

## A Dish Best Served Messy: Chapter 14

By: CrissieBaby & LittlePissy

\*BZZZZZZZZZZZZ!\*  
\*BZZZZZZZZZZZZ!\*

“...oh my g...on’t belie...too adorab...”

“...ook at the si...at diaper! It’s...”

“It’s abo...she settled int...er role.”

Through hazy eyes and with muffled ears, Morgan struggled to reach the surface of her own mind, trapped beneath wave after wave of pure, unadulterated bliss. She’d been high on quite a lengthy list of drugs, but nothing had ever felt this truly euphoric. Blinking slowly, she could make out what looked to be three feminine figures looking down at her. Their presence made her feel incredibly small.

“W-Where am I?” Morgan tried to say. Unfortunately, while that was what she thought, what she actually said was something more like, “Web-em-a!”

Suddenly, a figure from behind Morgan leaned their head in close and whispered, “Time to p...n a show, baby g...” said another, much richer female voice. One that was deep and soothing to Morgan’s ear. She didn’t really understand much about what she was saying, but as the figure wrapped her arms around her, she felt an incredible sense of safety, causing her heart to flutter. She giggled loudly, prompting the mystery hands to move southward, taunting her midsection with light touch. She burred obnoxiously as she feebly tried to push the hands out of the way. Her uncoordinated movements were impossible to control, though, leading her to place her hands on something else.

\*SQUELCH!\*

Suddenly, Morgan felt her mitten-covered paws sink into something incredibly mushy and pliable. Not only that but the moment her hands made contact, a jolt of erotic electricity shot through her entire body. She pressed down again, resulting in the same orgasmic feeling. After that, she couldn’t stop pressing down on the wonderfully squishing thing that rested between her legs.

Standing over Morgan and watching her humiliating display unfold, Sawyer was almost too impressed with herself for words. “Oh...my gosh. How long did you say the hypnosis is supposed to last?” she asked, curious about the amount of time baby-brained Morgan would be reigning supreme over Morgan’s body.

“Honestly, it was her first time, so she should have broken already,” said Mother Elma, snickering, “I’ve only seen this happen with those who really wanted or needed to go into deep Little Space. Your friend must really be enjoying herself.”

That was the final straw for Morgan’s trio of caregivers, as all three girls doubled over in hysterics. It wasn’t just the fact that Morgan had fallen from grace anymore, it was how hard and far she had fallen. The girl who had made it her life’s goal to control everything and everyone in

sight was now nothing more than a helpless, babbling adult baby who wanted nothing more than to make lots of cummies in her diapers.

Turning the vibrator that was attached to Morgan's leg back on, Elma decided to see if she could wake Morgan up by loading her with stimulation. "Girl, I'm gonna need your help on this one. I think it's time we woke Morgan to see what a good baby she's become," she said, gesturing for the three girls to join her, "If baby Morgan wants her diaper mooshed, then let's let her have it!"

Sawyer, Alyssa, and Karley were over the moon with excitement as they eagerly pressed their hands into Morgan's mushy diaper. Meanwhile, Elma detached the Magic Wand from its locked position and began to massage it directly over Morgan's kitten. "Wow! It's even more squishy than it was after her transformation! It's like a diaper water balloon!" said Sawyer, piling on as much verbal humiliation as she could.

With eight hands and a vibrator to boot, Morgan's eyes went wide as her body shook, unable to process the sheer pleasure she was undergoing. Her toes curled up. Her arms went stiff and rigid. Her back arched as high as it could. "MMMMMMMMMMMM UUUUUUUUHHHHHH!!!" she shrieked before collapsing back into Elma's lap from the most intense orgasm of her life.

The unwieldy climax was enough to snap Morgan out of her hypnotized stupor for long enough to recognize what was happening, "W-Wha?!" she shouted, panicking as memories of what had happened to her flooded in and mixed with the almost unreal embarrassment of getting off to all of your friends prodding your ultra messy diaper. This had all gone too far. Messing with her body was one thing, but they were trying to turn her mind as mushy as her diaper was.

Unfortunately, while Morgan had managed to surface, her mind was rapidly sinking back down as the barrage of diaper squelches continued to rapture her body. Not only that but her body was spent on basically all energy, ensuring she'd be sleeping in the same big baby bliss that she was in right now. The last thing she saw before her eyes glazed back over was Sawyer blowing her a kiss and whispering, "Nite nite, baby Morgan."

As Morgan's neck went limp in Mother Elma's arms, the three college-age girls all looked back and forth at one another knowingly. Tomorrow would be their trip home and thus the end of their vacation with baby Morgan. However, they all knew that after what they had seen, Morgan was in no shape to return to her superior adult status. While Morgan snored away in Mother Elma's arms, they got to work planning just how far to take this when they got home.

"Welcome to babyhood, Morgan. You're never leaving diapers again."

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With a rolling suitcase in one hand and an undercover diaper bag in the other, Morgan entered her sorority house with extreme caution, her legs still stiff from the long night of pleasure

she'd had the previous night. Since most of her chapter had gone home for the summer, the house was mostly empty, but she couldn't be too certain, especially with the way she looked.

After her physical transformation, the last thing Morgan wanted to do was return home for her parents and younger sister to see what a disgusting little fatty she'd turned into. She needed to wait this out in the privacy of her own space and wait for the Little Body Formula to wear off. Alyssa's nerdy dad told her that she should be back to normal in about a month or so, but to keep him updated if any side effects or lasting durations occurred. He seemed helpful, but she was pretty sure he was only in on it because she was practically a beta tester at this point.

