

The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 22

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“I wans uppies too, big bwotthew!” shouted Skye, standing at Connor’s feet with her arms raised high and waiting to be lifted by her caretaker. She pouted, as he continued to hold Ellie in his arms instead.

Connor looked down at Skye and smiled, “I’m sorry, Skye, but Ellie was here first. I can give you uppies when she’s all done.”

Skye stomped her foot, souring her face into a big frown, “No faiw! Ish my tuwn-NEEEE!”

Latasha rushed over and scooped Skye into the air before moving her into a cradled position. “Now Skye,” she said, taking on a more authoritative tone, “You know better than to throw a temper tantrum when you have to wait your turn. Apologize to Connor and Ellie right now, little miss.”

Bashfully, Skye turned to look at Connor, and subsequently, Ellie, who was smirking from behind her pacifier. She grumbled, “Sowwy, Connaw...and Ewwie.

“I forgive you,” said Connor, walking over and giving Skye a gentle head rub, which caused her to purr in Latasha’s arms.

Ellie, meanwhile, would not be gracious in victory. She shifted her pacifier to the side and stuck her tongue out at Skye when Connor and Latasha weren't looking.

Skye reached over and grabbed Ellie’s shirt, causing them both to start screaming. Latasha and Connor had to act quickly, pulling the two troublemakers away from clawing at each other.

On the other side of the nursery, Stacy and Riri watched the show from a distance. Stacy chuckled, “Gosh, dose two awe such babies.”

“I know, wight?” said Riri, focusing hard on the cards in her hand, “Do chu habe any fouws?”

Stacy shook her head, “Nah, go fish.”

“Rats!” Riri reached into the pile of cards scattered across the floor. Simultaneously, Stacy slipped the four of hearts out of her hand, sliding it under her butt. She smirked as Riri sat up, knowing she’d be none the wiser.

Sitting in opposite corners, Skye and Ellie scowled at each other as both of them were having their hands locked away by a pair of mittens. “There,” said Latasha, as she secured the final mitten in place and turned Skye’s head towards the wall, “Your ten minutes of corner time starts now, and you’ll be wearing those mittens until the end of the day.”

“Hehehe!” giggled Ellie, before the same fate befell her as well.

Wiping the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand, Connor was happy to have that whole ordeal sorted. He slumped over in the rocking chair to enjoy his moment of peace.

“Just wait. Once timeout is over, they’ll give each other the biggest hug possible, and all will be forgiven,” said Latasha, as she approached Connor and leaned against the back of the rocking chair. She placed a loving hand on his shoulder, “You’ve been doing really awesome today, by the way. You’re almost giving me hope that I can take a vacation someday.”

Connor chuckled, sheepishly rubbing the back of his neck, “Don’t give me too much credit. I’m only following your lead.”

Latasha leaned over and planted a quick kiss on his cheek. “As all good Littles should,” she said quietly into his ear while watching the goosebumps on his neck rise. “Is my big sissy still dry today?”

Connor was putty in her hands. Somehow, it only took a few words to send him directly into subby mode. He felt himself grow hard in his slightly damp pampers, “I...may have wet a little d-during all the commotion.”

“Oh, sweetheart,” whispered Latasha, clasping her arms across Connor’s shoulders, “You make Mommy so happy when you tell her things like that.” She kissed the back of his head before releasing him and moving toward the other two, more well-behaved girls. “But, just so you know, if I ever see that pull-up leak, it’ll be diapers full-time for Connie.”

Connor’s cock throbbed at the thought of that. He’d already been anxious about the girls discovering his pull-ups. The last thing he needed was to make his daily underwear any thicker.

BUZZ BUZZ

Connor reached into his pocket and pulled out his cell phone. It was a message from one of his former professors. He’d reached out to him when he was struggling to find a job a few weeks ago. The message said: “Hey, Connor. Sorry, I didn’t get back to you until now. I may have a spot opening up next semester for a TA position. If you’re interested, let me know.”

Turning off the phone without responding, Connor took a deep breath. With all the craziness he’d been dealing with, he’d almost forgotten that an outside world even existed. One that would frown upon everything that’s happened within these walls. He sighed, knowing this was only supposed to be a temporary job anyway. It may have been a TA position, but it was in his field. It was the pathway to greater success that he’d been looking for. He had to take it...he had to—

“Connor?”

Suddenly Connor felt someone tugging at his shirt. He spun around to see Skye clinging to him. With Latasha distracted by Riri and Stacy, neither of them had seen Skye leave her timeout spot. “Skye, what are you doing? You know Latasha won’t be happy if you—”

“I’m sowwy,” said Skye, gripping the hem of her dress tightly. Her face was red and puffy. She sniffled, “I was weawwy bad. W-wiww chus forgibe me?”

All thoughts Connor had of the outside world melted away as he heard Skye say those words. It was silly for anyone to think a small scuffle would be beyond forgiveness, but he had to remember that, to these girls and to Skye especially, they looked to him as not only an authority figure but as a source of comfort. He sat forward in the chair and brought Skye in for a big hug. "Of course, I forgive you, Skye."

Tears ran down Skye's face and onto Connor's shirt as he held her. He stood up with her in his arms and walked her over to the corner, happy that Latasha was too busy joining Riri and Stacy's card game to see this little maneuver take place. "There we go. And don't worry, Mommy Tasha doesn't have to know you left this spot. Mums the word." He mimed zipping his lips closed and flicking away the key.

Skye's sorrowful face instantly lit up at the proposal of a secret team. She repeated the gesture, wiggling like she'd been told some major piece of information.

Connor gave her a head pat and got up, making his way over to Latasha, "I'm gonna run and use the restroom."

"Sounds good!" said Latasha, taking the two Littles in front of her for everything they had, "Tag me out when you get back. I need to go get lunch started."

Entering the bathroom, Connor removed his jeans and pull-up before sitting down on the toilet for five minutes of me-time. He pulled out his phone and went back to the message his professor had sent him. His thumbs hovered over the keypad, unsure of what to write. His thoughts drifted in many different directions. Part of him considered asking Latasha, but he already knew she'd tell him to take the job.

"Wait, why am I so worried about that? Isn't that what I want?" Connor asked himself, as his eyes drifted down to the pull-up that was stretched out between his calves. He remembered Latasha's threat of sending him back to actual diapers 24/7, wondering if that was a joke, or if she was being serious. Regardless of the answer, he couldn't resist the truth. Deep down, he wanted Latasha's threat to be legitimate. He wanted to feel the heat in his cheeks from all the senseless teasing his four Littles, and especially Latasha would shower him with. He also couldn't deny how rewarding it was to look after Skye and the others. The amount of unadulterated joy he got from being a caretaker, and he wasn't sure he could give that up for anything in the world.

Returning to his phone, Connor typed up his message. His mind was made up. "Hello professor, I'll have to pass on the position, but thanks for the offer."

Connor wasn't certain where life in the Padded Palace would take him, but knew, without a doubt, that there was nowhere else he'd rather be.

END OF ACT 1