

A Dish Best Served Messy: Chapter 5

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“One minute to New Year’s y’all!”

A chorus of cheers rang out at the Tri Delta sorority house in response to the announcement. Drunk and looking a bit haggard from partying for so many hours straight, sophomore-aged Alyssa could barely hold herself upright after recently finishing a lengthy vomiting session in the bathroom. Still feeling a bit queasy, she did her best to stifle her gut’s full feeling as she searched for her boyfriend, Todd, high and low.

Stumbling into the kitchen, Alyssa managed to locate a familiar face in Karley. She ran up to her and grabbed onto her shirt, stepping in between Karley and her own boyfriend. “Heeeeeey *buuuurp* bitch, have you seen my boyf...boyfri...Todd anywhere?” she said, practically yelling in Karley’s face due to how loud the entire house was.

“Thirty seconds!”

Waving off Alyssa’s puke-scented breath, Karley nudged her intoxicated friend back. “Uh, yeah. Last I saw, he’s in the living room. Find him and ask him to get you some water, okay?” she responded, fully sober as one of the designated house sitters of the evening. Though, one look at Alyssa was enough to make her wish she had a drink.

Without so much as a thank you, Alyssa stomped off in the direction of the main living room, where the largest assortment of people was gathered. Scanning the room, she was determined to find Todd before the year rolled over. She’d always fantasized about receiving a New Year’s kiss and she felt this was her big moment.

“10! 9! 8!”

Suddenly, it was as if the entire world stopped spinning as she finally found her boyfriend. Sadly, what should have been a moment that lifted her heart had only left her with despair.

“7! 6!”

With his arms around another girl, Todd swayed back and forth, leaning his head in close as he nuzzled her neck. It was his signature move and Alyssa was all too familiar with it.

“5! 4!”

And it wasn’t just any girl either. It was Morgan, her sorority sister who she trusted implicitly. All at once, she couldn’t breathe, she couldn’t hear, she couldn’t think as she watched the lips of her best friend and boyfriend move closer.

“3! 2! 1! Happy new year!”

The room was filled with jubilation as the clock struck midnight on a year gone by. Todd and Morgan’s locked onto each other, making out in a rush of fire and passion. Their mouths never separated for longer than a split second before reuniting.

Everyone was thrilled to usher in the new year...all except for Alyssa. She wanted to scream until her voice gave out. Clenching her fist, she felt an unbridled rage begin to bubble up inside of her...oh wait, that wasn't rage.

BLLLLLLLLLEEEEEEEEEHHHHHHHHH!!!

With almost no warning, Alyssa violently leaned forward and blew chunks all over the living room floor. Party-goers screamed and parted ways, hoping to avoid being hit by projectile vomit. Looks of shock and pity filled the living room, with everyone's expressions ranging from shock to disgust to fear. Well, all except for one person.

"Bahahahahahahaha!"

Bellowing out a villainous cackle, Morgan was forced to bend forward to avoid falling from the power of her hysterics. She cared little for the emotional trauma that was being leveled against one of her friends. In her drunken stupor, she couldn't help but find Alyssa's awkward and embarrassing situation utterly hilarious.

Little did Morgan realize that not only had Alyssa seen everything, but the misery of throwing up in front of so many people would plant itself deep in the college girl's mind despite how far gone she was from drinking. As a few of her fellow sisters carried her out of the room, she looked back at Morgan, glaring with daggers so sharp they could pierce stone. She didn't know how or when, but she'd make sure Morgan regretted this someday.

"Oof! Open wiiiiiiiide, here comes the airplane," said Alyssa in as condescending a voice as possible. She'd never been into any of her dad's adult baby shit, but as she forcefully pushed the spoon into Morgan's grumpy mouth, she definitely could understand the appeal. It was a kind of power that she'd never really experienced before, "See, that wasn't so bad."

Holding Alyssa back from actually enjoying herself, though, was the fact that it took nearly five minutes to wear out Morgan enough to even feed her that one bite. At this point, Morgan was wearing more oatmeal on her face than she'd eaten. Not only was the bitch stubborn, but she was also agile, making her both difficult and annoying to deal with. Thankfully, the added baby fat and short stature meant that Morgan didn't have the same stamina she was used to. She needed to think of something quick to make sure that breakfast wasn't an hour-long affair.

Lightbulb!

Checking to make sure no one was listening, Alyssa leaned forward and asked, "Look, if I let you out of the high chair, will you swear to finish off this bowl as quickly as possible?"

