

## A Dish Best Served Fairly: Chapter 7

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“Don’t worry, I’ve had lots of practice all summer long because of you,” said Morgan vengefully, as she lifted the front of the diaper that Sawyer had prepared for her and taped it down extra tight across Sawyer’s tummy. It was truly poetic justice in its most extreme form.

Having spent a full two weeks designing a CrissBaby Grow-With-Me Diaper to be connected to a large hose in such a way that it wouldn’t leak, Sawyer found herself in the humorous position of praying that her own device would fail somehow...well, humorous to anyone who wasn’t Sawyer anyway. This was meant to be her magnum opus. After tonight, she, Alyssa, and Karley were all planning on dipping out of fair duties early and leaving Morgan to stew in whatever mess they made for her. In reality, all she’d done was give Morgan every tool she needed to exact revenge for the revenge stunts she’d been put through. With her arms pinned behind her back by Alyssa, she craned her neck back and pleaded, “We’re supposed to be in this together! Lemme go! We can still take her!”

Averting her eyes, Alyssa, who had been the cockiest of little shits only a few minutes prior, was now too anxious to rise up against their collective tormentor. When she had Karley by her side to hold her hand, she felt emboldened. Unfortunately, seeing Karley’s unconscious body lying face down first in the grass was more than enough to put the fear of Goddess back into her. “Sorry,” was all she could muster the strength to say, closing the window on Sawyer’s last chance to turn the tables back on Morgan as she tightened the ropes that bound the poor girl’s wrists.

“There’s no need to be sorry, Alyssa,” said Morgan smugly, “You’ve merely chosen the right team to be on. I mean, it seems like an easy choice to me. Would you rather associate yourself with the future President of Tri Delta or Tri Delta’s new diaper pail? Seems like an obvious choice.” Patting the front of Sawyer’s diaper, she hopped to her feet with an extra spring in her step and made her way over to the central valve that was keeping all the yucky, blue gunk at bay. She seductively wrapped her fingers around the metal valve, growing slightly aroused by the unmitigated power she was wielding. “I can see why you guys have been getting off on doing this shit to me. It feels so...good.”

Kicking her legs and writhing her torso around frantically, Sawyer shook her head no as she watched Morgan take hold of the fateful valve. “N-NO! Please don’t!” she screamed, watching as Morgan began putting some muscle into trying to turn the tightly screwed-in valve, “I-I-I’m sorry, okay?!”

Stopping her efforts to twist the valve, Morgan looked up at Sawyer, her cruel, yet amused smile growing bigger by the second. “Hmmm...go on,” she said, removing her hand from the valve.

Recognizing this was her only chance to escape this humiliating mess, Sawyer took a deep breath, taking a brief moment to collect her thoughts. She only had one shot at this, so she had to choose her words carefully, “For years, you...you’ve haunted me! I used to see your fucking face in my nightmares. I would lie awake at night unable to get those miserable thoughts out of my head. The shit you and your whole posse used to do to me from elementary school all the way through high school graduation was traumatizing. So...yeah! I-er...WE went overboard trying to get even with you. We never should’ve used that Little Body Formula on you without knowing precisely what it did. I’m sorry. If you want, I’ll leave the sorority when the school year starts and you’ll never hear from me again.”

Sincerity dripped from every word that came out of Sawyer’s mouth, something that caught Morgan completely off-guard. Gone was the evil smirk that was dead set on turning that valve to serve up a big helping of revenge, replaced by a shaken expression. Never once had Morgan considered the pranks she and her friends used to play on Sawyer would cause psychological damage years down the line. Her hand hesitated as it hovered over the valve, unsure of what to do. After several seconds of silence, she finally responded, “Did...did it feel good...after, I mean?”

“In the moment, yeah, but it never lasts,” said Sawyer, solemnly shaking her head as she looked toward Morgan with hopeful eyes. Maybe talking was all she needed to do to break through to her.

