

## Chapter One

The night was still young and the sun had only just set, but already things had started to wind down in Taylor Watson's bedroom. She sat with her legs crossed on her bed, a laptop rested on her thighs. Her friends, Tiffany and Karley, sat on either side of her. They both watched the screen and listened as Taylor read the webpage aloud.

"...featuring a beautiful, wide-open campus and botanical gardens for those who enjoy nature..."

Karley looked as if she might fall asleep. The three girls had spent the past few hours going over colleges. They had spent the past few years of high school as the best of friends. The last thing they wanted was to go to separate universities. Unfortunately, finding the right school for each of them, and simultaneously all of them, proved difficult.

*Bzzzzt...bzzzzt...bzzzzt...*

Taylor's phone vibrated beneath the bed sheets. She was so fixated on the college she didn't notice. Thankfully for her, it was wedged firmly underneath Tiffany's butt.

"Oh! Oh dear...hey, uh...Taylor? I think you're getting a call."

"Huh?" Taylor looked at the caller I.D. and gasped. "It's the Edmonds! I think I got it!" She jumped up off the bed in excitement and nearly knocked the laptop to the floor. Even in her state, Karley managed to prevent disaster and pull the laptop back in time.

"The house sitting job?" asked Karley.

Taylor bolted from the room without an answer, but her two friends gathered that it must have been the job she had hoped for. A house sitting job that would last months. It would be easy money for Taylor.

"H-Hello? Mister or, um...Mrs. Edmonds?" Taylor had hardly closed the door behind her before she accepted the call.

"Misses, Taylor," replied the woman. "You can call me Helen."

"Ah, right! Helen! So, what's up--I mean...how can I help?" Taylor was clearly nervous. Helen found it endearing and chuckled to herself.

"Well I'm sure you can guess what this call is about. Are you still up for the job?"

Taylor could barely contain her excitement. "Yup! I'm your girl!"

"That's wonderful, but...I must warn you that there's a bit of a change that I hadn't mentioned before."

"Oh?"

Mrs. Edmonds cleared her throat. "My daughter, Morgan, has gotten into a bit of trouble and managed to earn herself a grounding. So, if you wouldn't mind, you'd need to keep an eye on her. She's perhaps a bit old for a babysitter so we won't call it that, but I would really appreciate it if you could just make sure she behaves herself."

Taylor thought about it for a moment. It would be more work, but the fact that the girl was older was good. No diapers to change or timeouts to enforce. "Would it still be the same amount per hour?"

"You'd be getting more of course. She'll probably keep to herself but she can be a handful."

A smile tugged at the corners of Taylor's mouth. "Okay! That should be alright...oh! I do have a favor to ask, though."

Mrs. Edmonds let loose a sigh of relief when Taylor agreed. She seemed incredibly receptive. "Of course, dear."

"My friends and I are applying to colleges and stuff. Filling out applications, writing essays. It's pretty time consuming and we all like to be near one another when we do it since we're all trying to go to the same college. Would it be okay if they came over?"

"Of course! You come highly recommended by other families so I trust you. Just be on your best behavior."

Taylor jumped up and down with excitement. "Yes ma'am!"

"Luke and I are leaving this upcoming Friday. Be sure to come by before we leave at five so we can introduce you to Morgan and show you around the house."

"Can do! I'll be there!"

"Wonderful. Talk to you then."

Taylor said goodbye and ended the call. With an energy she hadn't felt in months, she burst back into her room to share the good news. Tiffany and Karley were ecstatic.

"That's fantastic," said Karley, "I'm so happy for you."

"Same!" added Tiffany.

Taylor giggled and played with her hair. "It's so great!" She then remembered the change in plans in her smile lessened a bit. "Well...it's pretty great. Only thing is, I will have to keep an eye on their kid."

"Kid?" asked Tiffany, "Oh gosh. Tell me they're paying you more."

"They are! And they said she's older so it won't be so bad. Probably just some spoiled brat that got her video game privileges taken away."

As Taylor spoke, Karley's face scrunched up in an odd expression. She seemed almost shocked. "Wait...they're the Edmonds, right?"

Taylor nodded. "Yeah. What's up?"

"The only person I've known in town with the last name Edmonds was our old bully. Don't tell me it's her sister or something."

