

DiapOut: Chapter 19

By: CrissieBaby

“Wetters! Messers! The clock is ticking! Get your final blorts in now!” shouted CassiRole, her voice fighting to be heard over the cacophony of abdominal noises being produced by her contestants. Stationed only a few feet from the stage, five full babies were struggling to finish their enormous bottles as their digestive systems lagged behind their rate of ingestion. Even with the aid of CrissBaby’s patented Bowl Busting Formula, the body could only work so fast. That being said, while their bottles were nowhere near finished, their diapers were filled to the brim and then some, with Mia and Kyoko managing to make their saggy padding droop all the way from their Iris Nanny’s arms to the stage floor below.

GLOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRP!!!

“MMMMMMMM!” moaned Mia, her distended belly sounding more like the epicenter of an earthquake than the internal mechanisms of a human body. Unlike the other players who were barely reaching the halfway point of their bottles, she had guzzled down nearly two-thirds of the formula she’d been given. Glancing down at her bulging midsection, she carefully shifted her hands across her taut tummy, amazed and slightly horrified by how effective those pills had really been.

Not wanting to be outdone, Kyoko had been kicking her slurping into overdrive, doing her best to keep up with the impossible standards that Mia was setting. Being without the same unfair advantage that Mia possessed, she’d resorted to utilizing her secret messing technique. It had taken significant training but after years of practice and exercise, she was able to utilize her ab and bowel muscles to encourage her digestive tract to work faster. While it proved effective in the short term, however, she was unable to keep it up forever, and after flexing her muscles, on and off, for over 15 minutes, she was reaching her breaking point.

Meanwhile, Cade, Rupert, and Zeke had long surpassed their limits. Lines of creamy, white formula stretched across their cheeks and down their chins, too stuffed and too exhausted to do anything beyond lay in their robot caretakers’ arms and reflexively squirt brown mush into their diapers. Their satisfied groans only echoed throughout the studio, letting everyone know how much they’d enjoyed their meals.

“Fucking pervs,” scoffed Misa as she leaned her head in her arms and watched Mia and her other enemies gargle down formula to their hearts’ content. Wrinkling her nose, she did her best to avoid breathing in the noxious air that permeated the sound stage. It was bad enough that she was stuck in a used diaper until the end of the round, and yet the smell somehow made it ten times worse. Her only solace came from watching the timer tick down, reminding her that before long, this horrid experience would all be over.

BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRP!!!

Patting her stomach in triumph, Lelaya licked the cupcake frosting her fingers, feeling a

sense of victory after polishing off the entire platter. “Wooooo, baby! That should do it! Time to show these simple babs what a real hypermessenger looks like,” she said, giggling maniacally much in the way a supervillain might do.

“Wait, Lelaya, you’re still going? I thought you were busy molesting Ayaya’s poop pile,” said Misa, a touch confused by Lelaya’s sudden confidence despite her constant inactivity throughout the round.

Shaking her head in response, Lelaya marched over to the spot on the banquet table where the Lightning Laxatives were kept, monologuing all the while, “Misa, my naive friend. Winning a Mess-Off isn’t just about stuffing your face as much as you can. It’s about finding ways to provoke your tummy to do the mushy stuff. That’s why it’s important to pace yourself, take breaks, and wait for the precise moment to strike.”

Listening to Lelaya speak, Misa was beginning to feel as though she’d stepped out of an episode of the Twilight Zone. There was just something about Lelaya actually sounding somewhat smart that made her feel like the walls of reality were caving in. Deciding not to ask for any follow-ups, she buried her face in her arms and tried to block out the world.

Unbothered by Misa’s lackluster response, Lelaya picked up both of her Lightning Laxative shots at once and proceeded to down both in quick succession. “Mhmm, mhmm, mhmm!” she grunted in defiance of the gnarly flavor, “Never gets old. Should be any minute now.” Placing a hand on her tummy, she smiled as she could already feel the laxatives liquifying her insides.

