

HUNTR/X vs. Hot Sauce

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HUNTR/X vs. Hot Sauce

by [WanderingPigeon](#)

Summary

Rumi, Zoey, and Mira have finally managed to secure an appearance on Play Games With Us. If all goes well, they'll be able to take their fame to new heights.

...But it's not going to go well. Not in the slightest.

“So... how much do we ‘one hundred percent have to do this’ again?” Zoey peeled back the curtain to her changing nook. The scrape of its plastic rings across the metal bar mirrored the shriek emanating from her soul. She stepped out, unable to bend her knees, as she greeted the green room proper. Her friends had yet to finish, so she was alone, staring at herself in the floor length mirror right across from her.

The way she looked had her trying to bite her tongue in two. A white dress with baby blue pinstripes hugged her body. Big, obvious buttons ran down the front of it from the frilly collar to the waistline. There a white sash wrapped around her body and culminated in a bow at the small of her back. Poofy bubble sleeves barely made it beyond her shoulders, while the short skirt was fluffed up by about a half dozen built in petticoats. Knee high white socks and blue Mary Jane shoes did their best to cover her legs, but it left a section of flesh perfectly visible from her thighs on up. Visible enough that she could see... *it*.

A diaper, poofy enough that it forced her into a bow legged stance, hugged her hips. Zoey tried to move as little as possible, cringing whenever its soft, plush interior rubbed against her skin. Even with her wide, stiff steps, she caused crinkles to kick up. Red spread across her face in a blush. It grew so wide she was certain it even encompassed the twin buns poking out the sides of her head.

Her reflection made her self conscious. Squeaking a little, she grabbed the frilly hem of her skirt and forced it down. She succeeded in covering most of the diaper, but the skirt was a little too short to hide the part where the crotch dipped the lowest. Not to mention, as she did it, Zoey felt the fabric rustle and hike up behind her. She flinched, like there was anyone behind her who could actually see her shame. Grabbing the back of her skirt, she wrestled between the two ends to try and maximize how much padding she could hide.

The scrape of another changing curtain drawing made her freeze up. “We one hundred percent have to, Zoey,” came the shaky voice of HUNTR/X’s lead singer. “No band skips out on appearing on Play Games With Us.”

Turning, Zoey winced a bit at Rumi’s outfit.

Unlike Zoey, who had glumly accepted the first outfit offered to her by the variety show’s staff, Rumi had fought and pleaded her way up the chain of command until she reached the executive producers. After enough persistent begging, she managed to secure an outfit that showed off as little skin as possible. She was in pastel red footie pajamas that had a massive white heart on the chest, and smaller ones dotting the rest of her body. Built in mittens turned her hands into puffy claws with only her thumbs getting their own sleeves. The thing was a size too small for her, squeezing her chest and especially the bulge at her hips. Like Zoey, she had on a diaper.

The execs had gotten a concession out of her for their compromise on her outfit. Rumi’s usually long braid was much shorter now, the tip of it barely falling between her shoulder blades. That was because she’d wrapped the rest of it into a large bow shape against the back of her head. The bumpy ears reached far beyond the sides of her skull.

Why it was so important to Rumi that be fully covered was a mystery to Zoey. This wasn't the first time, nor did she think it would be the last. But in this particular instance, she thought she understood. "Must be nice getting to cover up your pampers," she grumbled, crossing her arms.

Rumi sighed. Twisting her lower body, she showed off the way every contour of her diaper made itself known against the fuzzy fabric. But she wasn't just trying to show Zoey she was in the same boat as her. Grabbing the seat of the pajamas, she yanked. The snap buttons holding the hatch in place all popped out of place, the fabric itself falling down between her wide-spread thighs like a fat tail. Rumi's diaper, the HUNTR/X logo so helpfully printed into the butt of the thing, was now on full display. "Happy?" she mumbled with a blush.

Zoey blinked incredulously. Okay, so hiding her diaper wasn't why she wanted to wear that. Then why...?

Her thoughts were interrupted by the third and final changing curtain pulling back. Stepping out between them, her wrists curling at her sides and her pampers crinkling as she tried—and failed—to walk normally, was Mira. The sheer hatred radiating off of her was enough to make Zoey instinctively adopt a defensive stance. What scared her the most, however, was that Mira's face was the same blasé 'over it' look she always wore. That mask was bound to crack any second now, given what she was wearing.

"Bobby's a dead man," was all she said.

