

The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 1

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Skye had always dreamed of this day. Everything was exactly how she imagined it would be. Looking down the aisle, she saw her friends, Riri, Stacy, and Ellie, all of whom were seated in the front row and looking back at her with adoring smiles. She didn't often enjoy being the center of attention, happy to exist with her Mommy in the background whenever she could, but today was different.

Toddling down the aisle with a big wedding diaper tucked away under her dress, Skye strode past the flower petals that fell all around her before arriving at the altar and taking her place. Turning back to face the procession, her mouth couldn't contain how big her smile was. A smile that would find a way to grow even larger when she finally saw Connie step out onto the aisle in her gorgeous wedding gown. Gripping the wedding ring tightly in her hand, she took a deep breath, ready to take the next step forward in her exciting, diaper-filled life.

"It'll try to finish quickly, okay?"

Laying down on the changing table, Skye looked up at Connor's panicked expressions as he did his best to finish out his first diaper change. She wiped away the tears that were still forming in the corners of her eyes as her new caretaker sprinkled a liberal amount of baby powder over her princess parts. Cursing herself silently, she resented the fact that her mind had to think about HIM while receiving her first change from a man in many years.

However, looking up at Connor's concerned eyes, she began to feel the anxiety that those memories held fading slightly. She couldn't explain it, but with how desperate he seemingly was to make her happy, she couldn't help but feel a slight flutter in her heart.

With the powdering finished, Skye readied herself for the next step as Connor lifted the front of the diaper over her pelvis and began positioning it evenly. She giggled as he had her lift up not once, not twice, but three times to get the diaper positioned correctly. At this point, she was beginning to think that this wasn't just his first diaper change at the Padded Palace. This is probably his first diaper change ever. Part of her was a bit grumbly at Latasha for hiring such a newbie, but another part of her couldn't get over how adorable it was to watch him clumsily fumble around with her plastic nappy.

At last, Connor finally started to apply the tapes of the diaper, peeling them off of their protective plastic covering one at a time. Even if he was new to this, he'd clearly done his studying to know that he needed to do the leg tapes before the waist ones. Still, he ended up having to pull them back up from the diaper several times to give her the snug fit she was looking for, even perhaps a little too tight by the end of the change. Not wanting to have him readjusting them again, she decided to keep that complaint to herself.

Skye sat up and began to prod at her newly applied diaper. The work was clearly amateurish, bringing a nostalgic warmth to her heart that reminded her of the early days when the only person diapering her was herself. Teetering back and forth on her butt, she checked to

make sure that the tapes were still secure enough after being stuck and unstuck so many times. Thankfully, everything seemed to be okay. She always hated to have to duct tape a diaper closed when the tabs got messed up.

Looking back at Connor, Skye once again felt her heart begin to race as she made eye contact. Blushing, she instantly averted her eyes. What was wrong with her? She couldn't stand to be around men anymore after what her former caretaker did to her. So...why was he different?

Before Skye could fully reconcile with her current feelings, she felt Connor's hands placing themselves under her armpits. She pulled back slightly at first, but relaxed when her brain fully recognized what was happening. With one big thrust, she was lifted off of the changing table. Stretching out her legs, she soon felt her feet make contact with the fuzzy carpet, returning to Earth safe and sound after her mission into the unknown.

Skye was so focused on Connor that she failed to notice the thunderous applause that the bright-eyed caretaker was receiving from the three other diaper-clad girls, all of whom were slowly encircling her. Before she could react, three sets of hands found their way onto her diaper, fondling her fresh padding from all directions. "H-Hey!" she stuttered out as she futilely pushed against the other girls. Already a bit aroused from when Connor was getting handsy with the baby lotion, Skye bit the inside of her cheek to keep herself from moaning.

The girls then began spouting off their ratings for Connor's diaper change, ranging from average to glowing. Doing her best to make it seem like everything was fine, she secretly rolled her eyes at Ellie's rating of an eight, thinking about how obvious it was that she was just sucking up. Who did Ellie think she was to be giving a first-timer's diaper change an eight?! Latasha on her very WORST day was an eight at diaper changes! No way in heck did Connor even come close to contending with that. If anything, even Stacy's rating of five was too high. She'd give him a three- No, a two for doing such a sloppy job! Then maybe he'd learn a thing or t-

Pat! Pat!

Suddenly, Skye's mind went blank and her heartbeat kicked up to 1000 beats per as Connor's hand collided with her hair, feeling his fingers graze and rub her scalp gently. An involuntary smile slowly spread across her face. She couldn't explain what was happening to her. She'd never experienced anything like this feeling since...not even from Latasha, who gave her head pats every single day. With her cheeks burning bright red, there was no way she could turn and face him. Gripping the hem of her dress, she furrowed her brow and kept quiet, waiting for Connor to remove his hand so she could recover. And yet, at the same time, she never wanted his hand to leave her head ever again.

"Alright girls! Party's over. I'm sure your stuffed animals are getting really lonely," said Connor in a cutesy, sing-songy voice as he removed his hand lifted up from Skye's messy, brown hair. She had no idea where that kind of caretaker energy was coming from after he seemed so timid only minutes before.

Hoping it wasn't too late, she turned around to face Connor, only to see him starting to walk away. Without thinking or hesitating, she reached forward and grabbed onto his shirt. "Oh gosh!" she thought, "What on Earth am I supposed to do now?" It was too late to reverse course,

now having Connor's full attention. Her mind raced with what to do or say. She couldn't just tell him that she wanted him to pat her head again. That would be too embarrassing.

Thinking on her feet, Skye waved Connor to lean down toward her. Cupping her hands around his ear, she swallowed her pride and whispered softly, "I gib it a 10." She then ran off quickly to the other side of the room, burying her face into Lyles soft, plushy tummy. A king of the jungle, Lyle could protect her from anything, especially blushies.

Cuddling with Lyle in a stuffy corner, Skye slowly reached down and pressed her hand into her diaper, letting out a heavy sigh. She was so horny, it was ridiculous. Slipping a hand down the front of the nappy, she brushed her forefinger over the tip of her clit, preparing herself mentally to slip her fingers inside of her.

Latasha may have had a rule about no masturbating in the nursery during operating hours, but Latasha wasn't here right now. Skye snickered silently as she thought about how naughty she was being. Maybe Connor would catch her in the act and punish her somehow, like a big spanking in front of the other girls. The thought alone was enough to bring her nearly to orgasm.

PPFFFFFFOOOOOORRCH!

However, before Skye's playtime could get any steamier, she was interrupted by the sound of a diaper filling with copious amounts of mush. It was so loud that it echoed throughout the nursery, drawing everyone's eyes to the source of the wet blorting. It was Ellie, who'd decided to make a big show of her mess by sticking her butt in the air to poop, only to then slam herself down on her brown, bulging diaper, laughing carelessly all the while.

Squeezing Lyle tightly between her fingers, Skye's blood was boiling as she watched Ellie get the same treatment she did. Connor diligently rushed over to her and scooped her up before moving her to the changing table. His little comment to Ellie, "Looks like I'll be changing another little monster," certainly did nothing to improve her mood.

Forced to witness her so-called friend getting a diaper change from HER caregiver, Skye was seething in anger as she sat alone in the corner and did her best to ignore it. A feat that proved impossible thanks to all the noises and giggles that Ellie kept making. It was like she was trying to rub it in.

"Dere's some bad babies in dis nuwsewy, Lyle," whispered Ellie into the ear of her stuffed lion. Shaking her head, she smirked with malicious intent, "Bud don worry, I'ww make suwe dat I'b Connow's favowite, jus chus waid."

TO BE CONTINUED...