“In the moment, huh?” said Morgan, her eyes locked on her hand and the valve beneath it as she exhaled sharply, “Good enough for me.” Fueled by the memory of everything Sawyer had put her through, she slammed her hand down on the valve and twisted it to the left with all her might.

\*SQUEAK!\*

The rusty, metal valve made an ear-piercing noise, the unfriendly sound signaling the beginning of Sawyer’s doom. Slowly but surely, the thick, blue sludge began to fill the central hose that was connected to the diaper. Sawyer could only watch on in horror as the mixture of urine and melted feces inched closer and closer to the mouth of the hose. “NO! THIS ISN’T HAPPENING! AGHHHHHHHH!” she screamed as the first of the putrid gunk impacted her rear, coating her entire butt crack in port-a-potty fluids. She nearly gagged from the runny, chunky texture that was smashed against her rear.

A feverish smile appeared on Morgan’s face as she watched the Grow-With-Me diaper turn bright blue before starting to swell outward in all directions. For someone hellbent on seeing this uppity sophomore get what she had coming to her, it was a beautiful sight to behold. Her fingers shook as she turned the valve more, increasing the pace of Sawyer’s diaper filling.

The increased pressure caused a surge of gooeey muck to shoot into her diaper, shoving a wealth of the icky substance into the front of Sawyer’s diaper. “EEEEW! SOMEONE HELP! ANYBOD-MMMMMF!” shrieked Sawyer, her word cut off by the paci-gag she had purchased to keep Morgan from attracting unwanted attention. The moment the rubber nipple made contact

with her tongue, she instantly tasted the faint hint of strawberries, reminding her of the other little present she'd picked up for Morgan.

Holding up a bottle of CrissBaby Lispering Jelly, Morgan began to read the packaging allowed. "Our updated, patented formula is our best yet, with effects lasting up to a month! Warning: avoid using more than the recommended dose or consuming alongside Lisper Lollies...effects could be permanent...yadda, yadda, yadda," she said, tossing the bottle to the ground, "Good thing I put three times the recommended dose on that binky. I'm sure our sisters and all the incoming freshmen are going to love how sweet you sound!"

Already feeling a prickly numbness coursing throughout her tongue, Sawyer's lower lip quivered as she tried and failed to muscle the nipple out of her mouth. Tragically, with her hands bound by rope, there was nothing she could do.

Having backed away from Sawyer after her duties were done, Alyssa knew she needed to get out of there before the scene that Morgan was causing attracted any unwanted attention. "C'mon girl, we gotta go," she said, placing one of Karley's arms around her shoulder and helping the dazed girl to her feet as the pair stumbled away from the port-a-potties, with Morgan too focused on Sawyer to pay them any mind.

By now, Sawyer's diaper was well on its way to bean-bag status as the sheer amount of waste in her diaper began to lift her butt off the ground. If she had used a normal diaper, it would've broken right after only a few seconds of filling. However, this was no ordinary diaper. This was a CrissBaby Grow-With-Me diaper, which was designed to hold even the largest of hypermesses, meaning it could take on four port-a-potties worth of waste without breaking a sweat.

Having no knowledge of what kind of diaper Sawyer had used, Morgan's jaw continued to drop further and further, as she watched the noxious nappy engulf more and more of Sawyer's lower half. "I-I thought it would've popped by now!" she exclaimed, chuckling through her shock over the outrageous amount this diaper could hold. Walking up behind Sawyer, she pressed her hand into the padding, amazed by how far it sunk in despite how full it was, "Oh, wow! It's not even close to full!"

Cringing as Morgan's hand mooshed the rotten mixture against her backside, sending ripples all throughout her diaper, Sawyer fought hard to keep the tear held back, refusing to let Morgan see her that weak. However, tears were the least of her worries. As the soupy mess in her diaper continued to jiggle around a water balloon, a creeping sense of arousal built in her loins. If Morgan had kept reading that bottle of Lispering Jelly, she would've noticed that the evil concoction was loaded with aphrodisiacs that were capable of turning any lispery baby into a diaper-humping addict, something that Sawyer was begrudgingly aware of. Failing to resist her body's primal temptation, her hip began to buck uncontrollably, forcing her to hump the growing pile of piss and poop that was perfectly contained within her diaper.

