

Open Mind and Open Mouth

October 2022

Uh-oh. This doesn't bode well at all!

I wriggle experimentally in my seat, as much to visibly express my discomfort as to test the strictness of the restraints holding me captive. But the webbing is taut, and the five-point harness Mommy Shayna added to this high chair is strong, and I'm barely able to shift more than an inch before the straps bring me up short.

You know, I'd love to try to tug them loose. But my hands are cuffed and wrapped in those locking mittens my two mommies love so well. The tray is drawn tightly up against my chest and has clicked in place. And so all I can do is sit here: an overgrown, diapered baby girl, glowering and kicking my bare legs in impotent dissatisfaction as the laughter swirls around me...

"Aww, is wittle Bevuwee being a gwumpy-puss? Is she being a siwwy wittle gwumpy baby today?" Mommy Niddhi's dark eyes are dancing in merriment as she makes her way out from the kitchen, a pink toddler's bowl held proudly aloft. "Here, sweetheart – we've got just the thing! Remember, this is for your own good. You were the one who wanted her mommies to help her become a better baby, remember? With an open mind to trying anything?"

I strain up to see what it is she's got in that bowl – and then, as soon as my mind registers what it is, I feel my face screwing up in disgust. "Uhh, no! No, not cottage cheese! Is icky!" Ugh, it really is! I may be in little space, but the revulsion I'm vocalizing comes straight from the twenty-seven-year-old Beverly's heart. Cottage cheese is – eww. Revolting. Like yogurt gone bad. All lumpy and icky-looking for all the world like regurgitated milk-

"No whining, now!" Mommy Shayna calls from the kitchen, and as she emerges with hands planted on her apron-clad hips, I know she's in no mood to put up with any nonsense from me. "Listen, baby. You're a picky eater, and you know it. So unless you want us to take away all your big girl food and give you nothing but juice and baby formula for the rest of your life, I suggest you be a good baby and learn to like new things. Now be good for Mommy Niddhi and eat your cottage cheese, okay? Finish it all and you'll get a treat, I promise!"

A treat? Well, I'm a sucker for treats at any time, and my Little self doubly so. And so... with another little sigh of resignation, I open... and accept the large, rubber-clad spoon laden with the disgusting white mush.

Eww! The taste isn't... bad, exactly. But the texture is just so weird. So lumpy, so disgusting- And yet, even as I'm on the verge of opening and spitting the gunk out, I catch sight of Mommy Niddhi's shaking head. "Aww, sweetie, don't you like it? Just a couple more spoonfuls and you'll get your treat!"

Oh, I know exactly what the parameters of this whole scene are. I heard them discussing it last night while I nursed in Mommy Shayna's lap. Fifteen minutes per food. All the kinds of food I've professed hating over the last few months, one after the other. And how they'd chuckled and snickered together over the kinds of punishments they'd give if I didn't behave! I hadn't exactly understood what they had in mind, of course. But knowing how diabolical Mommy Shayna could be... well, right now I *really* don't want to find out.

And so I gulp it down. Distastefully. Eyeing Mommy Niddhi all the while. And yes... gazing at that spoon as it dips down into the bowl and produces load after load of glistening white goo for me to swallow.

By the time the bowl is empty, I am half-burping, half-gagging. "Aww, look! What a good girl you are!" Mommy Niddhi enthuses, and I gulp gratefully at the juice in the bottle she slips between my lips. "See? Isn't a nice juicy-juice drink such a good treat?" It is – even though I haven't the slightest idea what kind of juice it is. It's kind of familiar: some blend of cranberry and grape, maybe? But there's some syrupy kind of taste, too...

"Time for the second round!" Mommy Shayna calls, and out from the kitchen comes a fresh bowl: this one of a brown mass of what I know to be refried beans. Ugh, not this! They're even worse than cottage cheese: so sticky, so brown, so very much like dog poo...

But gulp it down I do... eventually. It takes way too long, though – and by the time I've muscled the final sticky mouthful past my gag reflex, Mommy Shayna is standing there with a bowl in her hand and a disapproving look on her face.

