

## **A Dish Best Served Messy: Chapter 10**

### **By: CrissieBaby & LittlePissy**

Sitting on her knees in a shower of sadness, Morgan was balled up on the floor of the bathtub as Karley filled her hair with a big glob of children's shampoo that smelled like someone deep-throated a strawberry. She kept her ruby red butt and crotch raised above her heels, she let the water clean away the itching powder that her current caregiver had planted during her diaper change. Thankfully, the shower did a good job removing the constant tickling sensation, though it did leave her pelvic region quite raw after being stuck in a diaper filled with the stuff for so long.

"H-Hey, sorry about the itching powder," said Karley, the guilt of her malicious prank continuing to consume her. A good caregiver would never put their Little in such a precarious position without a need for strong punishment or clear boundaries set in advance, neither of which applied to Morgan during her beach day diaper change. Though, that didn't mean that the catharsis she felt for getting revenge on such a bratty girl was completely lost on her. Perhaps that was the scariest thing of all to her...that she liked how being mean felt. With the detachable shower head in hand, she began to rinse Morgan's hair.

Morgan refused to look at her ex-friend as the sudsy shampoo and bits of sand drizzled off of her scalp. If Karley felt guilty, good! That was just one person that she could manipulate in the future much more easily. "It's okay," she lied, adding a snuffle in at the end for good measure.

Turning the shower off, Karley grabbed a large, fluffy towel and wrapped it around Morgan's body, softly clearing the droplets of water from her skin. In a matter of minutes, she had her fully dry except for her hair, which she wrapped up in a second towel before diapering her as quickly as she could. When it came time to use baby powder, she made sure to say, "Don't worry, I grabbed a different bottle."

Rolling her eyes, Morgan kept still. While she was thankful for the baby lotion's soothing touch on her privates, she hated the fact that this was all starting to feel somewhat normal now. Having been put through several diaper changes by this point, she didn't want to allow herself to get used to even a small portion of this hellish madness.

Patting the front of Morgan's diaper, Karley attempted to give her the warmest smile she could muster. "All done! A clean diaper for a clean little girl!" she said, enduring the death glare that Morgan was aiming at her, "Um...you can head on over to the kitchen. Alyssa should have supper ready."

Not wasting any time, Morgan stood up and exited the bathroom while Karley stayed behind to clean up. Closing the door behind her, she realized this was the first time she'd actually been alone since yesterday afternoon. Even when she was building a sandcastle, she was being watched like a hawk. Looking left and right down the narrow, side hallway, a sudden thought clicked in her head, "Can't I just...leave?" Up until this point, she'd been at the mercy of

Sawyer, Alyssa, and Karley, unable to try for any escape attempts while closely monitored. If she could get her car keys, she could drive herself home and wait out the remainder of the stupid Little Body Formula she'd been forced to ingest.

Unfortunately, all of Morgan's stuff was back in her bedroom, which she'd need to pass through the kitchen to get to. Unless, of course, she took an alternative path. While there was no door for her to exit through at the part of the house she was in, if she could shimmy out of a window, she could make a mad dash for the backdoor of the house, which was super close to her bedroom. She may have been nude save for a diaper, but she'd just have to grin and bare it.

Other than the bathroom, there were only two other rooms down this hallway before she'd run into the kitchen entryway. One was a study, which had bookshelves lining every wall and no windows, so that was out. The other room was a mystery. When Alyssa had given her the grand tour, she'd mentioned that it was used to store a bunch of her dad's work stuff, so they didn't even bother to go in. For her plan to work, she had to hope there was some way out of that room.

Tiptoeing down the hall, Morgan grabbed the door handle and slowly twisted it open. If the door made even the tiniest squeak, she'd be screwed. Thankfully, this was a new house, so creaks were few and far between. With the handle fully turned she cracked the door open and stepped inside, closing it behind her before feeling along the wall for the light switch.

When her fingers finally made contact with the switch, Morgan eagerly flipped it on, illuminating the space around her. Her jaw practically hit the carpet as she saw what the room actually was. Diapers, toys, and baby furniture were neatly organized around what was clearly a baby nursery for an adult-sized baby. No wonder Alyssa had avoided showing this room off. The gaudy pastel pink walls and the permeating scent of baby powder made her want to barf. "Fucking diaper freaks," she muttered under her breath, making a mental note that the next time she met someone with even the slightest connection to this ABDL crap, she'd be running as fast as she could in the opposite direction.

Fortunate was smiling upon Morgan, though, as a square, single-hung style window was positioned just over the crib, although its rear bars were somewhat obfuscating the part of the window that actually opened. Regardless, it was her only escape route, so beggars couldn't be choosers. Unlocking the bars of the crib, she climbed onto the bed and stood up before tumbling backward due to the incredibly soft and spongy mattress. She landed on her diaper butt with an audible \*POOF!\*, causing her to cringe as she waited to see if anyone had heard her. Luckily, it didn't sound like anyone was coming.

