

The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 21

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KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Standing in front of the red door of a single-story brick house, a younger Latasha released a shaky breath as she pulled her hand away. It had taken a lot of digging to get to this point so it was understandable she would be nervous, especially if even half of what Skye had told her was true. Her heartbeat echoed in her ears as a pair of heavy footsteps approached the door.

RATTLE! CREAK!

The sound of a metal latch being unhooked was followed by the ear-piercing squeak of a door in desperate need of some WD-40. “Hi, yes. What do you want?” said a groggy male voice through the two-inch crack he made between the door and the frame. He rubbed his eyes as he glared through the doorway at Latasha, trying to make out if he recognized her.

Forcing a smile on her face, Latasha greeted the strange, dormant man. “Hi, my name’s Latasha. I was hoping to talk to you for a second...about Skylar.”

In an instant, the man’s expression dropped as his eyes widened. He moved to slam the door in Latasha’s face but was unable to in time before she placed an arm through the doorway. “Please! I only need two minutes of your time,” pleaded Latasha, gritting her teeth as her forearm was mashed between two bits of wood.

Processing what Latasha had said, the man slowly eased back from the door, though not enough to give Latasha space to enter. “Is she here?” he said, trying to peek around Latasha through the doorway.

“No, she doesn’t even know that I’m here,” said Latasha, retracting her bruised arm as her breathing calmed down, “I’m just here for her documents. Birth certificate, social security card, high school degree, etcetera. Then I’m gone...we’re gone. She said if anyone had them, you would.”

Lowering his head, the man rubbed the back of his neck and sighed for a painfully long time. “Okay. Wait here. I’ll go grab her shit,” he said, stopping to look Latasha dead in the eye, “After that, don’t come ‘round here again.”

“Don’t worry, you’ll never see either of us again,” said Latasha, countering the man’s tone and posture with her dominant persona, “And one more thing. She keeps talking about a little stuffed lion. She cries herself to sleep without him. I’ll be taking that as well.”

Scoffing, the man shook his head, narrowing his gaze as he smirked. “You seem like a nice person, Lateesha,” he said, widening the crack in the door as his manner of speaking became silver-tongued, “Did Skye tell you that she refuses to find a job? Or that she goes into panic mode whenever even the smallest thing doesn’t go her way? Do you have even the slightest idea what you’re getting yourself into with her?” He folded his arms and puffed out his chest as the tension hung on his last condescending question.

“It’s Latasha, and I think I’ll be fine. But thank you for your words of wisdom,” said Latasha, sarcasm dripping from every syllable.

A line of drool clung to the corner of Latasha’s lip and dribbled down her chin. She slowly stirred from her deep, alcohol-fueled sleep, and moved to wipe it off with her hand, only for the softness of a silk mitten to brush against her face instead. The shock of the strange foreign texture caused her eyes to open on contact, her mind reeling as she was hit with many degrading memories of the night before. Sadly, those weren’t the only hits she was reeling from. She groggily reached back and rubbed her sore bottom through her diaper.

GASP!

Sitting up in bed, Latasha’s heart rate jumped as she frantically scanned the room for Skye, breathing a sigh of relief as she found her snoring away next to her in bed. She pressed her face into the plush mittens and stretched her skin down, feeling the full effects of a gnarly hangover. In the back of her mind, she swore to herself that she would never drink this hard again; a thought that had tragically become habitual.

For the next five or so minutes, Latasha alternated between finagling with the locking mittens and resting her tired, pain-stricken eyes. Sadly, as much as her body wanted to let her fall back asleep to rest off the worst of her binge drinking, she was determined to free herself and regain her Big status at any cost. Thankfully, after being forced to use her teeth to untie the final knots, she finally managed to free herself from the infantile mitts, tossing them across the room in victory. She then slouched back against the headboard and flexed her sweaty fingers.

Sliding out of bed while making sure Skye’s slumber went undisturbed, Latasha winced out every rustle and crinkle that her butt made. Jesi may have been kind enough not to make her sleep in a dozen diapers but that didn’t make the one she was still wearing any less noisy. To her dismay, the diaper wasn’t just crinkly but also heavy and squishy; a clear sign that she had wet herself several times the night before if not in her sleep at some point as well. The thought of wetting uncontrollably while unconscious brought heat to her cheeks the moment it entered her head.

Waddling with her legs spread as wide as she could go, Latasha entered the hotel room’s bathroom and shut the door. This allowed her to get a look at herself for the first time since she’d been diapered. Sure enough, she looked as ridiculous as she imagined she would, with the puffy diaper, silky booties, and humiliating party dress that was already too short on Gary when Aanya decided to stuff her into it. She sighed, silently wishing that she could get the rush of excitement that Littles got when all gussied up instead of the same nagging feeling that everything babyish looked wrong when she wore it.

Stripping off the dress and diaper with ease, Latasha was once again left to fiddle with Mother Elma’s nigh unbeatable knot-tying skills. If it wasn’t for all the time she’d spent in training with Elma, she probably wouldn’t have been able to get them off on her own. At last, she had fully stripped herself of the ABDL gear, freeing her from the shackles of babyhood. Well, almost. She glanced up at the mirror again, only to laugh at herself thanks to the large,

white dusting of baby powder that coated her pelvis. She hopped into the tub and quickly rinsed off her lower half, deciding midway through that the warm water felt too good not to take a full shower. Nothing could be better for a hangover, after all.

