

## The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 14

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Sitting at the dimly lit dining table with her arms firmly crossed, Skye pushed out her lower lip in as exaggerated a way as possible. While she was happy that Carol had let her out of the bouncer, she was still quite upset with how the evening had unfolded, as well as the fact that Carol had moved her to the kitchen area to have “a talk.” She didn’t even do anything wrong, so why was she in trouble and no one else? She just wanted to have fun like Ellie.

Shifting atop her very wet diaper, she tried to block it out of her mind how badly she needed to go number two. The last thing she wanted right now was to mess herself before bedtime. As hard as it was to fall asleep with tummy cramps, it was even harder when every tiny movement was accompanied by churning up the sticky mess in her pampers. And with how big of a meanie Carol was being, she wouldn’t be surprised if she ended up locked in these plastic panties until after the birthday party tomorrow.

Skye’s pouting only intensified as she heard Ellie’s happy burbling echo down the hallway. If she could’ve messed herself like Ellie did, her tummy troubles wouldn’t be a problem. She’d be so deep in Little Space that it wouldn’t matter. So what if it was Ellie’s birthday tomorrow? Fair is fair, and this was unfair.

\*Creeeeeak!\*

The door to the nursery swung open slowly with a beam of warm, dull light illuminating a small section of the adjacent wall. Skye knew this meant Carol was probably coming to talk with her. She sighed and doubled down on her pouty position, ready to defy whatever scolding Carol gave her.

Closing the door gently behind her, Carol made her way into the kitchen. Upon seeing Skye’s adorably brooding face, she knew she had her work cut out for her. “Hey there, Skye,” she said softly, keeping her voice down, “I just laid the other three down for bed, not that I don’t expect them to start messing about now that I’ve left. Are you wanting your own crib tonight, or do you want to snuggle up to Ellie again?”

Turning her head away from Carol, Skye wanted to illustrate that she was not in the mood for pleasantries and friendly talk. Beyond that, she was mad at Ellie, so why would she want to sleep next to her? If Carol wanted to have a peaceful conversation, then she’d better hear an apology. “I dun cawe...I wanna go home,” she said, knowing well and good that she did not want to leave the slumber party or miss the birthday party tomorrow. That didn’t stop her from saying it as a way of upping the stakes.

“Well, if that is what you want, it’s not too late for me to give Latasha a call,” said Carol, feeling a bit saddened by Skye’s desire to leave. Part of her had a feeling Skye didn’t mean what she said, but if she didn’t address this situation properly, she’d never get her to admit that. Perhaps the best course of action was to implement a little social guilt, “The girls will all be sad

if you leave early, though, especially Ellie. She's been asking about you since you got put in the bouncer. She's worried she hurt your feelings."

"Well, she should be!" shouted Skye before receiving a long shush from Carol. Why should she care if Ellie was sad? It's not like anyone kept her company while she was in the bouncer. Just hearing about how she needed to stay for everyone else's sake made her dig her heels into leaving even more.

Recognizing this, Carol backed off on the social guilt tactic that worked so often on Ellie. Clearly, Skye's anger extended to Ellie and probably the other two as well. If she didn't fix this, Latasha would be less than pleased that her baby girl no longer got along with her Padded Palace friends. Taking a deep breath, she decided to cave into what she knew Skye wanted. Sometimes, being the Big meant being the bigger person, "Listen, Skye, I'm sorry. I've been putting so much effort into making Ellie's birthday the best day possible that I didn't think about making things fair for you, Riri, and Stacy. If you're mad at anyone, be mad at me, but don't be mad at your friends. They love you, and I love you too."

Skye could feel her defenses starting to crumble as Carol fed her everything she wanted to hear. However, while she did feel the rush of emotions welling up inside of her, she didn't feel sorry. More so, it was a natural reaction to her frustration coming down. Her eyes started to water as Carol leaned in for a hug, wrapping her up in her warm arms. "I...I jus wanna be widdwe wike Ewwie was. I didn mean ta make dem wowwy," she said in between soft sobs.

Clutching Skye to her chest, Carol had broken through the rambunctious Little's defenses. She stepped back and grabbed the empty chair next to Skye, allowing her to address her at eye level. "I know, baby girl. And I'm sorry you felt left out," she said before giving Skye a more serious look, "But I also need you to understand that while it's okay to express those feelings, it's not okay to lash out and try to ruin Ellie's special day. Imagine for a second if it were your birthday. Would you want Ellie to act the way you did?"

