

A Dish Best Served Messy: Chapter 8

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pop!

“Like, can we change the music? I fucking hate this song!”

Sitting in the passenger seat of Karley’s car with her feet kicked up on the dashboard, Morgan popped the bubble gum in her mouth unconsciously and continued staring at her phone while sitting within arm’s reach of the radio dial. That wasn’t how Morgan operated, though. In her eyes, everyone existed to do what she said, when she said it.

pop!

Rolling her eyes, Karley pressed the scan button with her finger and allowed the car to filter through active radio stations. Needless to say, her mini road trip with Morgan had been less than pleasant. From the constant gum-smacking to constantly barking orders, the money that Morgan was paying her to drive her to an out-of-town mall for some giant sale was starting to weigh heavy in her pocket. Keeping her eyes on the road, she counted her blessings that they were only ten minutes from their destination, so at least she’d get a reprieve before the nearly ninety-minute car ride back. Plus, she could always pick something out for herself at the sale.

pop!

POP!!!

Almost in sync with Morgan’s bubble blowing, Karley’s tire suddenly blew out, causing her to swerve all over the road. “What the fuck are you doing?!” screamed Morgan, her fingers clinging to her taut seat belt. She slid back in her seat, clumsily allowing her feet to fall from the dash.

“The tire fucking popped!” responded Karley. Veering off to the side of the road, she stopped her injured vehicle and hopped out to take a closer look. Unfortunately, the tire was utterly wrecked and there was no sign as to what could’ve caused it. “I’ll call AAA.” Stepping out of the car, Morgan slammed her door and yelled, “Well, that’s just fucking great! What am I gonna do now?!”

“You’re gonna sit your butt in the car and wait,” said Karley, clearly agitated, “A mechanic will be here as soon as they can. Ugh! This is gonna cost me so much money!” Welp, there went all of her plans of picking out a small something for herself. A tow truck plus a new tire would certainly cost a pretty penny.

Thankfully, standing up to Morgan a bit appeared to have silenced her a bit. Time passed while they waited and before long, the sun was approaching the horizon. Soon all the stores would be closed, including the one Morgan was trying to get to. Turning to her silent friend, she offered her condolences, “Hey, I’m sorry about all this. I promise I’ll drive you over here again some other-”

“Ooh! My Uber’s here!” said Morgan, carelessly interrupting her friend. As she climbed back out of the car, sure enough, a newish, black sedan slowed to a stop in front of them. Before running off towards her new ride, she leaned back into the car and said, “I’ll be back in less than an hour, okay! See ya!”

Speechless, Karley’s jaw dropped, her nerves growing exponentially now that she was on her own. Luckily, it wasn’t too long after that a tow truck arrived to pick her up. Since no mechanic shops were open, AAA was kind enough to provide her with a spare tire. By the time she had a new tire on her car, nearly an hour had passed. Perfect timing, since Morgan said she’d be back soon.

However, it wasn’t long before one hour turned to two, and then three. Numerous texts and phone calls had resulted in nothing but dial tones and unread messages. Part of her wanted to cut and run. If Morgan was gonna ditch her like this, why couldn’t she? Her guilty conscience was the answer to that question, as the thought of leaving her friend stranded felt so wrong.

BUZZ BUZZ!

Suddenly, Karley’s phone vibrated as a new message popped up from Morgan. It read: “Hey so my bf was in the neighborhood and gave me a ride back home. I’m already back at the house so don’t wait up.” She had no words. There was nothing good she could say to Morgan at this point. Biting her pride, she put her car in drive and made the long, quiet drive home, with the only thing on her mind being the certainty that Morgan was never gonna pay her a single cent for all this.

pop!

“P-Please! I don’t wanna go in the water!”

Causally chewing on her gum, Karley watched from their group’s spot on the beach as Sawyer dragged Morgan by the hand over to the salty sea water in nothing but her bikini and a big, messy diaper. A diaper that would no doubt soak up a ton of water if she were ever to get submerged.

Not that Sawyer seemed to care much. She dug her nails into Morgan’s flesh as she pulled her out to sea. “Stop being such a baby! I want to get a good photo of you standing in the water! The sooner we get this over with, the sooner we can go back to the others,” she said angrily.

Easing up her resistance, Morgan responded, “So wait, if we take one dumb photo, you’ll let me go back?”

“Yes, and I promise I won’t post it. This is just for me,” said Sawyer with a grin that reminded Karley of the Big Bad Wolf in the Little Red picture book she had in her nursery. Anyone not in as desperate of a situation as Morgan would’ve clearly noticed her malicious intent.

Stepping back, Sawyer waved Morgan to scoot back more and more until she was up to her knees in the ocean. "Alright, say *diapees!*" she said, stifling a sadistic snicker as she slowly started to count, "Three...two...one..."

SPLASH!!!

Capturing the photo of Morgan getting body slammed by a big wave at the perfect moment, Sawyer nearly fell over in the ankle-deep water she was standing in as Morgan was pancaked by the wall of water.

The poor, diapered mess of a girl tried to get back to her feet as quickly as she could, but the damage was done. Taped to Morgan's waist was an extremely swollen diaper that only seemed to be getting bigger with each passing second. She trudged back to shore, falling victim to a few more waves along the way until her padding was so big that she wound up being stuck on her butt much like a turtle trapped in an upside-down shell.

Rolling her eyes, Karley stood up from her tanning spot and marched across the beach to Morgan and Sawyer. "Tsk, tsk," she said with a simmering smile, "Morgan, I expected better from you. If your diaper is getting this big, clearly you belong in them." Sure, this was obviously Sawyer's fault and she'd definitely want to chew her out later for making extra work, but the last thing she wanted to do was get on her bad side. The girl had way too much fun bullying Morgan and she did not want to end up a secondary target.

