

The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 4

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“Old MacDonald had a farm!”

“Ee-I-Ee-I-O!”

“And on that farm, he had some cows!”

“Ee-I-Ee-I-O!”

Singing back and forth in tandem, Latasha and Skye were making the most out of their time on the road by singing along to a children’s CD together. While kiddie songs weren’t something that Latasha or even Skye listened to on their own, car trip sing-a-longs were a favorite pastime amongst the Padded Palace crew. It was the perfect exercise to keep Littles active and engaged, preventing any road trip boredom from causing civil unrest.

For Skye, she was more than happy to play along with her Mommy. It wasn’t even a half-an-hour after they departed from the Palace that all thoughts of her “feud” with Latasha over Connor were left in the rearview mirror, washing away any bitterness she may have felt toward her caregiver. Meanwhile, the nebulous anticipation of going to her first ABDL convention in a few years was slowly shifting to something more tangible as they drove closer to their destination. “Awe we dere yet, Mommy?” she asked as Old MacDonald began to fade out on the car’s stereo.

“Still a good couple of hours,” said Latasha, reaching down to the console and silently skipping the next song before it could start playing. Seconds later, a whimsical version of Baa Baa Black Sheep began to echo out of the car’s speakers. She signed with relief before continuing to speak, “How’s your diaper holding up, sweetie?”

Shifting in her seat, Skye’s butt could be numb and the noise alone would be enough to tell her she was drenched. Luckily for her, she was able to feel every squelch that her diaper created, causing her to blush like crazy as she responded, “I-Ish pwetty wet buh I fink I gud fo nows.” With her eyes locked on Latasha to make sure she didn’t see anything, the pervy Little’s hand slowly slipped between her legs as she ran her finger along the crotch of her diaper, biting her lip seductively.

Believing herself to be extremely stealthy, it would come as quite a shock if Skye were to find out that Latasha was well aware of what she was doing even without having to look. Crinkly diapers had a way of letting Bigs know when their Littles were getting too handsy. Luckily for Skye, Latasha had no interest in disrupting Skye’s fun. It was a lengthy trip for anyone, especially a Little. As a seasoned Big, she knew in moments like this, it was best not to discourage self-exploration.

Still, it hadn’t gone unnoticed by Latasha that Skye’s horny nature was popping up more and more recently. Whether it was during naps, at lunchtime, or in the nursery, Skye’s hands were constantly slipping between her legs to grab a big, naughty handful of diaper fluff. She’d considered sitting Skye down to address the subject but decided against it out of fear that Skye

would end up regressing back to her old, isolationist ways. Though, if things continued to escalate, she'd be left with no choice. The best thing to do for now was to cut her off nonchalantly when needed without tipping her off to the reality of how noisy her solo play sessions were. And since they were alone and on the road until at least 6 PM, she had no issue letting Skye go to town on herself.

As her breathing picked up, Skye began rocking back and forth in her car seat, her hips thrusting as her sex drive overwhelmed her senses. Due to masturbating two to three times a day on average now, Latasha had one massively horny baby on her hands. Ever since that weekend with Carol and Ellie, her arousal had become too much to control, causing her to crave similar treatment whenever her kitten began to moisten. Only, as much as she loved Latasha, she didn't want that kind of relationship with her, but with Connor. She imagined his hand on her diaper as she pushed herself into a climax, emitting the tiniest of squeaks as she exploded in her diaper.

"I'm gonna be stopping for lunch soon. Does a Happy Meal sound good?" said Latasha, waiting until she heard Skye finish before asking about food.

Sitting up straight in an attempt to act casual, Skye nodded shakily, still coming down from her pleasure high. "Uh, y-yes! Dat souns yummy!" she responded, feeling like the naughtiest girl in the world as she recovered from her "secret" orgasm. Looking out the window at the wide open plain filled with countless rows of corn, she sighed contently, knowing this would be far from her final orgasm of the weekend.

Seeing Skye's satisfied expression in the mirror, Latasha could only smile at her precious, lustful baby girl. It had been far too long since it was just the two of them and with this weekend already starting on a high note, their time at CrissCon 2023 was bound to be a memorable experience. Her only regret was that Little ConCon could join them for his first con. She hoped he was having as much fun running the Padded Palace on his own as she and Skye were having.

"This is pure misery," thought Connor, sweat beating down from his forehead as he rushed back into the kitchen to check on lunch. It had been an eventful morning for the freshman caregiver, to say the least. After two months of working as Latasha's pair of extra hands, he had failed to realize just how much of a Herculean task it was to operate an adult baby daycare center on his own, "Seriously, how did Latasha pull this off for months on end?!"

