

## A Dish Best Served Messy: Chapter 6

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“Ugh! We’re finally here!” groaned Alyssa as she stepped out of Sawyer’s car and began to stretch her arms.

Climbing out next to Alyssa, Karley gave her a sharp elbow nudge in the side. “After what you did to Morgan’s diaper, you have NO right to complain!” she asserted as she took the heaviest bag from the trunk of the car and plopped it into Alyssa’s arms.

Placing her arm around the shoulders of two feuding girls, Sawyerr chuckled, “Girls, girl, play nice. We’ve got bigger fish to fry, remember?” Her words seemed to spark a fierce determination in Alyssa’s eyes, something Sawyer took note of. The oatmeal diaper was a bold move and just the kind of mentality that they needed for this revenge scheme.

Karley, on the other hand, was definitely too good at her job as a caretaker. For some reason, she was treating Morgan like an actual Little, which was a mentality that Sawyer wanted to stamp out as quickly as possible. If Karley didn’t start getting into the devious mindset for this, no doubt she and Alyssa would be leaving her out of future plotting.

Opening the back door of the car, the three girls gazed upon their once fearless leader, who was strapped into an adult baby car seat that Alyssa’s dad was more than happy to supply for them. Shifting in her clean nappy, Morgan clung to the seatbelt in her hand. “I’b nod gettin out!” shouted the diaper-clad girl for the millionth time on this car trip, her words slurred by the paci gag that had been lovingly shoved between her lips in the hopes of shutting her up. Clearly, it hadn’t worked.

However, Sawyer was having none of Morgan’s abstinence. She roughly reached in and unbuckled the seat belt, ripping it away from Morgan’s weakened grip. “Now you listen and you listen good,” she whispered, her face only inches from Morgan, “You’re gonna get out of that car or I’m driving you straight home so we can share all the lovely videos we made of you last night. So what’s it gonna be, twerp?”

Unable to look Sawyer in the eye, Morgan averted her gaze. She really didn’t want to be out in public right now, but at least she wasn’t going to know anyone here. Comparing that to having Sawyer and Co blow up her social media feed with her diaper filling made this no contest at all. She begrudgingly nodded her head and allowed Sawyer to help her out of the bulky booster seat.

Dressed in nothing but a diaper and a partially see-through tankini, Morgan did her best to hide behind her three former friends as they unloaded the rest of the car. In today’s modern age, it wasn’t totally out of the ordinary to see Littles being escorted with nothing but nappies around their waists. Not that the knowledge of how commonplace it was made her feel any better about being seen in such revealing and embarrassing attire, an irony that wasn’t lost on her given the revealing outfits she was used to wearing. Though with her overstuffed belly and

soft love handles ruining the once pristine body she possessed, she'd have taken wearing heavy snow gear to the beach if it meant getting something more concealing.

Placing the last few items into the beach wagon, Sawyer looked over at Morgan, her mind rapidly filling with ways to make this outing as awful as possible for her. "Karley, Alyssa, you two head out to the beach and find the perfect spot. I'll take the lil' tyke with me to go rent an umbrella," she said, giving the back of Morgan's diaper a soft pat. With her ice-white skin, she'd need more than some sunblock to keep from turning red.

Similarly concerned, Morgan spoke up as she could already feel her own skin getting warm, "Ish dere any sunbwock I can use? I don wanna ged a sunbuwn." Those three idiots had ruined enough of her body without needing to destroy her perfect tan. Framing it like that would certainly get her in trouble, though, so she hoped to appeal to them from a health point of view. They couldn't just let her skin fry in the summer sun, right?

"Don't worry, I'll personally lather you up when we get to the beach," said Sawyer, hooking her arm around Morgan's and heading off towards the boardwalk, "C'mon, we've already wasted enough time on your waste today as is. Move it, diaper brains."

Morgan pulled back against Sawyer, having no interest in walking through the most populated area of the beach. "N-Nuh uh! Can'd I jus go wit Awyssa and Kawwey?" she pleaded, clinging to whatever hope she had left that Sawyer would be merciful for once. Sadly, as Sawyer dug her nails into the flesh of her forearm, she knew there would be no mercy.

"Do as I say or I'll give you a bare bottom spanking right here and now," shouted Sawyer loud enough that several passersby stopped to look their way. Feeding off of the attention, she wound back her arm and gave Morgan a big slap on the rear of her diaper.

Letting out a pitiful "Eeep!", Morgan covered her mouth as she looked around at everyone staring her way. It was only a handful of onlookers, but it was enough to make sure she felt extra small. Her legs began to buckle as she nodded her head and followed behind Sawyer's footsteps as they moved towards the boardwalk.

Along the way, Morgan couldn't help but notice the voices near her growing louder and more cacophonous. With her eyes trained on the ground, she winced as she saw the floor beneath her shift from pavement to wooden planks. Gasps and chuckles soon took on their own rhythm as she toddled as close as she could to Sawyer's back, hoping to keep her face hidden at the very least.

For a moment, Morgan gave thought to turning tail and running away, but without her phone or wallet, she wouldn't exactly get very far. And even if she had her wallet, no one would believe that the gorgeous knockout on her driver's license was actually her. As frustrating as it was, being with Sawyer and the other girls was her safest bet until the vacation was over. The best thing she could do now was to disassociate from her surroundings and try to ignore the world.

