

## The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 6

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Ellie slammed the door to the nursery shut behind her. With a tight grip on Skye's hand, she rushed her to a nook filled with stuffed animals and tossed her onto the pile. "Okie, we gonna pway a game cawwed Ewwie Says!" she stated quite loudly as she stood over her companion with two remotes in hand, reminding Skye of the dormant vibrator she had tucked inside of her diaper, "If chu fail ta do somtin I say, den chu gets punished. Sound fun?"

Nodding her head yes, Skye couldn't tell if she was agreeing to Ellie's game out of fear or genuine desire. How far did Ellie plan to go? She was dying to find out, while at the same time afraid to know the answer.

"Good girl," said Ellie as she gave Skye some affectionate head pats. Her heart was soaring as she gently caressed Skye's hair, giggling to herself as she thought about her own Mommy doing the same thing to her. While she definitely preferred subbing, she did have a thirst for domming that had to be quenched, and this was far more exciting than the occasional online roleplay.

Helping Skye back up to her feet, Ellie made her first declaration, "Ellie Says wet's swing!" Running over to the playground setup, she sat Skye down on one of the swings before jumping onto the one next to it, "Whoever leaps the highest gets ta contwol da wemotes fo two minutes. Ready?"

"Uh-huh!" responded Skye with a bright smile. Walking backward until the swing held her on her tippy-toes, she looked over at Ellie with a determined grin, "I'b gonna make chu soooooo bwushy!"

Snickering, Ellie dished out her comeback, "Nod a chance, baby bwains!" Smirking, she dug her toes into the squishy playmat beneath her feet and prepared for launch. "3! 2! 1! Go!"

The two girls lifted their legs in unison and allowed gravity to bring them into their first swing. It didn't matter that their swinging was pretty sloppy and their ascents were slow, to Skye and Ellie, this was the most intense battle they've ever taken part in.

Gaining altitude at a snail's pace, Ellie started kicking her feet off of the ground every time she passed forward through the center. While this strategy did net her an early lead, it also had the adverse effect of using up her energy faster.

Skye, meanwhile, was taking the tortoise approach. It had been the first time she'd swung on her own in an almost shockingly long time. As such, she'd sort of forgotten exactly how to get a swing going. Thankfully, much like riding a bike, the body never fully forgets and she was able to get the swing moving after flailing her legs a few failed attempts. Not to mention, she was currently wearing a stupid thick diaper that restricted just how much of a radius her legs had to move.

Despite the padded hindrance, Skye was reaching heights she'd not felt in a swing since when she was an actual kid. Whenever Latasha took her to the park, she always gave her the best

pushes, but since Skye let Latasha do most of the work, she never got very high. With wind whooshing past her as she swayed back and forth, something strange sparked inside of her. She felt like she was almost weightless, gliding through the air effortlessly. It was a sort of freedom she hadn't experienced in a while.

Lifting her arm over the chain of the swing, Skye prepared herself to make the big jump. While the mat in front of the swings looked plenty comfortable to land on, she had her eyes on the foam block pit just past it. Memories of trying to leap past the woodchip barrier that her childhood playground sat on and onto the grass flooded into her head. While she never did make it past those darn wood chips, she was determined to succeed now. Thrusting herself forward with the momentum of the upswing, she launched herself across the room, landing safely in the center of the foam pit. She tried to sit up but found doing so much more difficult than she'd realized as the soft bricks were stacked nearly five feet deep.

Having a similar goal in mind, Ellie attempted to follow Skye's lead and aim for the pit. However, thanks to her exhaustion being higher, she failed to make it over the playmats, landing with a thud before tumbling into the foam block pit.

Bursting her arms up from the foam blocks with her fist raised, Skye screamed, "Hooray! I jumped the bestest! I win!" Crawling across the unsteady ground to Ellie, she wrapped her arms around her friend, giving her a consolation hug while asking her bluntly, "Hehehe! Whewe da wemotes?" She began poking Ellie's pouty cheeks as she chuckled merrily.

