

The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 22

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“Your ten minutes of corner time starts now, and you’ll be wearing those mittens until the end of the day.”

The corner. A desolate and destitute place that, to any Little, was on par with a prison sentence. Placing her head in her mitten-covered hands, Skye's lower lip was getting quite the workout as she pushed outward as far as it would go. Sneaking a peak over her shoulder, she glared at Ellie sitting in the adjacent corner before quickly turning back to avoid further punishment.

“This is completely unfair,” thought Skye as she folded her arms and placed her forehead on the wall in front of her. After spending a whole weekend with Ellie as her BFF, the turnaround on their first day back at the Padded Palace was quite jarring. She’d been openly antagonistic all day, with the final straw being when she refused to take turns being held by Connor. Now, neither of them were getting uppies anymore!

Sure, Skye may have been responsible for egging on Ellie’s naughty behavior at the party, but it wasn’t as though Ellie was aware of that, right? She didn’t ever get the chance to have a one-on-one with her after the hardy birthday spanking she was given, so it was impossible to know for sure. Regardless, it wasn’t like she forced Ellie to do anything, only merely encouraging it. But if Ellie wanted to be petty, she guessed that was on her.

Continuing to stew in her own aggression, Skye leaned back just far enough to get the colorful wall clock into her peripheral vision. It hadn’t even been a full minute yet! She groaned and crumpled up into a ball, lifting her legs up onto the small, plastic chair. Something about sitting in the corner always made her feel more alone than reflective. It reminded her a lot of when she was still under HIS thumb, sitting idly in her crib in a full diaper just waiting for HIM to get home so she wouldn’t have to be alone anymore, even if it meant enduring more punishments. Tears began to well up in the corners of her eyes as she fought hard to suppress them.

Suddenly, Skye’s anger gave way to a dark sadness. All thoughts of animosity toward Ellie were stricken from her mind. She didn’t want uppies from Connor anymore. She just wanted to be comforted and told everything would be okay.

Shifting in her seat, Skye moved her body out of the corner as she spun around in her chair. She didn’t care if she got punished more. Any attention at all was better than the loneliness she was feeling. As she turned, though, she did not see a pathway to comfort. Instead, her eyes gazed upon Latasha, her Mommy, planting a kiss on Connor’s cheek. Her heart dropped, feeling as though she could barely breathe.

“How could she?!” thought Skye as she stewed in her seat, her anger rising once again. She’d felt jealousy dozens of times, especially given that her Mommy’s attention was often split

amongst the other Padded Palace Littles. However, while she couldn't explain it, this kind of jealousy felt different.

As the kiss replayed over and over again in Skye's head, she began to realize what was fueling her rage-filled envy. She wasn't jealous about Connor being kissed by Latasha. In fact, it was the exact opposite. She was jealous that Latasha was kissing Connor at all. He...was her crush, not Latasha's. She wanted to be the one to kiss Connor on the cheek!

Watching as Latasha finally broke away from Connor, Skye quickly returned to the corner, keeping an eye on Latasha as she did. Since Latasha was no longer hogging all of Connor's attention as her focus shifted to Riri and Stacy, Skye knew that this was her best moment to strike. She needed to apologize to Connor before it was too late. Tiptoeing across the nursery, she got to Connor just as he was about to exit the room. "Connor?" she asked, feeling her heartbeat rise in her throat.

"Skye, what are you doing?" said Connor, confused to see that Skye had fled from timeout, "You know Latasha won't be happy if you-"

"I'm sowwy," said Skye, interrupting Connor mid-sentence. She let go of Connor's shirt and reached down to grab the hem of her own dress. She'd rushed over to Connor so fast and furiously that she didn't even take the time to think about what she wanted to say beyond the initial apology. All she could think about was getting herself back into Connor's good graces. She continued, improvising the rest of her apology, "I was weawwy bad. W-wiww chus forgibe me?"

Looking up into Connor's eyes, Skye felt all of her worries melt away. Something about his shiny, blue irises made her feel wiggly and Little. She wanted to please him. She wanted him to treat her like a princess. She wanted...a Daddy again.

"Of course, I forgive you, Skye," said Connor, lifting Skye off the ground and pulling her into a hug. Not wanting Skye to get in trouble, he walked her back to the timeout chair as he continued to hold her, wanting to reassure her that there was no ill will between them.

Meanwhile, Skye felt as though she was on a magic carpet ride with her prince charming. Being held in Connor's arms was the kind of euphoria she'd been missing for so many years. It was almost bittersweet when he set her back on her feet in front of the chair.

"There we go. And don't worry, Mommy Tasha doesn't have to know you left this spot. Mums the word," said Connor, taking a page from Martin's book as he zipped his lips and flicked the imaginary key away.

Skye wanted to giggle with intense joy, believing this to be a sign that Connor was more on her team than he was on Latasha's. Why else would he promise to cover for her like this? Her eyes drifted toward Latasha for long enough to keep her silent, though, and she didn't want Connor to get in trouble because of her. Instead, she simply repeated his gesture, wiggling in her seat as she struggled to contain her excitement.

Sliding back into the corner, Skye looked over her shoulder one last time as Connor called out to Latasha that he was stepping out to use the bathroom. She may have still been in timeout, but she no longer felt so alone. She and Connor were a team now and that was all the reassurance she needed to believe that someday, he'd be her Daddy too.

“No fair! Chus cheatin! I quit!” screamed Riri as she threw her card on the ground and stomped off. Skye watched closely as Latasha, the temptress, rushed after Riri, snickering and apologizing for beating her so badly at Go Fish. As it turned out, when it came to gaining Connor's attention, Ellie and the other Littles weren't the problem. The biggest obstacle standing in her way was none other than her own caretaker. She didn't know how yet, but she was going to have to knock Latasha down a peg, even if it involved getting her own hands messy this time.

“Hello professor, I'll have to pass on the position, but thanks for the offer.”

Hitting the send button on his phone, Connor felt like a huge weight had been lifted off of his chest. Part of him couldn't believe that he'd turned down such a prominent TA position to continue working and living at the Padded Palace, but that was largely overshadowed by how amazing it was to find a place that made him feel like he was home.

Finishing up his business and flushing the toilet, Connor pulled his pull-up and pants back onto his waist, relishing in the snugness of his padding. After turning down his old professor, the confidence high he was on made his diaper feel even better than before. He quickly washed his hands and exited to potty, ready to relieve Latasha of caretaking duties so that she could prepare lunch.

However, as Connor left the bathroom, he was surprised to see that he wasn't alone. “Stacy? What are you doing out of the nursery?” he said, a tad confused as to why Stacy would leave the nursery and be wandering around, “Is there something I can get you or-”

All of a sudden, Connor's words left him as Stacy walked up to him and placed her hand on his crotch, grabbing herself a handful of his padding. “Tsk, tsk, runnin off ta use da potty when chus diapee is bone dwy. Such a nobby Widdwe,” she said as she pulled her phone out of her diaper with her free hand and presented the screen to Connor.

Frozen with fear, Connor felt as though he could pass out as he stared blankly at a photo of himself changing into the fresh princess pull-up at Ellie's party. “I-I...” was all he could manage to mutter out. His confidence, his adulthood, and his pride were all things of the past.

Connor wasn't certain where life in the Padded Palace would take him, but knew, without a doubt, that his life was about to get a lot more blushy.

END OF ACT II