Rumi and Zoey did a decent job of holding back their laughter. Mira had on what could generously be called a ballerina outfit. Pink hugged her upper body, while an aggressive tutu stuck out in seemingly every direction at her hips. It sparkled from all the glitter added to it, and the layers and layers of ruffly translucent silk did not shield her diaper from the world. Aside from light pink stockings and some ballerina slippers, nothing worked to draw the eye away from her padding. Zoey felt a lot better about her outfit all of a sudden.

Rumi cleared her throat, nearly choking on a last minute giggle that bubbled up. "It's not his fault," she said of their manager. He'd been insistent they do this show, but not without good reason. "It's a rite of passage for every music group that wants to make it big."

Play Games With Us was easily the biggest variety show in South Korea. When it invited someone onto its stage, it was a sign that they'd made it. Dozens of bands and idol groups before them had managed to launch their careers off the back of a PGWU appearance. And given how important it was that they became stars, passing on this invitation was a non-starter.

To protect the world from demons, the three of them—still fledgling hunters—needed fans. The more souls they could unite behind their music, the stronger they could make the barrier separating this world from the demonic one.

So far as HUNTR/X they'd released a few singles that had climbed the charts. But with the release of their first album on the horizon, they needed to do an all out push. That included Play Games With Us and their infamous Spicy Challenge.

Rumi had done her research. Any band that could out chug the host when it came to hot sauce saw the largest spike in interest. The ones that failed—or refused to partake in the show’s light hazing ritual of infantilizing their musical guests—didn’t. The diapers especially they had to wear. Bands that didn’t submit to them were slapped with a reputation of having sticks up their asses. HUNTR/X needed to be seen as light and fun. They couldn’t afford to tarnish their image before they’d even fully formed it. She grabbed a little at the sleeves covering her arms. It was just too important...

“We better be able to change for our performance at least,” was all Mira had to say to that. Granted, Rumi hoped for the same. She shifted her feet in embarrassment already.

“We’ll get a bathroom break before that too, right?” Zoey found herself asking.

“Oh don’t tell me,” Mira groaned. The way Zoey bounced on the balls of her feet only confirmed it. “Really?”

Zoey cringed as she continued her restrained potty dance. “S-Sorry, I... I didn’t need to go until after I’d finished changing.” She could feel her bladder swelling up, berating her for her morning coffee.

Rumi clenched her jaw. “You... might want to go while we still have time. We shouldn’t need to be on until—”

A knock at the door interrupted her. Zoey squeaked, feeling just a bit dribble out into her padding. As tiny wet spots formed, she winced, and decided not to tell the girls about that.

“All done in there, ladies?” Came the voice of the stagehand who’d led them to the green room earlier. “We need to do a lighting check.”

“Uh, coming!” Rumi called out. She shot Zoey an apologetic grimace. “Sorry.”

Lowering her head, Zoey forced a smile onto her face. She couldn’t be a burden, so she’d have to tough it out. “N-No problem,” she lied. “I can wait.” Her knees quivered, and she tried not to think about the drops of pee already in her pamper. Bare minimum she would’ve liked to change into a dry one.

Rumi opened the door as Mira threw back her head and groaned. Slowly the rest of HUNTR/X filed in behind their leader, trying not to strangle themselves or piss themselves respectively.

The stage hand had on a very forced smile as he greeted them. Better than laughing at the objectively ridiculous sight before them. “Right this way,” he gestured.

Rumi swallowed, just as nervous for this than any of them. Stepping out of the privacy of the green room, she found every little crinkle of her pamps added wrinkles to her face. And that wasn’t the only thing to worry about. “Hey, um... the hot sauce isn’t going to be *too* hot, is it?” She was the lightest of light weights when it came to heat.

The stage hand actually managed to chuckle at that. His voice turned a little colder, something Rumi would've picked up on if she wasn't so busy knocking her knees and blushing. "Don't worry," he promised her. "We had it made special for you three. You'll love it."

Rumi breathed a sigh of relief. Today of all days, they didn't need anything to go wrong.

— — —

"Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!"

Rumi's tongue, lips, throat, stomach, and somehow her teeth, were all burning. As she fought down the unholy mix of tabasco and ghost pepper filling her cheeks, her overheating face found new shades of red to dip into. Eyes watering, she genuinely worried they were going to pop out of her skull.