Opening the oven, Connor looked at the pan filled with sizzling dinosaur chicken nuggets, nodding his head affirmatively as he shuttered the oven again and began setting out plates on the kitchen counter. "Perfect, another two minutes and those should be good to go," he said to himself, the tiniest feeling of relief creeping up on him as he'd nearly managed to cross one thing off his extensive to-do list.

"CONNOW! I NEED HEWP!"

As he set a third plate on the countertop, Connor exhaled solemnly, lowering his head as an over-energized Little's voice bellowed out into the hallway. "One sec!" he shouted back, barely hanging onto the kind, patient voice he tried to maintain at all times.

Exiting the kitchen, Connor jogged back into the nursery to find Ellie and Stacy playing tug-of-war with a long, caterpillar stuffy that had all 26 letters of the alphabet on its stubby legs and the numbers 1 through 12 lining its back. “Teww Stacy ta give him back!” shrieked Ellie, pulling on the plushy with all her might.

Clinging to the caterpillar’s lower half, Stacy’s hold on the stuffed animal was nigh unbreakable thanks to the way she had it clamped between her thighs. “My tuwns nod over yet!” she barked back, lifting a hand off the fluffy friend and pushing Ellie backward with a big shove.

The direct attack caused Ellie to instantly release her half of the stuffy, sending her tumbling backward onto her padded rump. It wasn’t long after that the waterworks kicked up. “WAAAAAAAAAAH!” she yelled mercilessly, forcing everyone in the immediate area to cover their ears.

Braving the reverberation of Ellie’s cries, Connor approached the wailing girl and brought her in for a comforting hug. “Shhh, shhh, shhh! It’s okay. It was an accident,” he said, lowering Ellie’s tantrum from all-out screaming to sniffing in seconds. Patting Ellie’s back to console her, he closed his eyes and soaked in the momentary silence, using his hug with Ellie as his own source of comfort.

“Why does Ewwie gets da hug?! I da victim hewe!” shouted Stacy, dropping the caterpillar to her feet as he placed her hands on her hips in a huff.

Connor glared as he turned to look at Stacy, letting his emotions get the better of him as he found himself unable to maintain impartiality. “I don’t care who started it. You know better than to get physical,” he said, continuing to pet Ellie’s hair.

“Connow’s wite,” chimed in Riri, who was contently minding her business as she knelt in front of the easy-bake oven working on her overly-sprinkled cookies, “Pwus, chus did pwomise ta let Ewwie have it wike an howr ago.”

Sticking her tongue out at Riri, Stacy was less than pleased with how everyone in the nursery was gaining up on her. “Chu weren even a pawt of dis, sho shush!” she said assertively, pointing a harsh finger in Riri’s direction, “It don even madder anyways cuz Connow towd me I cood have dis stuffy aww day if I wanted! Wite Connow?” She swiveled her head Connor’s way, narrowing her gaze and shifting her eyes down to his crotch for a split-second as a rotten smirk grew on her face.

As much as Connor wanted to call out Stacy’s obvious bullshit, he knew outing her lie now would only result in her outing the pull-ups he was currently dawning. Begrudgingly, he had no choice but to relent. “Sorry, I-I forgot I said you could all day if you wanted,” he said, his heart filling with unfettered guilt as he stared into the shocked expressions that Riri and Ellie now wore.

“See? Towd ya!” said Stacy, presenting her tongue once again to Riri, this time in victory. Sniffing the air, her sadistic smile only grew as the scent of char filled the air, “By da way, it smewws wike sumfings buwning.”

With his eyes going as wide as the empty plates he had set out on the kitchen counter, Connor released his grip around Ellie's shoulders and jumped to his feet. Dashing toward the kitchen, he beelined straight to the oven and pulled the door open, only to be met with a puff of smoke and two dozen nearly-black dino nuggies spaced out evenly on the metal tray. He shut the oven door quickly so as not to allow the smoke to set off the fire alarm. "Shit," he muttered under his breath, leaning his head against the microwave that was built in the space over the stovetop.

"I-Is evewyfing okie?"

Whipping around, Connor was disheartened to find three sets of concerned, hungry eyes. Well, more like two sets. Stacy was still smirking up a storm, which somehow made Connor feel even more incompetent than if she just felt sorry for him. Rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly, he knew there was no way to cover up the mistake he had made. Flashing a wide grimace, he did his best to stay positive in the face of mounting anxiety, "So uh...w-who's up to order pizza?"

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