

The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 16

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“...Bippity, Boppity, Boo!”

Snuggled up on the floor against a large pile of pillows, blankets, and stuffies, Connor could feel his cheeks warming up as Cinderella’s dress began to magically transform into the ball gown of her dreams. Despite not having seen the animated classic for well over a decade, it was as majestic as he remembered it to be.

“You watching, Connerella?” quipped Stacy, earning a few subdued giggles from Ellie in response. Just because they were slowing things down with a movie didn’t mean that she was planning to ease up on her teasing, “Wait, does this make me the Fairy Godmother?!”

Rolling her eyes, Riri swiftly elbowed Stacy, who emitted a tiny yelp upon being hit. “Nuh, I don’t think anyone has no stepsister enewgy den chus do, Stacy,” she said, garnering more laughter from Ellie while also receiving a fist bump from Connor.

Watching Stacy blush and sink back out the corner of his eye, Connor couldn’t help but chuckle slightly. After months of fearing what would happen when the girls found out, it almost felt silly how long it took him to come clean with how smoothly things were going now. Sighing contentedly, he leaned back into his snuggle spot and relaxed as the movie played on.

Twinge!

Leaning forward slightly, Connor realized he may have relaxed a little too much as a dull ache in his bladder made itself known. Unfortunately, with Ellie clinging to his lower half and Riri leaning against his torso, he couldn’t exactly sneak out undetected. Resting back once again, he decided to hell with it. If he was going to be diapered then he shouldn’t be ashamed to use it. After all, it wasn’t as if anyone else was rocking a dry diaper by this point in the night.

Closing his eyes, Connor focused his hearing on the movie whilst attempting to block out the world around him. This proved easier said than done as any time his bladder neared the point of letting go, his body instinctively pulled back. As his frustration continued to mount, he began pushing harder and harder with blood rushing to his head as he forced a small trickle of urine into his diaper. It wasn’t much and it required him to stop and start several times but eventually, he was able to get something going. Observing as his diaper slowly expanded, he cracked a soft

PFFFFFF!

Connor’s body suddenly recoiled as a brief but obnoxiously loud echoed out into the nursery. There was no warning. No indication whatsoever that his body was primed to let one rip. Sadly, the joy of a swollen diaper was quickly replaced by a fresh batch of cramps impacting his lower stomach. It wasn’t anything he couldn’t handle but if it went unchecked, he could be in for a world of hurt. If only that were his only concern.

“Alright, who shat themselves?” said Stacy, arching her neck back to stare down the padded trio.

Folding her arms, Ellie jumped to her feet and promptly responded, “And how do we know it wasn’t you who tooted?”

“Because I’m sitting over here. And now I think it’s definitely you,” said Stacy, clapping back against Ellie, who quickly armed herself with a stuffed animal and chucked it at Stacy’s head. Thankfully, her aim was paltry to say the least, resulting in the small kitten plushy being launched across the room, “Pfft, that wasn’t even close, dingus. And why are you being so quiet, Riri?”

Looking back and forth between Stacy and Ellie, Riri was not prepared to be thrust into this argument. “Wuh did I do?” she said, fixing her eyes back on the screen in a huff, “If chus two gonsa keep yewwin, do it in da otter woom. Dis is my favowitest pawt.”

In the midst of the chaos that Stacy and Ellie were dusting up, Connor recognized that this might be his best chance to sneak off for a bathroom break. Surely, if he got caught, he’d never hear the end of it, so he’d have to be smart about how he excused himself. Thinking on his feet, he knew that his phone was sitting on the other side of the nursery. He could pretend to check it and say he needs to call Latasha. Without saying a word, he slowly tried to slip away from the cuddle puddle.

Tragically, Connor’s plan was instantly thwarted by Riri, who roped her arms around his as he went to get up. “Nuh, chus don wansa miss dis,” she said, tugging Connor back to place.

Gritting his teeth, Connor took in a few deep breaths, causing his cramps to subside. He could still feel a tightness in his gut but so long as there wasn’t any direct discomfort, he figured he could hang on until the end of the movie. “Don’t worry, I was just adjusting,” he said, patting Riri on the head as he let himself get caught up in the movie once again.

BUUUUURP!

Giggling as a rush of air exploded out of his mouth, Skye was now a bottle and a half deep. To her genuine surprise, she found the state of being drunk to be quite enjoyable. In her eyes, it was like being in an inescapable Little Space that made everything seem so fun and pretty. “E-Escuse me,” she stuttered before bursting into another fit of laughter.

“Oh, my! Someone’s feeling extra silly, aren’t they?” said Mother Elma, rubbing her hands along Skye’s ticklish sides from behind. With Latasha’s paddle gripped firmly in her right hand, she leaned Skye over onto the mattress with her legs dangling against the floor, “Alright, my little Blue-Skye, you tell me when you want me to stop, okay?”

Nodding excitedly, Skye held up a woozy thumbs up, biting her lip in anticipation of the first hit. It had been so long since her last big spanking and for as good as Latasha was, she tended to go easier on Skye than the other girls when doling out discipline. Though, based on how Elma interacted with Missy, it was safe to say she wouldn’t be holding back.

“Skye! What are you doing?!”

Walking up behind Elma and snatching the paddle out of her hands right as she was about to go in for her first swing, Latasha's maternal instincts kicked in, immediately draining her of her insobriety as her heart rate pulsed out of control. In the back of her mind, the only thing she was thinking about was the horror stories Skye had told about her former partner, which was a big reason why she didn't spank Skye as discipline if she could help it. "Are you okay, Skye?" she said, rushing to her baby girl's side in case she was already spiraling. Much to her surprise, Skye was anything but.

