

The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 11

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“Nuh! Don run off yet! I stiww need ta fix chus dwess,” said Stacy, doing her darndest to corral Skye back toward her, still needing to tie her purple sash into place. It was a day just like any other at the Padded Palace, with Stacy leading the charge on yet another game of dress-up. Not that any of the other girls minded, nor did they need an excuse to dress cutely. That didn’t mean they were going to make things easy on Stacy in the slightest, “Why chus awways da diffiucwt one?”

Giggling in response, Skye paid no mind to Stacy’s teasing, instead choosing to focus on the lilac fairy princess that stood in the mirror. She twisted her waist back and forth to watch her dress twirl around her, something that annoyed Stacy to no end. As a result, Skye soon found herself the victim of one of Stacy’s famous tickle assaults.

“Uh oh! I fink Skye’s gots da tickwe bug!” shouted Ellie as she rushed over to Skye at the sound of her tiny laughter. Before long, there were twice as many hands traipsing across Skye’s sensitive tummy.

Sitting over on the other side of the nursery in his usual rocking chair, Connor observed the adorable conflict in action as he waited to see if his assistance ended up being necessary. Luckily, his presence would not be necessary thanks to Riri, who hurried to Skye’s aid and broke up the tickle fest, “Guys, chus gonsa make her pee agin! Connaw jus changed hew!”

Snickering at Riri’s pleas for civility, Connor relaxed in his chair. It may have been a common sight at the Padded Palace but there was something about watching the unadulterated joy that all four girls shared. More than that, though, he couldn’t help but feel a tad jealous of their overly-frilly attire, his mind drifting back to the dreamy nightie he had waiting for him later that evening.

“Looks like someone wants to join.”

Gasping softly, Connor snapped out of his trance-like expression as he was suddenly approached from behind by Latasha. “Goddess, Latasha, y-you can’t jus-” was all he managed to squeak out before Latasha’s soothing hands had eased his shoulders back until he was resting against the chair.

“Shhhhhhhh, no need to make a fuss. You don’t have to tell me what you want for me to see it. It’s written on your face,” said Latasha, reaching around the back of the chair and booping Connor’s nose.

Connor instantly recoiled, raising both hands to cup his nose. “They could see you,” he whisper-yelled, maintaining a watchful eye on the Littles in case Latasha’s sly taunts attracted any attention. Though, this only made his face redder as he was forced to stare at the darling dresses yet again. Preventing himself from slipping into another trance, he pushed back against Latasha’s assertion, “And no, I don’t want to join. Can you imagine what the girls would say? They’d never respect me again.”

“So? They’ve all spent years surrounded by people in this community. Martin wears, Carol wears, heck, even I’ve been known to wear from time to time,” said Latasha, tenderly patting Connor on his head, “But don’t let me pressure you into anything. At the end of the day, it’s your kink. You decide if and when you tell someone.”

Glancing up at Latasha and then back at the girls, Connor's mask of masculinity came out in full force, refusing to admit what he and Latasha already knew. He scoffed, brushing off his Mommy’s assertion like the adamant Little he was deep down, “I don’t think I’d ever want anyone else to know, especially those four.”

Sitting forward in the rocking chair so that the rounded legs were standing on edge, Connor looked back and forth at Ellie, Riri, and Stacy, all three of whom were sitting cross-legged on the carpet staring back at him. He folded his hands together and pressed them against his forehead, letting out a painfully long sigh.

“Get on with it!” jeered Stacy, her patience for Connor’s tepidness wearing thin.

Stacy’s knee-jerk response earned a swift reaction from Riri in the form of a harsh shush. “Give him aww da time he needs,” she said before returning her full attention to Connor, “Pwease continue. Chus wewe tawkin bout Ewwie’s birfday pawty.”

“Yes, that was only the second day I’d ever...worn anything like that. And with the way Latasha made it seem, having an accident without asking to use it would land me back in full diapers,” said Connor, his eyes darting to a small, purple stain on the carpet. It wasn’t much but it was something for his focus to cling to as he struggled to explain himself, “Since Ellie’s nursery was stocked with just about every diaper known to man, I was able to find the same pull-up pretty easily and make the change, believing no one would notice. Evidently, someone did.” He glanced up at Stacy’s smug face briefly before returning to the stain.

Standing up from her spot on the floor, Ellie's head swung back and forth between Stacy and Connor. “Waid a sec, dat was chus?! Mommy fot I was fibbin when I towd hew I didn take one!” she yelled, fixing her face into a pout.

“Yeah, sorry Ellie. No one cares,” said Stacy, brushing off Ellie’s exasperated complaint in favor of a more interesting topic, “Can we go back to the part where Latasha hard-dommed you? I only knew about the stuff at the party and now I want more details.”

