

The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 20

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“Wowza! I swear, you’re more squirmy than my GareBare is!”

“MMMMMMMM!” shouted a muffled Latasha, her words blocked by the paci-gag that was locked firmly in her mouth. With her arms pinned over her head and her feet tied down to the foot of the changing table, she was at the mercy of whichever Big was standing over her, which at the moment happened to be Jesi.

Sprinkling the bottle of baby powder all over Latasha, Jesi was determined to give the seasoned caregiver as perfect of a diaper change as possible. Unfortunately, her blindfolded state left a lot to be desired in the diapering department, leading to more powder winding up on Latasha’s tummy and thighs than her well-padded crotch. Pressing on the fourth tape, she backed away and removed her blindfold, only to hang her head in shame as she gazed upon the final product. “Shoot! I put one of the leg tapes where the waist one goes!” she cried, always first in line to be her own worst critic.

“There, there. At least you got it on her fully. Can’t say the same for everyone in attendance,” said Elma, placing a tender hand on Jesi’s shoulder, “Now, clear out. It’s time for Mother’s turn.”

Snatching the blindfold out of Jesi’s hands, she approached the changing table with an eager smile. After all, it wasn’t every day that she got to pamper a former protege, especially one who abandoned the trade she had put so much effort into training her for.

However, as she looked back at the crowd around her, Elma’s eyes locked onto Skye’s satisfied smile. It seemed she wasn’t the only one with the belief that Latasha was right where she belonged. She hesitated momentarily as a cruel, bitter idea emerged as the prominent thought in her head. “Hey Skye,” she said, grabbing a fresh, folded diaper off the stack next to the changing table and holding it out for Skye to take, “If anyone deserves a turn, I think it should be you.” While she may have wanted her own catharsis, she knew Skye needed it far more for all the anxiety that Latasha had put her through.

Staring blankly at Elma’s hand for what felt like an eternity, a realization hit Skye like a large Tonka truck. Despite living within the confines of the ABDL community for nearly a decade, never had she been allowed to diaper someone else. Sure, she’d diapered herself on numerous occasions back before she lived as a full-time Little but those days felt so foreign to her at this point. To be offered the chance now, especially considering who she would be diapering, was almost too surreal to believe. Filled with uncertainty in her chest, she gritted her teeth and nodded, earning wild applause from the audience that had amassed in Latasha’s hotel room.

“Latasha’s getting diapered by her own Little?! Oh, this is too good!”

“You’ve got this, Skye!”

“Go show her booty who’s boss!”

The voices from the crowd only fueled Skye's devious nature. Encouraged by those around her, she confidently hopped to her feet and approached Elma, standing a bit taller than she normally did to accept the soft, plastic rectangle from Elma. "I'm weedy ta-...I'm ready to play," she said, dropping her lisp as it no longer felt natural to use.

"Do you need me to explain everything or are you good to go?" asked Elma as stepped in behind Skye and placed the silky blindfold over her eyes.

Shaking her head no, Skye responded, "I've played before. Never from this side, though." She exhaled a shaky laugh as her anxiety spiked the raw feeling in her chest again. Only this time, it didn't cause her any pain. Rather, it served to fuel and exhilarate her. That exhilaration soon led to a warm, moist pit growing in her own diaper. This must've been why Bigs got off on dominating Littles so much, her horniness rising due to her newfound power.

"You're gonna be great," said Elma, tightening the blindfold around Skye's head and spinning her a few times before stepping aside and leaving Skye to take her turn, "I'll be right here if you have any questions."

Opening the diaper like a bag of microwave popcorn, Skye's delicate hands traced the edges of the unfolded nappy, making sure that the diaper was fully flattened out beforehand. She then stepped up to the table, quickly locating the wealth of bulk around Latasha's waist.

"Shkye...don...do dis," stuttered Latasha as she struggled to muscle out four short words from behind the humongous paci bulb. Her pleas clearly fell on deaf ears as Skye's hands continued to explore her body. She eeped as her legs were yanked into the air before being lowered back down onto yet another layer of padding. As much as she hated to admit it, her arousal only seemed to grow alongside her diaper count, made worse by having Skye of all people adding to the fire. She bit down on the binky in her mouth, failing to suppress a dull moan from escaping her lips.

Losing her composure momentarily, Elma allowed her jaw to drop at how submissive Latasha was acting. Even when she was being punished under her tutelage, Latasha's biggest strength had always been the crazy amount of self-control she had, as if she could shut off her arousal through sheer determination alone. Clearly, this was not the same Latasha. "For Goddess's sake, you're nothing more than a diapered, little loser now, aren't you? Don't you feel any shame as a caregiver?" she said, piling on the humiliation as she leaned in close to Latasha's ear to ensure Skye couldn't hear her, "No, you don't, do you? Because you're not a proper caregiver, and you never will be."