Arriving at one of the rental stands, Sawyer kept her hand wrapped around Morgan's wrist as she got the worker's attention, "Hey, surfer dude! I'll take one umbrella." Normally, she

would say please, but she was on a power trip right now, so her gratitude for service workers was quite low.

Turning to greet Sawyer, the shop employee's expression shifted from a chill grin to utter shock in less than a second. Sawyer savored the nervous looks of the surf shop's employee, who couldn't seem to keep his eyes off of her diaper-wearing companion.

Morgan, on the other hand, was zoning out as a defense mechanism, silently wishing for a tsunami to crush the boardwalk and everyone who'd even so much as glanced in her general direction today. Imagining the stunning blue waves pulverizing her and ripping the diaper free from her body somehow gave her some brief solace.

"Hey, you want ice cream?"

Morgan's train of thought came to a screeching halt when Sawyer asked her such a simple and innocuous-seeming question. "I-Ice cream?" she stuttered, still uncertain if she'd somehow misheard Sawyer while lost in her own brain.

"Yes. You know, the frozen, creamy treat," said Sawyer, sarcasm dripping from every syllable, "If you run over and grab me a chocolate scoop, you can get whatever you want with what's left." She offered Morgan a \$10 bill and gestured to the ice cream stand across the way.

Unsure what Sawyer was up to, Morgan snatched the money from her hand and quickly ran to the food stall, which fortunately didn't have much of a line. She wasn't particularly hungry after such a big breakfast, but it was the first chance that someone had allowed her to do something on her own. Plus, it was the nicest thing Sawyer had said all day and the last thing she needed was to screw that up by pissing her off.

Swallowing her pride, Morgan stepped up to the counter and pretended not to be embarrassed by her infantile, yet revealing outfit as she ordered Sawyer her chocolate cone. She also snagged herself a single scoop of vanilla froyo on a gluten-free cone. After what had been done to her figure, she didn't need any extra carbs. By the time her order was finished, Sawyer was already waiting with the umbrella in hand, as well as a beach bag with contents that were unknown to Morgan.

"Good job getting the ice cream sweetie!" said Sawyer as she gave Morgan a pinch on the cheek before snatching one of the cones from her hands. She then passed the umbrella off to Morgan and stepped back to watch the show.

Being considerably shorter and possessing much weaker arms than she was used to, Morgan did her best to get a handle on the bulky umbrella. In an attempt to get the umbrella under her arm, she ended up dropping her low-calorie treat on the ground. While it was bittersweet to lose out on some ice cream given the hot weather, it was by far the smallest casualty of the day.

Not that Sawyer cared much about Morgan's non-reaction. She swooped in like a doting parent, saying, "Oh no! Don't cry, baby girl! You can have my cone!" Holding out her ice cream for Morgan to take, she made sure to sneak a few peripheral looks at the small crowd that was forming.

With a face so red that it looked burnt, Morgan tried to downplay the scene that Sawyer was making. "I'b fine. I wasn't weawwy hungwy anyway. Wet's jus go," she squeaked out, not wanting to raise her voice much higher than a whisper so as not to bring in any extra attention.

Shaking her head, Sawyer tisked. "Oh, so first you go off making a big mess, and now you refuse my generosity," she said, exploding into a faux rage, "Such an ungrateful brat! Well, like it or not, you're getting this ice cream." Grabbing Morgan's shoulder and spinning her around, she pulled open the back of her diaper and proceeded to tip the cone over the open crevasse, letting a few drips melt onto Morgan's tanned butt.

"Nonono! I-I'll eat it!" screamed Morgan as she lost control over her volume, unwittingly pulling more eyes towards her. Already feeling the cool, sticky droplets coating her backside, she didn't want to know what the whole large scoop would feel like.

Snickering, Sawyer said, "Oh no you don't. It's too late for that now." Tipping the cone upside down, the ball of icy milk unsuctioned itself from the waffle cone and plopped itself down into Morgan's nappy. With the rear of the diaper in hand, she yanked it upward, giving Morgan a frosty wedgie for good measure.

"EEEEEEEEEEK!" yelled Morgan at the top of her lungs as the chocolate ice cream settled into the plastic pampers, which produced a noticeable brown stain. Anyone who didn't watch Sawyer dumping it inside of her diaper would certainly assume she was the one who did the dumping. More than just the appearance, though, was how unfathomably cold the ice cream felt on her defenseless buttocks. She pushed against her diaper in hopes of nudging the ice cream away, but all that managed to do was further smear the melted muck all across her butt cheeks.

Standing proudly like a performer, Sawyer made sure to present her cold-hearted punishment for the audience as much as she could. The rush she felt from behaving in such a dominant fashion in public was almost orgasmic. Deep in her soul, she knew she'd never get enough of this feeling. Smirking down at her thoroughly humiliated companion, she took her by the hand and confidently walked to the entrance to the beach with onlookers parting like the Red Sea to clear a path for them.

By the time they finally reached the sand, Morgan's mind had tried to and failed to return to the void that had kept her relatively safe when she first entered the boardwalk. The melty ice cream was too distracting to let her mind clear out, especially at the pace that Sawyer was forcing her to walk. In her head, she idly thought that after a devastating public appearance that this day couldn't possibly get any worse. However, only moments later, when she saw her boyfriend, Tommy, helping Alyssa and Sawyer set up their beach area, she quickly realized that yes, things were about to get far, far worse.

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