Sitting in her porous padding with a face redder than a cherry, Morgan's eyes shifted across the beach as she saw dozens of people staring and laughing at the freak in a bean bag-sized diaper. Perched up high, there was nowhere for her to hide her shame. Worst of all was that she could feel herself getting horny from all of this. Ever since the sunscreen incident, her sex drive had been cracked up to eleven and wasn't appearing to fade like it normally would. It was as if her body craved the humiliation she was wracking up.

Mercifully, Sawyer and Karley came to Morgan's aid, freeing her from the inflated nappy before rolling the big, squishy mass back out of the water. "So like, theoretically, how big would this thing get if we let it drift into the ocean?" asked Alyssa, feeling tempted by chaos to push the padding back out to sea.

"Not sure, but on the off chance that it manages to soak up the entire ocean, let's not risk it," joked Karley, knowing just how thirsty CrissBaby Super Soakers could be. Taking a very shy Morgan by the hand, she led her back to their beach area, "Alright Morgan, go lie down on the blue towel over there. I'll grab the changing supplies."

With her hand tightly cupping her princess parts, Morgan sat down by the blue towel as she was told. Honestly, in a choice between a change from Karley or more torture from Sawyer, it was no contest at all. Diaper change be damned, this was the closest thing to a reprieve that she was gonna get.

Grabbing the changing supplies, Karley made her way over to where Morgan was sitting but was stopped by Sawyer before she could get there. "Hey, so I had this awesome idea of using this itching powder in her next change," said the mischievous sophomore as she

presented a small container to Karley whilst ensuring Morgan never got so much as a glimpse of what was coming.

As a seasoned caregiver, Karley wasn't exactly on board with this plan. Itching powder was one of those things that sounds like a fun punishment on paper but can be very annoying to deal with in the long term. From intense rashing and constant whining to the idea that she could easily get some of the powder on her own body, the risk greatly outweighed the reward. Still, with as vengeful as Sawyer was, she didn't exactly feel like saying no either. Keeping silent, she took the container from Sawyer and gave her a knowing nod before tucking it in her diaper bag, which appeared to satisfy the boss. She wasn't sure if she was actually gonna use it yet, but it'd be easy to explain it away by saying she must not have used enough.

"Okay, let's have you lie back and lift your legs up," said Karley, kneeling down next to Morgan and digging into her diaper bag for supplies. Thankfully, it seemed like Morgan wasn't going to be complaining nearly as much as she did during her last two changes as she obeyed without a second thought. "You know, you're becoming quite the seasoned Little. You weren't nearly this docile before." She knew there was a risk of setting off Morgan's temper with her teasing, but that was part of the fun, right?

Turning her head away in an attempt to hide her flushed cheeks, Morgan pouted as she watched the man who was supposed to be her boyfriend laughing and rubbing elbows with her arch-enemy, Sawyer. Part of her knew this was likely just Sawyer's way of trying to piss her off and she didn't want to give her the satisfaction, but part of her also was pissed as hell and wanted nothing more than to rain fire down on the entire beach. She folded her arms over her stomach as she chewed on her lip, trying and failing not to let Sawyer get to her.

"Oh c'mon, it's not that bad is it?" said Karley, having no understanding of why Morgan was actually upset. Normally, she tries to pace her changing time, but she was at the beach and was curious to pick at Morgan's brain. Wiping down Morgan's piss-coated crotch, she continued, "You know, many people find this therapeutic. Kinda like a day at the spa."

Morgan sighed and turned to Karley with a bratty sneer. If this was meant to be a spa day, it clearly wasn't working. "Yes, it is that bad! Unlike you and your weirdo diaper losers, I'm a normal person, and normal people don't find anything enjoyable about being forced into diapers," she said with no regard to how insulting and incendiary her statements were. If Karley wasn't going to use the itching powder before, that ship had sailed. It was clear to her now that there were no amount of chances that she could give Morgan for there to be any meaningful change to her abhorrent personality. Clearly, Sawyer had the right idea, diaper discipline was the only way to put this unbridled brat in her place. Placing the lotion in her hand, it occurred to her that it was finally time to give this naughty little girl a taste of what happens to her clients when they misbehave. "Oh, really?" she said in a faux upbeat tone while slathering a sloppy helping of creamy lotion onto Morgan's coochie. With a wicked grin, she let a finger slip inside of Morgan's slit, resulting in a soft moan, "Well, if that's what you think, I guess I'll just need to show you how much more fun we weird diaper losers can have."

Biting her lip, Morgan's neck went limp as Karley's sensual diaper change proceeded. She hated to admit it, but with how off-again, on-again horny she had been, it felt good to feel some sort of stimulation that wasn't caused by her diaper. Though, that thought did little to mitigate her concerns about being fingered in public in the midst of a diaper change. She turned to look back at Sawyer and Tommy yet again, only this time, instead of her eyes going green with envy, her expression was far more worried that she could be caught in such a compromising position. This gave Karley the perfect opportunity to add a bit of itching powder into the baby powder bottle with her free hand. With her scheme in place, she removed her finger from Morgan's crotch and began to sprinkle the powder all over her pelvis, savoring the look of desperation in her eyes. "What's this? Was someone having fun?" she teased, causing red to spread across Morgan's nose and cheeks. Maybe Sawyer was right, messing with Morgan like this was just too much fun to resist. After years of being stuck as her lackey to get ahead in the sorority, this was easily the most cathartic experience of her life thus far.

TO BE CONTINUED...