

The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 17

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SNOOOOORE!

As the final title card appeared on the screen to announce the end of Cinderella, Connor's tired eyes gazed upon three sleeping Littles, with two of them snuggled up next to him. Scrunching up his face as another pinging cramp in his gut, he was insanely jealous that he couldn't fall asleep nearly as easily as the girls could. Sadly, the pressure that his bowels were pushing on his prostate in such a way that he was never given a moment's peace. He couldn't even get back to Little Space despite the diaper and nightie threatening to send him back with every crinkle and sizzle. And Goddess-forbid resorting to asking to use the bathroom. No doubt, the girls would probably pin him down and force him to mess himself if they knew.

Eying the door to the nursery, Connor could tell that he was running out of time. While the movie had been mercifully short, an hour was a long time to need to use the potty, especially with Ellie resting against the side of his gut. She would definitely be the hardest to sneak out from under so he decided to leave her be for now, starting instead with Riri since she was merely leaning against him. Pressing three fingers against her shoulder, he slowly tilted her away from him, with her eventually rolling away from Connor while still half asleep. He then waited silently without so much a single exhale, listening for Riri's snoring to resume before continuing his escape.

GUUUUUUUURRRRGGLE!

Unfortunately, Connor wouldn't get the chance to pry Ellie off him as an obnoxiously loud tummy grumble woke Ellie mid-sleep cycle. "Mmmm...aww, ish da movie ova?" she said in a small, sleepy voice, her tiredness landing her right back into Little Space. Her words caught Stacy's ear, stirring her back to consciousness as well.

"Darn, I missed the shoe fitting," said Stacy, pouting over missing her favorite scene where Cinderella smartly pulls out the second glass slipper right in front of her shocked stepmother. She let out a big yawn before looking to her naptime crib, her expression glazing over, "I think I'm out of go-go juice. Time for beddy-bye. C'mon, Riri." She gently shook Riri awake, erasing the only progress Connor had managed to make in quick succession.

Mentally cursing his impatient stomach, Connor needed to pivot and fast. By now, it was too late at night to believably excuse himself for a Latasha check-in. His best option was to hurry the girls to their cribs so that he could make a break for it. "Okay, guess I gotta be Big again. Lemme help you girls get-OOF," he said, his words caught off by Stacy tossing a pillow at him.

"Skye took her pillows to the convention so you can use one of mine," said Stacy, gesturing toward Skye's crib.

It took Connor a second to put two and two together. "Oh, th-that won't be necessary. I've got plenty of pillows upstairs on my bed," he said, his statement capturing everyone's attention.

“Sowwy, Connaw. Padded Pawace rules awe dat babies seep in da nuwsewy,” said Riri, clinging to Connor’s nightie with weary hands, “Chus can use Skye’s cwib doh so dat chus don hafta shawe.”

Feeling much more amicable in part due to her drowsiness, Stacy grabbed Connor by the arms and yanked him up to his feet. “Come on, you little poof butt. I’ll give you the deluxe nighttime experience with a change and a tuck-in. No storytime, though. I don’t like reading,” she said, maintaining her firm hold on the Palace’s caregiver position, at least for the moment.

“That’s alright. Y-You don’t need to-,” responded Connor, once again finding himself interrupted as Stacy planted a long finger against his moving lips.

Using her free hand, Stacy reached down and grabbed a big handful of Connor’s mushy diaper fluff, causing him to go wide-eyed in the process. “You see, this is why babies don’t get to pick when they get diaper changes. Poor little things have no idea how wet they get,” she said, turning Connor into a blushy mess yet again. Only this time, it wasn’t for the reason she thought.

Having let out a silent fart in reaction to Stacy’s handsy behavior, Connor was now as stiff as a statue as he felt a distinct sliminess lubricating his butt cheeks. Unbeknownst to him was the fact that he, in fact, hadn’t pooped himself. It was merely a combination of sweat, his mental state, and his lack of experience with using a diaper.