Grumbling, Ellie broke from Skye's embrace and swam over to the edge. "Dere up by da swings," she said as she began to scale the side of the foam pit. Due to the unstable terrain, it took a good bit of effort to hoist herself up and over. As she caught her breath, a devious thought entered her head...Skye's arms probably weren't strong enough to climb out on her own.

Snatching Skye's remote off of the playset, Ellie walked over to the side of the foam pit to look down on her soon-to-be victim. "The funny thing is I never said Ellie Says when I made that game. So, since the primary game was Ellie Says and not swing the farthest, you lose," she said, dropping all pretense of being a Little in her moment of superiority.

Skye may have been a full-time Little, but even she could tell Ellie was full of it. "No faiw! No take backsies! Gimme da ting!" she yelled as she made her way over to the side of the pit and tried to climb out. Sadly, much like Ellie had assumed, her weaker physique made scaling the edge of the foam pit improbable, to say the least. Losing her grip on the slick mat, she fell back onto the scattered foam blocks, sinking her diaper butt into them once more.

"Hehehe, see, you're too little to even get out on your own, so you're definitely too Little to control such a grown-up toy," Ellie said smugly, watching Skye's legs start to quiver as her thumb inched close to the on-button. She didn't care that her logic was flimsy, she was the big sister here, which meant she was always right. With the tap of a finger, she gave Skye precisely what she knew she wanted.

**\*BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!\***

Whatever strength Skye had left inside of her fizzled out the moment the egg inside of her throbbing pussy revved up. Purring as the machine in her diaper purred, her body flopped

back onto the squishy foam pieces, unable to even keep her head up. “Mmmmmmmmm! Ewwie!” she moaned, crying out for her friend. To stop? To increase the vibrations? To join her? Even Skye wasn’t exactly sure.

This left Ellie to interpret Skye’s sex cries for herself. And her mind instantly went to the latter option. “Oh my! You want more?” she said as she turned up the speed settings to 50%. Feeling aroused by the sight of Skye writhing in sexual pleasure, she reached down into her own diaper and slipped a finger inside of herself as she watched on. She paused for a moment to consider booting up her own vibrator but decided to save it for later instead.

Arching her back, Skye let out a pitiful whimper as the egg nestled up by her clit shook with greater intensity. It wasn’t the most extreme pleasure she’d ever been given, but it was perhaps the most humiliating as she looked at Ellie fingering herself to her deviously sexual acts. Trapped in a prison filled with foam blocks, she felt extremely submissive. She pawed at her rumbling diaper, feeling it growing moist with her gushing juices.

Falling back onto her padded rear, Ellie’s legs had become too wobbly to keep her upright. Feeling aggressively horny, she plunged her other hand inside of her diaper and placed the tip of Skye’s vibrator remote into her vagina. It wasn’t the most comfortable toy in the world, but to masturbate with the same tool that was getting Skye off had a bizarre sense of power to it. As she nudged the remote further inside herself, her pussy contracted on top of the speed increase button, cranking Skye’s egg up to full.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” screamed Skye at the top of her lungs. The sudden jump in speed had her squirting in seconds, flooding her diaper with a wealth of ejaculate. It would be the first climax of many as her body hit the next orgasmic wave almost instantly. What followed was a non-stop barrage of fluid spewing from her kitten. Her diaper grew warm and squish, becoming pliable enough for her to moosh her fingers over her swollen princess parts, craving each orgasm more than the last. “Don’t stop! Don’t- \*GASP!\* STAAAAAWWWP!!!!”

Together, the two girls continued their sexual escapade until both were too spent to move. Pulling the remote out of her diaper and flipping it off, Ellie collapsed onto her back with a dull smile. “D-Did chu habe fun?” she mumbled, her dialect slipping back into Little speak.

“Uh...huh...” muttered Skye as she panted heavily atop the foam bricks. After having sexy fun, she was as useless as a sack of potatoes, unable to even keep so much as two thoughts together. Luckily, she only had one thought on her mind right now. What erotically wonderful fun did Ellie have planned for them next?

TO BE CONTINUED...