

## The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 2

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“Connow! Teww Stacy to stawwwwp!”

Lying on the ground with Stacy straddling her tummy, Skye covered her face with both arms as Stacy attempted to pry them open. “Dis isn funny! I don wanna pway makeup! Connow!” she shouted, shielding herself from the barrage of makeup products Stacy had at her disposal.

“Don be such a baby! I pwomise to make chu extwa pwetty,” teased Stacy, giggling as she continued to use her superior height to torment the Padded Palace’s shortest member. She clenched her thighs together, squishing Skye’s guts in hopes of weakening her arms enough to tuck them between her legs.

Unfortunately for Stacy, Skye’s cries for help had paid off as a pair of arms placed themselves underneath Stacy’s armpits before yanking her upward and freeing Skye. “C’mon, Stacy, I know Latasha just talked to you about this,” said Connor, shaking his head as he set Stacy aside and moved to help Skye to her feet, “If you keep this up, I’ll have no choice but to tell Latasha when she gets back from the store.”

Folding her arms, Stacy’s gaze narrowed as she got in close to Connor’s ear. “Walk away, or else this won’t be the only thing Latasha hears about,” she whispered just soft enough for Skye not to hear.

Sighing, Connor’s expression immediately soured. “Go play with the others, Skye. I need to talk to Stacy for a second,” he said, petting the top of Skye’s head passively as he shooed her away.”

“O-otays,” said Skye meekly as she read way too much into the headpats Connor was gracing her with. She let a relieved smile cross her face as she tiptoed over to the stuffed animal nook in search of her comfort plushie, Lyle.

Left alone with Stacy, Connor’s posture slouched as he shifted out of his well-crafted caregiver persona. “That photo doesn’t give you a free pass to torment Skye and the others. If someone’s crying for help, I’m not just going to look the other way,” he said plainly, keeping a calm yet serious tone so as not to alert the other Littles to their conversation.

“And what if I say it does, huh? What then?” said Stacy, biting her lip at the power she held over Connor. It made her insatiably wet in the best of ways. She may have been a Little but even a Little could get off on having complete dominance over someone, “I’m just messing with you, silly head. Oh, by the way, don’t forget to mention my sleepover idea to Latasha. Your adulthood literally depends on it.” Her evil smirk faded as she got down on all fours and crawled off with her makeup back in hand, wiggling her diapered rump at Connor tauntingly.

Trudging toward the rocking chair solemnly, Connor plopped himself down and began scratching the back of his left hand anxiously. Nearly two months had passed since the fateful

day that Stacy caught him in pull-ups and she hadn't let him forget about it for a second. Whether it was letting her off easy on eating her vegetables at lunch or helping her to win at whatever board game they were playing, she demanded special treatment at every turn or else there would be dire consequences.

With how often Stacy flaunted her blackmail, Connor had wrestled with the idea of ripping the band-aid off himself and coming clean to Latasha. Sure, Latasha would probably punish him and Stacy would probably tell the others out of spite and she might even post the picture online and then...this was why he hadn't said anything yet. Anytime he got even close to talking himself into a confessional, he'd overthink the consequences to the point of inaction. Tragically, the only real course of action he had that kept his standing with Latasha and the others was compliance, for better or worse.

“Littles! I'm hoooooome!” All eyes turned to the nursery door as Latasha's melodious voice echoed throughout the Palace.

Scrambling to her feet with Lyle tucked under her armpit, Skye spirited out of the nursery, too excited to wait for Latasha to come to her. “Mommy, Mommy, Mommy!” she screamed, forcing Latasha to drop the two large shopping bags she had in her hands as she leaped into her arms.

“Oh, my goodness! I'm under attack!” said Latasha playfully as she stumbled backward, placing her arms under Skye's squelchy bottom for support, “Orrr...is it YOU who's under attack?!” Planting her feet firmly on the ground, she began to mercilessly kiss Skye's cheeks, extracting a wealth of giggles from her precious Little.

Not far behind Skye was the rest of Skye's padded posse, all of whom were far more interested in the goodies that Latasha had brought home as they dug through the pair of bags with the CrissBaby Diaper Company logo on them. “Whoa! Chu gots so much good stuff!” said Ellie, gawking at the wide array of ABDL products Latasha procured, “Oh, sweet! Chu gots Lisp Lollies! Can I twy one?!” She pulled out the small, circular package containing eighteen CrissBaby Lisp Lollies.