Skye shook her head no without looking up. In a way, she already knew that her outburst was not the right way to go about handling this. More than anything, though, she wanted to be off the hot seat so she could return to the slumber party and agreeing with whatever Carol said was the easiest way to get what she wanted. "I'ww be good, I pwomise," she said, hoping her generic promise would be enough for Carol.

Thankfully, Skye's words seemed to do the trick as Carol stood back up and offered her hand to the troublesome Little. "Ready to get back in there?" she asked, giving Skye a gentle, patient smile.

"Uh huh!" said Skye, her crocodile tears clearing up almost instantly as she took Carol's hand and toddled along behind her. As she was ushered inside of the nursery and sent off toward Ellie and the others, all Skye could think about was how surprisingly easy it was to get out of trouble. All she did was look sad and agree with what Carol said. She didn't even have to apologize.

Running to the crib that Ellie was doing a terrible job pretending to be asleep in, Skye lowered the crib bars and jumped in next to her before raising them back up. “Hey, Ewwie,” whispered Skye, who was now back to her playful, Little self, “Wansa pway?”

Peeking her face out from under the blanket, Ellie spoke as quietly as an excited Little could, “Uh huhs! We jus gotsa waid for Mommy ta weave.”

Able to hear both Skye and Ellie’s conspiring, Carol chuckled to herself as she made her way out of the nursery. Before she left the room, she reached into her pocket and activated Skye and Ellie’s vibrators once more, keeping the setting low since the eggs would be rumbling for the next several hours. As she closed the door behind her, she felt a bit sad that she wouldn’t get to be in bed with Ellie tonight, but on the upside, she now had a full evening all to herself. “Time for a long bath and a turn with Ellie’s wand,” she muttered to herself.

Curled over each other in bed, Skye and Ellie were unprepared to be hit with another shockwave of pleasure. Hearing the door click closed behind them, they knew that Carol had no intention of shutting off the small, round vibrators. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Ellie grabbed Skye from above and brought her in for a big squeeze, forcing them to snuggle closely as their princess parts were stirred up.

“Sood we go join dem?” asked Riri, looking out from between the bars of the neighboring crib.

Shaking her head, Stacy grabbed Riri’s shoulders and pulled her back over to their secret game of Go Fish, “Let them have their blushy fun,” she said, no longer in Little Space after such an exhausting and eventful evening, “Do you have any eights?”

“Hehe, go fish,” said Riri, hiding her competitive smile behind her cards.

With their hands all over each other’s diapers, Skye and Ellie continued to moan softly as they cuddled with one another. After a day filled with overwhelming pleasure, the girls were much too tired to hump diapers, so it was the best they could do to squish their diapers with their tiny grabbers. “Mmmm, chu da bestest fwen ever,” said Ellie, as one of her hands slid up, plopping her thumb in her mouth.

Butterflies filled Skye’s stomach as she nodded in agreement with her bestie, “Mhmm! Chus da bestest t-”

\*GUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRGGGGGLLLE!\*

At long last, Skye finally felt her need to vacate her bowels come to a head. Having been pushed adrift into the sea of erotic bliss once more, she’d forgotten the need to suppress the ever-growing urge to mess herself. She clenched as hard as she could, hoping to at the very least minimize the damage.

Hearing Skye’s tummy and seeing the strained look on her face, Ellie knew exactly what was about to happen. She quickly moved her hands to Skye’s noisy gut and began to wiggle her

fingers. “Chu gonsa be a tinky bab wike me,” she snickered as she tickled Skye past the point of no return.

Gasping, Skye tried to push Ellie’s hands away, but it was too late. She grunted and curled forward into Ellie, giving Ellie the perfect opportunity to place one of her hands on the back of Skye’s diaper.

**\*SPLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRCH!!!\***

Skye buried her face into one of the pillows and screamed with intense, orgasmic pleasure as she filled her diaper right into Ellie’s palm. The external pressure ensured that her semi-soft doo-doo instantly spread on impact. While she didn’t quite reach the nirvana that Ellie was in earlier, she was more than satisfied getting as close as she could tonight.

Slumping over each other with their bloated diapers mushing into each other, Skye and Ellie soon drifted off into a peaceful slumber, ready to begin another day filled with diaper fun tomorrow. After all, what was more fun than a birthday party?

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