"Way too long, baby!" She reprimands, and takes the spoon from Mommy Niddhi's yielding hand. "You're really trying to dilly-dally, aren't you? Here, I've added a nice little punishment to remind you not to waste our time..." I can see it, too: a thick, greasy layer riding atop the mushy green peas that fill the little bowl. *No, please- No, that's castor oil-*

But into my mouth she forces it, despite my shaking head and whimpers of protest. "Aww, you

don't like that?" she asks in mock sympathy, with a derisive grin at Mommy Niddhi. "I guess you'd better learn to! We're gonna keep this up until you've learned not to be such a picky brat, after all. Believe me, I've got plenty more where this came from..."

A half-hour later, I'm in deep trouble. I've been taking way too long, apparently; not only has my treat between courses been taken away, but my mommies have been adding everything I didn't manage to eat into one larger bowl... for some unknown purpose. I can see stewed prunes, fried okra, cauliflower, and mushy peas all mingled together in there... and as I whimper and gulp and gaze pleadingly up at Mommy Niddhi, she sighs and shakes her head.

"Sweetie, I'm afraid that's not good enough," she tells me, and Mommy Shayna rises and takes the bowl back toward the kitchen. "We've been nice enough up to now. But you really need to finish your food. How else are you going to grow up to be a nice big baby with a great big open mind, hmm?"

When Mommy Shayna reappears, I'm first mystified... and then horrified. For in her hands is a thick, opaque pastry bag – you know, the sort you'd use to pipe frosting onto a cupcake. But judging by the gleam in her eyes, I'd say that the contents are nowhere near as tasty as that.

"Open up, baby," she orders – and into my mouth the large plastic nozzle goes despite my shaking head. Fingers clamp tight around my face, and deeper presses the nozzle, and as I gaze fearfully up into Mommy Shayna's stern face I can taste the revolting goo squirting out into my mouth.

"It's all those leftovers, Beverly," she announces – coolly and calmly as steel, though in her eyes is a sadistic gleam. "Mixed together with a bit more of my own punishments. Go on – squirm and wiggle all you want. You're not getting out of this until you've eaten every. Single. Bit."

Her fingers squeeze with each of those last words, and I gulp and hiccup and gulp once more, hardly daring to contemplate the nauseating smear of flavors coursing over my tongue. It's oily, and gritty, and goopy, and everything I absolutely hate about these foods. But there's nothing to do but wheeze and gulp and shudder in my restraints, feeling my bladder dribbling in fear and my belly growing heavier and more full with every minute...

I'm shaking – half-burping, half-hiccuping – when it's finally empty. Tears sting my eyes, and I gulp gratefully at the refreshing juice bottle once more as Mommy Niddhi reaches over and pats my tousled head. "There, that's better," she soothes – but Mommy Shayna's loud laugh cuts her off. "Oh, it's better now, all right," she asserts, and in her every word I can hear the gloating of my

sadistic mommy domme. "Though I don't suppose she needs to know exactly what was in that, of course. Babies don't need to know everything..."

Mommy Niddhi murmurs assent, even as I prick up my ears and squirm anew, feeling more babyish than ever now with my sticky lips and bloated belly and lukewarm diaper. "You're right," she smiles softly, and even as her fingers twine affectionately through my hair I shiver at her next words. "Don't worry. I'll bring a couple of extra MegaMaxes for the trip tomorrow. And a couple of plastic bags too – you know, for the smell..."

Oh, god – I'd completely forgotten! They'd been planning a long road trip soon, hadn't they? An hours-long road trip to another state. A trip that I already know will feature me in the back seat, buckled fast, helpless to do anything but sit and gaze out the window from my oversized car seat while my diaper swells with the contents of my endlessly dribbling bladder...

And maybe with something else, too. Because something tells me that everything that I just ingested is not going to stay inside me for very long.

As a whimper of horror escapes me at the disgusting prospect, my two mommies break into laughter once more. "Oh, don't worry, sweetie!" Mommy Shayna chuckles sarcastically. "Sure, I get it. You may end up a little stinky along the way – certainly after all those laxatives. But that's fine – you're just going to have to get used to it, baby! Eating anything we give you... letting go wherever you are... losing *every* bit of control you ever had..."

And then, as I feel her fingers press deep into the padding between my legs, she gives her partner in crime a knowing wink. "Learning is such a *messy* process, after all!"