"Yes," whispered Morgan, her face brightening up from Alyssa's offer. It was the first act of pity that anyone had given her since this whole charade had kicked off. Clearly, Alyssa would be the easiest candidate for her to talk down from any excessive babying should she ever need an ally to get her out of something.

As Alyssa unlocked the tray and began to slide it out, Morgan sighed, letting her arms drop after being forced to keep their chest high by the high chair. A fatal error.

SLAM!

Smirking, Alyssa's plan had worked perfectly. Making sure to keep the tray from being pulled out completely, she waited for Morgan to lower her arms to her legs before shoving the tray back into place, blocking Morgan's arms underneath. "Perfect! Now, I won't have to worry about miss grabby pants."

Morgan as she squirmed and grunted, attempting to free her forearms from being squashed between her overstuffed diaper and the plastic tray. However, try as she might, the space between the high chair and the tray was just too small to squeeze her arms back out. She was truly stuck. With her mouth being the only thing left unrestrained, she proceeded to go off on a tirade, "What the absolute fuck, you fucking bitch?! I thought you were gonna help m-"

Taking advantage of Morgan's yapping, Alyssa filled up another spoon full of oatmeal and shoved it down her gullet. "My, my, what a fussy girl! Maybe I should let Sawyer know what a potty mouth you have, huh?" she said as she smugly watched Morgan's expression turn from defiance to fear in a split second, "No? Are you gonna be a good girl for me then?"

With her eyes refusing to even so much as look at Alyssa, Morgan pouted and slowly nodded her head. She already wasn't excited to be fed when she had control of her arms. Now that she was fully pinned, she wanted out of this chair as fast as possible, even if that meant having to swallow a lot of lukewarm oatmeal. Swallowing, she partially parted her lips as if she were maintaining some fraction of dignity by refusing to open wide.

"Much better," snickered Alyssa as she crammed in another mouthful of the pasty slop. Her soft snickers turned to full-on giggles as, thanks to Morgan's half-open mouth, a small portion of the oatmeal was pushed off the spoon, landing on top of her clean diaper. "Uh oh! Looks like someone's making a mess. You see, this is why I can't trust you to feed yourself," she said, her words hitting Morgan like a sack of bricks.

Blushing up a storm, Morgan muscled the bite down and tried to ignore Alyssa's prodding comments. Understanding the satisfaction that bullies often felt, she knew the more she reacted, the more they'd feel encouraged to engage her like that. Unfortunately, no amount of restraint could hold back how obviously bruised her ego was to be both fed and talked down to.

Morgan wanted more than anything to say something back, but any time she so much as opened her mouth to speak, Alyssa was somehow always ready with another bite. Working in tandem, she was able to quickly get down about half of the bowl before she felt like she was going to burst from the sheer quantity of food she was inhaling. Having been so obsessed with looking after her figure, this was truly the largest amount of food she could remember eating in her entire life. With a full mouth, she muttered out a sorrowful plea, "P-Pwease...I feew wike I'b gonna puke."

It was like the sirens from Kill Bill were going off in Alyssa's head at even the slightest mention of throwing up. Morgan didn't notice, but Alyssa's desire to make her pay was rising with each passing comment. "Too bad, you're not going anywhere until this bowl is empty," she said, picking up the bowl and positioning herself right behind her diapered frenemy. She lowered the bowl in front of Morgan's face and pressed the edge of the bowl up into her mouth, making sure she couldn't close it, no matter what. "Now, try to keep up. Unless you wanna wear your oatmeal instead of eating it."

Morgan's eyes practically bulged out of her head as Alyssa began to tip the bowl. As much as she didn't want to eat, being covered in oatmeal didn't seem like a great trade-off. With little choice, she began swallowing mouthful after mouthful, causing her stomach to bulge outward slowly but surely.

As Morgan continued to feast, Sawyer, who had finished disposing of Morgan's hypermessy diaper, entered the kitchen, tossing the gas mask on the counter. She said nothing to either girl as she calmly took a bowl out of the fridge and placed it in the microwave. After pressing the start button twice to add a minute to the clock, she leaned back against the counter and enjoyed the show.

With only about a fourth of the bowl remaining, Morgan's mentality had switched from concern about overeating to intense determination to finish. She'd never admit it, but she was almost thankful Alyssa was force-feeding her like this instead of spoon-feeding her one bite at a time. Giving little regard to the mess she and Alyssa were making, she munched forward until finally, she felt the last of it slide onto her tongue, followed by the sweet relief of air.

