

The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 12

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“Chus go firs!”

“Nuh-uh! Chus go firs!”

Standing at the top of the big slide that was at the heart of CrissCon, Skye and Missy were engaged in a small spat over which of them would brave the steep incline first. “Dis ish toopid! Jus go awweady,” scoffed Skye, trying to make it seem like Missy was being a baby for delaying her turn.

“Oh, I-I gonna go,” responded Missy, refusing to let her male pride take any sort of damage no matter how many frills she was wearing, “Unwike chus! Chus jus a chicken! Does baby chick need a hug fwom Mommy?” She giggled along with her taunts, which only served to build on Skye’s already boiling rage.

Scrunching up her face, Skye fell for Missy’s taunting easily, believing she now had to go first to prove she was better. “Nod a chicken an I’ww pwove it! Da bigges sood go firs anyway,” she said, stepping up to the edge of the slide and instantly feeling her nerve dissolving.

Unfortunately, Skye’s final comment may have worked a tad too well, as Missy realized that she would be ceding who was bigger to Skye. “Nuh! I gossa go firs now,” she said, flipping her decision-making entirely as she rushed toward the mouth of the slide. In her haste, she ended up bumping into Skye and tripping over her, sending the two of them hurling down the slide at the same time. When they finally reached the bottom, the con staff who were standing around for assistance looked less than pleased with them for this but they didn’t care. They were too busy giggling while flopped over each other and having the time of their lives.

Watching from up on the balcony of the Bigs Only Bar, Mother Elma and Latasha laughed as they watched the scene unfold, delighted by how well their Littles were getting along. “See, I told you they’d get along. Skye’s not as Little as you think,” she said with a hint of tipsiness creeping into her voice as she talked up Skye like a doting pageant mom.

“Alright, alright. I’ll admit when I’m wrong. They do appear to be having fun together,” said Elma, rolling her eyes playfully at Latasha’s know-it-all attitude. She played with the rim of her half-full drink, nursing her beverage far longer than Latasha was, “Speaking of fun together, let’s jump back to the subject of your new boy toy. You were just getting into his sissy tendencies and I, for one, refuse to let the conversation die before you get to the juicy stuff.”

Giggling like a gossiping schoolgirl, Latasha slammed down the rest of her drink before diving back in with Elma. “I gotta say, it’s been adorable to watch him come into his own with ABDL. It’s not every day that you get to help someone explore kink from the ground up,” she said, unaware of how inflated her ego was, “Like, I initially hired him in hopes of finding someone who wouldn’t be as constantly horny as his predecessor. I didn’t expect him to end up making me horny in return.”

Raising her glass to Latasha's empty one, Elma clinked glasses with her former protege while wearing a knowing smile. "Sounds to me like your Mommy Dom senses were tingling and you acted on it. You're doing precisely what I taught you to," she said, taking the smallest of sips before returning her glass to the square napkin it was resting on.

"Nuh-uh, I don't think I'd go that far. It was mostly a series of unfortunate events that led to him being diapered in the first place," said Latasha, dismissing Elma's assertion outright. She raised her hand to get the bartender's attention, continuing her statement without looking at Elma and her slowly faltering expression, "Trust me, Connor's a lot timider than you might expect. Besides myself, Carol, and now you, no one else knows about his secret new fetish and I don't see that changing anytime soon."

"Eeeeeek! Why are your hands so cold and sticky?" remarked Connor, trying to keep his mind occupied on anything else as he lay against the padded changing table with Ellie peeling away his slightly moistened pull-up. His face only grew redder as the damp undergarment was yanked out from under him, leaving him naked from the waist down. Several giggles chirped away at his expense, causing him to shift his hands southward to cover his exposed genitalia, "You're enjoying this way too much."

Wearing the biggest smile Connor had ever seen, Ellie couldn't have possibly been happier if she tried as she flattened out the wide, thick diaper and slid it under Connor's slightly raised butt. "Uh-huh! How cood I not?!" she said, sounding even more Little despite the power position she found herself in. Swatting away Connor's shy hands, she lifted the nearby bottle of baby powder and began to dump copious amounts of white dust all over her caretaker's crotch. This created a massive cloud of powder all around the changing table, forcing Connor to cough softly.

"Go easy on him! We don't wanna overdo it on his first time!" shouted Riri from the sidelines, anxiety dripping from every word she said. If possible, she would've been physically barricading the changing table with her body until Ellie calmed down.

Sadly, Stacy was holding Riri back from holding Ellie back, ensuring Connor would get the blushy diapering that he's had coming to him for a long time. "Calm down, Riri. Connor made his choice. If he wanted to get off that changing table, there's nothing Ellie could do to stop him," she asserted, her surprisingly reasonable argument getting Riri to back down from her protests.

As the cloud of dusty powder finally settled, Connor's hands once again shot down to cover his junk, this time for a far more embarrassing reason. "Don make me smack dose hans agin or I'ww- ...oh...hehehe..." snickered Ellie as she pried Connor's weakened limbs away, revealing a throbbing hard-on underneath, "...maybe I sood tuck a buzzy toy into chus diapee if chus gonsa get dis escited! I even goss one wite hewe." She held up a tiny, egg vibrator for Connor to see.

Turning so red that he was threatening to burst a blood vessel in his cheeks. Connor meekly shook his head. "I-I-I don't think that's necessary," he said, uncertain if he wanted Ellie to listen to him or not.