"Wewax Mommy... *hiccup!*...Ewma an I wewe jush pwayin..." slurred Skye, barely managing to lift her head off the bed to smile at her adoring Mommy.

Unfortunately, Latasha was anything but adoring at the present. Spotting the empty milk bottle resting at Skye's feet, she turned to look at Elma with a fervent scowl. "You've got some fucking nerve, Elma," she said, genuinely shocked by what in her eyes was a very troubling event.

"Oh Tish, now you want to be a caregiver?" scoffed Elma, blatantly rolling her eyes with little tact thanks to her slight tipsiness, "Just a second ago, you were so keen on reliving your glory days. What? Did you miss being a Diaper Dom that much?"

Latasha's glare only intensified with each word that left Elma's mouth. This didn't stop her cheeks from turning a few shades redder over being called out for her behavior. In truth, she hadn't checked in with Skye nearly as often as she should have. That didn't mean she was about to concede, though. Far from it as her anger neared the point of boiling over. "Call me Tish one more time. I dare you," she said starkly, stepping forward as she got into Elma's face.

Spotting the feud that was about to kick up, Jesi was quick to grab Aanya before things escalated for the worse. "Heeeeey, let's simmer down, okay? Nothing some water and a bit of rest can't fix," she said, tending to Latasha as Aanya placed a hand on Elma's shoulder and promptly pulled her aside to reason with her.

"Mommy, shtawp bein sush a poopy-whoopy," said Skye, her head bobbing back and forth as she staggered to her feet only to stumble back onto the bed.

Thankfully, Latasha and Jesi were on stand-by to catch her less-than-graceful descent before she rolled off the bed entirely. "Goddess damn it," grunted Latasha under her breath as she hoisted Skye's drunk body back to her feet, "Jesi, help me sit her down in the bathroom."

Shifting Skye's body so she had an arm around each of Latasha's and Jesi's shoulders, the two caregivers raced Skye into the private bathroom attached to the hotel room that Latasha had wisely blocked off before the party started. She'd hosted room parties one too many times to know what would happen if she left a hiding space like this free, and while Latasha was willing to get down and dirty, there were some messes she'd rather not remember cleaning.

"Jesi, can you go grab a cup off the drinks table and fill it in the sink?" said Latasha, sending Jesi back out into the party as she squatted down in front of Skye and placed a gentle hand on her cheek, "Hi sweetie. There's nothing to worry about. Mama'sh gonna take good care of you." She shook her head as she could feel the weight of all the alcohol she'd consumed trying to drag her back down to drunkenness.

Batting away Latasha's hand, Skye was not at all receptive to her Mommy's tender gesture. "Why chus gossha wuin aww da fun?!" she shouted, her head lurching forward as she amplified her voice, "Ewma'sh bein way mo fun den chus!"

Taken aback, Latasha was at a loss for words. Never before had Skye yelled at her like that, much less in order to tell her how unfun she was. If she had been a little less drunk, she would've felt a tiny tremor in her heart. She opened her mouth, uncertain what she was about to say but knowing she had to say something.

Sadly, Jesi returned before Latasha could come up with anything, causing Latasha to lose her nerve. "Alright, one water coming right up," she said cutely, feeling as though she were on an extra-important mission thanks to her own intoxication levels. She could practically hear a classic spy movie theme in the back of her head, "Oh, Latasha. Someone was asking for you. The changing table is running low on padding."

"Frick. Why does everything have to happen all at once?" muttered Latasha under her breath. The last thing she wanted to deal with right now was more party stuff. However, she wasn't about to task someone else with keeping everything under control, especially with how much water Jesi was spilling while trying to fill an empty cup. Turning back to Skye, she placed a hand against her baby girl's forehead and hoisted her up so that she could make eye contact, "Listen, baby, Mommy needs to run out to the party for a second. Auntie Jesi's gonna look after you while I'm gone okay? Here, you can play with your phone until I get back. I love you, Skye." She placed Skye's phone in her hands and squeezed them tightly before spiriting out of the bathroom.

Fixing her face into the poutiest face she could, Skye's heavy head sank against her chest, made all the heavier due to her inaugural inebriation. "Why was Latasha being so mean to her and Elma? They weren't doing anything she wasn't doing. She was being totally unfair," she thought, folding her arms sloppily in frustration. Feeling her anxiety rising, she thought back to what Elma taught her. She inhaled and exhaled deeply five times before counting, "Curtain, toothbrush, towel, shampoo, cell phone."

"Oh, Skye, it's okay. Mommy Latasha will be back before you know it," said Jesi, setting the cup of water in Skye's hand and stepping back. She didn't want to overstimulate Skye by getting too close, so instead she simply kept her distance while gently petting her hair.

However, Skye wasn't in need of the comfort Jesi was providing anymore now that the pings in her chest had gone away. Relaxing a bit against the back of the toilet, she opened up her phone, greeted by Connor's text thread from earlier in the evening. More specifically, her eyes landed upon his most recent text. "Maybe you should share some of your diapers with her lol," was all it said, with the "her" in question pertaining to Latasha. She clicked off her phone and raised her head up as a series of terrible, drunken ideas started to fill her mind. Perhaps Connor had a good point.

TO BE CONTINUED...