

A Dish Best Served Messy: Chapter 4

By: CrissieBaby & LittlePissy

SQUELCH!

Lying in bed, Morgan's brain started to wake up, hammered by what felt like a nasty hangover. With her eyes still closed, she attempted to roll over to her side, in the hopes that she'd quickly return to sleep. However, as she tried to roll, a large and squishy weight between her legs prevented her from turning to her side, making a very audible *SQUELCH!*

Puzzled, Morgan wiggled her waist, noticing that her entire pelvic region was submerged in something wet and mushy. She reached her hand down, hoping to discover what the foreign object was. When her hand made contact with the waistband of her diaper, memories of the night before began to flicker back in. She remembered her drinking game with Sawyer, and then being tied up for some reason while wearing a d-

With her eyes opening as wide as they, Morgan threw the blanket off of herself, releasing the eyelash-frying odor. Covering her nose and mouth, she let out a horrified scream as she noticed the swollen beanbag of a diaper she had on. Her concern soon shifted to her stomach, which was noticeably plumper than her model-thin body should've been. "Nononono! What the fuck?!!" she shouted as her hands felt up both the diaper and her pudgy tummy before moving upward to discover her boobs had all but vanished, "WHERE THE HELL ARE MY TITS?!"

CLICK!

Suddenly, Morgan's attention was pulled to the sound of the bedroom door being opened, before a female figure wearing a gas mask entered the smelly space. "Good morning, sleeping beauty," said the voice, which Morgan instantly recognized as Sawyer, "Did you rest up good? Physical transformation really zap the energy right out of ya, huh?"

Fuming in more ways than one, Morgan launched upward, aiming to throttle Sawyer's throat, only to be anchored back down by her enormous nappy. "This has gone too far, Sawyer! I may not have been nice to you and shit, but I never permanently fucked up your body!"

"Who said anything about permanent?" chuckled Sawyer, patting Morgan's diaper playfully, "After your less than expected body changes, we went and asked Alyssa's dad all about it. He said you should be back to normal after a month or so. Then again, he did also mention you were the first human tester for this project, so who knows really."

Morgan couldn't care less about Sawyer's doubting taunts. The serum was designed to wear off, and that was enough to bring down her anxiety slightly. "I swear, when this is all over, I'm going to end you," she said, glaring up from the ground. Despite her smaller stature and bloated diaper, no one could take away the fear that her words could place in people.

Pretending to be unphased, Sawyer got down on her knees and began untaping the diaper. "Ugh! I can already smell it through the fucking mask!" she shouted as she pulled the

diaper open, exposing the massive mucky to the air. She swore she could see physical stink lines rising up from the mountain of crap that had accumulated.

While Sawyer was struggling to handle Morgan's big mess, Morgan was struggling to stay conscious. No amount of pinching her nose could save her. It was as if she could taste the stink in the air. She coughed and sputtered, trying her best to endure the diaper change. "Is there...another mask?!" she yelled, hoping that Sawyer would at least take a little pity on her.

Sadly, Sawyer shook her head with a vindictive smile. "Nope! Just the one! It's why Karley and Alyssa aren't in here," she said, enjoying Morgan's unintentional suffering, "Don't worry though, I'll let you play with it when we're all done here."

"No thanks," responded Morgan, unable to think up a decent comeback with the stench of poo constantly invading her nostrils.

Holding her arms up, Morgan allowed Sawyer to pull her out of the pill of manure she'd been stuck in and quickly wrapped up her lower half in a large towel. "There, that should hold you until you get to the shower," she said, gesturing for Morgan to leave, "I've still got work to do in here. Karley's waiting to help you into the bath."

"I-I don't need Karley's help!" shouted Morgan, stomping her foot in place. She had no idea why she'd performed such a childish action, but it felt so natural. Embarrassed, she sped her way out of the room, relieved to finally be freed from her diaper prison.

Waiting on the other side of the door, Karley quickly pulled Morgan through the door and quickly pushed it close, wanting as little of the air inside to escape. "God, how did you even breathe in there?!" asked Karley, giggling in amazement, "Come on, little one. It's time your stinky butt got a bath." Before Morgan could protest, she grabbed onto her wrist and began pulling her through the house.

"Karley, what are you doing?! We've been best friends for three whole years!" screamed Morgan as she tried to dig her heels into the carpet to no avail. She didn't even have the strength to break Karley's grip, "P-Please, whatever Sawyer is paying you, I'll double it!"

Karley paid no mind to Morgan's protests or bargains. As her mentor, Mother Elma, always said, don't let your Littles find any wavering in your control. They'll only use it against you because if it works once, it will work again.

Entering the bathroom, Karley forced Morgan's arms upward and ripped off the brown-stained towel that was haphazardly tangled around her waist. She made a mental note to teach Sawyer some cloth diapering techniques. "Holy cow! You're literally caked in shit!" she said, bizarrely fascinated by the mucky sludge that clung to her hips. Several of her clients had a thing for hypermessing and had asked her for help in emulating that experience as much as possible, but still, not a single one of them had ever come anywhere close to this. "Please stand over the potty for a second."

