

A Dish Best Served Messy: Chapter 3

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Determined to get through this nightmare scenario as fast as humanly possible, Morgan chugged down the milk as if her life depended on it. The taste was nothing more than bland milk, but she knew better than to assume that's all it was. After she filled up Sawyer with laxatives all those years ago, there's no way she wouldn't take the opportunity to make it even, especially since she had been changed into a diaper while unconscious.

Holding the bottle upright, Sawyer's satisfaction was greater than she'd ever imagined this moment to be. After years of torment and ridicule, not to mention having to grovel to the queen bee throughout all of freshman year to even get close to her, it was finally all worth it. Squeezing the bottle slightly, she chuckled as she listened to the gurgling noises Morgan made as she tried to keep up.

By the time Morgan had chugged down a third of the bottle, she was already feeling incredibly full. Tilting her chin down, she caught sight of her tummy, which was looking unusually full. The extension of her gut was definitely peculiar. Sure, she'd already stomached a lot of milk, but surely it wasn't enough to cause that much bloating.

"I-Is she...getting fatter?" asked Karley, turning her head sideways as she looked Morgan up and down. Her question seemed to catch everyone's attention, including and especially Morgan's.

Reaching down with her free hand, Sawyer pushed a finger into Morgan's belly. She expected to feel the tightness of a stuffed stomach, but instead, while there was definitely a build-up of pressure inside, her finger sunk in almost an entire centimeter. She'd known Morgan for too long to know that she never allowed even half an ounce of body fat to grace her wonderful slim stature. "Well, it wasn't called the Little Body Formula for nothing," she said, grabbing a handful of Morgan's flabby flesh and giving it a rough jiggle, "Looks like that perfect beach body will be joining your pride in exile."

"MMMMMMMM!" screamed Morgan as panic set in. Whatever Sawyer was forcing her to drink was fattening her up like a goddamn cow. She needed to separate herself from the baby bottle and fast. Pulling away from Sawyer's grip, she tried to wiggle the nipple out of her mouth. However, there was only so much she could do with her arms and legs tied down.

Sawyer, meanwhile, kept a tight grip around both Morgan's head and the baby bottle, refusing to let either out of her clutches. "Now, now, oof...baby Morgan, you have to...finish your meal!" she shouted, struggling to subdue the surprisingly strong captive. Knowing that she couldn't hold her like this forever, she practically crushed the bottle in her hand trying to force as much fluid down Morgan's gullet as possible.

For Morgan, it was all she could do just to avoid drowning during this fiasco. With no choice, she swallowed mouthful after mouthful until she finally felt a rush of air push its way out

of the bottle. With a belly the size of a volleyball and pink milk dribbling down her face, she finally broke her mouth free from the bottle, taking an exasperated breath “What the fuck is wrong with you three?!” she screamed at the top of her lungs before glaring upward at Sawyer, “I swear to God, my dad is a lawyer, Sawyer, and he’s gonna make sure you pay dearly for this one!” She then turned her head towards Alyssa and Karley, “And you two! When I take over Tri Delta next year, you’ll be lucky if I even allowed you to clean the toilets, much less run the sorority with me! All three of you are fucked!”

The girls stepped back from Morgan, none of them able to hold eye contact with the green-eyed she-devil. Even Sawyer felt her rock-solid resolve dwindling slightly. If all this formula did was make her a little pudgy and bloated, then what was the point? She wouldn’t get another shot at Morgan quite like this.

Smirking, Morgan felt their meek energy growing and fed off of it like a carnivore feasting on its helpless prey. Fear was how she climbed to the top and fear would be how she got herself out of this mess. Targeting Alyssa and Karley, she knew that if she could push her minions back under her heel, they would never try anything like this again. “Alyssa, Karley, we’ve been friends all through college! I seriously can’t believe you would fuck me over like this!” she shouted, watching the guilt seep across both of their faces, “Now, whichever one of you unties me will get mercy next year. So who’s it gonna b-”

GRUUUUUUUMMMMMMMBBBBLLLE!!!

Morgan’s persuasive speech was cut off by an ominous gurgling sound that was emitted from her lower half. Instantly, her proud, upright posture slumped over in uncomfortable pain as she reeled from the quaking in her gut. She tried to regain her composure, but it was too late.

Stepping up to where Morgan was seated, Sawyer leaned down and flicked her on the forehead in between her eyes. “Sorry, Morgan, but none of us are buying these empty threats. Your bullshit isn’t gonna work anymore,” she said as she extended her foot under Morgan’s chair and kicked it hard from underneath. The shockwave was enough to make the girl groan her way through a new set of cramps. “In fact, I’d say it was about time for you to shit out all of that bullshit.”

“Oh my god, she really is getting fat!” yelled Alyssa, pointing to one of Morgan’s sides, where a love handle was rapidly forming. Sawyer had been so focused on putting Morgan in her place that she didn’t even see that her rival was taking on pounds like nobody’s business. It wasn’t just Morgan’s love handles either. Her belly, her arms, and even her thighs were getting plumper and flabbier.

“Guess the freshman fifteen comes for us all eventually, huh?” chuckled Sawyer as she placed her hand on Morgan’s tummy and rubbed it a little. Even though she was barely touching her, she could still feel the tremors that were impacting her bowels.