"Very good! You ate every last bite!" cheered Alyssa, giving Morgan a few swats on the back, secretly hoping she would vomit but also holding back out of fear Sawyer would make her clean it up. Returning to the front of the high chair, she chuckled at just how much oatmeal Morgan was wearing, something she couldn't see from behind, "Well, almost every bite."

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Both Morgan and Alyssa's attention was suddenly taken in by Sawyer and the microwave. Popping the small door open, Sawyer grabbed the bowl from inside and proceeded to carry it over to the high chair.

Morgan couldn't tell what was in the bowl from across the room, but she had a bad feeling that she knew exactly what it was. Sure enough, when Sawyer got close, she was able to see that indeed, the bowl was another massive helping of oatmeal.

"C'mon, Sawyer," said Alyssa, more frustrated for herself than for Morgan. With the amount of time it took to feed Morgan the first bowl, she was not excited about the prospect of starting all over again. Still, she didn't want to say that out loud, so she looked to Morgan for any excuses, "Like, look at her tummy. She looked fucking pregos, dude!"

Looking down at herself, Morgan was horrified to see that Alyssa's assessment of her figure was very accurate. Her eyes began to water as she realized she'd be stuck in this figure and likely fed this amount of food for several weeks to come.

“You think I care. You volunteered for lunch duty. I prepped two bowls for you this morning, so two bowls she will eat,” said Sawyer, never raising her voice once. And yet, in spite of how tempered she was acting, the very fact that she was so calm had Morgan, and even Alyssa, sweating. Turning to leave, she didn’t even look back as she said, “I expect both to be empty when I get back.”

Left alone together once more, Alyssa slowly turned to Morgan, pleading, “Look, neither of us wanna be here anymore. Let’s just get this over with, okay?”

“Fuck no!” shouted Morgan before calming herself down quickly. Thanks to the oatmeal she was filled with, any spike in her heart rate was enough to cause major discomfort in her gut. “Please, for fuck sake, you eat it if you want this to be over. I can’t stomach another bite.”

Knowing what was in the oatmeal, Alyssa had zero intention of downing the bowl herself. Though, with Morgan once again going into stubborn mode, she’d have to get creative to get rid of the mushy breakfast. Her first thought was to dump it down the sink, but if Sawyer found out, she’d be super pissed. And it wasn’t like it wouldn’t be obvious if Morgan didn’t eat it. Sawyer had already seen how bloated her belly was, so dumping the meal was out of the question.

Lightbulb!

Or was it? Acting quickly, Alyssa removed the tray from the high chair and grabbed Morgan’s limp arms, helping her to her feet. What Morgan probably perceived as mercy was anything but, as Alyssa took the bowl in one hand and grabbed the back of Morgan’s diaper with the other, “Sawyer said she wanted the bowl emptied. She never said how.”

Realizing what was about to happen, Morgan tried to swat Alyssa’s hand away. “Huh? N-No way! Get away from me!” she yelled, trying to run off before Alyssa could start pouring. Unfortunately, at that exact moment, she felt a gas bubble ripple through her gut before expelling itself as a massive *BUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRP!*

That gave Alyssa more than enough of an opening to pull off her plan. “Alright, let’s countdown together,” she said with venom dripping from her teeth, “3, 2, 1. Happy new year.” Dawning a sadistically sinister smile, she began to tip the oatmeal into the back of Morgan’s diaper, coating her butt with the sticky, slimy substance.

Morgan’s whole body cringed as she felt the mass push into her padding, filling it up with the thick sludge. There was so much that it forced its way into the front of the diaper, ensuring that she was thoroughly messy. It felt almost identical to the poop that had occupied her diaper from last night until this morning, reminding her what fate awaited her if she lost control again.

With the bowl empty, Alyssa slammed it onto the counter and pumped her fist in the air. “Finally, breakfast is over,” she said, relieved. Taking a moment to soak in the catharsis of force filling Morgan’s diaper, she sighed contently, happy to have extracted her pound of flesh. Turning to exit, she looked back at Morgan without not a hint of remorse in her eyes, “I’ll go let Sawyer know you’re all finished. I’m sure she’ll love to see this.”

On her own for the first time since the day before, Morgan was unable to enjoy the momentary peace thanks to the load in her pampers that sloshed and oozed with every

minuscule movement. So much for Alyssa being her saving grace in all of this. All she could do now was hope for some benevolence from her vindictive captors, praying silently for them to change her before they made her leave the house.

TO BE CONTINUED...