

A Dish Best Served Messy: Chapter 1

By: CrissieBaby & LittlePissy

“Chug! Chug! Chug!” chanted Alyssa and Karley, each with giant smiles on their faces as they watched their friends, Morgan and Sawyer, go head to head in beer shotgunning, their favorite pre-game ritual.

Staring across the room at Morgan, Sawyer was determined to one-up her rival for once. Having never won against the group’s ring leader in all their years of bitter friendship, her eyes always went red when even the slightest mention of competition came up. With her modest C-cup boobs and naturally wavy hair, someone like her shouldn’t have had so much intense jealousy within her. But when you’re “friends” with Morgan, those feelings just occur so naturally.

Standing tall in opposition with her buxom D-cups and the curves that could turn a priest’s eyes, Morgan was cool, calm, and collected as she blocked out everything around her, focusing only on the task at hand. Not that she was incredibly worried. No one could suck em’ dry like her after all. Ingesting slurp after slurp of the hardy stout, her tongue finally felt air as she finished off her can. She then proceeded to toss the can onto the ground and stomp on it with a victorious smile on her face.

“And we have a winner!” shouted Alyssa, rushing over to Morgan’s side to hold her arm up as if she’d just survived 12 rounds with Mike Tyson. With a cheeky grin, she then reached over with her other hand and gave Morgan’s massive tit a big squeeze, “A BIG winner, no less.”

Morgan reacted with faux outrage, completely used to Alyssa’s shenanigans. “Hey hey! Stop squishing the merchandise!” laughed Morgan, pushing Alyssa’s hands away playfully.

Sawyer, standing alone on the opposite side of the room, removed the can from her mouth, dejected to have lost yet again. However, unlike most nights where she’d fly off the handle in a fit of rage from her loss, she instead took a deep breath and set herself down on the nearby couch. “Congrats, Morgan,” she said, doing her best to hide the venom that coated her tongue as she watched Morgan, jealous that she was once again having her tits fondled so brazenly.

Morgan approached Sawyer, stumbling slightly as she walked. “BUUUUUUURRP! Thanks, Sawyer,” she responded, completely disregarding the fact that she burped directly in Sawyer’s face. Plopping down on the couch next to her best frienemy, she placed her arm around Sawyer’s shoulder and kicked her feet up, “Don’t be so down, you’re wrecking the mood. At least you’re still better than Karley.”

Sawyer playfully pushed Morgan’s hand off of her. “Gee, thaaaaanks. Too bad that’s not much of a high bar,” she said, causing everyone to chuckle at Karley’s expense.

“Hey, no fair! You know I get tummy aches!” yelled Karley in her own defense, causing the girls’ laughter to only grow louder and more intense.

Leaning her head back and stretching out her arms, Morgan relaxed on the couch, finding that her tummy was feeling a bit funny after chugging that first beer. She wasn't worried, however, as she was known for her iron-clad stomach, never having once thrown up before. "Well, Karley, you'll have all day tomorrow to practice at the beach. Tommy and the boys said they're bringing a shit ton of beer," she said, already feeling excited to try on her new bikini for her boy toy.

Smirking, Morgan watched Sawyer shift uncomfortably at the sheer mention of her big, buff, boyfriend, "And don't be thinking of yourself as a seventh wheel," she said, nudging Sawyer with her elbow, "Just you wait, we'll help you find a boy to play with at the beach tomorrow. Summertime means lots of new hotties coming to the beach."

"Yeah, and lots of dudes looking for one-night stands with out-of-town college girls," said Sawyer, rolling her eyes at Morgan's faux pity. Still, she refused to let Morgan get to her. In just a few minutes, her plan would be in motion, a thought that filled her with unbridled ecstasy.

Grabbing a beer for herself, Karley sat down in a plush chair and cracked her can open. Looking around, she couldn't believe how fancy this house was, especially in comparison to her small rental house that was overrun with adult baby paraphernalia thanks to her job as a part-time diaper dominatrix. "Seriously Alyssa, thanks for letting us stay at your dad's place over the weekend," she said, before tipping back her can, only to choke softly from drinking too fast a moment later.

"Yeah, thanks and all, but I was meaning to ask you. What's with the giant pacifier statue out front?" asked Morgan as she pointed through the front window towards a giant carved statue of a binky that was placed front and center in front of the oceanside mansion.

Giggling, Alyssa answered, "Oh, lol-omega-lol, my dad's a higher up in CrissBaby Diaper Company. Apparently, he oversees new product development and testing or something dumb like that."

"He got any freebies I can snag?" joked Karley half-seriously. Diapers were expensive, after all, even with the amount she was charging her clients.

Scoffing, Morgan opened another beer and rolled her eyes. "Well, honestly, I think it's super tacky and kinda creepy," she said, fully unaware that she was bringing down the mood in the entire room, "Like, it's a fucking binky. I know people are cool with diaper wearers now and whatever but do they need to be so in your face about it?"

The other three girls all chuckled along half-heartedly, never wanting Morgan to believe for a second that any of them harbored any resentment whatsoever. Shooting knowing looks at one another, they watched strategically as Morgan tipped back her beer, knowing that soon, Morgan's reign of terror would finally be over.

“Are you sure this stuff’s gonna work?” said Sawyer, who was already skeptical of entrusting her revenge plan to Alyssa and Karley.

“It has to!” said Alyssa confidently, “My dad said this stuff is so gnarly that not even the paid product testers wanna try it.”

“Well, what are you waiting for? Open it up!” said Karley, her anticipation growing.

