

The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 19

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SPLOOOOOOOOORRRRRRT!!!

Arching his back as far as Ellie's body weight would allow him, Connor's already loaded diaper expanded outward, its white fluff rapidly taking on darker shades of brown with each passing second. This, of course, stimulated his prostate something fierce as his seemingly never-ending mush bomb continued to detonate, awakening his senses to the gross, yet undeniably pleasurable reality that messing a diaper came with. With his eyes squeezed shut, his sense of touch became electric, feeling every ounce of muck that entered his diaper. His sense of smell became heightened, inviting the putrid stench into his nostrils. His sense of hearing was as though someone cranked a stereo speaker up to eleven, ensuring every squish and gurgle was fully processed by his perfect ears. Heck, even his sense of taste got a boost, amplifying the stale taste of dried spit and odorous breath.

Mixed together, all of this should've been the biggest turn-off of Connor's life...and yet...it wasn't, evident by the tent in his diaper that only a true diaper lover could sport. That's what he was now, wasn't it? He could no longer sit in the rocking chair and pretend to be above everything the girls did. Worst of all, he couldn't even nail down exactly what aspect of ABDL was getting him so excited. Was it the humiliation? The feeling of being dominated and forced? The physical sensations? The scenario itself? So many questions swirled around in his head; questions for which he had zero answer for.

By the time the pressure in his gut subsided, Connor could only imagine how full his noxious nappy was. He'd changed some rotten diapers since starting at the Palace but there wasn't a single instance he could recall where any of the girls messed for as long as he did. Or did it only feel long? It was hard to tell. Regardless, he was now highly suspicious that someone, namely Stacy, spiked his food or drink with laxatives, unable to fathom that everything contained within his diaper was the product of his own dietary habits and poor decision-making. After all, gorging on half a large pizza plus snacks before getting taped into a diaper was never a wise strategy, at least if he was hoping to avoid a fateful messing.

"Holy shiiii..." said Ellie with her jaw as slack as it would go, stopping herself just short of saying a naughty word, even if it was appropriate in more ways than one. As far as introductory diaper messings went, Connor had shot the moon. To say his diaper was distended would be an understatement. The thing was sagging nearly an additional foot and he wasn't even standing yet, "Where the heck did you keep all that?!"

Snickering maniacally as she loomed around Connor's head, Stacy patted the newly christened sissy baby on his cheeks condescendingly as if pretending to be proud. "I know, right? What a good little pamper packer you were?" she cooed through her faux caregiver persona, serving up as much embarrassment for Connor as possible, "If you ask me, it's almost as if he'd been holding all that in for longer than just one night. Maybe this little cutie had been hoping for something like this to happen the whole time."

“Hehehe, yeah! I fink dis ish wuh Connow wanted da whowe time-OOF!” said Ellie, her sentence obfuscated by a sudden attack on her left side. With no time to react, she found herself falling to Connor’s side, rolling off his body in the process.

Standing over Ellie with fury in her eyes, Riri felt betrayed for her regressed caregiver. “Connor, are you okay?!” she said, her voice deepening to a serious tone as she kneeled down next to him and waved a hand in front of your eyes, only to grit her teeth when his blissed-out pupils didn’t react. After failing to get a response from Connor, she turned her attention aggressively back to her so-called friends, “Well, you got what you fucking wanted. I hope you’re both fucking happy with yourselves.”

Fixing her eyes on the floor, Ellie could feel the ache of guilt creeping up on her. She just wanted Connor to have fun. Why was Riri being so mean when Connor wasn’t even saying no? She didn’t understand and that confusion quickly turned her mood sour.

Stacy, on the other hand, was far less remorseful. “Oh, I’d say I’m quite happy. Not as happy as Connor is though, clearly!” she said, gesturing to the constant throbbing that noisily rustled his crinkly diaper front every few seconds. Faking a pout, she leaned in close to Connor’s head and tilted it so that both herself and Connor’s blank, euphoric expression were facing Riri, “I mean, just look at that face! You can’t sit there and say he didn’t bring this all on himself. What? Are you sad that his first time wasn’t more special? Grow up. This, right here, is who he’s been this whole time. A horny, diaper filler who gets off on you, me, and everything that goes on in here. Shit, I’m starting to doubt this is even his first messing.”

Fluttering his eyes as his hearing faded in and out, Connor wanted to protest each word that came out of Stacy’s mouth based on what he could make out. But how could he? Stacy had him read to rights, no matter what the truth actually was. He could literally be caught with his hand in a cookie jar and it would look less guilty than this. He’d let Stacy...no...he’d let his own arousal drive him off a cliff. And now, all that was left to do was wait for the wreckage to clear.

THUMP!

