

## The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 5

Written By: CrissieBaby

“This is so weird.”

Sitting at his computer, Connor stared in deep confusion at a video that showed an adult baby getting their diaper changed. He kept looking over his shoulder every ten seconds, on the off chance that someone walked into his boxed-up bedroom.

Connor took out a notepad and started writing down a few little things that he noticed as the petite girl was having her diaper changed by a large, imposing mommy. He may have practiced with a doll, but that would be nothing compared to a full-sized adult. He was going to be changing true-to-heart adult babies, and odds were that they could sniff out a bad diaper change from a mile away.

As Connor took diligent notes, he couldn't help but feel a strange stirring in his jeans. He paused the video and slumped over on the desk. “Clearly, I'm too tired to be looking at a topless girl, even if she is dressed like an infant.”

Connor exited the video and shut down his computer, hoping he'd be ready for tomorrow when the situation arose.

-----

“Jus ged it ova wit!” shouted Skye, who was blushing hard as she turned her head toward the wall. Strapped down to the changing table, she was completely defenseless to prevent the impending diaper change from Connor. The snickering from the peanut gallery behind the inexperienced caretaker wasn't making anything better.

Connor placed his fingers on the upper tapes and slowly peeled them off. He did the same with the lower tapes and watched as the diaper started opening up like one of those eggs in Alien.

The smell that hit Connor's nose was noxious. The diaper wasn't even fully opened, but it was already so overpowering. He hoped that it wouldn't get much worse, but he knew that probably wasn't gonna happen.

Grabbing the front of the diaper, Connor did his best to hold a straight face as he pulled the plastic padding open, revealing the brown, sticky mess that waited for him inside. He swore he felt his eyebrows burn off in the process.

“Doin okay?” asked Riri, who was practically lying across Ellie to see Connor at work.

“He's doin fine!” said Stacy, pulling Riri back, “Led him focus!”

Connor paid little attention to the other Littles. There were more pressing matters at hand, “Lift up, please.”

Groaning, Skye did as she was told and lifted up her butt, allowing Connor to shift the worst of the mess away from her.

“You can set yourself down,” once again, Skye complied with Connor’s commands. Even though she seemed upset, she knew if she disobeyed, the whole ordeal would take even longer.

Pulling out a wet wipe, Connor bunched it up in his hand and ran the damp cloth across Skye’s genitalia. As it made contact with her vagina, she shivered. “Sorry,” said Connor, trying his best to be efficient, “I’ll be as quick as I can.”

Wasting no time, Connor quickly finished mopping up any traces of urine, tossing the used wipe atop the already dirty diaper. He soon had another wipe in hand and prepared himself for the deep dive. He placed a firm hand on Skye’s ankles and lifted them high, as he ran the wipe down her butt crack and scooped out as much of the feces as he could in a single stroke. Skye winced but stayed silent herself. She knew what had to be done, even if she didn’t fully trust Connor yet.

The process continued until Skye appeared to be fully cleaned. He lifted her ankles even higher, checking her back to see if any of the brown stuff had spread. Luckily, she was squeaky clean. He pulled the diaper away, and let her relax.

Remembering how easy it looked for the person in the video to roll up the diaper, Connor thought he’d give it a try and earn some style points. He grabbed the edge of the diaper and rolled it into itself.

“Ooooooh!” cried Ellie, “He knows da strats!”

Connor smiled as he was praised for his ingenuity. His smile came a bit too soon though. As he finished rolling up the diaper, a small amount of icky mud slid out and onto the table. “Shit,” he muttered under his breath.

“Uh oh! Looks like someone made a mess,” teased Stacy, causing both Connor and Skye to blush simultaneously.

Connor looked over at Skye, who was beyond mortified at her own waste being displayed so openly. It was unfortunate, but he wouldn’t let this stop him from completing his job. He unraveled the diaper a bit, grabbed a wipe, and pushed the mess back in, wiping off any leftover poop that was still on the table. He then quickly tossed it in the nearby diaper pail.

With the messy pampers out of the way, it was time for him to redeem himself and get Skye in a fresh diaper promptly. Connor looked under the table at the multiple stacks of diapers. Luckily for him, Latasha organized the rows by size, so all he needed to do was ask, “Um Skye, what size diaper do you wear?”

Looking at him earnestly, Skye shrugged her shoulders. She honestly had no idea. It had been years since she’d needed to diaper herself.

Connor looked to the door, considering for a moment if he should go ask Latasha, but he decided against that motion. He wanted to do this by himself. He eyeballed Skye’s waist. It seems like she would be able to fit a medium. He reached under and grabbed a medium pink Megamax diaper, not that he would know the difference. He held it up for Skye to see.

Skye looked at the girly, pink diaper, and nodded her blushy head.