She had to clasp the hot sauce bottle with two hands, her chunky mittens not trustworthy enough to fly solo. If, at any point, she pulled it away from her mouth then it was over. Her teeth softly grinded against the rubber nipple in her mouth. While these were standard hot sauce bottles, the team at Play Games With Us had to modify them a bit to fit the theme. Feeling like she was suckling from a baby bottle, Rumi forced more and more of hell's molten diarrhea into her mouth. She felt her body start to quit on her, sinking in the oversized high chair she'd been stuffed into. Squeezing her eyes shut, she begged for this to be over with soon. But even still, she followed the crowd's deafening advice, and chugged, chugged, chugged, chugged.

It may have been a three on one, but even with their advantage it was a dead heat. PGWU's co-host had experience on his side, and a less embarrassing outfit that really only gestured towards babyhood with a too-small bonnet. Rumi couldn't help but burn with envy at that. Or maybe she was just burning for other reasons...

To make matters worse, Zoey quit.

"Gah!" She ripped the bottle away from her now red and puffy lips. "Ahh! Ahh! No more!" she fanned her tongue, a tear of pain sneaking down her cheek. She was never going to last long in this competition. Nor was she going to escape added humiliation.

PGWU did offer a way for competitors to sooth the desert they turned their mouths into. It just—of course—had to follow along with the theme of their game. A bright pink pacifier sat on the tray table in front of each girl, their oversized rubber bulbs coated with honey. Desperate for relief, Zoey snatched hers up and popped it between her lips. "Mmmhh! ... Mmmm..." She suckled, going half-lidded and eyes crossing as she sank into her seat. As the shield bobbed back and forth against her mouth, Rumi noticed it had the word 'Wimp' in cutesy magenta lettering across from it.

"Looks like Zoey's wimping out on us," the second co-host declared into the mic. Someone had to narrate the game, but Rumi angrily glared at him. Everyone should suffer equally!

The audience giggled at Zoey's eager suckling. She seemed to come out of her stupor long enough to remember where she was. Shyly, she put a hand up to guard her face, while another snaked down to hike her skirt lower. It just generated more laughter, and even a few coos.

It wasn't nearly as bad as the applause and occasional catcall the three of them had gotten when they first walked onto stage. Being celebrated while dressed like this felt too weird. Mockery wasn't great, but at least it was appropriate.

"Mmmff—" Rumi nearly choked, coming back to reality as a glob of hot sauce tried to catch in her throat. She coughed and hacked, feeling a fire shooting back up her throat that she needed to let out. Doing her best impersonation of a dragon, Rumi let the bottle slip out of her grasp as she gasped. Her poor taste buds were scorched, to the point where even fresh air felt like raking hot coals across her tongue. "A-A-Ahh!" she cried, dealing with far more tears than Zoey. Pathetically, she eyed the pacifier sitting on the tray table in front of her.

C-Can't let... people see... me using it...!

...Oh forget it!

She snatched it, plugging her flamethrower of a mouth up and holding both her mittens against the shield. Relief washed over her like an ocean wave. Maybe she wouldn't need to go to the burn ward after all. The thick, cool honey coated her mouth and she suckled to try and draw out more of it. She heard the judge say something humiliating about her loss, but didn't process the words. Rumi arched forward until her forehead rested against the tray table. She was out too.

But this was bad! She popped back up, forgetting the feeling of relief. The bonnet wearing co-host was still going strong, and— actually, he looked like his head was going to pop like a squeezed cherry any second now. But they weren't any better off! Mira was—

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Dear God.

Mira had her head thrown back, squeezing the hot sauce bottle to shoot as much of it as possible down her throat. She had a thin bead of sweat at her forehead, but the redness on her cheeks was blush-only. Without hesitation, she just kept draining her bottle.

The co-host finally collapsed, sputtering something incoherent as his bottle fell from his lips. He seemingly melted against his tray table, with the man on the mic throwing up a hand to declare Mira the winner.

"How on Earth did you manage that, Miss Mira?" He asked as she finally pulled the bottle away from her lips. Rumi's eyes bulged as she realized her friend had only stopped because

she'd run out.

Mira fought down a burp. "Eh," she declared. "Kind of mild."

The crowd roared. They loved it! They loved HUNTR/X!

"Woo did it, Miwa!" she cried, not even taking out her pacifier. She leaned over, throwing her arms around her friend, even though they were both practically stuck in their chairs. It didn't matter, Mira deserved it and more. She'd practically guaranteed they were going to be a success from here on out!

"Aww man." Zoey suckled her pacifier relentlessly, even though the honey was probably long gone at this point. "If I knew woo were dat good, I wouwdn'ta twied sho hawd." She winced, clutching her stomach. "Ugh... eshpeciawwy cause my tummy huwts now..."

