

A Dish Best Served Messy: Chapter 7

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Dropping to her knees in the sand, no amount of threats or punishments could be worse than the humiliation of having to confront her boyfriend looking like this. Stuck in the body of a diaper-wearing, pudgy short girl with no tits or ass, it didn't matter if Tommy recognized her or not. Surely Sawyer was chomping at the bit to tell him.

At this point, though, Sawyer stood as Morgan's only salvation to escape a disastrous fate. "P-Pwease, nod dat..." she said, trailing off as her voice began getting choked up. Having held her emotions back through many harrowing college experiences, many in her sorority had taken to calling her Morbid Morgan for her inability to cry; something that Sawyer was keenly aware of.

In a state of utter shock, Sawyer couldn't believe that she got Morgan to break before the 24-hour mark, and for something as simple as seeing her bubble butt boyfriend too. After watching her transform from a buxom beauty to a diaper dork without dropping a single tear, she wasn't certain Morgan knew how to cry. Clearly, she'd struck a nerve on this one and she was eager to exploit it. "Not what?" she said, placing her foot beneath Morgan's diaper and smashing her ice cream-filled diaper against her butt, "Go on, you can still use your big girl words, can't you?"

Gripping handfuls of sand, Morgan cringed as she felt the melted, chocolatey mess oozing across her backside. To say she felt degraded would be an understatement. Sawyer's foot was all the answer she needed. As crushing as having her boyfriend see her in this state was, there would be no mercy shown and she knew that. Climbing back onto her feet, she trudged forward silently, refusing to play into Sawyer's mind games, saying in a low, melancholic voice, "Ch-chu win. Wet's jus ged dis over wit."

Shrugging her shoulders, Sawyer placed her arm around Morgan, who was now at the perfect height to provide her with a comfortable armrest, and waltzed her way over to their beach set-up. "Hey, party peeps! We brought the umbrella," she said in a grandiose fashion as she gestured back to Morgan.

"And who's your little friend," remarked Tommy, standing up to graciously take the umbrella from Morgan's tiny hands, "Hey there, I'm Tommy."

Frozen in place, Morgan wasn't sure what to say. She was relaxed by the fact that she looked so radically different that Tommy didn't recognize her, even when standing face-to-face. And yet, she also couldn't have been more on edge since she now had to interact with him. He was introducing himself, so she needed to say something back but a swirling vortex of questions and scenarios kept her from speaking.

Thankfully, Karley swooped in to help. "That's Marge. She's Sawyer's little cousin. Sorry, she can be shy around new people in her diaper," she said, proving once again that she was the most merciful of the three.

Morgan may have hated the sound of Marge being her cover name, but the fact that the girls were giving her a cover name at all was a blessing. It reminded her of what Sawyer had said back at the house; that both her appearance and her incontinence were only temporary. Simultaneously, she also recognized that now she had something on the line, not just today, but for the entire time she stayed this way. Under no circumstance could she let Tommy find out her real identity, meaning she needed to play nice with whatever depraved scheme Sawyer and the other girls cooked up in order to keep them silent.

Unfortunately, while Morgan was deep in thought, Sawyer had snuck around behind her. Roping the shrunken girl into a headlock, she proceeded to give her a noogie, rubbing her fist forcefully on Morgan's hair. "That's right! Little Margey here was thinking about joining our sorority next Fall, so she asked if she could hang out with my best sisters this week. Isn't that cute?" she said, causing everyone to giggle at her bold assertion.

Tri Delta was home to only the most attractive and athletic girls at the university. Only a handful of elite candidates were chosen every year, meaning that the soft-sided "Marge" had about as much a chance of joining as someone from the janitorial staff. Morgan's face flushed at the thought of having to go through freshman hazing with this body. There were a few uggos in her class who had unwisely signed up for Rush week and were rudely awakened to their poor odds through a series of vicious challenges, only to still be denied entry on the off chance they managed to survive them all.

Squirming to break free, Morgan writhed around in Sawyer's arms, unwittingly swinging her brown-stained diaper into everyone's line of sight. "Oh my god! She shit herself," said Tommy, his hands shooting up to cover his nose as he backed away.

"Oops, sorry about that," said Sawyer, letting Morgan go while she was still struggling to free herself and watching her tumble backward onto her mushy tushy, "She's not incontinent or anything. She just loves to wear and use her diapers and doesn't really care who sees them. One of those diaper losers that Karley loves to play with so much."

Walking up to Sawyer, Karley flicked her on the bridge of her nose, causing the ego-tripping girl to recoil in pain. "Next time, think before you insult someone's kink," she said sternly before helping Morgan back to her feet.

Holding her nose in her hand, Sawyer could feel her rage bubbling up. "Sorry, Karley, I didn't realize it was such a sensitive subject," she said with sneering sarcasm, "Maybe you and Marge should go play baby games over there and leave the rest of us normal people out of it."

Stepping into the crossfire of Sawyer and Karley, Alyssa butted in, "Hey now, I think you both need to take a fucking chill pill." Her voice may have sounded friendly, but her intentions were crystal clear. With two cans of beer in hand, she handed one off to both of them while giving each withering stare.

“Whatever, I’m over this,” said Sawyer, popping the lid off her can and tipping it back. Still heated from Karley’s backtalk, she turned her sights on Morgan, “C’mon! I bet you’d love to go swimming with your auntie Sawyer. Yes, you would!” The mockingly motherish voice was displeasing to everyone in earshot, sounding both forced and unnatural.