"Oh god. That psycho? I hope not." Taylor cringed. "She'd be a senior in college this upcoming semester. Hopefully she lives off campus or something."

Tiffany put a finger to her chin in contemplation. "What was her name again?"

"You two really forgot?" asked Karley, "The girl that utterly humiliated us for a whole year nonstop?" Karley laughed, incredulous. "Her name is Morgan and I'd love to never see her sorry ass ever again."

"No way..." Taylor's jaw dropped. She didn't know how to feel. Had she misheard Mrs. Edmonds? Was it just a huge coincidence? "She said her daughter's name was Morgan."

"Great...so we have to hang out in Morgan's house and watch after her bratty sister?" Karley looked incredibly annoyed. "I'd rather not."

Taylor started to laugh. She couldn't believe her luck. If what she thought was true, then she'd be in charge of her old bully for months. Taylor was beside herself with delight.

"What's so funny?" asked Tiffany.

"No, no, no. We aren't babysitting Morgan's sister. We're babysitting Morgan."

Tiffany and Karley looked as if they might pass out. They couldn't believe what they had just heard. "You're fucking kidding me..." said Karley.

"You mean that awful bitch that used to torment us day after day is now grounded and in need of a babysitter like a little kid?" Tiffany laughed aloud. "She's gotta do what you say all summer?"

Taylor nodded. "Oh my god. To think. She used to mock me all the time for how I hadn't hit puberty yet. Made fun of my weak bladder. Even got the school nurse to put me in diapers. And now I'm her babysitter?!" Taylor had always dreamed of a moment of revenge as good as that. So much so that it had become something of a fantasy of hers. She bit her lip as she thought about the look on Morgan's face when she'd walk in on Friday.

"That bitch made me poop my pants on stage, gave me a wedgie, and got everyone to call me Panty Pooper for a whole year." Karley had balled her fists up in anger. The mere thought of Morgan made her blood boil. "I hated theater class after that. Almost made me quit acting. All because I called her out for being rude to my friends."

Tiffany looked just as enraged. "I hadn't thought about her in years. She'd always make fun of my makeup. I get that a goth phase is kind of silly but...ugh...i didn't deserve an atomic wedgie while she gave me a swirly. I couldn't get it off my head and I had to walk all the way to the office like that. Bitch."

"You thinking what I'm thinking?" asked Taylor.

Karley grinned devilishly. "You mean make her hate her life? Wish she had never been so cruel to some kids?"

Tiffany laughed. "I'd love to see her cry over a wedgie. Maybe she'll even apologize and act like a good little kid for the summer."

"Oh but she won't. We all know she's going to be the absolute worst, but that's alright. All the more reason to teach her a lesson." Taylor clasped her best friends on their backs and pulled them into a hug. "Looks like we're going to have some real fun this summer!"

All three girls laughed. They wondered what antics they could get up to as Karley and Tiffany gathered their things. Eventually, Taylor was left alone in her room with her thoughts. Thoughts that gave her an incredible amount of pleasure. So much so that she writhed on her bed in ecstasy. "Naughty little Morgan is gonna get what she deserves." Taylor giggled playfully as thoughts of Morgan in various humiliating positions crossed her mind.

Taylor had avoided it for a couple years. The intrusive, sexual thoughts she had of Morgan had troubled her to no end. Why would she want to kiss someone she had hated so much? As she

got older, Taylor grew more aware of herself and her desires. She discovered that she didn't secretly like what Morgan had done to her. She wanted to reverse the roles and watch Morgan be humiliated. She could have never imagined that things would turn out as they did...

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### *Nearly four years prior...*

Freshman year of high school was difficult for many people. A new school meant new friends, new teachers, new classes, and even new bullies. Taylor Watson was all too familiar with bullies. She was a late bloomer and looked younger than her classmates. In middle school she'd often get mistaken for a fifth grader. Once in high school the only thing that changed was that she had started to look like a middle schooler. Unfortunately for her, that made her an easy target for disgruntled high schoolers. Chief among them had been Morgan Edmonds. The older girl was a senior and, while she was pretty and her family well off, she wasn't nearly as popular as she could have been. Morgan was awkward and spent time picking on girls like Taylor more than she did socializing with kids her own age.