Now that Zoey had said it, Rumi felt a stabbing pain in her own gut. Releasing Mira, she pushed her fingers against her gut, trying to coax it to settle. They weren't done here, after all!

"Mmn..." Despite calling the sauce weak not a few seconds ago, Mira herself frowned and shifted in her seat. Her own stomach sounded unsettled, whining a little above the crinkles of her diaper.

"Well ladies, I think I speak for everyone watching when I say you blew us away! ...Even if a few of you wimped out before the end."

It was then that Rumi realized her pacifier probably had the exact same moniker on it that Zoey's did. She almost reached up to take it out, but a stab of pain in her gut made her squeeze her eyes shut instead. "Urrgh!"

"Aww, don't feel too bad about it. Before your big number, how about a few questions? I think all your throats could use a bit of a rest before you start singing."

"Heh, not mine." Mira tried to play it cool, putting her hands behind her head and outstretching her legs like they had something to rest on. Her growling stomach interrupted her, though. She sank back to her regular posture, grimacing.

"Word on the street is you're about to drop your first studio album. Tell us, what's the experience of making it been like?"

Rumi felt gas suddenly build up in her hips. She pinched her cheeks shut with a gasp. Something about that sauce was *not* agreeing with her. "U-Uh... you know," she forced out, straining herself not to sound strained. "We've been having the time of our lives."

Zoey groaned from her seat. "I've—*Hrk!*—been writing up a storm!" She hugged herself, taking deep breaths.

"Hey, get it together you two," Mira whispered lowly. "You look like you're about to—" A rumble from her gut cut her off.

If the one functioning co-host noticed their struggles, they tried to move past them nice and quick. “So give your fans a hint. What’s the driving force behind this new album? What kind of sound are you aiming for?”

“We—Hrrnng!” Rumi couldn’t take it anymore. Pushing flat-palmed against the tray table, she lifted her padded seat right up into the air. Her butt decided to answer that question for her, in the worst way possible.

PPPBBBBLLLLRRRRRTTTTT!

Her fart echoed throughout the stage and all the way into the studio audience. Mira coughed from the nasty smell, fanning it away from her. For a moment, that was the only sound.

And then the laughter started.

Rumi clenched her jaw, facing glowing red. “N-No, d-dat wasn’t—” *BBRRPBTT!* “—I-I mean I wouwd neber—” *PBPBLRRRT!*

The audience was doubling over themselves with cackles. Rumi’s face was a bright red beacon. She made a complete fool of herself, frozen stiff with her pampered butt jutting out, farting so impossibly loud... The pressure in her hips wasn’t even going away.

“Geeze, Rumi!” Mira accused.

“Grrrgghph!” Zoey hunched over her tray table, sweat glistening on her skin thanks to the stage lights. She was pink from ear to ear, and her face had more wrinkles than a raisin. “I—I can’t stop it!” she cried out.

“Will the two of you get a grip?!” Mira snapped through clenched teeth. “I— Hrrrggh!”

Try as she might, she couldn’t resist the mounting pressure in her hips either. All of the girls, all at once, were fighting for their lives. The interviewer looked on with a wince. “If... you girls need a moment, we can—”

“MMRRRRRPHGH!” Rumi cried, biting down hard on her pacifier’s rubber bulb. It happened. With a few more thunderous farts, the pressure in her bowels came rushing out of her all at once. She unleashed a long, coiling mudslide into her diaper. Steaming hot mush launched out of her, padding crinkling as it was suddenly forced to expand by the shotgun blast of her ass.

Lowering her head in shame, Rumi grunted and whimpered, feeling warm mess cover her backside. With the strain leaving her body she drooped down, and that was a big mistake. The browning mass that was her diaper came to rest on the back of her chair. It squished, making her gasp into a hiccup. Her slimy mess got the toothpaste tube treatment, squeezing forward into the front of her pamper and coating everything it could find in warm goop. The crotch of the padding swelled, and even stained brown through the footie pajamas. She let out a shaky whimper as she felt round two surge out of her.

Zoey fared no better. Slamming her face into the tray table, she felt her bladder actually give way first. Focusing all of her effort on clenching her cheeks had doomed her. A rush of urine raced free, and found a padded wall to greet it on the other side. “Ahhh! No wait!” she cried out. She tried to step the flow by clenching her bladder now instead, never mind the torrent that had suddenly joined the few tiny drops from before. Letting go of her cheeks was the death knell for her, however. She found herself unable to stop the pee from staining her diaper bright yellow, and before she could even accept that fact poop was racing out of her butt.