Morgan, who had no desire to succumb to any more diaper torture, wrapped her arms around Karley’s legs as if she was her beacon of hope. She didn’t know why she felt compelled to do such a childish action instead of just telling Sawyer off like normal, but regardless, doing so made her feel oddly safe.

Needless to say, Sawyer was less than pleased with Karley’s caregiving skills by this point. Of course, Morgan would latch onto her. Clearly, the more she kept those two apart, the better. “Fine then,” she said, shrugging her shoulders, “I guess you don’t want me to put any sunscreen on you then.”

“No!” shouted Morgan as she realized what a helpless position she was in. She looked up at Karley with eyes that could melt any mother’s heart. Sadly, as much as it was clear Karley wanted to do something to curb Sawyer’s aggression, she wasn’t willing to go against Sawyer, at least not yet. High stepping backward slowly, she removed her legs from Morgan’s grip and backed away.

Snickering, Sawyer walked up to the prone Morgan and proceeded to nudge her with her feet until she was flat on her stomach. “That’s right, you know you don’t wanna ruin that perfect tan of yours,” she said before leaning down and grabbing Morgan by the hair and lifting her head out of the sand, “Don’t forget, Karley maybe a caretaker, but you are supposed to be my little kiddy cousin, and we wouldn’t want to break the illusion, now would we?” She gestured towards Tommy, adding weight to her threat.

Realizing how screwed she was, Morgan gave one last sorrowful look to Karley, who had turned her head to purposefully look away by this point, before resigning herself to her fate. At least Sawyer was gonna make sure she didn’t fry. “O-Okie, I’ww g-go pway if chu puts on my sunsween,” she said reluctantly.

“Excellent! No time to waste, then!” remarked Sawyer as she walked to the diaper bag and proceeded to pull out a bottle that Morgan didn’t recognize. Graciously, she made sure to present the bottle to her, wanting her to know exactly what was going on her body. “This should keep your skin feeling baby fresh!”

Staring at the picture of a little girl having her bikini bottom pulled at by a little black dog, Morgan read the front face of the bottle and grimaced at the name, “Coppertone: Water Babies.” Of course, why wouldn’t Sawyer pick something like that out for her? At least it was SPF 45, which was only five less than the kind she usually used, though there was no telling how effective baby sunscreen would be for an adult.

“Can you read that part? The #1 Pediatrician Recommended Sunblock!” read Sawyer as she pointed to the bolded words under the image that was impossible to miss, “Aren’t I such a smart and capable caregiver?”

Mercifully, Sawyer didn't dilly dally when it came to lathering her up, taking care of her back and legs before flipping her over to get her front. Morgan didn't want to admit it, but it was actually kind of nice to get lotioned up without doing any of the work. Feeling herself relax a little for the first time since last night, she smiled and closed her eyes, unaware that Sawyer was paying close attention to her.

As she moved onto Morgan's stomach, Sawyer smirked, knowing that her moment to strike had come. With the bottle of sunscreen in hand, she lifted up the front of Morgan's diaper, shoved it in, and gave the bottle a big squeeze.

"Eeeeeep!" yelled Morgan as she scrambled to get away, only for Sawyer to place her knee on her chest to pin her down. Looking down at the state of her diaper, she was mortified to see that almost half the bottle had emptied out into her diaper, making it incredibly mushy and slippery.

Removing the bottle and placing a heavy hand on Morgan's diaper, Sawyer proceeded to rub the sunscreen-filled padding around her captive's crotch. "Whoops, my hand slipped," she said, savoring the flustered expression on Morgan's face.

Biting her lip, Morgan did not want to enjoy this in any way, but it was like her body was betraying her. The diaper just felt too good against her moistened princess parts. It was like the more she rubbed, the more tingly her entire body felt. Diapers aren't supposed to feel this good...right?

Giggling with a smug expression, Sawyer had only intended to rub her diaper for a few seconds, but after seeing how hot and bothered Morgan was clearly getting, she couldn't resist seeing if she could take her all the way. "Uh oh, is my baby girl enjoying herself?" she said, picking up speed while Tommy, Alyssa, and the rest looked on in utter shock.

Strangely enough, Tommy could feel the front of his board shorts starting to tent. Dorky slobbs like "Marge" didn't usually turn him on, so why were the sounds of her panting and moaning making him feel so horny. Mentally, he chalked it up to Morgan holding out on him for almost three days now, and tried to turn his attention elsewhere.

Morgan, meanwhile, was livid at her own thirsting flesh. No matter what she did or how much she tried to block it out, her need to climax only seemed to rise in intensity. Kicking her legs into the air, her eyes went wide as she experienced her first sober diaper orgasm. Shamefully, it didn't even take Sawyer a full minute to get her there.

Feeling Morgan's body shudder in orgasmic relief beneath her, Sawyer's evil brain turned up to an eleven as she dug her hand inside of the sunscreen-laden nappy and swirled it around with Morgan's sex juices. She then pulled her hand back out and proceeded to rub the cum-filled lotion all over Morgan's stomach. "Can't leave even a square inch of you uncovered," quipped Sawyer, pretending not to notice the look of disgust on Morgan's face.

To Morgan, there was something about having her own fluids smeared on her body that felt more degrading than almost anything Sawyer had previously done. The mix of humiliation and indignity was almost too much for her to bear. Worst of all, Tommy couldn't even stand to

look at what a pitiful display she was, standing with his back full to her. The beach day had only just begun and Morgan was already counting the minutes until she could go back home.

TO BE CONTINUED...