Given her small stature and juvenile clothing, Taylor was easy to pick on. Morgan knew this and took every chance she could to humiliate the poor girl. As Taylor would learn, Morgan's cruel prank of choice was the wedgie. She tended to pick on freshman and found it easy to lift the smaller kids off the ground to further humiliate them. Taylor was exceptionally petite for her age and Morgan delighted in picking on her.

"Heya twerp," called Morgan. She approached Taylor from across the hall and had her eyes dead set on the girl.

Taylor, too used to Morgan's cruelty, pressed her back against the wall and nervously greeted the bully. "H-Hi Morgan."

Morgan stood with her arms crossed, an annoyed look on her face. "Why're you acting so nervous? Don't tell me you weren't prepared for your panty inspection today?"

"Please..." whimpered Taylor, "...leave me alone..."

"You're just making this harder on yourself." Morgan grabbed her by the shoulder and forcefully turned her around. "Don't want everyone to see your pullups?"

Taylor struggled, but it was no use. The older girl yanked her backpack off with ease. "They aren't pullups!" cried Taylor.

"Oh? I didn't know they made big girl panties with cartoon princesses on them." Morgan had long since figured out that Taylor was too small for older girl underwear. Due to her size, she was forced to wear clothing from the kids section. This meant she couldn't get training bras that fit even if she wanted to and her panties were incredibly cutesy for a girl her age.

"Stop it! I'm gonna tell!" Taylor tried to run, but it was too late. Morgan had already gripped the elastic waistband of her panties and held onto them firmly as Taylor tried to escape. This resulted in Taylor nearly giving herself a wedgie. The smaller girl whimpered and stopped in her tracks.

Morgan cackled with delight. "There we go dweeb. Don't make too much a fuss or everyone's gonna see your pullups." She then pulled upward on the panties and Taylor was forced onto her tiptoes. "Looks like you're wearing your pretty pony ones today." Morgan leaned into the smaller girl's ear and whispered. "You ready to soak 'em?"

Taylor started to cry. It was no secret that Taylor had a weak bladder. Morgan had seen to that. She gave Taylor several wedgies a week and the pressure on her lower body was more than enough to cause Taylor's bladder to release into her pants. She had given up on wearing skirts or dresses in the hopes that pants would soak up more of the pee and leave a smaller puddle. "Don't! Puh-Please! I have to go to class."

Morgan smirked. She looked around to see that a few of their classmates had already started to watch. "Then I'll wait till the bell rings. How about that? Then you can *squish* on over to your classroom and show everyone what a little baby you are."

"Noooooooooo!"

More students had started to look. Taylor sobbed openly. Her panties were already so high up that she could barely keep her balance. The moment Morgan would hoist her off the floor would be the moment she'd lose control. Taylor felt some urine drip into her panties. A small stain appeared on the crotch of her pants and a few students started to laugh.

"Uh oh...looks like you already soaked through your pullups. Maybe we should get you some diapers?"

***BRIIIIIIIIIIING***

The bell rang and Morgan did as she had told Taylor. With one firm yank she lifted the girl off the floor and wedgied her so hard that Taylor lost control of her bladder. In a matter of seconds, she had soaked through her pants. Taylor blubbered and kicked her legs as the warm urine soaked into her socks and dribbled down into a puddle on the floor. Laughter erupted from the students that had lingered behind.

"Oh my god did she wet herself again?"

"Is she even supposed to be in high school? Looks like a sixth grader to me."

"You mean a preschooler. A sixth grader wouldn't wet their pants everyday."

Morgan tugged upward on Taylor's panties a few times and caused the smaller girl to bounce up and down. Taylor whimpered with each bounce, too defeated to cry anymore and reduced to a quiet snuffle. "You hear that Taylor? Seems like everybody agrees with me. I think we need to do something about this, don't you?"

Taylor was too shocked to fight Morgan any longer. She allowed the older girl to set her down and drag her toward the front of the school. It wasn't until they were nearly at their destination that Taylor started to resist.

"L-Let me go! I'm late for class! Where are you taking m--eeeeeee!" Another, smaller wedgie from Morgan sent a fresh surge of urine into her already soaked panties. Pee still dripped down her pants leg and onto the floor as she was dragged into the nurse's office.

