

The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 15

Written By: CrissieBaby

“...56! 57! 58! 59-”

“Stawp! 8-Ball! 8-Ball!” said a cutely dressed boy, repeating his safe word over and over while using his limp hand to barricade his sore bottom.

Standing around Latasha’s bed in a crowded semi-circle, Latasha was having the time of her life as she bruised and battered the behinds of the myriad of guests that wandered through her door. She raised her paddle high much like a gladiator entertaining a Roman crowd would do, earning a wealth of rapturous cheers. The party had barely been going for an hour and things were heating up quick, including and especially Latasha herself, whose tummy was taking to the tingly warmth of alcohol like a fish to water. “Alright! Whish one of you shissy-ash bishes is gonna make it to 100 firsh?!?” she shouted, her words weighed down by the copious amount of booze in her system.

Sadly, not all were enjoying the direction the night was headed as Latasha was. Watching from behind the two-foot tall playpen wall, Skye's mopey expression had slowly shifted into a pouty one over the course of an hour. She’d initially tried to take her mind off the overwhelming environment she was in by focusing on playing with Gary. However, it wasn’t long before more guests piled into the room, adding to the number of Littles in the playpen and complicating things for Skye. Now, she could only sit on the sidelines and watch as Gary played and cuddled with the other, far friendlier Littles who crossed his path.

“Hey, look who’sh back for more!”

Pointing her paddle toward the door, Latasha was quick to greet Mother Elma and Missy, waving the pair over to the center of her operation. “I’m jusht about to get started on thish one. You wanna take a crack?” she asked, offering the paddle to Elma.

“Perhaps a little later. Don’t worry, though. I have big plans for this Little one’s keester,” said Elma, giving Missy a swift swat on the back of her diaper, “Now, if you’ll excuse me, Missy has informed me that she’s ready to have some big girl juice.” Leaving Latasha to continue her paddling, she escorted her Little through the crowded hotel room, fixing her a sippy cup filled with a mix of milk and Kahlua while also making herself a very dry martini. She then walked Missy over to the playpen and sat her down in a circle of baby toys, momentarily spotting Skye’s grumpy face in the corner of her eye.

Initially, Elma considered letting Skye’s foul attitude go, not exactly feeling up to yet another heart-to-heart when the girl’s own Mommy was well within earshot and should’ve been keeping a more vigilant eye. Unfortunately, her resolve didn’t last long, with her pride as a caregiver and her need to see Littles made happy eventually winning out. “Now, Skye, you know if you scrunch your face up like that for too long, it’ll get stuck that way,” she said, kicking off their latest conversation with some light teasing.

To Elma's surprise, Skye didn't bite, instead choosing to glance away from the imposing caregiver while maintaining her pouty face. "I hope it gets stuck wike dis," she said defiantly, earning a soft chuckle from Elma in response.

"Guess we'll have to stop calling you Skye from now on. Far too bright and sunny of a name for that face. How about Cloudy? No! Rain," said Elma, crouching down next to Skye and poking her inside until the diaper-clad girl erupted into frantic giggles, "Uh oh! I think I feel a Rainstorm coming on!" She placed her hands on each of Skye's sides and gently shook her, quickly putting a smile back on Skye's face.

Meekly batting at Elma's hands, Skye's resolve was nowhere near strong enough to hold out against a professional Big like Elma. Giving up her pouty pursuit, she allowed a soft smile to rest on her face as Elma finally retracted her wiggly fingers. "F-Fankooos," she said, leaning her head forward for Elma for headpats.

"Anytime, cutie. That's what we Bigs are here for," said Elma, taking pride in her work in spite of her desire to relax. Though, if anyone needed to take it easy, it was Skye. Catching a glimpse of Missy nursing on her boozy bottle in her peripheral vision, an idea popped into her head, "Hey, Skye, tell me, does your Mommy let you have adult drinks?"

Shaking her head, Skye's cheery expression dropped as she tried to recall the last time she had tasted alcohol. It felt like a lifetime ago but she remembered sneaking a sip of her real father's beer when she was in high school. The flavor was god-awful, leading her to never try again. And while she wasn't exactly looking to change that tonight, she didn't want to appear uncool to Elma. Thinking on her feet, she decided to throw Latasha under the bus, "I don't fink Mommy wood give me pewmission fo dat...not wif so many peepo aroun an-"

"Hey, no pressure here. If you're too Little to drink with the big kids, I won't judge," said Elma, suppressing a taunting smirk. Maybe it was the alcohol talking but she really wanted to see Skye let off her leash, for better or worse.