Sitting down, she flattened and compressed the mess the instant it came into the world. Her diaper squelched, not giving it many options. Zoey’s accident was forced to seep and ooze around, growing densely packed as she fought with her skirt to cover it. “Please!” she whimpered, tears falling. “Please no!”

“Gahh! Urggh!” Mira winced and groaned. She was assaulted on both sides by horrendous smells. Poop, poop, and pee. With a sinking feeling, she realized she was probably going to add to this noxious miasma. “No, no, no!”

She pushed against her tray table, raising her ass up as her legs limply opened up. She gave the audience a great view to watch her pamper suddenly sag back down to meet her seat. Mira gave out weak grunts of effort as she surrendered, pushing the mess along so this would at least be over with soon enough.

Some people in the front row gagged as a tsunami of stink hit them. Others pulled out their phones to record, as if this wasn’t already on live TV already. A few stared slack-jawed at the sight unfolding before them. Three K-Pop idols shitting themselves at the same time was almost impossible to believe.

But most people laughed.

A solid wall of sound hit the members of HUNTR/X. Pure humiliation in sonic form. They were all bright red with shame, and even Mira couldn’t resist getting tears in her eyes. Rumi choked on a sob as she finally opened hers again. The world was blurry around her. Blinking miserably through it, she looked away from the jeering faces of the audience. Anywhere was better than seeing that.

She found her gaze drawn to the wing across from her. There, a familiar looking stagehand cackled darkly. He laughed so triumphantly and uproariously, that his hold on his human disguise faltered. Spikey black and red markings appeared on his skin.

A demon! Rumi realized through her sheer embarrassment. She should’ve guessed something like this wouldn’t happen naturally.

She squirmed suddenly, violently, and caused her high chair to fall over. “Oof!” The laughter somehow grew louder, but she didn’t care. She squirmed out of the tray table, cringing as her poopy diaper squished and bunched up in the commotion. “Girls! Move it!” she yelled.

Zoey and Mira recognized that tone in her voice. As they finished pooping themselves, they did the smart thing and snapped their tray tables open. Rumi wriggled on the ground for the

moment, crawled a few steps, and then got to her feet. She, Mira, and Zoey started waddling at top speed, squishing their messy pampers noisily all the way.

“Uh...” the co-host watched them flee. “We’ll be right back with HUNTR/X’s live performance after this commercial break.” Then his nose wrinkled, the stink finally catching him. “Ugh...”

— — —

It wasn’t much of a chase.

Normally the three of them could catch one lowly demon on foot no problem. But right now? Padded, with poop shifting between their thighs with every step? They were lucky to toddle at the speed of a brisk walk. The demon snickered as he tore ahead.

“I’m—Ew—nawt—Ew!—wetting—Ewewew!—woo geddaway!” The second they were out of sight of any people, Zoey summoned her knives. Just as the demon reached the back door to the TV studio, she threw them. With a *Thunk! Thunk! Thunk!* they impaled the handle right as he went for it. Squeaking, he jumped back.

“Woo wuined ouw fiwst TV appeawance!” Rumi cried, her sword shimmering into existence. In the heat of the moment she still had not spat out her ‘Wimp’ pacifier. Right now wasn’t the time for that either. She raised the blade up, coming to a stop just before him. She blinked back tears.

How were they ever supposed to maintain the Honmoon if they were seen as a bunch of pants pooping babies?! If this didn’t end their careers outright, it would take years to recover their image. And even then, they’d have niche appeal at best now!

“Yeah, that was the idea,” he snickered again. She was really starting to hate that sound. “How’d you like the hot sauce by the way? We made it special for you three after all.”

It was as Rumi feared. He’d snuck some kind of fasting acting laxatives into it. That, coupled with the damage the hot sauce already was going to do to their digestive systems, had made these the mother of all accidents. She could *feel* the heft in her pamps. If the pajama’s hatch hadn’t already been unbuttoned, it surely would’ve torn open from the sheer size of it.

“Bet it’s hotter in the demon realm!” Mira growled. She raised her spear to strike, lunging for him.

He was a nobody. Literally nothing. It should’ve been the easiest thing in the world to send him back to Gwi-Ma. And yet... Mira’s wide stance thanks to her bulky pamper put her at a disadvantage.

Sidestepping her strike, he suddenly dropped low and swept her legs out from under her.