It didn’t matter that it was all psychological though. In Connor’s mind, he had just sharted himself, lowering his status to being no better than one of the Padded Palace’s attendees. If Stacy saw what he believed he had done, he would never hear the end of it. He knew he needed to say something, ANYTHING to get out of this situation. Tragically, his power of speech was severely hampered for obvious reasons.

“Connaw, ish jus a diapee change. We awweady seen ewewyfung,” said Ellie, coming up behind Connor and hugging him from behind. This seemingly innocuous action was like a dagger in Connor’s pride. He leaped forward instinctually as the front of Ellie’s diaper mashed into the rear of his own, bonking heads with Stacy in the process.

Stumbling back with a hand nursing the impact spot on her forehead, the semi-good mood that Connor’s transformation had put her in disappeared in an instant. “Ahh! Dude, what the f-oh...” she said, her expression shifting from confusion and anger to devious and knowing the second she laid eyes on Connor. The slight stutter in his speech. The way he couldn’t stand still. The small beads of sweat on his face. And of course, his reaction to Ellie’s hug. There was only one explanation, “...Uh oh, girls. I think someone needs to go potty.”

“Attention my naughty attendees! It’s time for a Padded Palace classic. Who’s ready to play Pin the Diaper on the Dork?” announced Latasha, earning a lofty reception from the over two dozen people packed into her hotel room, “I’ll let my lovely assistant, Aanya, tell you everything you need to know while I get everything set up.”

Clapping her hands together as she stepped into the center of the room, Aanya was chomping at the bit to play one of her all-time favorite ABDL party games. “Okay, diaper dorks,

you've all played pin the tail on the donkey, I'm sure. Well, Pin the Diaper on the Dork is very similar in nature. One at a time, caregivers will be blindfolded and spun in circles. They will then have 30 seconds to tape their diaper on our designated dork. And we won't stop adding diapers until our lucky dork can't so much as crawl, much less waddle. Now then, I think I already know exactly who would be perfect for our first dork!" she said with an evil grin plastered on her face. Pointing a finger toward the playpen, her devilish eyes landed squarely on her pathetic, little sissy, Gary, "Garebare, come to Mommy." She crouched down and patted her thighs with both hands condescendingly as if she were calling a pet.

As Gary reluctantly joined Aanya in the center of the room, Latasha was keeping herself busy but setting up several stacks of cheap, incontinence underwear. She wasn't about to waste proper ABDL diapers if they weren't going to be used as intended. All the while, she struggled to suppress her high-key annoyance over the fact that she was stuck setting up for a game she'd barely get the chance to participate in. Grabbing her red-solo cup filled with half red bull and half vodka, she angrily downed the rest of her drink before chucking the cup at the trash can sandwiched between the drink table and the changing table.

It wasn't like anyone could blame Latasha for feeling bitter over how the evening was developing. She wasn't the one pushing hard drinks on someone with the emotional stability of a toddler. What was Elma thinking? As if dealing with a drunken toddler wasn't going to add enough stress to her night, there was no telling how bad she would be in the morning once her hangover inevitably set in.

Everything would be so much better if I'd just left Skye at home.

Freezing in place, Latasha's heart skipped a beat as a horrible, intoxicated thought entered her brain. She knew she didn't mean it but just having the thought alone was enough to scare her. Skye meant the world to her. What was she even doing? She should've known Skye wouldn't enjoy this party as much as she would. In the back of her mind, she probably did. It had been two years since her last convention. Heck, since her last vacation in general. She needed this...at least that's what she kept telling herself.

"Everything okay?"

Coming out of her zombie-like trance, Latasha released the death grip she had on the small stack of diapers in her hand at the sound of Elma's voice. "Y-Yeah. Everything's fine," she said, wanting to apologize for what happened between them. It was her ego that refused to let go no matter how hard she tried, "How about you?"