Opening the small, padded box, Sawyer reached in and lifted out a small vial containing a glowing pink liquid. “Bring me the baby bottle,” she said sternly, prompting Alyssa to rush the bottle over. Carefully, Sawyer poured the concoction into the bottle filled with CrissBaby Baby Formula and watched as the milk took on a light pink hue.

“Is it done?” asked Karley, turning to Sawyer, who then turned to Alyssa.

Nodding her head, Alyssa said, “Once we feed it to Morgan, she’s gonna be the center of attention for a whole different reason.” The girls all giggled manically.

“This’ll teach that bitch for sleeping with our boyfriends,” said Karley, getting a nod of agreement from Alyssa. The two scorned girls were more than happy to join Sawyer on her quest after she told them all about Morgan’s philandering.

Meanwhile, Sawyer was keeping quiet and letting the two girls feed into their own anger. So what if she wasn’t being entirely truthful when she told Karley and Alyssa about Morgan’s infidelity? One white lie in the face of everything Morgan had done to her was nothing. At last, years of torment and being one-upped constantly by her adversary were at an end.

“Do you think I should use the tanning oil with SPF 5 or 15? I wanna keep my tan absolutely perfect!” asked Morgan to the group while keeping her eyes focused on her expertly tanned skin.

Rolling her eyes, Sawyer dutifully answered, “I’d go with SPF 15. Your tan is already so perfect anyway.” Internally, she cringed, hoping that her sudden helpfulness wasn’t going to tip Morgan off.

Luckily, Morgan was much too self-absorbed to pay much attention. “Hmmm...SPF 5 it is!” she said gleefully as she knelt down and placed the tanning oil in her beach bag. Standing back up, however, she felt the gravity of the alcohol she’d been gulping down since she arrived at Alyssa’s dad’s place. Placing her hand on the table, she thought back to how many beers she’d pre-gamed with, knowing for a fact that she’d only had three so far. Nowhere near enough to get her this lit.

Sensing Morgan’s growing unease, Sawyer grabbed another beer from the hidden pack she had slid under the couch and offered it over to Morgan. “You want another one?” asked Sawyer, knowing that Morgan’s ego would never let her turn it down.

Sure enough, despite all the warning signs, Morgan forced a fake smile and took another beer from Sawyer, fully unaware of the muscle relaxants she was ingesting. Cracking the can

open and tipping it back for a few big gulps, she hoped that the ice-cold beer would soothe her senses. Unfortunately, it only made things worse as the room began to spin around her. “H-Hey, guyth...I fink...somefings wong,” she said, as her body slumped back onto the couch, leaning against Sawyer in the process.

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Feeling a warmth growing around her butt and hearing the faint hiss of someone peeing, Sawyer knew exactly what was happening. She wasn't exactly thrilled that Morgan was urinating on her, but this would only add to the humiliation. Biting her tongue, she waited for a few extra seconds, knowing the larger the mess, the deeper the embarrassment. Looking over at the expression on Morgan's face, she clearly had no idea what she was doing, making this moment all the sweeter.

Taking a deep breath through her nose, Sawyer got her game face on. She sprang up from the couch quickly, causing Morgan to slump over into her own piss puddle. “Oh my fucking god! Did you just fucking wet yourself?!” she screamed, drawing Karley and Alyssa's eyes to the situation at hand, both of whom had growing smiles on their faces as they watched the fruits of their plan begin to ripen.

Scrambling away from the wet couch, Morgan threw herself to the floor with no idea that she was still mid-accident. The front of her clothes were completely soaked by this point, bringing confused and terrified tears to the corner of her eyes. She'd never been so drunk that she'd wet herself before, and it wasn't an experience she ever hoped to repeat. Trying to lift herself up from her newest puddle forming around her on the carpet, she found that her body was no longer listening to her, leaving her stranded in the middle of the floor.

Sawyer, Alyssa, and Karley stood over Morgan, each with sadistically vengeful looks in their eyes. “Well, girls, I'd say step one was a smashing success,” said Sawyer, bending down to pat Morgan on the only dry spot she had visible. She then proceeded to place a set of medical gloves on and roll the delirious girl onto her back, “Alright, time for step two.”

Together, the three girls proceeded to strip Morgan naked. “H-Huh? W-Whad are...you...” was all she could sputter out. In the back of her mind, the only part of her still conscious it seemed, she was a bit grateful to be freed from the damp clothing, but that relief was counterbalanced by being fully nude in front of her fully-dressed friends. She blushed, flopping her arms upward towards her face in a futile attempt to hide herself.

Grabbing her arms and throwing them to her sides, Sawyer hovered her face directly over Morgan's. “Well, well, well, isn't this quite the predicament,” she said, placing a gentle hand on the drunken girl's hair and patting it softly, “Hmm...remind me, Morgan. What was it you once told me...oh yes! Little girls who can't control their bladder need to be diapered.

With her eyes widening in horror, Morgan may have been practically numb from the alcohol by this point, but she had no intentions of letting Sawyer, or anyone else for that matter, diaper her like some drooling baby. And yet, she could do nothing more than lay prone on the

ground motionless while Karley produced a large diaper from her bag and began to unfold it.
“So, who wants to do their honors?”

Placing her arms around Alyssa and Karley’s shoulders, Sawyer's smug grin grew a mile wide as she looked down at Morgan, who was so helpless that it was almost too much. Shifting the eyes to the girls at her sides, she stated gleefully, “You know, I think it’s only fitting that we all do it together.”

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