Whimpering in a mix of anger, embarrassment, and unending pleasure, Latasha's head was spinning far too much for her to argue back in any meaningful way. Not that she'd have much of an argument if she could. Neglectful, self-centered, and prideful; traits unbecoming of a caregiver. And yet, she couldn't deny that they were apt descriptions for her behavior since arriving at CrissCon. This is where she belonged. She deserved this. She deserved this. She deserved this.

Skye, meanwhile, paid little attention to the kind of head space Latasha was in with her focus locked firmly on the task at hand. Squirting a wealth of lotion into her hand, she began to

smear the creamy substance all over Jesi's previous handiwork, unaware of how haphazardly she was applying it while blindfolded. Once she felt the diaper had a decent layer of lotion, she felt around the table for the bottle of powder, using the crowd to her advantage as their voices seemed to pick up whenever her hand neared the bottle. A small poof of white powder escaped the bottle as her fingers latched onto it, sending her adoring audience into yet another frenzy of cheers. She was really doing this!

"Alright, Skye. The easy part's over. Now you've gotta tape her shut!" encouraged Elma, who was more than happy to cheap a little bit on Skye's behalf via shoutouts, "Don't forget to fluff out the wings or else they'll get bunched up!"

Raising a thumbs up over her shoulder, Skye didn't need the help but wasn't about to push her luck with Elma in any regard. She was, by far, the most dominant person she'd ever met in her life, and nothing over the course of this night had come anywhere close to changing her mind. In a way, it was kind of ironic. The way she looked at Elma now was the way she used to view Latasha. And now here she was, powdering Latasha's fluffy backside as if the two years of their Little-Big relationship held no water.

Believing to have dusted Latasha with a proper layer of talcum, Skye set the bottle down and moved in for the big finish. Based on the amount of trouble Jesi had, it was safe to say taping the diaper around so much bulk wasn't an easy feat. Grabbing one wing, she pressed it against Latasha's body with her knee to hold it in place while leveraging her body on top of her caregiver to gain access to the second set of tapes.

This caused a jolt of pleasure to shoot through Latasha as Skye's diaper mooshed up against hers in a very erotic fashion, at least from Latasha's perspective anyhow. For Skye, she was too focused on the task at hand to notice that she and Latasha were bumping diapers with each other. After what felt like an eternity of trying to line up the first tape, she slapped it down, allowing for the second tape to be applied much easier. She then repeated the process on the other side, hopping down from the table and raising her hands in victory as the final tape was pressed on. "I'm done! Did I win?" she asked, unable to suppress her own Little tendencies as she bounced up and down on her feet in anticipation.

"Well, why don't you see for yourself," said Elma, untying the blindfold from Skye's head and revealing the utterly atrocious job that the inexperienced Little had done.

While it all looked right in her head, Skye had ultimately failed to properly diaper Latasha. Her head sunk as she looked upon her work and despaired. The tapes were all over the place, with the right side nearly overlapping while the left side bunched up near the leg hole. It was a disgraceful display, at least in Skye's eyes.

"Oh, sweetheart. You didn't do so bad. Your powdering and lotion skills were spot on," said Elma, petting Skye's head in an attempt to cheer her up, "Here, lemme get it fixed for you." Wrapping the blindfold around her head, she approached Latasha's cowering body and proceeded to make quick work of repairing Skye's misshapen diapering much to the awe of everyone in attendance. If it wasn't obvious before that Mother Elma's skills were far above everyone else's, it certainly was now. It wasn't even 30 seconds before she was pulling off the

blindfold to admire her own handiwork. “Okay, Lil’ Tish, I’ll let you be the judge. Feeling all snug in there?” She smiled devilishly at Latasha, patting the front of her diaper condescendingly.

Scowling at Elma with burning intensity, there were many things Latasha would happily do if her body weren’t restrained to a diaper table. And while she wasn’t in the position to do much, she knew she could still take a big bite out of Elma’s ego. “I fink chus did a shiddy job, Ewma,” she said, causing a chorus of oohs to circle the hotel room. To prove her point, she wiggled her hips for a few seconds only for one of the tapes to pop loose, “Too fas an nod enuff time secuwin da tapes. Amatuew ad bes.”

