

## The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 2

### Written By: CrissieBaby

“Thanks for coming early today, Carol,” said Latasha as she placed Skye’s travel bag into Carol’s van, “Turns out I’m going to need these two days off more than I thought. But hey, at least Skye can help you get a jump start on prepping for Ellie’s big B-day!”

Carol snickered, closing the hatchback on her car shut. “Don’t give me that, Latasha,” she said, throwing a snide look towards Latasha, “For as long as I’ve known you, you’ve never needed a single day off, no matter how urgent or pressing. What are you planning?” She stared Latasha down with great intensity whilst folding her arms for dramatic effect.

“Can’t a girl just have a spa day in?” said Latasha in the guiltiest voice possible. She felt her resolve to keep Connor’s secret slowly weaning as her gossip buddy pressed harder. “Alright, but you can’t say anything, alright?”

Buckled into a large booster seat with a binky in her mouth and her stuffed lion, Lyle, at her side, Skye kicked her legs back and forth, waiting for Carol to round the car and start them off on their birthday weekend journey. It wasn’t every year that Ellie turned one...oh wait, yes it was. Regardless, it was still a big deal to any Little, and she was more than happy to lend a helping hand before the slumber party tonight.

Letting out a big morning yawn, Skye caught sight of her Mommy talking to Carol in the rearview mirror. As their conversation continued, she watched Carol’s eyes widen, overjoyed by whatever Latasha was saying. That joy soon hit its peak when Carol grabbed onto Latasha’s hands and started to bounce up and down, with Latasha doing her best to subdue the caretaker’s reactions.

Skye sucked hard on her pacifier as she observed the Mommies, curious as to what Latasha told Carol that got her so excited. Luckily, it seemed she wouldn’t have to wait long to ask as the pair waved each other off.

Opening the driver’s door, Carol leaned back and gave Skye a kind, motherly smile. “Okay, Skye, you and Aunt Carol are gonna have a ton of fun this weekend!” she said with extremely peppy energy as she buckled herself into the car and started to drive off.

Turning her head back, Skye expected to see Latasha waving goodbye to her as she did anytime Skye was sent off on a car trip without her. However, much to her surprise, she only caught sight of Latasha back as she rushed into the house and shut the door behind her. Part of her felt like crying. “How could Mommy forget to wave bye-bye,” she thought, the casual neglect slightly triggering her abandonment trauma. She didn’t want to cry right after leaving, though. It was always so embarrassing when someone had to drive her back to Latasha as she couldn’t stop blubbering up a storm. She decided to not let herself read into it too much and shake it off.

Besides, Skye had gotten so worked up that she almost had forgotten about what she wanted to ask Carol. “Uh, Auntie,” she said, her voice still a touch fragile after coming so close to crying, “Whad wewe you an Mommy tawkin bout? Chus seemed weawwy happy bout something.”

Carol did her best to subdue the desire to spill tea whenever she could. There’s no way Skye would be able to keep a secret like this around three other Littles and it would ruin Connor’s authority as a day-to-day caretaker. Biting her lip, she responded, “Oh! I was just so excited for Ellie’s birthday and couldn’t contain myself. You know how that can be, don’t you, Miss Squirmy,” she said, reaching an arm into the backseat and tickling Skye’s vulnerable tummy for a few seconds.

Gigglingly and meekly pushing Carol’s hands away, Skye quickly felt whatever follow-up question she had vanished as her mind went right back into Little Space. It really didn’t take much to send her into total baby mode anymore after being a full-time Little for so long. Sinking back into her comfy seat, she hugged Lyle tightly and closed her eyes, letting the gently rocking car lull her to sleep.

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Lying in a crib with her eyes crusty from dried tears, Skye felt her tummy growl like an earthquake was going off in her gut. She’d been locked inside for almost an entire day now, with the bars of her crib acting like prison bars for the naughty Little. She’d made her Daddy very unhappy when spilled her sippy cup of orange juice on the carpet. It was completely an accident, but Daddy didn’t seem to care.

Rubbing her backside, Skye still felt the sting of the spanking she had received. The pain served as a constant reminder of what a bad girl she had been. Instead of hating her Daddy for beating her so harshly, she hated herself for not being the good girl that he deserved. She conjured up the perfect apology, hoping that maybe that would be enough to be forgiven for her clumsiness.

