

The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 8

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“Alright now, stop squirming and lift your butt, baby girl. It’s time we got you into a fresh nappy,” cooed Connor as he stood over Skye as she laid on the changing table in the nursery of the Padded Palace. His smile was warm and sunny as he placed the fresh, fluffy diaper under Skye’s raised buttocks before reaching for the baby oil, “There we go! I can tell from that cheeky grin that you’re already feeling so much better!”

Wiggling her legs up and down, Skye could barely contain her excitement. “Das cuz chu makin me happy, Daddy!” she said, her tone absolutely giddy. She could feel her kitten growing moist as she crinkled the noisy diaper under her bum, not to mention how hot she always felt whenever Connor took the reins.

Pouring some baby oil into his hands, Connor went in low and brought his hand up through Skye’s butt crack. Moving slowly so his baby girl could savor the euphoria, he made sure to let his finger slide into her throbbing anus.

Moaning in response, Skye sucked hard on the pacifier in her mouth, grinding her teeth on the large, plastic bulb. Her legs flexed and shook as the pleasure began to overtake her mental fortitude. If Connor kept this up, she’d melt into nothing more than a horny, babbling baby girl.

“Oh? I see Skye really wants to play,” said Connor, using his free hand to boop Skye on the nose before grabbing the bottle of baby oil once more, “Well, if you insist, who am I to deny you?” Without warning, he proceeded to pour the baby oil onto her lower tummy, letting the waterfall of slippery liquid drip down to her puffy pussy. The soothing oil spilled over into what was supposed to be her clean diaper, plumping up the wadding with special lubricant.

Skye was quivering with sexual fury, craving for Connor to plunge his fingers deep inside her until she was too weak to cum anymore. She watched as his digits slowly crept toward her princess parts, dancing across her most delicate skin.

Connor smirked as he circled his thumb around her clit and traced his other fingers over her slit. Suddenly, a devious thought popped into his head as he looked down at the slowly expanding diaper that Skye was resting on. Grabbing the front of her diaper, he folded it overtop her hips with his hand still inside, taping up her diaper while his fingers continued to tease her sex.

Crying out in a mixture of frustration and pure bliss, Skye’d had enough of Connor toying with her. She wanted him to make her his sweet, slutty submissive. She needed the release that his taunting hand promised her. “Daddy, pwease fuck me!” she screamed, too lustful to remember that Little’s don’t cuss.

“As you wish,” said Connor as he eased his index and middle finger in between her lower lips, feeling the squelch of her gushing juices. And that wasn’t the only squelching going on. Pressing his other hand into the bottom of Skye’s diaper, he began thrusting his palm into her very mushy padding, adding to the already outrageous stimulation that Skye was enduring.

Skye's eyes went cross as her vagina practically sucked Connor's fingers in deeper. The squish of her diaper only added to the rapturous ecstasy that her body was undergoing. As her first orgasm ramped up, she latched her hands onto the changing table, bracing for impact.

Speeding up his handy work, Connor brought his face close to Skye's and kissed her passionately on the lips. As the mouths parted, he leaned in close and whispered to her, only his voice didn't sound like his own. Instead, his voice sounded distinctly like Ellie's. "Skye, wake up...we have a problem, Skye..."

"Skye! This is serious!"

Stirring from her dream, Skye's eyelids shot open as Ellie rocked her awake. Her exasperated bestie was clearly panicked, though Skye had no idea why. "Skye, do you know where the remotes are?!" she asked anxiously.

"Da wemotes?" muttered Skye, still recoiling from the dream she was having. A small ping of pleasure rippled through her body as if she could still feel his hands moving inside of her. Her heart dropped as her conscious brain latched onto the image of Connor standing over her as he brought her such wondrous pleasure. Her face went bright red, mortified to have had such a naughty dream, especially one that included someone she saw on a near-daily basis now.

CLINK!

Skye didn't have time to dwell on her wet dream, however, as there were problems present in the real world that were far more pressing. What sounded like coins jingling in someone's pocket brought her attention South to her diaper. No long was her diaper exposed under her cute dress. Around her waist was a pair of sky blue plastic panties with a metal chain sewn into the hem, locking them onto her hips. "W-Whas dis?" she stuttered as she pawed helplessly at the plastic covering.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you!" yelled Ellie, grabbing Skye's arms and pulling her upward, "If you don't have the remotes, this has to be Mommy's doing! She must've taken them away and then locked up our diapers!"