"Nurse? I've got a girl here with some clear potty problems."

Taylor's eyes widened as she realized what Morgan had planned. She panicked and struggled when the nurse walked in. "That's not true! She made me do it!"

The nurse took a look at the two of them and sighed. "Let the girl go, Morgan. Head back to class."

Morgan snorted and turned to the door. Taylor attempted to follow but was stopped by the nurse. "Not you, sweetheart. You're going to follow me to the back."

Taylor audibly swallowed. "B-But..."

"Do you like walking around in wet underwear and pants?" asked the nurse.

"N-No..." Taylor breathed a sigh of relief. She would get a change of clothes. Her worst fears hadn't come true.

The nurse directed Taylor into the back room. "Do you need help undressing?"

Taylor blushed at the question. "N-No..." She stripped herself of her soaked pants, socks, and underwear. She tugged her shirt down and patiently waited as the nurse found some clothing.

"Looks like your parents didn't leave you any spares. Not surprised. Typically that's only normal in kindergarten or preschool. Thankfully, you're about my daughter's size and I have some of her old clothes here." The nurse turned around and held aloft several items. A pink corduroy dress with a front pocket, a striped pink and white long sleeve shirt, frilly pink socks, and a pair of light up pink sneakers.

"Don't you have anything else?" asked Taylor.

"Perhaps I should call your mother and ask her to bring you down some clothes for the next time you have an accident? It seems to happen pretty often, doesn't it?" The nurse offered the clothes to Taylor, but when she didn't accept them, the nurse huffed and set the clothing down. "You'll need to take that shirt off. Oh...and speaking of accidents..." She then reached into a drawer and pulled out what could only be a diaper big enough for Taylor.

Taylor nearly fainted. "N-No! I'm not gonna wear a diaper! I'm not a baby."

The nurse sighed. She grabbed Taylor's shirt and hoisted off her body with one fluid motion. "Then maybe you should ask your mommy to properly potty train you. I'm not going to have you ruin these clothes too so lay down on the bench and behave yourself."

"B-But...!"

*THWAP*

Taylor yelped at the sharp pain to her bottom. The nurse stood with her arms on her hips, the diaper unfolded in her right hand. "On the bench."

Taylor hung her head low and did what she was told. She looked away and cried silently as the nurse wiped her clean, powdered her, and taped her snugly into the thick diaper. Next, the nurse sat her up and dressed her like a mother might dress their small child. Taylor whimpered as the nurse forced her to stand and put her limbs into the juvenile clothing. She watched as her old, wet clothing was placed into a bag and had her name written on it.

"There. Now you won't be making so many messes, hmm?"

Taylor nodded listlessly. She stared at her feet on her way to the door. The shoes lit up in bright pink lights with each step. Despite the humiliation, Taylor was thankful that her trip to the nurse's office was over. At least she'd be able to go home and forget about the day before too long.

"Alright now, run along. Come back if you need a change or have another accident." The nurse gently pushed her out the door with a pat to her padded butt. "Keep it up and you're staying in those." With that the door was closed and Taylor was left alone in the hall; at least, that's what she had thought initially.



"Here that, Baby Taylor? Keep soaking your pullups and you'll have to wear diapers from now on." Morgan loomed over her. She had not gone back to class as directed by the nurse and instead had waited to continue Taylor's torture. "Wow and you really look like a baby now. You can even see your diaper!" Morgan grabbed Taylor's diaper and gave it a squeeze. "Wow! Still dry. Wonder how long that's gonna last."

Taylor looked down between her legs to see that Morgan told the truth. The dress was too short and the crotch of her diaper was clearly on display. "Nooooooo..."

"Let's find out!" Morgan grabbed the waistband of Taylor's diaper and yanked as hard as she could. Taylor gasped in surprise. She immediately regretted the large glass of orange juice she had for breakfast. Morgan held Taylor aloft by the diaper and cackled as the smaller girl helplessly soaked her diapers. The crotch grew warm and heavy. The already exposed diaper sagged heavily and further added to Taylor's troubles. "Oh my god! I can smell it. You smell like baby powder and pee. It's like you came straight out of a daycare!" Morgan then set Taylor back down and slapped her diapered bottom as hard as she could. Taylor fell forward onto her hands and knees. She started to cry again, just in time for the nurse to walk back out.