“Ah!” Mira didn’t have the grace of the ballerina she was dressed as. She plopped onto the ground, dirty diaper squishing noisily as it compressed beneath her. “U-Uugh!” she groaned, toes curling in her little ballet slippers.

“Mira!” Zoey raced forward as fast as her spread gait would allow. Spinning a knife in hand, she aimed between the demon’s eyes.

He backed up quickly, before jumping to the side. When Zoey’s too-slow strike came up, there was nothing for her to connect with. “Wha—Woah!” She stumbled and fell on her face, stinky ass raised to the sky.

“Aww, too bad,” he chuckled. Just to be mean, he took his foot and pressed it against the seat of her diaper, smushing the mess inside.

“N-No don’t— Uooughh!” Zoey’s whole body tensed up.

“Hrahh!” Rumi bumbled forward, not finding good footing. She didn’t want her slimy mess to rub up against her any more than it already had, instinctively keeping her gait wide. The demon danced away from her blade without feeling threatened. Grabbing the loop in her hair bow, suddenly he flipped her over. Rumi landed on her back with the wind knocked out of her and her poopy padding squeezed against the floor. “Uurrgh…”

The demon clicked his tongue. “Wow, *you’re* the hunters who’ve been giving us so much trouble? You’re nothing but a bunch of big babies! Seriously now…” His human disguise faded even more, a claw-like hand appearing with long knife fingernails. “Let’s just end this here, shall we?”

She gasped, fumbling for her sword. It had fallen just out of reach, probably already dissipated. The second she spent trying to get it anyway doomed her. The demon reared back to strike, and her pupils shrank. In fear, she felt a bit of pee dribble into her well messed diaper.

“Rumi!”

“Leave her alone!”

Mira and Zoey struck at the same time. They appeared on either side of the demon, weapons slashing in a strike that couldn’t possibly miss this time. He froze, face warping with fear. The upper hand the dirty diapers had given him made him overconfident; he wasn’t prepared for this at all.

And in a puff of red smoke, he disappeared, turning tail and running.

Mira and Zoey had just enough time to realize what had happened. Their momentum couldn’t be stopped, but they at least vanished their weapons before they impaled each other. They collided, dropping right down.

Right on top of Rumi.

SQUISH Mira’s dirty diaper suddenly dropped onto Rumi’s face. “MMRRRPHH!”

Warm, mushy padding swallowed her features. A dark weight encompassed her from her forehead to her chin. As the lumpy padding spread over her like pancake batter, the smell

delivered an uppercut to each nostril. Pacifier pinning against her lips now, Rumi had no choice to breathe through her nose... if you could even call this breathing.

SQUELCH! Zoey came down over top of her hips. “GRRRPHHPH!”

Zoey’s messy diaper flattened over Rumi’s padded crotch. And intense warmth spread over her thighs, coaxing just a bit more pee out of her already stunned bladder. The two mingling pampers matched each other’s shade of brown. It was hard to tell where Rumi’s dirty crotch ended and Zoey’s stinky butt began. But one thing was clear, both girls were feeling their steaming accidents crinkle and squish up into them in ways they could have never predicted.

“MMRRPH!” Rumi screamed, begging them to get off of her.

“U-Uooghh...” Mira winced, recovering from the crash.

“A-AAHH!” Zoey cried as Rumi’s squirming basically humped her from below.

Arms and legs flailed as they tried to disentangle themselves from this very awkward position. And before they could find even a lick of success, a familiar voice called out to them.

“Girls, what are you doing?” Bobby, their manager, ran up to them out of breath. What they looked like, the situation they found themselves in, barely registered to him through all his stress. “You didn’t change your clothes yet? The show’s almost back from commercial break! The audience is dying to see more of you right away; they’re eating this up! Gahh, you’ll just have to do the song dressed like this. Come on, let’s go, go, go!”

Hearing that, knowing full well what they looked like, both Mira and Zoey let out intense, deflated groans. Sinking onto their backs, they fully gave up, not even rolling off Rumi. The knowledge that they’d failed to stop the demon *and* had to go back out on live TV in messy pampers again, was just too much. The idea that this might not actually be as damaging to their reputations as they feared barely softened the blow.

Still beneath them in the worst possible way, Rumi also heard Bobby’s words. And as she processed them, she screamed. It may have been muffled by her pacifier and Mira’s filthy backside, but she screamed. Long, loud, and hard.

She was never touching hot sauce again for as long as she lived.

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