At least Morgan knew she wouldn't have to worry about diapers throughout this eye-rolling experience. They'd sent her packing with a two-week supply of cushy padding and gave her a number to call when she was running low that would restock her. Again, what could be seen as kindness was more than likely just the results of a company covering its ass. What exactly was she supposed to do, though? Go to court and let this form of hers go on record? As if!

The only thing Morgan wanted to do now was chill out in the Queen Suite, which was a luxury suite that she was entitled to as the incoming head of Tri Delta, and wait for this whole thing to blow over. Thankfully, the next few weeks should be surprisingly peaceful, with the nearest event on the horizon being a welcoming back bash near the end of August and she'd already done all of the planning for that. Her friends were gonna freak when they found out she'd booked an entire carnival.

Speaking of "friends", Morgan was incredibly relieved that all three of her tormentors would be heading home for the rest of the summer. The last thing she would've wanted was for her diaper torture to extend from the trip to her place of worship. If even one sister or pledge saw her like this, she would plotz, no question.

Mercifully, the road trip home with Sawyer, Karley, and Alyssa had gone relatively smoothly. After turning her into a hypnotized mess, they seemed to take a bit of pity on her, realizing that their revenge had gone a bit overboard and was tiptoeing into territory that might become irreversible if they continued onward. Well, at least that was true for Karley and Alyssa.

Sawyer, on the other hand, did everything in her power to make the road trip home a living nightmare, constantly forcing public diaper changes anytime they stopped and attempting to humiliate her with baby talk and diaper checks. It was like she was trying to milk the last ounces of embarrassment out of her before the trip was officially over. Luckily, neither Sawyer nor her partners in crime would be back at the house until the end of the summer, so she no longer had to feel their vengeful wrath.

Sensing no one nearby, Morgan decided it was time to make her move up to her bedroom. Rushing up the stairs, she could feel the moist, mushy contents of her diaper swishing about as she dashed across the carpeted floor and up to the master suite. HER master suite. It had been a long time coming, so she wasn't going to let her frenemies ruin this moment for her.

Since freshman year, Morgan had set her sights on the Queen Suite, wanting both the power and opulence that came with being the head of her sorority chapter. It wasn't easy and quite a few throats had to be metaphorically slit to get here, but she'd finally earned her place amongst the elite of Tri Delta.

Staring down the door to her brand new room, Morgan sighed with relief, knowing that the Queen Suite had already been prepared for her while she was on her trip. All of her belongings had been diligently moved from her old room to her new digs by the excellent Tri Delta staff, allowing her to settle at the moment she got back. The room was designed to basically exist as its own upscale apartment, with a private kitchen, walk-in closet, and a bathroom with a giant whirlpool tub and a steam room. And the best part was that it was all covered by sorority dues and campus funding, allowing her to truly live like a Queen.

Placing her hands on both door knobs of the double door entrance, Morgan closed her eyes and thrust them open wanting to savor this moment. She inhaled deeply through her nose, indulging in the sweet smell of success.

However, much to Morgan's chagrin, the scent of success smelled far too much like baby powder for her liking. This was a strange and unwanted aroma that had taken the place of the heavenly vanilla-lavender scent that the Queen Suite possessed throughout all three of her years in college up to this point. Something wasn't right. Opening her eyes, she was beyond shocked to see what had become of her beautiful bedroom.

Toys, diapers, and infantile furniture galore! The Queen Suite had been transformed from the perfect college girl oasis into a nursery nightmare! "No...nonononono!" screamed Morgan as she frantically looked around the room. Instead of the fluffy king bed, there was a giant crib in its place. The shelves and closet were stocked not with her own clothing and bedroom stuff, but with dozens of babyish outfits and changing gear. The whirlpool tub mercifully remained, but sitting by its side were childish bath products and toys. Nursery decorations replaced all the artwork and posters she had hung up in her old bedroom. This was not the Queen Suite she was promised! This was the nursery from hell!

"Surprise!" shouted Sawyer as she suddenly jumped out of Morgan's closet, startling her to the point of wetting. As the long hiss of urine hitting a diaper filled the room, the soon-to-be sophomore ran up and hugged her senior, "Did you miss me? I know it's only been a few hours, but any time away from my baby is too much!"

Morgan's lip was quivering in both fear and rage. She wasn't sure how to respond to her room being turned into this monstrosity. "I-I thought you were going home for the rest of the summer?!" she stuttered, placing a hand on the front of her diaper to try and stem the flow of pee dribbling into her already destroyed pampers. Sadly, her complete lack of bladder control made that an impossibility.

"Well, I was, but then I had the most delicious idea and had to see it through. Thankfully, the Tri Delta staff was more than happy to help me get this all set up, along with a generous donation from Alyssa's dad!" said Sawyer, reaching back around Morgan to grope the rear of

her mushy diaper, "Good thing too, since you clearly need someone on standby to change you."

Biting her lip, Morgan tried to suppress her growing arousal as Sawyer massaged the messy diaper into her butt. Of course, the Tri Delta staff would betray her like this. She hadn't exactly been the kindest tenant since moving into the sorority house. Her eyes watered as she came to terms with the fact that her diapered misery was only just getting started.

With a satisfied, victorious grin, Sawyer took Morgan by the hand and led her further into her new nursery bedroom, "Alright, baby Morgan, let's get you into a fresh, new diaper!"

THE END?