"What's going on out here?"

Taylor looked up in horror. The nurse looked down at her, clearly disappointed. She sighed and picked the girl up by the arm. "Come on," said the nurse, "I'm going to escort you to class and let your teacher know about your little problem. If you can't even keep your diapers dry for ten minutes, then she'll need to keep an eye on you and make sure you don't leak."

"B-But...Morgan made me do it! She-she..." Taylor looked around to see that Morgan had disappeared. Her damage done, the older girl had slinked away when the nurse's door had started to open.

"I've had enough of your excuses. You're late for class and I have things to do."

Taylor started to sob as she was forced to waddle toward the door to her classroom. The nurse opened the door for her and pushed her in. Taylor was forced to stand at the front of the class as the nurse explained the situation to her teacher. It only made her feel worse, but all she could do was tug down her dress and cry. It would be the worst day of school she ever had and it was all thanks to Morgan.

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Tiffany had hated a lot about her childhood; her out of touch parents, the public school system, the popular kids; everyone around her made it abundantly clear that she was the odd one out. Of course, those feelings had been somewhat exaggerated on Tiffany's part. She was an angry

teen with few friends and had grown used to seeming out of place. What Tiffany had not grown used to was someone like Morgan Edmonds.

Morgan wasn't Tiffany's first bully. Her long standing goth phase saw to that. She was, however, the first bully that actually made Tiffany nervous. No amount of edgy makeup nor threats would dissuade Morgan from her cruelty. Tiffany, clearly at odds with her own self-identity, was all too easy for Morgan to pick apart. Her lack of friends and abundance of strange hobbies gave Morgan a large sum of firepower with which to unload upon the younger girl whenever she saw fit. Unfortunately for Tiffany, Morgan's wrath wasn't limited to just verbal insults.

On a warm spring day during Tiffany's freshman year of high school, Tiffany decided to sit outside for lunch. As much as she hated the outdoors, she hated the amount of people crammed inside the cafeteria even more. Happy to be alone, Tiffany pulled a couple books from her bag and read them over as she ate. They were recent pick-ups from the library. One roughly detailed the history of hypnosis in the modern age and the other was a history of what was considered to be black magic. Tiffany had a great interest in oddities and the occult. It didn't help her to make friends, but she didn't care.

"Wow! And here I thought the sun would turn you into dust." Morgan Edmonds stood next to her. She grabbed the corner of one of Tiffany's books and flung it to the ground. "Oops."

"Fuck off, Morgan."

Morgan scoffed, a look of faux surprise on her face. "Didn't your mommy tell you it's not nice to curse?"

Tiffany stood abruptly. Her other book and the remainder of her lunch fell to the ground. "Didn't your mommy tell you not to be a bitch?" She stared daggers at Morgan and did her best to appear confident in front of the bully.

Morgan didn't buy it. The older girl was several inches taller than Tiffany and much stronger as well. Morgan was confident, but she didn't need to be when she picked on younger girls like Tiffany. All she needed was pure physical intimidation. "Sure you want to keep talking big, pip squeak?"

Tiffany grimaced. Never had she hated anyone as much as she hated Morgan. She wanted to punch her square in the face but knew better than to bring that kind of trouble on herself. "Just go away already..." Tiffany looked down at her feet and hoped that it would be enough to satisfy the bully.

"Aww...did the little freak lose her will to fight?" Morgan grabbed Tiffany by the chin and used her thumb to smear the younger girl's black lipstick. "Maybe you shouldn't wear such dark makeup if you're just a poser."

Tiffany cursed under her breath at the indignity. She then slapped away Morgan's hand and pushed her in the chest. "I'll wear what I fucking want!"

The push didn't budge Morgan. The older girl just smiled back at Tiffany. "Oh yeah? Well I think you've got shit taste and I know just the way to fix that." Morgan grabbed Tiffany by the hair and yanked downward so that she was forced into a bent over walk. She dragged the younger girl back toward the school building and into the outside bathroom.

"What're you doing?!" Tiffany attempted to hit Morgan with her fists but gave up as the older girl tightened her grip on her hair. "S-Stop! It huuuuurts!"