With the toilet seat fully raised up, Morgan stepped forward so that the bowl was stationed between her legs. Soon after, she felt the pressure of Karley's glove-covered hands scraping large chunks of poop off of her rear. The process wasn't pleasant and took several

flushes until the bulk of the fecal matter was safely down the drain, but at least her ass cheeks could feel the air again. Looking back, she was disappointed to see that not only were her boobs gone, but so was her cute bubble butt that she took so much pride in. She whimpered softly.

Wasting no time, Karley moved Morgan into the shower and proceeded to spray her down with the detachable showerhead. It was at this point that Morgan realized how itchy and irritated the skin around her diaper area felt. She'd been so worked up since she'd woken that she hadn't noticed the diaper rash that such a hefty load had caused.

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"Yo Karley, is she clean yet?" shouted Alyssa from outside the bathroom.

Craning her neck back, Karley responded, "Almost done, feel free to come on in."

Morgan, meanwhile, was mortified beyond belief. Not only was she being hosed down like a dog, but she apparently lacked any sort of privacy anymore. She'd been awake for less than fifteen minutes by this point and she'd already had her naked butt seen by all three of her so-called friends. Still, she knew better than to snap at either Karley or Alyssa. If she was going to sway them back to her side, she needed to be tactful.

After a thorough soaping, Karley shut the shower off before grabbing a fluffy towel off the rack and drying off her lower body. "You're almost done, Morgan. Lemme just get you dried and diapered," she said with zero malice in her voice.

Morgan knew that Karley was a diaper dom on the side, but she had no idea just how seriously she took her job. Unlike Sawyer, Karley was precise and efficient, having her clean, dry, and on the ground ready for a new diaper all within the same minute. "D-Do I really have to wear another one?" she asked fruitlessly, knowing that there was likely no hope for her with the bonafide caretaker.

Shaking her head just like Sawyer had, Karley responded, "Sorry, Morgan. After last night's little accident, I don't think you can be trusted with big girl underwear until your body is back to normal."

Folding her arms, Morgan resigned herself to a padded fate and let Karley have her way with her. Continuing to prove her prowess, Karley set her phone down on the ground and started a timer as she began Morgan's diaper change. Like a well-practiced musician, she didn't miss a single note. First came the lotion, which she slathered on thickly. Next was the powder that was dumped on liberally. And finally, the diaper front was folded up, with each tape secured in place on the first try. "Time!" she yelled as she reached down and stopped her phone, "Frick! Over 39 seconds."

"Omg, Karley, it's fine. You don't need to set a land speed record here," teased Alyssa as leaned down and held her hand out for Morgan to take, "C'mon, I bet you're starving after evacuating your insides out last night."

Morgan had to admit that she was pretty famished. Plus, Alyssa seemed like she was talking to her normally, at least more so than Karley or Sawyer. Taking her hand, she was

quickly pulled to unstable feet, with the thick diaper between her legs serving as a wedge keeping her thin thighs apart at all times. Thankfully, the kitchen wasn't too far from the bathroom, so it wasn't a long walk.

However, no moment of mercy ever lasted. As she entered the dining area, she was greeted by a tall, wooden high chair that looked plenty big to fit someone her size. She cursed Alyssa's dad in her head for having all the shit on hand. "Al, please don't make me use that. Can't I just sit in a normal chair?"

"Sorry, no can do," said Alyssa, completing the trilogy of disapproving head shakes, "We've got a lot to do today, and it's my job to make sure you're properly fed before we go out."

"O-Out?" Morgan squeaked as her heart sank. They couldn't. They wouldn't. She wanted to refuse, to tell Alyssa that there was no fucking way she would go out in public looking like this. But her will was broken. Even if she tried to stop them, she was too weak to fight back. It took all the courage she had just to mutter out, "W-Where?"

"To the beach, of course, silly head!" cooed Alyssa, placing her hands under Morgan's armpits and hoisting her up into the chair. Morgan tried to get out, but Alyssa was ready for her with the high chair's tray in hand. She gave Morgan a big shove backward as she slid the tray in place until she heard the click of it locking.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

The microwave suddenly went off, signaling that whatever was inside had finished cooking. "Ooh! Perfect timing!" said Alyssa as she skipped over to the far side of the kitchen, pulling a large bowl out of the microwave.

As Alyssa walked back to the high chair, Morgan caught sight of what her morning meal was to be; a big bowl of grayish-brown slop. "Eww! I hate oatmeal!" she blurted out similarly to a toddler throwing a tantrum.

Placing the bowl on the tray, Alyssa smirked. "Well, eat as much as you want to," she said, tossing a spoon onto the tray next to the bowl. She then leaned in close to Morgan's ear, a sadistic smile forming, "Just know that whatever you don't finish is gonna wind up in your diaper one way or another."

Dejected and seeing no way out of this, Morgan took hold of the eating utensil and stared down at the bowl of oatmeal, which was nearly as wide as a basketball. There was no way any human could eat this much. Regardless of what she chose, this was going to be a long and grueling breakfast.

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