

## When Daddy Says Eat It

March 2022

Uh-oh. Daddy does not look happy at all.

"But I *hate* it!" I protest, that rebellious bubble of indignation swelling within me once more. "I *hate* pea soup, Daddy! It's so gross, an' it looks so slimy an' icky..." I'm eyeing the bowl before me: large, round, filled deep with the loathsome, steaming green substance. "You *can't* make me eat it, Daddy! You *can't*!"

If I sound like a petulant toddler even in my own ears... well, maybe that's because that's precisely who I am in Little space. A princess-y, girly toddler, with princess pull-ups and a princess paci and even princess diapers to prove it.

Princess diapers – like the one crinkling under my bum right now.

But Daddy meets my resentful gaze with equanimity. "Oh, really? Have you even tried it, baby?" "No-oo," I mutter, kicking fiercely at the table leg in my frustration. "It's icky, Daddy! I jus' know it..." "Oh, do you?" Was that a tiny hint of a smile in his voice? "You know a whole lot for being such a little brat right now. Let's see... you've become quite a picky eater this week, haven't you?"

*No*, I want to whine. But he's absolutely right, and brat that I am right now, I actually feel a twinge of quiet satisfaction at how he's noticed. "Iss 'cause you been givin' me icky stuff that I don't *like*!" I maintain, even as the image of the foods I've rejected over the past days flits before my mind. Some of them I genuinely don't like, even in my adult headspace. And others...

Well, so what if I normally do eat them without a problem? If my Little self wants to kick up a fuss, there isn't much to say, is there?

Though now, as Daddy sighs and pulls the bowl away from me, I catch a glint of resolve in his handsome blue eyes. "You don't like the soup I made for you, baby. You didn't like the beans last night, either. And the day before that, you were even complaining about your peanut butter sandwich! You're getting far, far too picky, did you know that?"

"But I *hate* creamy peanut butter, and you *'pasifckly* put creamy on it," I bluster in what is only a partial untruth. "It's so *stick- bmmm!*" Yet before I can finish, Daddy's hand is descending over my mouth, muffling my ill-tempered protests. "Enough of that, baby," he intones – and in that

moment, I sense I have finally, finally crossed the line.

The line my bratty, pampered little ass has secretly been trying to cross all week.

"Come now," he admonishes, and I whimper softly behind his hand, gazing mutely up into his now-stern eyes amid a sudden flood of subby feelings. "You're coming with me, Shelley MacPherson Puddle-Pants. Daddy has had enough of your whining – and he know exactly what to do to fix that..."

Oh, snap. When he uses my full Littlespace name, I know I'm in for some *serious* trouble.

Out of my booster seat I come, onto the floor, back the hall, crinkling as I trot along helplessly in tow. "Daddy!" I wail, half in fear and half in querulous excitement. "What- what are you-" "You're getting in that tub, baby," he order – and before I quite know what is happening, I'm standing there in our little bathroom, staring into my pigtailed reflection and watching Daddy's massive hands deftly unbuttoning my Frozen shirt, undoing my shortalls, tugging garments over my head and down my legs. He's stripping me, systematically and firmly, down to nothing but the bare, most babyish essentials...

That is to say, my princess diaper. Only slightly wet.

"Sit down in the tub. Now," he instructs, and I scramble to follow, willing only to emit a frustrated and uncertain little peep of disgust at the feeling of the cold porcelain against my sensitive thighs. "Now stay there, baby. Stay there, and wait for Daddy. He's gonna be right back – and believe me, if you move even one inch out of that tub, you're going to be in even deeper trouble than you already are..."

Oh, will I? That is a dangerous thing to say to a confirmed brat like myself. But I stop myself in time, settling instead for sitting there making echoey popping noises with my cheeks and gazing down at my bare, exposed little breasts, their nipples already erect with the chill and with the prospect of impending attention from Daddy...

He returns at last – and the bags and bowls he's carrying bodes something far beyond my wildest Little imaginings.

"Ever hear of the Eat It or Wear It rule, baby?" he asks, and now there's no smile in his voice at all. "It's simple – so simple that even a bratty little baby like you can understand. If you don't want to

eat it..." and now I'm eyeing the dark-colored jar he's twisting open, "You have to wear it instead."

"Wai- No- no, Daddy! Uuugghhhhh!!!" I wail, hands rising to ward off the cold, sticky river now pouring slowly from the upended jar of molasses. Daddy had told me it was good for me a few days ago – that I needed more iron – that doctors said a spoonful a day was super healthy. But of course I'd turned up my nose at it, complaining that it looked weird and smelled funny...

Well, like it or not that smell is filling my nose now: strong and more pungent than ever as the cool river trickles through my fingers and drips its slow way onto my face and front. At least Daddy's not getting it in my hair, I realize with a momentary flash of gratitude. Because he'd probably have to soak it for an hour to remove this horrifically sticky mess...