Setting Skye down, Latasha plucked the box of tongue-numbing candy from Ellie's hands and placed it back into the shopping bag. “Sorry, Ellie. These are for the convention this weekend. If there are any left when we get back, I'll make sure at least one has your name on it,” she said, cupping Ellie's chin gently before grabbing the twin bags and ferrying them into the kitchen.

“Ugh! I'm sho jelly of chu two! I wanna go to CrissCon! Daddy's being such a fuddy-duddy this year,” moaned Riri, neglecting to mention the four-digit cost she and Martin racked up on their last big convention trip earlier that same year.

Peeking into one of the shopping bags, Connor was almost in shock over how much Latasha had picked up. “Wow, this is a lot of stuff for a three-day trip. I thought you said the con provides free diapers,” he said, staring down at two large packages of CrissBaby Super Soaker Deluxes.

“They do but it’s also several hours of driving each way. Plus, some people like to host room parties. It’s me, by the way. I’m some people,” said Latasha in a matter-of-fact voice, bonking Connor on the head with a roll of paper towels as she began setting up for lunch. Glancing around the room and noticing all of the Littles were too preoccupied with the shopping bags, she decided to sneak in a quick diaper check on Connor, reaching in between his legs from behind and cupping the front of his pull-up, “Good boy but you know, you can make them a little wet for Mommy if you’re feeling naughty.”

“Shhhhhh, they’ll hear you,” whispered Connor, his heart skipping a beat as he shooed Latasha’s hand away. His face turned red as a tomato as his eyes went from Little to Little to make sure no one saw anything. Thankfully, none of them appeared to have seen anything.

Placing a tender hand on Connor’s butt, Latasha responded, “No, they won’t. I’ve never been caught once. Though, they’ll definitely know something’s up if you keep blushing like that,” she said, swatting Connor’s booty and causing him to jump slightly, “Golly, you are just too fun to tease. Never change, Connie-kins.”

Hearing his feminized Little’s name instantly perked up Connor’s little buddy, who was already on high alert after being fondled during the diaper check. Latasha knew just how to push his buttons. And the “worst” part was that she knew how much he loved it, giving her the green light to keep button-mashing.

Sadly, Connor was unable to enjoy his horny moment with Latasha as Stacy rounded the corner into the kitchen, leaning against the wall and flashing a smug smile in his direction. “H- Hey, Latasha, mind if I ask you something?” he said, acting as casually as possible given the circumstances. Thankfully, since Latasha had already gotten him riled up, he could easily pass off his nerves as arousal, as embarrassing as that would be. Taking a deep breath in through his nose, he launched into the speech Stacy had prepared for him like a well-trained dog, “Since you’re heading out super early on Friday for the Con, I thought it might be a fun idea for the other girls to sleep over Friday night and throw their own little room party right here in the Padded Palace. Of course, I’d be here the whole time to chaperone.”

“Hmmm...if you’re sure you can handle it, then I think it sounds like a great idea! Though, we will need to get permission from Carol and Martin first,” said Latasha, not thinking twice about why Connor would suggest giving himself more work, “I really love seeing you take this kind of initiative. You’re becoming such a good caregiver, Connor.” She wrapped her arms around Connor’s torso and pulled him in for a hug, expressing the trust and love she had for Connor through her touch.

With his eyes locked on Stacy, Connor was unable to feel the energy Latasha was bestowing upon him, feeling as though he was completely undeserving of his secret Mommy’s kind words. Stacy’s blackmail was one thing, but the guilt of leveraging Latasha’s trust against her haunted him more than anything.

Regrettably, Connor wasn’t the only one whose anxiety was skyrocketing. Sandwiched between Ellie and Riri as the pair continued to sift through the plethora of ABDL items, Skye

couldn't take her eyes off of the hug that Connor and Latasha were sharing. For two months, she'd stewed over how close Connor and Latasha kept growing. Latasha may have been her Mommy, but their relationship was not a romantic one. No matter how much she loved Latasha, her heart longed for the warmth of a Daddy and a lover, and she wanted Connor to be both. "Mommy! I hungry," she shouted, tactically capturing Latasha's attention away from Connor. It may have only been a temporary fix was the most she could do without giving away her feelings.

"Don't worry, baby! Mommy's getting to work!" said Latasha, unaware of how much her chipper attitude stood in direct contrast with the feelings of just about everyone who shared the room with her. Instead, all she could think about was how excited she was to finally have a weekend alone with Skye for the first time in so long. With Connor and the other Littles around at all times, she often felt she didn't do enough to make Skye feel like her special Little girl. A weekend retreat to an ABDL convention was just what the doctor ordered! "I hope everyone's hungry, cuz Mama's cooking up something extra yummy!"

TO BE CONTINUED...