"Time for a makeover, Tiffany. You clearly aren't as edgy as you look. Better fix that."

Before Tiffany could even grasp what had happened, Morgan had dunked her head into one of the bathroom toilets. She was forced to her knees and swung her arms wildly as the toilet was flushed. Morgan laughed maniacally. The sight of Tiffany facedown in the toilet bowl brought her no end of pleasure; however, even that wasn't enough. With Tiffany defeated and gasping for breath, Morgan took the opportunity to reach down the back of her skirt and grip the lacy waistband of the freshman's panties.

"Oh my god! I was right! You are just a poser, huh? What kind of goth wears pretty pink panties?" Morgan stretched the fabric up a few inches to reveal the bright pink cotton of Tiffany's panties. If Tiffany had been able to speak she might've mentioned that it had been laundry day and she was forced to wear her little sister's underwear. Unfortunately, she still had a mouthful of toilet water and could only gasp and cry out as the childish panties were stretched further up until the princess print on the rear was brought into view. Morgan laughed hysterically. "This is too good! Everyone's gotta see this!"

"N-Nuh! P...pease!" Water spilled from Tiffany's face as Morgan yanked her back by her hair. She cringed in horror as the pink elastic waistband of her sister's panties were stretched over her eyes in an atomic wedgie. Tiffany was helpless but to be dragged along out of the bathroom and back into the bright of day. The windows of the cafeteria were just to her right. While Tiffany couldn't see through her panty blindfold, everyone inside saw her clearly. The stark contrast of her juvenile pink panties stretched across her all black clothing made her stick out like a sore thumb as she desperately tried to wriggle free of the wedgie. Tiffany eventually gave up and needed a teacher's assistance to get out. No amount of adjustments would return the elasticity to the panties and Tiffany was forced to walk to the principal's office with the stretched out underwear dangling from her skirt. Morgan faced no more repercussions than a stern talking to while Tiffany was left too embarrassed to wear dark makeup or borrow her sister's clothing again for the rest of high school.

Karley Jameson was rather well-liked for a girl that had only just entered high school. She was funny, smart, and incredibly kind for a girl that had only just entered her teens. Theater was her favorite class and she went all out in her performances. So good was Karley that she even got a speaking role in a school production in her first semester. Almost unheard of for a freshman with little experience. Hardly anyone disliked Karley when they met her; unfortunately for her, Morgan Edmonds wasn't easily impressed.

Morgan disliked Karley the moment she met her. Karley had only been in high school for a few months and was far and away more popular than she'd ever been. The thought made Morgan's blood boil. Four years in high school and she had very little to show for it socially. In her anger she began to spread rumors about Karley, rumors intended to humiliate the younger girl and knock her down a peg or two; but Karley was too popular for that. Morgan had a reputation as a bully. Any rumor she started died in her mouth. The girl felt untouchable.

It wasn't until Karley walked in on Morgan berating other girls in her class that they finally crossed paths. Karley was well aware of Morgan's efforts to drag her in the dirt. She didn't care for the older girl and told her as much to her face. Morgan left the exchange at a clear loss. The audacity of a freshman telling her off like that shook Morgan to her core. She didn't like how it felt and she would make sure it would never happen again.

On the night of the play, Karley sat backstage and ate a snack by herself. Ever the hard worker, she had arrived early to practice her lines. Morgan, meanwhile, had stuck around after school had let out. She waited patiently in the shadows of the back stage until Karley left her food unattended. It was then that Morgan snuck out and laced it all with laxatives. By the time Karley had returned, other students had arrived. Karley scarfed down the rest of the meal to join them. She thought that her sandwich tasted odd, but brushed off the thought as pre-show anxiety. Karley's only concern was her performance. She wouldn't let anything distract her.

As the night went on, so too did the play. Karley's part wasn't until midway through the second act. The laxatives didn't kick in until the start of that act and by then it was too late. Karley ignored the pains in her stomach just like she had ignored the taste of her food. It was just anxiety. She could and would handle it. By the time she went on stage, she could barely hold it.