After enjoying a nearly thirty-minute shower, Latasha exited the steamy bathroom with towels wrapped around her jet-black hair and curvaceous body. Tiptoeing around the bed, she grabbed her phone off the nightstand and quickly moved out to the balcony, again ensuring her baby girl wasn't stirred. She smiled as her body soaked up the brisk, night air.

Sitting down on one of the two chairs stationed on the balcony, Latasha winced thanks to her bruised behind. She gritted her teeth through the pain as she tapped on her phone screen. 32 messages and 6 missed calls was what she was greeted by. First, she promptly cleared through all the taunting messages that aimed to remind her of the "fun" night she had. Unsurprisingly, all messages of that tone were time-stamped before the incident with Elma. This left only messages from Jesi and a few others who wanted to make sure Latasha was okay when she woke up, and Elma, who had sent her almost a dozen paragraph-long messages apologizing profusely for everything that transpired.

Even after Elma had expressed how disappointed in Latasha she was, Latasha knew deep down how much Elma cared. She wouldn't have sent so many messages if she hadn't. She wouldn't have brutalized her butt like that if she hadn't. That didn't mean she wasn't a little pissed off for being the victim of a decade-long grudge. Deciding to leave well enough alone for now, Latasha backed out of her messages with Elma, knowing she could respond better when she was more awake. She owed her that much.

To her surprise, the one person Latasha had absolutely expected to see a message from had been completely silent. She wondered if Connor's night had gone any better than hers. After all, she hadn't talked to him since she and Skye were checking into the hotel. A wave of motherly anxiety hit her as her brain ran through the number of disasters that could have befallen the Palace in her absence. Tabbing over to Connor's contact, her thumb hovered over the call button for a moment only to retract it when she spotted the time. It was a quarter until 5 AM. There was no chance he'd be awake, especially with the Littles likely keeping him up all night at their sleepover. Brushing off her nerves, she turned her phone off and set it down on the side table along with her paranoia.

"M-Mommy?"

Whipping her head toward the glass door, Latasha gulped hard as she saw Skye standing in the doorway much to her dismay. She had hoped to have a bit of time to think about what to say when her baby girl woke up. However, as she stared into Skye's doe eyes, she knew she was going to have to improvise for the sake of her Little. "Hi sweetheart," she said, standing up and moving toward Skye with her arms wide.

However, before Latasha could reach her baby girl, Skye took a single step backward, stopping Latasha in her tracks. She grabbed the lower hem of her top with tears welling up in her eyes as she spoke, "Ish my fauwt dat...It's my fault that you got diapered last night. I put a crushed-up Liss Lolly in your purse and dripped juice onto your lap to make it look like you're wet yourself. I...I've been bad, Mommy." Her breathing ticked up as she neared the end of her

initial confession, unable to fully suppress the heightened, stomach-churning emotions that came from fessing up to her misdeeds.

Surprisingly though, while her tummy was in knots, her chest felt a million times lighter. With a little more self-awareness, she would've understood that her confession was what made her feel better, even if it hurt to say. Regardless, now that the truth was coming out, she was helpless to hold off an avalanche of honesty from spilling out, "I didn't mean to hurt you and I didn't think Elma would take it that far. I just wanted you to feel as small as you made me feel. I- It's like ever since we got to CwissCon, you've wanted noffin to do with me. I didn't want a party or ta meet a buncha new peopwe. Aww I wans ish time wif my Mommy." Losing the battle against Little Space, Skye's tenderness finally did her in. She dropped to her knees, whaling.

Listening through Skye's entire confession with an utterly shocked expression, Latasha was frozen stiff, clueless of where to start. She should be furious. Skye basically drugged her and set her up to be bullied by a bunch of her peers. Her reputation as a Big was in tatters. And yet, as she watched Skye ball her eyes out, all she wanted to do was wrap her up in her arms and hold her until the world was alright again. Breaking from her statue-esque state, she did just that, sprinting across the balcony to scoop up her baby girl. "Oh, Skye! It's okay. It's okay, baby. Look at me," she said, placing both hands gently on Skye's cheeks and tilting her head up to meet her eyes, "Th-this isn't your fault. It's mine. I fucked up hard this weekend. But I promise I won't ever do that again."

Grabbing onto one of Latasha's arms with both hands, Skye continued to cry all the tears she'd been holding back since the convention had begun. Hearing her Mommy be so kind to her after everything she'd done was so heartwarming and so devastating all at the same time. Why had she been so stupid? "S-So chus st-stiww my Mommy?" she asked, fighting through large sobs to verbalize the question she had left.

"Of course, I am. I'm your Mommy forever and ever," said Latasha, her heart breaking over hearing Skye ask if she was going to do what her previous Daddy did to her. Separating from their embrace, she sat against the balcony wall next to Skye before pulling her baby girl toward her chest, "I'm...not very good at this. Being a caregiver, that is. I was trained to be a DiaperDom; someone whose sole purpose was to get someone off using ABDL. But you...you make me want to be better. I promise I'll never stop trying to be the best Mommy I can be for you. Just promise me that you can be honest with me when I'm failing you."

Nodding her head without lifting it from Latasha's chest, Skye sniffled loudly as her lips pursed into a soft smile, "I wiww, I pwomise."

"That's my good girl," cooed Latasha, petting Skye's hair rhythmically all the while. This was what this weekend was supposed to be; what she lost sight of. Why did they even come here? This was what she wanted, not Skye. More than anything, though, she knew both she and Skye would be miserable for the next two days for vastly different reasons. Cupping Skye's chin and meeting her eyes once again, she said the words Skye had been waiting to hear since the moment they arrived at CrissCon, "Hey, do you wanna get outta here?"

TO BE CONTINUED...