Mercifully, for the sake of Connor's sanity, Ellie set the vibrator aside. Though, she also made sure that Connor knew that while it had been set aside, it could just as easily be picked back up. "I'ww jus weave dis hewe fo now an chus can wet me know when just wans it," she said, intentionally using "when" and not "if" in her sentence. With a touch more powder on his backside, she rested Connor's butt back down on the cushy padding and folded the plush diaper front over his stiffy, making sure to brush against it as often as she could as she placed the four tapes on the landing pad.

Sitting up in his new diaper, Connor was instantly blown away by how much thicker it was than his pull-ups as the pink pamper instantly puffed up with air, which made it feel like he was sitting in a fluffy bubble. Other than a handful of occasions, he hadn't worn real diapers much since his first play session with Latasha and wasn't used to how much bulkier they were. Though, given the number of hungry eyes that were staring at him, the diaper somehow seemed even bigger than when he wore in his Mommy's presence.

"What do you think?" said Riri, approaching the changing table to get a closer look now that Stacy was no longer preventing her. She placed a gentle hand on Connor's right arm, wanting him to know that if things ever got too overwhelming, there was someone amongst the small group of Littles who had his best interest in mind.

Connor needn't say much, though, with his pulsing cock saying more than enough from inside the cozy confines of his diaper. Still, he did his best to verbalize what he was feeling, "I-It's definitely softer than the pull-ups," he said, his voice trembling despite how cool he was trying to play off his reaction.

"If you think that's soft, wait until we get you into this," said Stacy, running up behind Ellie and Riri to show off a pink nightie with white lace trim that she had pulled from the nursery wardrobe. Connor instantly recognized the nightie as the one Skye changed into whenever she was put down for a nap, recalling how smooth and silky her satin nightie always felt as he put her into it. The fabric was thicker and far more expensive than the thinner nighties he wore to bed, making it all the more desirable for Connor to wear.

However, not all were as entranced by Stacy's suggestion as Connor was. Snatching the silky pajamas from Stacy's hand, Riri had allowed Ellie and especially Stacy to walk over herself and Connor for long enough. "I get that you're having fun and are both super excited to bring out Connor's sissy side but let's not throw it all at him at once. Let's consider his feelings for a second and let him decide how far he wants to go tonight," she said with a fervent amount of passion in her voice.

Unfortunately, that passion was quickly disregarded by Stacy, who nudged Riri out of the way and stepped up to the changing table before reaching down and cupping the front of

Connor's pointed diaper. "Trust me, I think his feelings are speaking pretty loud and clear for themselves," she scoffed, teasingly caressing her hand around Connor's padded nob.

Gasping from the attention Stacy was showering him with, Connor was struggling to comprehend everything that was happening. It was as if a heavy fog was obstructing his mind, keeping it from responding to the world around him. All he could do was feel shockwaves of pleasure coursing through his veins with every twitch of Stacy's hand, powerless to keep himself from growing more aroused as he gazed at the nightie in Riri's hand. With what little brain power he still had, he was wholly surprised by the reaction he was having over being turned into a sissy baby at the hands of three of the most immature women he'd ever met in his life. Moreover, the most surprising thing of all was that, no matter how much his anxiety was trying to get him to put a stop to all this, he never wanted it to end.

"Will you two both stop? We get the chance to diaper our caregiver for a night and you two are acting like a pair of bitter old hags," said Ellie, being the last of the Littles to shrug off her faux lisp, "There's an easier way to decide this than by arguing about it. Connor, do you need us to slow down or do you want us to keep going?" Her question turned everyone's attention to Connor as they awaited his answer with bated breath.

Glancing back and forth between the myriad of expressions that each of the three girls had on, Connor opened his mouth to answer but found that the words didn't want to come out. It was as if the little male ego inside his body made one last effort to stop him from tipping past the point of no return before going silent entirely. He wanted this and he needed to find a way to admit that, both to the girls and to himself. In the end, all he could do was stare longingly at the satin nightie and nod his head, unable to verbalize his desires.

Thankfully, Connor had said all he needed to convince Stacy, who gleefully tugged the nightie free from Riri's hands at Connor's behest. "You see? Quit worrying so much and let's give our widdwe sissy baby the best night of HER life," she said, ripping off Connor's t-shirt before stretching out the bottom hem of the nightie and tossing it over Connor's head. The night may not have gone down how she'd planned it to, with her initial intention being to force Connor into a game of dress-up with the power of blackmail. However, while it was still a bummer that her biggest trump card in the Palace was now worthless, the result she had hoped for was still being achieved.

Drifting through the neverending sea of satin that surrounded him on all sides, Connor's sissy clitty only grew harder in his padded confines as he swam toward the trio of small openings at the top. As his head and arms popped out of the nightie, he was swallowed up by the flustered feelings that were filling his heart with joy.

Before Connor could take in what was happening, he was being stood up and guided toward a mirror with Stacy preening over his nightie the whole way, guaranteeing there wasn't a single crease by the time Connor was able to view his reflection. What he saw was perhaps the most magical sight he'd ever seen in his life. He wasn't just wearing something girly as he did with Latasha. He truly looked like he belonged in this reflection, surrounded by pastel pinks,

girly outfits, and baby stuff on all sides. He let out a girlish giggle as he twirled his skirt back and forth, unable to get enough of the sheer fabric brushing against his legs.

Connor was so transfixed by his reflection that he failed to notice Stacy, Riri, and Ellie gathering around him so that all four of them were visible in the mirror. “Now this is a party,” said Stacy, snickering as she padded Connor on the butt, causing his face to burn bright red as his mind returned to reality. She then lifted the make-up bag she had been playing with earlier into view, holding it next to Connor’s head to ensure he got a good, long look at it, “Well, almost a party. We still haven’t done our make-up yet.”

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