nausea, and gratitude on her goop-spattered face. *Tank yoo*, I think I see her lips silently mouth. To which I can only respond with a resigned nod of my head.

Anyway, that's how I wind up a half-hour later: still trapped in my high chair, but now with my hands cuffed to the sides and with wraps of bondage tape strapping me snugly in place. From my mouth – buckled tightly fast, its mass blocking my vision – rises a scary-looking funnel gag. And into my mouth are flowing the revolting contents of my bowl, now made five times more nauseating from having been pureed and mixed into a milky, laxative-laced goop.

I gulp – because I have to. My hands flail and clink helplessly in their bonds, drawing a fresh burst of laughter from the watching Priti. And even as Daddy Jason pats my naked leg and lectures me on how it's all my fault from being such a picky eater, I blink... then glance downward to the other witness to my torment.

It's my Little friend Angela: standing remorsefully and silently by, her pacifier once more working in her mouth and her hand clutching her stuffy. And as I gulp, and stare, and blink in silent humiliation, I try to tell myself that it's fine. It was worth letting her win. Really.

Gulp. Gag. Gulp. Shudder.

Really... *gulp*... worth it... I hope...