Suddenly, Connor was startled as something small was tossed onto the carpet next to him. He strained his peripheral vision to see what had been lobbed his way, only for a shive to move throughout his spine as he gazed upon the same egg vibrator that Ellie had threatened him with earlier.

“Why don we quit fightin an put Stacy’s theowy to da tes? Afta aww, no horny sissy baby cood wesist gettin buzzy afta a BIG messin,” said Ellie, defiantly attempting to stay in Little Space in spite of the ongoing conflict. In her eyes, there was no better way to settle things, “I mean, if Connow’s stiww havin fun, why nuh let him have some mo?”

Panting as he stared longingly into the tantalizing toy, it finally dawned on Connor what this evening had turned into. Back during his first session with Latasha, he’d given her control over everything that happened, completely removing the pressure of having to make humiliating decisions and instead allowing him to enjoy the far softer and more pleasurable humiliation that came from getting off in diapers. Tonight couldn’t be further removed from that concept. Stacy was right. Every embarrassing action he took, no matter how involuntary it may seem, came

from his own hand; a fact he could no longer deny. He deserved this. He deserved this. He deserved this.

Operating with shaky but determined arms, Connor picked up the vibrator with the ferocity of a sex-crazed demon and immediately clicked it on before mashing it into the base of his mooshy, bloated diaper. It was immoral, depraved, and disgusting inherently but it was also soft, passionate, and erotic. Two halves that should've canceled each other out but for some reason, was a combination that he couldn't get enough of. Feeling the semi-soft mush shifted throughout the front and back of his diaper, he let out a high-pitched moan unlike any sound he'd ever made in his life as the underside of his cock was coated in fecal matter.

“Would you like to keep arguing?” said Stacy plainly and rhetorically, knowing there was no need to continue her dialogue with Riri at this point. Not with Connor proving every preconceived notion that she ever had about The Padded Palace's freshman caretaker. Now all that was left to do was break him just like she had with his predecessor, “Ellie, grab his arms.”

Doing as she was told, Ellie rounded Connor's body until she was stationed behind his head before latching her hands around both of Connor's wrists. He tried to fight her off momentarily so he could keep rubbing but his trembling appendages were in too weak of a state to fend her off properly. He whimpered as the egg vibrator fell from his fingertips.

“Aww, don't worry, Connor. It's only for a moment. Trust me, you're gonna be thanking me in a few seconds. Just try to relax for now,” said Stacy, allowing Connor to catch his breath as she picked up the tiny, buzzing egg and tossed it back and forth in her hands. All the while, she observed his ceaseless squirming, forced to bite her lip to stave off her own encroaching arousal. Once his body's convulsing began to slow, she knew it was time to strike. With no warning, she returned the vibrator to the center of his squishy prison while clamping her fingers down over his rock-hard member to ensure his stiffy was properly smushed. And based on his eye-popping reaction, she appeared to be doing one heck of a job.

Backing away as Stacy and Ellie firmly dug their claws into Connor's sex drive, Riri was at a loss for what to do. She'd done all that she could but the powers that be refused to let her keep order in the nursery. For what power did she truly have? She wasn't bossy like Stacy, nor was she anywhere as demanding as Ellie. When it came to the guests of the Padded Palace, she was the only one well and truly powerless. And for some ungoddlessly reason, that thought along with the obscene display that Connor was putting on, turned her on to no end, no matter how hard she tried to fight it. Giving into her own sexual desires, she reached down to caress her sopping diaper as the feelings of shame and ecstasy fueled her swollen sex.

Impassioned to the point where he couldn't so much as rotate his head anymore, much less lift it, it wasn't even a full minute before Connor felt himself drift past the point of no return. After so much build-up, that was perhaps the least shocking thing to happen all night. However, unlike his average orgasm, this one was somehow duller, longer, and yet somehow twice as extreme. It was the kind of pleasure that made you want to tear out strands of your own hair to achieve some form of reprieve. Shivers danced throughout his entire nervous system, practically turning his entire body into the tip of a penis.

Somehow, though, even after being pushed to his wit's end, there was still a fraction of Connor's brain that fought to stay intact. That lone stronghold would finally fall as well when instead of his orgasm petering off like normal, the sharp, pleasurable feeling that came with climaxing returned, this time twice as strong. All air evacuated his lungs as he came to the realization with the final ounce of brain power he had left that he was on a crash course for the first double orgasm in his life. For as long as he could remember, he'd always had a secret jealousy that girls could reach their peak over and over again in one session. And now, as he lay on the floor in an ultra-frilly dress, he too was about to experience the joys of repetitive orgasms. Tragically, he was not in the headspace to acknowledge such a heavy dose of irony. Instead, the only thought his brain could focus on was the question of whether or not he would ever stop cumming again. A question that would not be receiving an answer anytime soon as his body geared up for orgasm number three.

TO BE CONTINUED...