Still slightly aroused from her dream, Skye could feel her blood pumping faster at the thought of whatever blushy punishments Carol had in store for them. Pushing down on her diaper, she felt the dull vibration of the egg still humming away, indicating that whatever the domme mommy had planned was going to be very kinky.

Unlatching the bars of the crib and lowering them to the ground, Ellie got to her feet before helping Skye up as well. "We gotta keep our eyes out. Mommy likes to push my boundaries to keep my horny brain guessing," she said, her face flushing with embarrassment, "I thought, since you were here, that she wouldn't try anything funny, but it seems like all bets are off now."

"W-Whadabout changies?!" shouted Skye as her feet landed on the soft, foam-tile floor. She looked down at her already gushing diaper swaying low between her legs.

Ellie could only shake her head solemnly in response, “We ain’t getting one. The best we can do now is be the best little angels we can be and hope Mommy’s feeling merciful later tonight.”

CLICK!

At that moment, the door to the nursery opened, and in walked Carol, standing tall like a charismatic tour guide. Walking in beside her were Stacy and Riri “And here’s the nursery! I know you kittens are gonna have so much fun tonight!” she said jubilantly before her attention moved from the room to the pair of naughty Littles, “And perfect! Skye and Ellie are already up and dressed for the sleepover! Did you two sleep well? I know you had quite the eventful afternoon.” While her voice seemed generally friendly, her expression was anything but. Her vicious smile exposed her pearly-white teeth as if she were the Big Bad Wolf.

While Ellie was a big enough Little to maintain her composure, Skye was sweating bullets. It was intimidating to be under the thumb of someone with as much dominance as Carol. She and Latasha had definitely played their fair share of naughty games, but unlike Carol, her Mommy never wavered from the kind, caring person that she was deep down.

Making everything far worse was just how much she was getting off on the way Carol was making her feel. Still riding the lingering arousal from her wet dream, she could feel her knees as the impish caregiver approached her, reaching down without hesitation to feel her diaper.

“Hmmm...I’d say you’re more than a few wettings from a change, little mouse,” snarked Carol, as her hand moved in between Skye’s legs, curling up around her butt, “And no messies yet? Good thing I’ve got a BIG meal planned for you four tonight.” She then shifted to Ellie to repeat the process.

Skye didn’t like the way Carol said the word, “big.” Whatever she was planning would certainly spell disaster for both herself and Ellie. Remembering what Ellie had told her, she lowered her chin and meekly muttered, “F-Fank chu, auntie.”

“I wanna pway on da pwaygwoun!” yelled Riri as she went running off into the mega-nursery with reckless abandon. Oh, how Skye and Ellie envied her lack of concern.

Stacy promptly chased after Riri. The often more studious Little was barely able to contain her excitement given her expansive surroundings. “Wet’s see who can hang on da monkey baws da wongest!” she screamed right before Riri stopped in place, turned around, and pushed them both into the foam pit. While they were below the sight line for Skye and the others, their contagious giggling was more than audible.

Standing up and placing a hand on both Skye and Ellie’s shoulders, Carol gave each girl a knowing look. “Well, looks like you’d two had better get to playing,” she said, soaking in their nervous expressions, “Awww, don’t look so worried. I promise to make this the most exciting slumber party you two fluffbutts have ever had.” With a pat on the butt, she sent both girls off toward the swing set.

Skye had no doubt that Carol would be keeping her word on that one. Heck, this was already her most exciting slumber party and it was just getting started! Ellie didn't even have to say anything. One look at her face was all it took for her to know there would be no mercy given tonight.

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The pair both dropped to their knees as the vibrators in their diapers ramped up their speed momentarily before shutting off entirely. Their heads whipped back to Carol, who held their remotes causally between her fingers. "What part of you'd better start playing didn't you understand," she said, shooing them off with her free hand, "Hop to it!"

The girls didn't hesitate this time, each of them pushing off each other as they scrambled to run to Stacy and Riri for salvation. Placing the remotes in her back pocket, Carol straightened out the blankets on the crib that Skye and Ellie shared before closing it back up. By the time she was done, the dynamic duo was already gathered with the others, plotting out what game they should all play. Her wicked smile shifted into a sincere one as she muttered under her breath, "Happy Birthday, kiddo."

TO BE CONTINUED...