Suddenly, the door to the nursery began to creep open. Skye's head instantly turned, her anxiety growing as the entryway grew wider. Standing in front of the open doorway, a tall, shadowed silhouette stepped into the room slowly holding a long, wooden paddle in one hand and a can of beer in the other. The latter of which he was rarely seen without.

“Has my baby girl learned her lesson?” asked Daddy, his voice haunting and hollow. As he reached the crib, he playfully ran the paddle along the crib bars, clinking each peg loudly. “Or, do you still need to be taught what happens to naughty girls so it finally sinks into that stupid baby brain of yours?”

The apology that Skye had worked so hard to craft all but left her mind as she focused on her Daddy’s words. Deep down, she didn’t believe that she deserved to be a good girl. No matter what she did or how hard she tried, she always ended up punished. Lowering her head, she began to whimper softly.

Daddy unhooked the crib bars, keeping them upright with one hand. “That’s what I thought, he said with a wicked cackle as he pushed the bars down with a booming \*SLAM!\*

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\*SLAM!\*

The van’s side door slid open loudly, causing Skye to stir from her deep slumber. “Rise and shine, Skye! We’re here,” said Carol as she reached across Skye’s lap and began to unbuckle her, letting out a big yawn in the process, “You were making the drive quite difficult, ya know? Snored the whole way so peacefully? Made me want to join you.” She pinched Skye’s cheek, eliciting a giggle from the Little.

Still groggy, Skye had no time to collect herself before she found herself scooped up into the larger woman’s arms and carried inside of the house. While Latasha was strong and could hold her for long periods of time, she had nothing on Carol’s impressive brawn. She was certain that the seasoned caretaker could run a mile while cradling her the entire time.

Entering the house, Skye looked around at the familiar setting. It was a lush upper-middle-class home that couldn’t have been older than two or three years by now. Matching furniture selected by professional interior designers gave the space a very luxurious vibe. Scattered around the walls, photos were hung up all around proudly displaying Carol with her Little girl, Ellie. Even in the picturesque furniture catalog that was Carol’s living room, she didn’t even bother to hide her mommy dom side.

Strolling past the living room, Carol entered a corridor with several doors on each side. Stopping at a set of double doors, the caretaker pushed them open, turning to see the smile on Skye’s face. “That’s right, we got the nursery finished since you were last here,” she said, patting Skye on the head.

Like a kid in a candy, Skye stared in awe at the ABDL dreamland that Carol had set up. This room put Latasha’s modest setup to shame. It had the basics, like a reading nook and a playpen that was the size of Skye’s bedroom, as well as half a dozen cribs that lined one wall, with several changing tables scattered about for when a quick change was needed. That was only the tip of the iceberg, though, as the room also had an indoor playground, with swings, monkey bars, and two slides that let out into a giant foam block pit. On top of that, there was also a large, egg-shaped baby swing with a spinning mobile above it that was sure to instantly put any Little in their proper place.

Ellie had spouted off several rumors about the nursery Carol was constructing, but the three other girls all assumed she was making most of her outrageous claims up. Now, seeing the massive playroom for the first time, Skye’s disbelief still clung to her mind as if she were hallucinating this whole scene.

Giggling, Carol reached over and pushed the binky in Skye’s back into her mouth that had started to slip out due to her slack-jawed expression. “I’ll take that as a compliment,” she said, approaching the playpen and setting Skye down inside, “Feel free to start playing. I’m

gonna go wake the birthday girl up!” She jogged out of the room at a brisk pace, excited but a bit frantic as she knew that Skye was only the beginning. She’d been in charge of not one or two, but eight Littles before the day was out, something that filled her with a strange combination of both immense joy and aggravating anxiety.

From a distance, Skye hadn’t noticed just how tall the walls of the playpen were. Sure, she could easily climb over them with enough effort, but they were definitely too tall to just step over, especially in a diaper. Whatever harrowing dream she’d been having earlier was soon becoming a distant memory as she began to slip into Little Space.

TO BE CONTINUED...