

## A Dish Best Served Messy: Chapter 2

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Propped up on her knees, Morgan stared down at her prey, straddling the younger girl's torso while keeping her arms pinned down. "I warned you once and I warned you twice, sticking your tongue out at me isn't very nice," she rhymed in a sing-songy tone, enjoying the superiority she felt, "I think I have just the punishment in mind for a little brat like you."

Looking up at her tormentor, Sawyer squirmed beneath her, furious that someone only two years older than her had the audacity to treat her like she was a child. She was twelve, for Pete's sake. Of course, her pedantic parents would never trust her enough to stay home alone. And they just so happened to hire the biggest bully in the town too!

Morgan was notorious to every middle schooler in town, boys and girls alike, known for orchestrating the most embarrassing pranks and punishments she could come up with. She'd enter a room and kids would scatter, terrified that they'd end up her next target. And, as luck would have it, her mom and Sawyer's mom happened to be neighborhood besties.

This meant Sawyer got to grow up with Morgan pretending to be the older sister that she never really wanted. Thankfully, her parents moved across town when she was nine and she saw Morgan a lot less, mostly during the occasional weekend visit.

Sawyer thought she was in the clear, having been Morgan's favorite target for years. An assumption that was proven false one fateful Halloween night. Her parents were going out to a big costume party and, despite Sawyer's reasonable protests, they still insisted she have a baby sitter just in case until she was in high school. Typically, her sitter was on the older side, usually a grandmother type. However, as luck would have it, all of the usual sitters were tied up with prior engagements.

Enter Morgan, who's mom was accompanying Sawyer's parents to the party. Even as a young freshman in high school, she looked like she could be a model with how attractive she was, a fact that only drove Sawyer's jealousy towards the girl. Her own modest, slightly goth appearance was a near perfect contrast to the preppy JV cheerleader.

From the moment Sawyer's parents stepped out of the house, a war was heating up between the two girls. Being told that she was in charge, Morgan took this as the opportunity to show off the worst of her egotistical personality, attempting to order Sawyer around for her sadistic amusement.

Sawyer, who was angsty enough to her own parents, was certainly never going to take Morgan's crap lying down. She didn't care that her mom had told her to behave and listen to Morgan, like hell she was gonna be playing servant and court jester to an adolescent tyrant. Unfortunately, her bratty, defiant behavior would only make this night go so much worse. Though, not even Sawyer would have predicted that tonight, Morgan would do something so terrifyingly cruel. Something that would stick with Sawyer for years to come.

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*“Hey, Sawyer, don’t be shy! Look up at the camera!”*

Morgan flinched awake, her eyelids fluttering open slightly before reclosing. They were so heavy that she could hardly pry them up for even a crack. In spite of the fact that she had been sleeping, she was positioned fully upright. Pulling her arms, she could tell that they were tied behind her back. Not only that, but her feeble attempts to call for help were thwarted by something round and rubbery jammed into her mouth.

*“That’s a good girl, you’re making your babysitter so proud! Yes, you are!”*

Scouring her brain, Morgan tried to remember any details she could from prior to passing out, but all she could remember was pregaming at home with her friends. When she left or what bars she went to were complete mysteries. If she got drugged by some asshole while out at a bar, she had no memory of it.

*“Doesn’t that feel so much better? Go on, give the camera a good look at what you did.”*

Suddenly, Morgan’s ears focused on the dialogue that was happening around her. She’d hoped maybe she could learn something about her captors by listening in, but as the voice continued to speak, it became clear exactly whose voice it was.

*“Oh my goodness, you’re still not done?! I’m not sure that diaper can handle another load!”*

There was no mistaking it. Morgan was listening to a recording of her own voice. And not just any recording. It was the sound from a video that she could never forget for as long as she lived. Halloween 2015; a night that she considered to be her magnum opus of punishments.

Muscling her eyes open with everything she had, Morgan came face to face with the very same video. Displayed on a home theater projection screen were the fruits of Morgan’s labor, shown in all its high definition glory.

Centered on screen, Sawyer was down on her knees, sobbing uncontrollably as she proceeded to show off a lumpy, brown-stained diaper. The fart sounds, the slimy fecal noises, and the symphony of diaper crinkles were constantly clipping the mic, adding to the humiliation for its main subject. Even still, Morgan’s voice cut like a sharp knife as her hand entered from off-screen and started to smush the back of her diaper. *“Jesus, you’re absolutely destroyed that thing!”* she said, showing little remorse for the mortifying situation she was putting Sawyer through as she kneaded her mushy diaper like freshly-mixed dough.