Stabilizing herself with the rear crib bars, Morgan got back onto her feet. She reached over the chest-high bars and unlatched the window, sliding the pane of glass upward. The rush of outside air filled her nostrils with hope. All that was left to do now was to climb up and over, something that was easier said than done.

Sliding her feet between the white, wooden bars, Morgan pulled herself upward, a feat much harder given her current heavier stature. The space between the crib and the window was

pretty narrow, but it looked just big enough for her to slip through. She placed her hands on the sides of the window frame and pulled herself forward. Going head first wasn't ideal, but with nothing above her to grab onto, she had no way of lifting her feet ahead of her. Slowly, but surely, she inched her way forward until her torso was all the way through. She was home free!

\*SNAG\*

Suddenly, Morgan's progress was halted by her bulky diaper. Wedged perfectly between the crib and the top of the window's opening, she pushed against the side of the house with all of her might, unable to force her puffy rear through. "This isn't fair!" she thought, feeling her eyes start to water, "I'm so fucking close!"

Wiggling and kicking her legs only seemed to further ensure Morgan was fully glued to the spot, unable to move one way or the other. Unless she thought of something quick, she'd be stuck until someone found her. Worst of all was that her gut was pressed firmly against the edge of the window, putting pressure on her already weakened bowels. She gritted her teeth and dug deep as much as she could to avoid yet another messy accident, but she knew she couldn't hold out for long.

"Hey Karley, hurry up and get that brat out here!"

Shit! Hearing Alyssa's muffled voice call out for her and Karley was the last thing she needed right now. Reaching back, she pushed back on the crib, trying to leverage as much space as she could. At this point, she wouldn't have time to get back inside for the keys. She'd just have to book it to a neighbor's house and act like she'd escaped a kidnapping. As long as she got as far away from Sawyer and the others, she'd be better off than she was now.

"Having fun?"

Morgan froze as she heard another familiar voice, one that was far less muffled. Standing off to the side of the house with a cigarette in hand, Sawyer looked at her with the most amused expression. "Fuck me, am I really that lucky?" she said, flicking her Zippo lighter closed, "Or are you just this inept that it's too easy?"

"WHAT THE HELL?!" screamed Karley from inside the house as she happened upon Morgan's lower half. The jig was well and truly up.

\*GUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRGGGGLLLLLE!!!\*

Taking things from bad to worse, Morgan's bowels echoed out a terrifying noise. Her toes curled tightly as she prayed to the heavens for salvation from such a humiliating fate. Sadly, she had Satan dressed as a female college student standing next to her, ready to drive a pitchfork through her abdomen.

\*BLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRTT!!!\*

Laughter erupted both inside and outside of the house as Morgan lost control of herself while hanging out of a window. She buried her face in her hands, mortified by her own actions. Clearly, she should've waited until the girls had left for the evening.

"What are we going to do about you?" remarked Karley in between gasps, barely able to get a single sentence out without falling back into hysterics.

Alyssa stepped onto the crib and placed her hands on Morgan's mushy rear, saying, "I guess we'll just have to push!"

Hearing what the girls inside were planning, Sawyer ran off before quickly returning with a trash can in tow. Placing it below Morgan, she opened the lid, revealing that it was filled to the brim with all the used diapers that Morgan had gone through, including the one she hypermessed from the night before. She was just in time too, as Alyssa could be heard from inside counting down, "3, 2, 1..."

"Wait! Pull me back in!" screamed Morgan in an attempt to stop her stinky fate, but it was already too late. Both Karley and Alyssa shoved forward and, with their combined strength, managed to loosen Morgan's messy booty, sending her flying face-first into the trash can turned diaper pail. She tried to pull herself out as fast as humanly possible, but the squishy diapers provided little in the way of stability. Every move she made only sank her deeper into the pit of dirty pampers. The stench was so revolting that she started to feel extremely lightheaded. As her vision grew darker and darker, she faded out of consciousness, her legs going limp as they slumped over the side of the bin.

If she had been awake, Morgan would have heard the sheer panic from Sawyer's voice, having believed her frenemy had just suffocated within the mass of messy diapers. She shoved the trash can onto its side, allowing for Morgan to roll out among the avalanche of squelchy padding. Confirming that her hapless victim was still breathing, she rested against the side of the trash can, breathing a sigh of relief. "Thank Goddess! As hilarious as death by dirty diapers sounds, I'd rather not go to jail for it," she said, thumping Morgan's messy pamper as she snickered at her own morbid joke, "Besides, you're not getting out of this that easily. Not when we have so many more fun things to do together."

TO BE CONTINUED...