"I'm okay. I'm sorry, Latasha. I overstepped my boundaries, both as a caregiver and as a friend. It wasn't my place to say anything," said Elma, eating her slice of humble pie in order to salvage the weekend with her old friend. In truth, she wasn't all that sorry. What she said may have been rude but it was also honest. It was clear that Latasha wasn't cut out for being a full-time caregiver but she also knew that there was nothing she could say at this point to get her to realize that.

Elma's surprising apology allowed Latasha to let the air out of her lungs. For as long as she'd known Elma, she'd never apologized for so much as bumping into someone in passing, let

alone a full-blown argument. Not wanting to be the lesser person, she readied herself to face the music. “Thank you. I’m s...Skye?”

“What?” said Elma, cocking her head to the side at Latasha’s bizarre statement. Following her gaze, she turned around to find Skye back at the drinks table with Jesi by her side, “Jesi, I’m positive that Skye doesn’t need anything else from that table.”

Raising a reassuring hand toward Latasha and Elma, Jesi was quick to clear up what was happening. “Calm down, you two. Skye just wanted some juice,” she said, stepping aside to reveal Skye clumsily pouring orange juice into a sippy cup while spilling a good amount of it in the process.

“Yeah, that’s fine but maybe don’t let her dump half of it on the table,” said Latasha, rushing over to help steady the carton in Skye’s hand. Looking down at her baby girl, she was saddened to find that Skye’s face was deliberately turned away from her. It wasn’t surprising nor unearned but it was heart-crushing. She topped off Skye’s sippy cup and set the carton aside before kneeling down next to Skye, “Mommy’s been a big dummy, hasn’t she?”

Nodding her head without looking at Latasha, Skye balled her fists up tightly as she held back tears. She didn’t want to fight with Mommy. But Mommy had been such a bad Mommy ever since they got to CrissCon. She rotated toward Latasha a little bit, allowing her to sneak peeks at Latasha from her peripheral vision. “I wans a hug,” she said, her bottom lip quivering.

“Oh, baby, come here,” cooed Latasha, petting Skye’s hair as she squeezed her close, “I’m so sorry, baby girl. I promise that tomorrow, you and I are going to do whatever you want. Just the two of us.”

Returning Latasha’s hug, Skye sniffled through her response, “I-I’d wike d-dat.”

Breaking from the hug, Latasha stood back up before arching her back to pop it. “Oof. Mama’s gettin’ old,” she said, garnering a titter of laughter from Skye. Taking Skye by the hand, she decided in her head that for the rest of the night-no...for the rest of the trip, she was going to keep Skye by her side at all times like a good Mommy should, “You wanna come sit with Mommy? We’re about to play a super fun game.”

Cracking a fragile smile, Skye nodded again, this time much more enthusiastically. “Dat souns nice,” she said, wiggling in a place like the adorable Little she was.

“Excellent. Let’s go grab a seat on the bed before they’re all gone,” said Latasha, turning to move to the bed. However, she soon found her arm pulling in the opposite direction as Skye angled back toward the drink table, “Oh, did you still need something?”

Shaking her head, Skye grabbed a full red solo cup off the far edge of the table and turned to offer it to Latasha. “I fink dis ones churs,” she said, rotating the cup in her hands so that Latasha could see her name written in sharpie on the side.

Accepting the drink from Skye, Latasha lifted the cup to her eyes, confirming that it was indeed her handwriting. Had she poured a drink earlier and completely forgotten about it? She supposed she was drunk enough at this point for that to happen. “Well, I guess it is. Thank you

pumpkin,” she said, giving Skye some well-deserved headpats, “Now let’s go. The show’s about to start.”

Latasha had no idea how much her words were about to ring true. As she was led away from the drinks table, Skye uncurled her fist, letting an empty wrapper and a crumpled-up Liss Lolly stick fall to the floor.

TO BE CONTINUED...