“Only two minutes remaining! Nanny bots, please escort these babs to their changing stations. We wouldn’t want anyone sneaking in a few extra blorts after the clock stops!” said Cassi, bringing to life the additional Iris robots while simultaneously prompting the ones already in use to escort their captive players to a dim section of the studio. Suddenly, several rows of stage lights were powered on, illuminating eight even-spaced changing tables. Removing the rubber nipples from their babies’ mouths, the five Iris bots lifted their respective Littles onto the changing table, causing several audible squishes in the process.

While the five bottle drinkers were getting set for their changes, Misa was determined to find a way to escape a shared fate. She quickly got up from her seat, wincing as the mess in her diaper shifted in the most unpleasant way. “Oh, fuck that! I didn’t agree to show my cooter to-HEY!” she screamed, feeling a pair of robotic arms grabbing her by the waist. She writhed and kicked her legs in a last-ditch effort to free herself but sadly, all this accomplished was further smearing her gushy diaper against her rear.

As Misa’s will was in the midst of being broken, Lelaya fully accepted her mechanical fate, spreading her arms wide to allow for easy uppies. All the while, her body continued to ram the laxative assault through her system, edging her closer and closer to the major accident she’d been waiting for. Inhaling the Earthy aroma of the Mess-Off battleground deeply through her nose, she readied herself for the big release.

SPLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRT!!!!!!

The rate of expansion was shockingly rapid, looking more akin to an airbag going off than a diaper being used. If it wasn't for Ayaya's mess of the century, Lelaya would've caused heads to spin thanks to her efforts as her stretched-out booty hole unleashed dozens of pounds of putrid, pulpy slop into her increasingly brown diaper. Her diaper quickly filled her robot caretaker's arms, swelling in all directions uncontrollably. The flow of mush finally began to peter off as she joined her teammates and competitors in the changing area, giggling as her bloated bum made contact with the changing table.

The final person to be escorted to the changing area was Ayaya, who required the additional Iris bot to move her utterly ridiculously load. She looked like the image of an ancient queen as the two nannies carried her as if they were showing her off in a parade. Her legs dangled and swung lackadaisically, having yet to regain her strength after her mega messing. Not that she minded much. She was far more preoccupied with the dazzling lights and blurred audience faces that accompanied her fuzzy vision. "Hehe, imma star," she said, burbling happily like she didn't have a care in the world.

"Fifteen seconds left! Nanny bots, prepare to activate quick change protocol on my mark!" yelled CassiRole, prompting the Iris nannies to grab onto their babies' diaper tapes, ready to rip them open at a moment's notice. Together, with the audience eagerly joining in, she began the final countdown, "Ten! Nine! Eight!..."

It had been a hard-fought round but as the last seconds were relayed by the adoring audience, all four members of the Messers felt pride in what they were able to achieve together. While they didn't have high hopes of claiming this round thanks to Ayaya setting the bar unreasonably high, they had been able to put aside their differences and regain that sense of comradery that brought them here in the first place. If they could hang on to that comradery moving into Round Three, they would be unstoppable.

"Seven! Six! Five!..."

The same could not be said for the Wetters. Keeping her eyes locked on the ceiling, Misa folded her arms in anticipation of her upcoming diaper change. "The sooner I never have to be in a diaper again, the better," she muttered, ready to be freed from the muck Mia had lovingly squeezed out of her. Unfortunately, as much as she wanted this change to be the end of her DiapOut experience, she knew this game wasn't over by a long shot. Still, while she might be contractually obligated to stay in DiapOut until the end, that didn't mean she had to actually try anymore.

"Four! Three! Two!..."

Contrary to Misa's position, Mia was more determined to win than ever. After being compelled to cheat by production, she refused to let all of the guilt that decision brought with it be for nothing. She didn't care if she had to drag Misa and others kicking and screaming across the finish line. She was going to win this thing, no matter what.

"One! Zero! It's changing time!"

TO BE CONTINUED...