"See? All over you, baby," Daddy intones, and I shiver as the cold mess snakes its slow way down toward my exposed belly. "Just a sticky, gooey baby who doesn't know what's good for her... who ends up a silly little mess..." And then, before I can pull my inarticulate squeals and wails into a coherent protest, he's setting the half-empty jar aside and reaching for something else. "But of course, there wasn't just *one* food you refused to eat this week. No, not by a long shot..."

The mound of creamy peanut butter in his hand approaches my tight-lipped mouth – but of course my shaking head and muted protests mean nothing to him. I shudder as the sticky, greasy mass connects with my face, and then I feel his other hand slipping behind my head, holding it steady while he grinds the mess gently but firmly into my sputtering face. My eyes squeeze shut in self-defense, and in the darkness my other sensations are heightened: the sticky molasses down my front, the overpowering scent of peanuts all around me, the sound of my own inarticulate splutters, the greasy slip and slide of the warming goo as Daddy rubs it into my face...

And then he moves on to the rest of me.

By the time he ceases, I'm shivering and shaking, half in arousal and half in indignation. I'm peering up at him in resentful humiliation, blinking through the brown goo, feeling more than ever like a naughty toddler who's gotten into the pantry and wreaked havoc. There's peanut butter in my hair, behind my ears, coating my breasts, even dripping and falling into the little gape in the waist of my pink diaper. "Daddee-" I begin, voice trembling and sticky with incredulity and shock. "Pleathe- no more-"

But he's not paying attention to my pathetic whines. "Nope – not by a long shot! You didn't like your beans, either, honey. Remember? Even though you and I know you need lots of fiber in you to

push things out and keep your tummy all nice and regular..." And so a third wave of food commences: the brown mush of beans plastering through my hair, filling my face, causing me to gulp and spit and kick and squeal as Daddy continues his messy ministrations. I'm looking and feeling filthy in every sense of the word: a sticky, gooey little baby, sitting here in her pampers and her own mess, nothing but a pathetic, messy, little brat-

Cottage cheese – which I genuinely loathe with all my soul – comes next, and I'm shaking as its chilly, congealed goop covers my body and drips down between my legs. The pea soup I'd so recently rejected for its slimy green color follows, and much as I hate the goo that courses down my neck and smothers my face once more, I'm grateful at least for its warmth.

Uncannily like the warmth that now floods out between my legs and into my diaper.

"You even said you didn't like tomatoes, baby!" Daddy is exhorting now, as I wipe peevishly at my eyes in a vain struggle to see the world once more. "And I happen to know you do like them most times, so maybe you just need to hush up that lying little mouth of yours, hmm?" *Oh, no-. No-!*

But Daddy's in control now, and his strong fingers pry open my mouth despite my feeble protests, and before I know it a large tomato is slipping between my teeth and filling my mouth, for all the world like a giant ball gag. I'm sitting here, I now realize as he squashes more tomatoes firmly into my hair, my back, my tummy, like some kind of pathetic suckling pig: gagged with a whole tomato, gurgling and spluttering up at Daddy with all the elegance of a piglet in her sty...

And then comes the final blow: the pumpkin pie I'd previously had the bad grace to call "doo-doo pie" for its fecal color. "Better get an up-close look and taste of just how good this doo-doo pie is," Daddy commands, and full into my face comes the pie: full of whipped cream and mushy pumpkin and the smell of fall and spice and humiliation.

Then, and only then, once it's been rammed and ground deep into my face over and over, does Daddy let up. "Does my little brat think she's learned her lesson?" he asks now, and I struggle to raise my filthy head and wipe my eyes free of the creamy, multicolored goo that now covers my entire body. "Do you think you're going to listen and eat whatever Daddy gives you from now on? Without complaining?"

My head is nodding, my brain reeling with endorphins and groveling humiliation, my entire being atingle with the delight and shame of having been put in my place. I'm where I belong now. My mouth is full, and my diaper is wet, and all I can do is murmur and blink and nod like the filthy

little baby Daddy has made me. For he's in control, and he has punished me – and that's all my subby, bratty Little self needs.

"Good girl," he intones, and finally I hear a smile slipping back into his warm voice. "Now, then. Why don't we give you one final treat for having learned your lesson?"

Even through my filth-filled ears I hear the thud of his trousers dropping. At the sound, within seconds I slip unsteadily to my knees almost on instinct, gurgling and dribbling as I struggle to crush and begin chewing at the tomato in my mouth. No more bratting. I may look and feel like a messy, pathetic little baby piglet girl in her sty – but I'm also a good girl now. And good girls know exactly what Daddy wants when he does that.

As the last of the juicy flesh slips down my gulping throat, I blink up once more into Daddy's face... and open my sticky lips. You see, all he needs now is for my mouth to be empty. Empty and warm for him. Ready for him to fill it once more, to feed my dumb little mouth, to stuff it full with his beautiful Daddy cock.

Now that's something I'm more than happy to open wide for.