Unfolding the diaper turned out to be harder than Connor expected, and when he finally had it flat, he wasn't really sure which end was the back and which was the front.

"Tapes in da back!" yelled Riri, feeling proud that she could help, even just a little bit.

Connor wasn't about to complain about receiving the hint. He set the diaper down on the table and, without even asking, Skye once again lifted her exposed rear.

As she lowered herself down onto the cushiony padding, Connor was already moving to the next step. He grabbed a bottle of baby lotion and worked some into his hands. He was as thorough as he could be, slathering on a thick helping.

Skye couldn't help herself but giggle at all of Connor's delicate touches. She felt lucky that her clit was so moist with lotion that Connor didn't notice how wet she was growing. Why was she feeling this way? She hadn't gotten horny at a diaper change since...

Connor finished applying the lotion and wiped his sticky hands off with another wipe. As he was about to move in with the powder, he stopped, noticing Skye's tearful eyes.

"Skye, is everything okay?" asked Connor, not sure what he did wrong. "I-I can go get Latasha if you need."

Skye quickly wiped her tears away and looked her caretaker in the eye, "I..." She wanted to say that she was okay. In all honesty, he was doing a great job. But she just couldn't bring herself to say anything else. All she could do was nod to Connor, trying to signal that she was okay.

Connor nodded in return. With his hand trembling a bit, he got back to work, sprinkling powder liberally onto Skye's crotch. "It'll try to finish quickly, okay?" he said, doing his best to sound confident and reassuring.

Skye couldn't take her eyes off him as he worked. There was a feeling she couldn't describe, one she hadn't felt in so many years. It was overwhelming, but it wasn't bad.

Finished with the powder, Connor grabbed the front of the diaper and lifted it up to Skye's belly button. He spent about 30 seconds trying to get everything positioned evenly before going in for his first attempts with the tapes.

It took a few tries and some shifting around before Connor had Skye secured in her snugly diaper. She sat up and inspected her padding, wiggling a bit on her butt to ensure that the tapes wouldn't pop off. Connor placed his hands under her armpits and lifted her to the ground.

The other three girls all gave a small round of applause as they moved in like vultures to inspect Skye's new diaper. Several small hands found their way to Skye's padding, causing the already blushy girl to turn an even deeper shade of red, "H-hey!"

"I gib it dis many!" said Riri, holding up seven fingers...or...six? Honestly, it was hard to tell since she kept swapping fingers

“Don be too gen...gener...ororor...ish a five for me,” muttered Stacy, clearly having a tough time with longer words.

“So mean! I finks is a eight!” shouted Ellie, bouncing up and down.

Fiddling with her skirt in her hands, Skye swayed back and forth, trying and failing to hide her glee. She pursed her lips together, holding back a big smile.

Connor noticed this and thought back to earlier this morning. “Hey, um...I don’t think Skye likes me very much. Do you have any tips?” He asked Latasha.

Latasha smiled, “Just be yourself. She’s just shy at first, so the longer she’s around you, the better things will get. Oh! And also, lots of head pats. She melts in your hand from those.”

Connor chuckled remembering that little tidbit. He looked over to Skye, seeing a golden opportunity. He raised his hand and patted Skye on the head a few times. Her back was turned to him, but if he’d seen her face at that moment, he never would have assumed she disliked him ever again.

“Alright, girls! Party’s over. I’m sure your stuffed animals are getting really lonely,” said Connor in a slightly sing-songy voice. He didn’t even know where it came from, but it just felt so natural.

And the girls ate it up. They all ran off toward their respective plushie, petting them gently. Riri was profusely apologizing to hers, which was pretty funny to see. All except for Skye, who tugged on Connor’s shirt, beckoning her to lean down to her. Connor obliged and Skye pulled his ear close. “I gib it a 10,” she whispered before running off.

Connor wiped the sweat off of his brow. He’d made it through his first change, as well as broken down the barrier between himself and Skye just a little bit. His heart felt surprisingly warm when Skye gave him such high marks. Is this what being a parent feels like?

As Skye squished her stuffy within her arms, she looked up at Connor, unable to control her bright smile.

Connor sat down in the rocking chair again, happy to have a moment's rest. It wouldn't be much of a moment, however.

\*PPFFFFFFOOOOORRCH!\*

“Hehehe, uh oh!” laughed Ellie, as she slammed her butt down on the ground, smearing her freshly-produced muck around.

Connor sighed as he stood back up. He walked over and lifted Ellie up, placing his hand under her mushy rear for support. Ellie giggled at feeling her mess being pressed against her.

To Connor’s credit, he didn’t even flinch when he felt it. After dealing with Skye, he didn’t really think he had much to worry about anymore. With his newfound confidence, he carried Ellie over to the table.

“Looks like I’ll be changing another little monster.”

TO BE CONTINUED...