Shaking her head wildly, Morgan didn’t know if she was trying to escape or attempting to wake herself up from whatever horrific nightmare this was. “N-No! What’s happening to my body, you bitch!” she said, her voice turning fearful as she watched her greatest asset

ballooning out of control. The only thing that didn't seem to be changing was her boobs, which if anything, almost looked like they were getting smaller thanks to her surging midsection.

"Well Morgan, I'd say it's only fitting that your outsides match your ugliness on the inside," said Sawyer boastfully, "Maybe you'll learn a thing or two about being kind to others without everyone drooling over your bombshell body and...you're not even listening to me are you?"

No, Morgan was not listening. Instead, she had far more pressing things to worry about. Specifically, it was the pressure in her bowels that was capturing the majority of her focus. Curling her toes inward, she flexed every muscle she had in an attempt at preventing the harshest embarrassment possible. Sadly, there was nothing she could do as one last big wave of cramps broke down her final wall of defense.

BLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRT!!!

Morgan's face twisted as a rush of sloppy, brown mush began to pile into her diaper. Having a mostly liquid texture, her poop squeezed out from under her seated position and rapidly filled the rear of her diaper until it was drooping over the back of the chair. "Eeeeeeeew!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. She strained against her restraints, trying desperately to break free from her smelly seat, but all she ended up doing was squishing the soupy mass around and coating most of her bum in sludge.

With her phone out, Sawyer made sure to capture every last second of Morgan's demise on film, which soon enough would be immortalized on the internet. "Oh yeah, keep filling it up, diaper dumper! All those AB losers online will love seeing a hot college girl pooping her brains out!" she said, struggling to make herself audible over the unholy sloshing sounds that were produced in Morgan's overly full nappy. A nappy that was starting to look a bit too full. "Uh, Alyssa? Are you sure this thing can hold this much shit?"

"Oh definitely," said Alyssa, standing up from her comfy theater seat and approaching Morgan to give her diaper a hardy squeeze, "My dad's shown me photos of these things swelling up as big as a bean bag! I'm sure it can handle whatever Morgan throws at it."

True to Alyssa's word, the diaper seemed to be doing just fine as it grew wider and more discolored, with Morgan perched up on top looking like a neglected toddler in her ridiculously bloated diaper. However, while her diaper was getting bigger, Morgan appeared to be getting smaller. "Ugh! Untie my legs!" she shouted, drawing everyone's eyes to her feet. Her calves, which were duct-taped to the legs of the chair, were slowly pulling upward against Morgan's will while her toes could barely manage to tap the floor. Even in her seated position, it was obvious to everyone that Morgan's legs were shrinking inch by inch.

"She's getting shorter too!" said Karley, flabbergasted by the transformation Morgan was undergoing. Notice that the other two were too in shock to act, she ran to Morgan's aid and quickly undid the tapes holding her legs in place. Much like detaching an anchor from a ship, Morgan wobbled about on her gelatinous diaper, unable to stabilize herself as her diaper continued to expand.

By this point, Morgan was at a loss for where her body was producing this much poop from. She'd only drunk one baby bottle! How could she have this much shit inside of her?! Mercifully, Karley also decided to release her arms, giving her the freedom to move about. Not that she'd actually be able to move anyway with her diaper being the size of a mini-fridge.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRGGGLE!!!

A new noise was added to the symphony of organic sounds being produced by Morgan's body, this time coming directly from her gut again. All of a sudden, it was as if the serum she was fed had kicked itself into overdrive. Grunting, she tried to push the rest of the stomach-churning substance out of her, unaware of the other changes affecting her body. Her boobs, which no longer only "appeared" smaller, shrunk from D-Cups to flat as a board in a matter of seconds. Additionally, her arms and legs continued to shrink alongside her tits, resulting in her losing almost an entire foot off of her height. The big finisher, though, was her face, which seemed to take on the same soft, doughy look that her torso did.

At last, the gushing, gurgling noises that Morgan had been producing for nearly five whole minutes finally subsided, bringing her transformation to an end. Gone was the outrageously hot cheerleader who could make almost anyone of any gender do what she wanted, replaced by a short, stubby, and chubby girl who barely looked old enough to be in high school, let alone be heading into her senior year of college.

Quivering in her seat, Morgan tried to lift herself off of her muddy rear but lacked the strength to move more than a couple of inches in any direction. Zapped of all energy, she leaned back and sunk into her diaper, which had taken on so much waste that it was now touching the ground. She closed her eyes and passed out within seconds, clueless to the fact that the formula wasn't even close to done with her. With the Little's body came a Little's mentality, after all.

Looking at each other, none of the girls knew quite what to say. Sawyer, who'd been the ring leader of this whole revenge scheme, was frozen stiff by what she'd just witnessed. All she'd planned to do was make Morgan shit herself like crazy so she'd finally understand how it felt. This...this was something else...something far more insane than she had bargained for.

Balling up her fist, Sawyer stepped forward and rounded behind Morgan, doing her best not to gag from the pungent aroma. "Let's...uh...get her to the nursery, Alyssa," she said, trying her best to sound like she was certain of her choices, "There's no turning back now. Regardless of what we've just witnessed, we have to stick together."

Nodding their heads in nervous agreement, Alyssa and Karley looked at each other, knowing they were in too deep to change their minds. In a few hours, Morgan would wake up again, and they'd need to be ready for when that happened.

TO BE CONTINUED...