Returning Latasha’s death glare, Elma’s cheeks flared up for only a split second. She could’ve sworn the tapes were secure. Pressing the tape back into place, she looked down at the satisfied grin Latasha was wearing in spite of her current position. Thinking on her feet, she knew she couldn’t let Latasha get the better of her. “A “shiddy” job, huh? Sounds like someone needs to learn a lesson about using naughty words,” she said, removing the velcro straps from Latasha’s arms and hoisting her off the table.

Before Latasha could attempt to wrestle her way out of Elma’s arms, she found herself being thrown down on the side of the bed with her legs and diapered bum hanging off the side. It didn’t take her long to realize what Elma was planning to do. “NUH! Ged off me!” she screamed, wiggling up a storm in hopes of breaking free, only for several more hands to clamp down on her.

“Not this time, Tish. I let you go once before and clearly that was a mistake,” said Elma, taking hold of the paddle once more and brushing it delicately against Latasha’s backside as if warming up her booty, “You remember the drill, right? 20 hits for an infraction. Lose count and I start over.”

SMACK!

“AHHHHGH!” shouted Latasha, unable to suppress her cries as the wooden paddle mashed down on her well-diapered bottom. A deep, searing pain soon surfaced on her right ass cheek, with her padding doing little to stop the damage that Elma’s dangerous swing had the power to inflict.

Placing a hand to her ear for a brief moment, Elma raised the paddle yet again. “I didn’t hear a one!” she yelled, punctuating her sentence with another ***SMACK!***

“AHHH-ONE!” said Latasha, recalling how neverending this pain could be if she failed to keep up with Elma. As much as she didn’t want to degrade herself this way, she had little choice considering her circumstances. She couldn’t even get a full breath in before the next ***SMACK!*** graced her buttocks, “GAAAAH! TWO!”

The process continued seemingly for ages, at least from Latasha’s perspective. With each spank, the crowd around them only seemed to get louder, shoving the caregiver further down the Little Space rabbit hole. How could she let this happen? She was a Big, for Goddess’s sake. This was supposed to be her party. Mercifully, the word “twenty” did finally manage to escape her lips, with Latasha managing to escape with only one additional spanking. She allowed herself to relax, believing the punishment to be over.

“Okay, party peeps. I think it's time we got a new dork on the table. This one's looking a bit broken,” teased Aanya, placing a foot against Latasha's butt and nudging it slightly to aggravate the stinging, “Hand over the paddle, Elms.”

However, as Aanya reached for the paddle, Elma instead arched back with the paddle in hand, causing everyone within radius to duck out of the way.

SMACK!

Latasha's eyes practically bugged out of her skull as the surprise hit left her utterly speechless. The spanking was supposed to be over. What the fuck was Elma doing?

“Oh, I'm nowhere near done,” said Elma, her voice turning cold as she arched back again and placed another hardy ***SMACK!*** on Latasha's raw rear, “Do you have any idea how hard you were to replace?!”

SMACK!

“You were my first student!”

SMAAACK!

“I was so proud of you!”

SMAAAAAACK!

“And now look at you!”

SMAAAAAAAAAACK!

“A failure of a Diaper Dom and a caregiver!”

SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

“Disappointing! That's what you are...in all my years of domming, you're my greatest disappointment.”

Raising the paddle for another hit, Elma's emotions finally got to her. The paddle slipped from her hands and clunked against the floor, its sound causing Elma to snap to reality. She looked around briefly, glancing at the various, horrified expressions of everyone in attendance. Even Skye seemed to back away from her. She gazed back down at Latasha's whimpering and pathetic state, realizing too late that she'd gone too far. “L-Latasha...I'm-”

“Elma, I think it's best you take Missy back to your room,” said Jesi, placing a hand on each of Elma's arms and ushering the petrified dominatrix toward the door.

Stepping onto the bed to ensure everyone could see her, Aanya knew when it was time to call it. “Attention everyone! Party's over!” she yelled, causing everyone to start filing out. Before long, the only ones left in the hotel room were Jesi, Aanya, Latasha, and their Littles.

Watching from the sidelines as Jesi and Aanya removed Latasha's many diaper layers and prepped her for bed, a pinging pain filled Skye's chest. This wasn't supposed to be how it went. She wanted to embarrass her Mommy a little. Not allow Elma to brutalize her to the point

of going non-verbal. Her heart swelled with guilt and regret, wishing she could rewind the night to stop herself before it was too late. Sadly, it WAS too late. And worst of all, there was really no one else to blame but herself.

As Jesi removed the extra diapers from Latasha's waist and lifted the covers over her weary body, Skye rushed over and crawled in with her Mommy, tears streaming down her face. "I sowwy, M-Mommy," she stuttered as she nuzzled up to Latasha's limp, passed-out body, wishing that the two of them could be snuggling back at home.

TO BE CONTINUED...