Scooching forward on her butt toward Connor and grabbing onto his pant leg, Riri was dawning a smile so large that it could eclipse the moon. “I wansa know bout dat toos!” she said, hopping up onto her knees and squishing her mushy diaper against the heels of her feet, “Whad was it wike? Wike, did chus enjoy bein Watasha’s sissy baby?”

“Okay, okay, we’ve got too many voices going on,” said Connor raising his hands quickly before slowly lowering them, causing all three girls’ chatty voices to peter off, “To answer each of your questions, yes, I was the one who stole a diaper. Sorry about that Ellie. And no, Stacy, I’m not gonna say any more about my time with Latasha than I already have. Use your imagination.”

Snickering hardily, Stacy replied, “Don’t threaten me with a good time. I happen to have quite the imagination.” She punctuated her sentence with a sarcastic wink.

Connor rolled his eyes at Stacy, not wanting to give her any more attention than she had already claimed. Instead, his eyes gazed down into Riri’s, the two of them sharing a moment of deep eye contact before he spoke as if she was staring directly into his soul. “As for your question Riri...I don’t know. It was fun but it was also a bit scary. Kinda like a really fast roller coaster but I could only feel it in my heart. If that makes any sense?” he said, his mouth spitting out words before his brain had time to process what he was saying. For the first time in his life, the mask he had spent so long cultivating had finally shattered, leaving him helpless to keep the truth from falling out of him.

“Makes pefect sense ta me,” said Riri, resting a gentle hand on Connor’s knee while giving him a kind smile.

Sadly, not everyone aimed to be as tactful as Riri. “Chus sood totawwy join us fo da swumber pawty tonite!” said Ellie, gasping as the lightbulb went off in her head. It didn’t matter that Connor was having a hard enough time just talking about it. Now that she had the idea of sissy baby Connor planted into her mind, she had a desperate need to see for herself, “We cood do dwess-up ans pway wif dollies ans wots of otter fun stuffs!”

“Oh, I-I’m not so sure that’s a good idea,” said Connor, inching back in his chair as if cementing himself in the rocking chair allowed him to keep a hold of the Big status that was already starting to slip through his fingers, “Latasha put me in charge of the Palace. Someone has to be the adult in the room.”

However, Ellie would not be deterred so easily. She grabbed onto one of Connor’s arms and began yanking him up. “Nonsense! Bigs awe tinky! Ewevyone knows da bestest pawties happen when dere’s no Bigs awound! Besides, ish nod wike anyone’s gonna judge chus,” she said, trying to be reassuring.

“Yeah, I don’t know. I’m already feeling pretty judged,” responded Connor, pulling his hand away as he caught sight of the shit-eating grin that Stacy had on.

Leaping to her feet and doing a big stretch, Stacy waved off Connor’s well-justified concerns. “Oh, you should trust me more than that by now. After all, I was the one who kept your secret for you for two whole months,” she said, making her blackmail out to be altruistic.

“Just the tone of your voice makes me trust you even less,” said Connor, standing up from the rocking chair as he slowly found himself surrounded on all sides. He took a step back from Stacy’s slow advancement only to bump into Ellie, who wrapped one arm around his torso while the other proceeded to wave a folded, pink diaper in front of his face. He instinctively gulped, unable to tell if the spikey, tingly feeling in his heart was because he was anxious or excited.

Wedging an arm in between Connor and Ellie, Riri once again sought to be the lone voice of reason in a forest of chaos. “You guys, don’t overdo it. Connor’s just trusted us with all this. We should give him time,” she pleaded, hoping to quell her peer-pressuring peers. She was so concerned for Connor’s sake that she didn’t even notice herself slip out of Little Space.

“Quit being such a wet blanket, Riri. Connor’s a big boy. If he wants us to stop, I’m sure he can say so himself,” said Stacy, planting both her feet in a wide-A stance as she folded her arms, deciding that if someone HAD to play Big, it might as well be her. Snatching the diaper out from Ellie’s fingers, she draped her arm along Connor’s shoulders, continuing to taunt him with the naughty, plastic rectangle, “So, Connor...do you want us to stop?”

Gazing back toward that stain on the carpet, Connor’s tired, dizzy brain was working overtime, lost in a sea of indecisiveness. It wasn’t even a question of if he wanted this anymore. That much was evident by the fact that he was still here after all this time. He knew what we wanted. The deciding factor was whether or not he had it in him to go for it. Maybe two months ago, when he was just getting started at The Padded Palace, a younger, more timid Connor would’ve instantly rejected the idea outright. But now, after months of anxiety over being blackmailed only for his secret to be revealed anyway, he felt the part of himself that was always too hesitant to take what he wanted fading into the back of his mind, replaced by a new, much more tantalizing voice. All he had to do was give in to it.

“No...I don’t want you to stop.”

TO BE CONTINUED...