Unsurprisingly, Skye bought into Elma's taunt hook, line, and sinker. "Am not too widdwe! I jus don wanna buwdon Mommy," she said, once again attempting to use Latasha's position of power as a wedge issue.

Unable to hold back her laughter any longer, Elma let a few brief giggles slip thanks to Skye's obvious excuses. "Alright, alright. I'll retract my statement. You're plenty big to drink, you just choose not to," she said, knowing that any further teasing could send Skye right back into pouty mode. She elected instead to switch tactics, "I do have to ask, though, did Mommy ask you for permission when she chose to host such a big party? Seems a bit unfair of an expectation if you ask me."

"D-Das twue," stuttered Skye, her ability to keep turning Elma down faltering. Why was she so worried about getting in trouble with Latasha? It wasn't like Mommy had any issue with drinking in front of her. Plus, she had Elma on her side to back her up, "O-Okie...buh jus a widdwe one."

Patting Skye on the head, Elma stood up and stepped over the playpen walls, "Let's go get you something yummy fixed up," she said, offering a hand to Skye once she was on the other side.

Once again, Skye could feel her naughty energy rising. It may have just been a short trip across the room to the beverage stand but to her, she might as well have been sneaking out of the Padded Palace in the middle of the night. Taking hold of Elma's hand, she firmly decided that if Latasha was gonna cut loose, then so was she, "Wead da way."

Wandering back through the crowd of party-goers to the drink station, Elma made sure to be as quick as she could when prepping the drink for Skye, with the knowledge that Latasha would almost certainly stop her if she saw what was happening. However, this wasn't about Latasha. It was about Skye, and while Latasha may have disagreed, someone as tightly wound as Skye needed to be allowed to take a break from the obligation of being Little 24/7. "Okay, Skye, moment of truth," she said, handing the milk and Kahlua-filled bottle to Skye, "I made sure not to make it too strong."

Lifting the drink to her lips anxiously, Skye could feel the embers of adulthood sizzling against the nerves in her nostrils as she smelled the bitterly-sweet concoction. She pressed her tongue to the rubber bulb of the baby bottle, taking the smallest amount of liquid on her tongue before recoiling in disgust with a hardy cough. "Ew, whys it gotta taste so bad?" she said, pushing out her bottom lip over not enjoying something that seemingly all adults did.

"It's an acquired taste, baby girl," said Elma, gently rubbing Skye's back as a smug smile crossed her face. She knew exactly what to say, "It's supposed to taste a little bad so that little kiddos like you don't get any funny ideas. Don't worry, I'm sure your taste buds will mature someday."

Riled up by Elma's doubting comments, Skye plopped the bottle in her mouth and sucked as hard as she could, taking in a mouthful of the unpleasant liquid and swallowing it as fast as her body would allow so as to taste as little of her drink as possible. Right away, she could feel her gag reflex trying to kick in, compelling her to void the drink along with anything else in her stomach at the time. She gritted her teeth and fought through the wonky sensations in her belly, with a surprisingly comforting warmth soon replacing the upside-down feeling.

"There you go, big girl," said Elma, petting Skye on the head twice as she complimented her on toughing it out. Believing Skye was in need of a reward, she sat down on the bed and pulled Skye onto her lap. Moments later, she began bouncing her knee against Skye's padded crotch, knowing exactly where to position her leg for the best results.

Continuing to sip at the nasty beverage, Skye began to get used to the flavor as she sat back against Elma's torso. Thanks to the repetitive bounces, it wasn't long before the warmth in her tummy traveled southward as her moist diaper caressed her princess parts with every rebound. The constant motion soon started to affect her vision as the world grew fuzzier with each sip. At first, it was weird and a bit disorienting but she didn't hate it. In fact, between the warmth and the increasing heaviness of her movements, she kinda liked how tipsy felt. It was as if she could feel her mind and body being pulled toward a deep, inescapable little space, something that only turned her own more.

“Someone looks lost in thought. What’s that pretty brain of yours thinking about?” said Elma, breaking Skye out of her zoned state.

Looking up at Elma with a big grin on her face, Skye’s giggling reached new heights. “Nuffin impowtan,” she said, wrapping her lips around the bottle’s nipple and slurping down a big gulp with a satisfied smile.

TO BE CONTINUED...