While Sawyer knew what was causing her intense need to orgasm, Morgan was at a loss for why Sawyer was grinding her diaper like some docile adult baby. "A-Are you...oh, my

Goddess,” she said, covering her mouth in disgust as if she hadn’t been pushed into several padded orgasms by Mother Elma only a couple of months ago, “I think I’m starting to get why so many of your schemes involve diapers. You’re getting off on this, aren’t you?”

Shaking her head vehemently, Sawyer wanted to explain why she was so aroused but ironically was kept silent by the exact thing that was causing her arousal. Given her current state, it would be hard for anyone to believe her outright, much less someone like Morgan, who got off on bullying and humiliating her.

Rounding the front of Sawyer’s loaded, bathtub-sized diaper, Morgan tsked condescendingly as placed her hands on her hips. “Such a naughty, naughty girl. I bet you’ve been dreaming about the moment when I turn the tables on you before sticking you inside of one of your little inventions,” she said, her eyes locked on Sawyer as she moved in close, intentionally mashing her knee directly into the crotch of Sawyer’s diaper.

The reaction was instantaneous. Sawyer whipped her head back and gasped as the pressure of Morgan’s knee set off a chain reaction. Her body convulsed and her hips were practically vibrating as she pressed her mess-coated princess parts against Morgan, shamefully climaxing by her arch-nemesis’s hand.

Unprepared for Sawyer’s immediate orgasm, Morgan lost her footing thanks in large part to how violently Sawyer’s body was quivering. Slipping forward, she fell onto Sawyer’s squishy lap crotch first, grabbing onto her rival’s torso to keep from falling all the way to the ground. In doing so, the tangled-up duo became too top-heavy for the anchoring diaper to keep them upright. Without warning, Sawyer’s messy diaper rolled forward, sending Morgan falling backward with Sawyer in her arms.

“OOOOF!”

\*SQUELCH!!!\*

Pinned on her back, Morgan’s legs and hips were now trapped by the ever-growing diaper with Sawyer’s horny body resting on top of her. She wiggled her lower half and pushed against Sawyer’s spongy diaper in an attempt to climb out from under her but the weight was too much for her to handle from a prone position. “GAH! G-Get off of me, you diaper-loving freak!” she yelled, clawing at the grass around her as she fruitlessly attempted to pull herself out.

Lost in a haze of pure, unadulterated bliss, Sawyer didn’t see her lifelong tormentor struggling beneath her. Instead, her heart-filled eyes only saw a body to passionately hump to her heart’s content. Digging her heels into the grass and dirt, she started to thrust wildly into Morgan’s hips, quickly building to another orgasm within seconds.

For Morgan, it was like having a smelly waterbed squash repeatedly. She’d been through much worse this summer but somehow, the idea of being used as some huffy diaper lover’s sex toy felt incredibly more degrading than any of Sawyer’s other stunts. If she didn’t get out of this position soon, it wouldn’t be long before most if not all of her body was gobbled up by the

expanding, filthy diaper. Though, without someone to roll to help Sawyer back, there was little she could do.

“OKAY, WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK?!”

Regrettably, help did arrive, though it wasn't the kind of help Morgan wanted, as Cindy approached the odd couple and the blue monster that was gurgling between them with Alyssa following meekly behind her. Over the years she'd spent working the county fair, she'd seen and heard her fair share of bizarre and gross stuff. But this...this was far and away the most outrageously disgusting thing she'd ever laid eyes on.

Cindy was forced to cup her mouth and nose as she got within the diaper's stink radius so she could twist the valve back to the right, cutting off the still-hungry padding's primary source of sustenance. Her clenched fist shook with anger as she narrowed her gaze on Morgan and Sawyer, but primarily Morgan, “You've got...a lot of explaining to do.”

TO BE CONTINUED...