Deep down, part of Morgan wanted to relish the chance to rewatch one of her favorite home movies. But as she looked down at her mostly nude body and found herself duct taped to an office chair, any thoughts of enjoying the moment died off quickly. Funny enough though, it wasn’t the tape that had her blood running cold. It was the ridiculously massive white diaper that was secured around her hips that heightened her level of concern to an all-time extreme.

Grunting and struggling, she fought against her restraints, hoping that she could even get herself partially free.

“Enjoying the show?” asked Sawyer, her words causing Morgan to freeze in place, “Took me five years to be able to face this video again. Not that I was ever allowed to forget it.” Stepping in front of Morgan, she leaned down and placed her hand gently on Morgan’s cheek before pulling back and slapping her across the face.

Morgan reeled from the impact of Sawyer’s hand, moaning in pain as the sting of the slap caused her eyes to water. With no time to recover, she felt Sawyer grab onto the back of the chair and spin it around until she was facing a row of home theater seats where both Alyssa and Karley were sitting. Each of them had a bowl of popcorn in hand and a big smile on their face.

Sitting down between her allies, Sawyer sat forward so that her eyes were at perfect level with Morgan’s. Sighing heavily, she savored the moment, having waited seven long years for her revenge plan to come to fruition. “I’m going to tell you a story,” she said, her voice turning deep and melancholic, “The story of a quiet girl who lost everything. Her friends, her school, even the very home she grew up in. All because someone decided to physically fight her into a diaper, followed up by force feeding her a bunch of laxatives. And then, to top it all off, you filmed it and sent it around to all your best friends. Unfortunately, one of them did a fucky wucky and sent it to everyone at school, and that girl who filmed it all seemed like she was finally going to get the punishment she deserved. But since she wasn’t the one who posted it online, and her dear ol’ daddy was the chief of police, she got off scott free.”

Morgan was sweating bullets as she listened intently to every word Sawyer was saying. Yes, she had gotten away with doing so many of the horrific things she did because her dad was an influential figure, but it wasn’t like she really did anything that bad. They were just a bunch of jokes!

However, as Sawyer continued her well-rehearsed speech, she learned quickly how little of a joke it was to everyone else. “Meanwhile, that poor, quiet girl couldn’t so much as walk to the corner store without constant ridicule. It got so bad that her parents had to pull her out of school and move her somewhere else. But the video would eventually follow her until home schooling became the only viable option. Sports, class trips, prom, all of those things would be forever out of reach.” Standing up, Sawyer towered over Morgan with a sarcastic smile. “Now tell me, does it sound like justice to you?”

Filled with a strange combination of rage and fear, Morgan didn’t know if she wanted to bolt the fuck out of this room or strangle Sawyer until she was blue. Still, defiance didn’t seem like it was going to be the best option.. Looking down at the ground, she swallowed her pride and shook her head no, hoping that her faux remorse would be enough to get Sawyer to back off on whatever crazy punishment she had up her sleeve. She couldn’t have been more wrong.

Suddenly, Morgan’s head was whipped back as Sawyer pulled up on the roots of her hair. “Great, I’m glad we’re all in agreement then,” said Sawyer as she held up a large baby

bottle with a murky pink liquid inside. She ripped the pacifier that had been tied to Morgan's head out of the girl's mouth before quickly replacing it with the bottle's rubber nipple.

Pressing her tongue forward, Morgan tried to force the bottle back out of her mouth. This only resulted in her squeezing a few dribbles of liquid out of the bottle, allowing her to taste whatever concoction Sawyer and the others had prepared for her. The taste of milk was unmistakable.

"Go on, drink up," said Sawyer in a sickly-sweet voice, "Once you finish off your bottle, we'll untie you from the chair." With a smug grin, she watched the resistance in Morgan's eyes start to fade as the teary-eyed girl contemplated what her best option would be.

Looking back and forth at each other the three girls, Morgan searched for any shred of guilt or empathy she could latch onto. No one seemed to be budging, though, as their expressions ranged from stoney to outright entertained. Realizing that no matter what she did, Sawyer would find a way to make her drink the bottle, so she decided to take her up on the offer and start drinking. If Sawyer was willing to let her go after she drank one baby bottle, she could get out of this with relatively minor embarrassment.

The girls smiled at each other as Morgan began to drink down the baby bottle. None of them knew exactly what the pink stuff that had been mixed in with the milk would do. All Alyssa mentioned was that it was an experimental drug that would give someone a "Little's body." Whatever that entailed was anyone's guess.

TO BE CONTINUED...