The stage was quiet. Karley groaned in displeasure as she walked out in front of a crowd of at least one hundred adults and just as many of her classmates. She played a spirit and was dressed in a sheer white gown and veil. Her task was to step to the center of the stage, perform a monologue, and then motion for the next characters to enter for the next scene. Karley would only get two sentences in before disaster struck.

"...and this is wh-why...we...and this is wh...hnnng..." Karley clutched at her stomach. She couldn't bear how terrible her performance was. The pain intensified with each word. It was all

she could do to stammer out a few words before another stomach cramp would reduce her to a grunt. "...t-this is w-why...unnnnf...n-noo..."

"Boooooooooo!"

Karley cringed at the outburst. If she could have seen beyond the stage lights, she would've known that Morgan herself had started the shout. More followed after it but were quickly silenced by the staff and parents that were present. In hindsight, Karley had wished the outburst had continued; instead, the audience had grown quiet. They wrongly assumed that Karley had stage fright and, out of the kindness of their hearts, grew quiet to let her perform.

"...th-this is wh--oh god..."

*BRRRRRRRAPPPPP*

The first fart echoed throughout the quiet auditorium. It was long and sounded worrisome to everyone that heard it. Karley's face burned red with embarrassment. She was worried she had accidentally pooped herself, but was thankful to find that had not been the case. Karley decided to give up on the show then and there. She turned her back to the audience to leave only to be brought to her hands and knees from the discomfort.

"Hnnng...no no no...please...!"

*PTHPPPPPT*

The entire auditorium watched as Karley filled the seat of her panties with warm mush. More and more was pushed out from her bowels until her panties sagged heavily. The short, sheer dress did nothing to hide Karley's shame and in a matter of seconds the popular girl had been reduced to an absolute laughingstock. The entire auditorium burst into laughter as Karley helplessly continued to poop herself. Parents and staff again attempted to quiet them but it was no use. Karley crawled toward the back of the stage and behind the curtain. She sobbed, a mixture of tears and snot ran down her face.

"Oh my god...I thought I heard a fart but..."

"Karley pooped herself on stage?!"

"It smells so bad!"

Karley looked up to see that the theater crew stared at her and the messy seat of her panties.

"D-Don't look! Puh-please!" pleaded Karley.

"Don't look at what, twerp?"

Karley looked behind herself and saw that Morgan stood over her. The older girl had a look of pure delight on her face.

"Awww...did someone get stage fright and make boom boom in her panties?" the older girl teased, "...or are you just not ready for big girl panties yet?"

The theater crew openly laughed at Karley and her humiliation at the hands of Morgan. The same people that had defended her against Morgan's rumors had gone to Morgan's side. Karley felt powerless and completely out of her element. "T-That's not true!" Karley tries to stand and regain some of her dignity, but Morgan had other plans.

"Oh is that so? Then what's this?" Morgan reached down and grabbed the elastic waistband of Karley's panties. The younger girl cried out in embarrassment as her panties were wedged up her butt. The still warm mush she pushed out only a couple minutes prior was forced forward into the crotch of her panties and stained her white dress. "Peeyew! Are these skidmarks? Didn't your mommy teach you how to wipe, little miss panty pooper?"

"N-No!" Karley wailed. She tried to fight the older girl but Morgan just yanked her panties up higher.

"No?" asked Morgan, "She never taught you how to wipe? Just how did you graduate to big girl panties?" More laughter from the stage crew. "You clearly aren't ready for them. Better make sure everyone knows." With a firm hand on Karley's head, Morgan yanked the younger girl's panties as hard as she could until the waistband reached far up her back. The mess she had made was abundantly obvious as the white cotton fabric was stretched all the way to her head in an atomic wedgie. "There we go panty pooper! A much more fitting look." Morgan then bent down and whispered into Taylor's ear. "This'll teach you to know your place, freshman. Enjoy your stinky wedgie, loser."

Karley would spend the rest of her night in tears. No one would help her remove her wedgie and so she was forced to awkwardly waddle to a nearby bathroom and work on it herself. She refused to leave the stall until her mother arrived with a change of clothes and wet wipes. Utterly humiliated, Karley would refuse to go on stage until Morgan graduated. Even then it would take her another semester to work up the courage to do it. The name panty pooper stuck around a lot longer than Karley had hoped. There was hardly a day where she didn't hear it and Morgan was the one to thank for that.