

The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 4

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“Welcome back, my little cutie!”

Latasha and Connor stood at the entrance of the house, ushering in Riri, who was the last to arrive. She was escorted by her Daddy, who had her in one of those retractable child harnesses that keep naughty kids from running off.

Connor couldn't help himself but chuckle a bit at Riri, who was tugging hard against the harness.

“Someone's excited to play today, isn't she?” Cooed Latasha as she took the leash from Riri's caretaker.

“Thanks again, Tasha,” said the man, his eyes drifting over to Connor. “And who is this?”

Latasha grabbed Connor's arm and pulled him into the doorway, “This is my new employee, Connor. And don't you fret, he's very capable.”

Connor couldn't help but feel a bit self-conscious at Latasha's obvious lie. But that lie wasn't so obvious to Riri's Daddy, who quickly shook his hand, “I'm Martin. Thank you for looking after my little girl.”

As Connor was shaking hands, Riri ran up to Connor and gave him a big hug. “OH my!” shouted Connor at the unexpected show of affection.

Martin chuckled, “Better watch out for her. She's a hugger and she'll getcha when you least expect it.”

Connor laughed nervously in response.

Martin turned back to Latasha. “See you at 5!” he exclaimed, “Bye-bye, Riri!”

“Bye-bye, Daddy,” Riri said, with a slight lisp caused by the paci in her mouth.

The trio headed off towards the nursery. Latasha unhooked Riri from her harness and she bolted inside to start playing with the other girls.

Connor and Latasha stood at the door of the nursery, while the four girls played as if they'd never had an adult thought in their little heads. They watched as they gathered around a set of dolls and stuffed animals, finding it so easy to play pretend and make up imaginary worlds.

“It's quite something, isn't it?” asked Latasha, as she stared straight ahead at the herd of Littles. Her words caught Connor by surprise, as she wasn't the only one whose eyes were glued on the girls.

Connor was almost entranced by how easily they slipped into baby mode. “Yeah...do they always act like this? I mean 24/7.”

Latasha chuckled, “Well, Skye definitely does and as for the others, I wouldn’t imagine their mommies and daddies would allow them to act any other way.”

“Why?” Connor said, realizing how rude that sounded coming out of my mouth. “Sorry, I didn’t mean it like-”

“Why not?” responded Latasha in a peppy tone. However, her smile would soon take a downturn, as she thought of a more serious answer. “The world is harsh and unforgiving. Some people would rather say to hell with it. And that’s what I’m here for, to provide an escape from all of it. When they’re here, they don’t have a worry in their heads.”

Mesmerized by Latasha’s speech, Connor’s outlook on all of this began to shift. At first, he assumed this was some sort of deviant or special needs thing. But, as he viewed the girls in action and listened to Latasha’s careful words, he couldn’t help but empathize. He knew just how hard it was to make it in the real world. It’s why he was here after all. “I guess I’m in the same situation, huh?”

“I guess so. Though, you do get to wear pants,” the pair snickered at Latasha’s small joke, “But if you do ever want some RnR, the door to the nursery is always unlocked.” She patted him on the butt and flashed him a cheeky smile.

The redness in Connor’s cheeks came out in full force. “What?! No, I couldn’t- I mean I wouldn’t! I mean...it’s just not my thing, you know?”

“Oh, calm down. I’m just joshing you,” Latasha nudged Connor, “I need to go prep their mid-morning snack. Keep an eye on the girls, okay?”

Connor nodded and Latasha left the nursery. Now alone with the four girls, Connor sat down on the large rocking chair in the corner of the room and watched them have their imaginary fun time.

It was only at this point that Connor suddenly realized how much of a cakewalk the majority of this job would be. All he had to do for the rest of the morning was sit here, watch the girls, and make sure they stayed out of trouble. He wished he had brought his phone with him, something he’d remember to do next time.

However, unbeknownst to Connor was that his job was about to get a lot harder. As Skye was playing, she felt the undeniable urge to fill her pampers. Latasha had her on a very mushy diet, only giving her hard foods as snacks or on special occasions. And the big bowl of oatmeal that Skye had gobbled down for breakfast had already circulated itself through Skye’s lightning-fast digestive system.

Groaning quietly, Skye placed herself on her knees, lifted her butt up slightly, and pushed out a large, semi-soft load. She did her best to be quiet and discreet. The last thing she wanted was for Connor to think he had the right to change her, whom she still didn’t trust.

Being the big baby she was, Skye plopped herself down on her messy seat and wiggled her butt, savoring the feeling of her waste mushing itself around in her diaper. She slowly started to grind against the carpeted floor, pressing her hands into the front of her diaper as her horniness rose. This was typically something she didn’t do around the others.

Out of everyone, Skye was the only person who would probably quantify this as both a fetish and a lifestyle. As far as she knew, the others were all 100% adult babies, with no interest in doing anything adult, so she knew to keep this to herself just like Latasha instructed her.

And she'd become a pro at hiding her sexual appetite. From Connor's perspective, all he saw was that Skye really seemed to be enjoying her playtime. And the other girls were far too deep in Little Space to really question what she was doing. Plus, Ellie loved to bounce and mash her diapers all the time without a hint of shyness, so in their point of view, Skye was just acting like a happy, bubbly baby in much the same way.

This facade wouldn't fool Latasha, however. The head caretaker soon re-entered the room, carrying a plate of apple slices with a bowl of peanut butter in the middle.

Skye instantly stopped grinding and hoped that her Mommy wouldn't notice the smell emanating from her thick nappy.

That was always a pipe dream, though, for as soon as Latasha set the plate on the plastic table, "Pee-you! Someone made stinkies in here, didn't she?"

The four girls all placed a hand on the rear of their diapers, indicating to Connor just how regressed they may actually be.

Skye feigned a clean diaper with the other girls. She loved it when Mommy punished her for being naughty.

Connor stood up from the chair, a bit confused, "Are you sure? I've been watching them the whole time and I didn't see anyone...um...you know..."

Latasha tapped her nose and winked at Connor, "I've been doing this for a long time, Connor. I can smell a messy little monster from a mile away." She looked down at the four girls, who all looked at her innocently. She looked to Connor, with a big smirk on her face, "Tell you what, this'll be a good first test for you. I leave them in your capable hands."

For the second time today, Connor was reminded of his non-existent capabilities. But it was too late to give a response, as Latasha bolted out of the room, leaving Connor to deal with the icky culprit.

At first, he tried to get away with just looking at their diapers, as they sat on plastic benches and ate their apple slices with glee. Unfortunately, everyone was wearing either a diaper with a cover that was opaque or had clothing on that obstructed his view too much. If he was gonna find the messy baby, he'd need to resort to other methods.

First, Connor started with Ellie. He was warned of her notorious messing habits and figured she'd be the most likely to hide her smelly pamps. He lifted up the back of her dress and pulled on the back of her diaper, looking inside and taking a small, hesitant whiff. Latasha may have told him how to check a diaper this morning, but that didn't make the situation any less weird.

However, to Connor's surprise, Ellie didn't even react. Were they all just so used to it at this point that they didn't even think twice about having their diapers checked?

Next, Connor moved over to Stacy. Out of all of the girls, Connor was praying that she wasn't the one to use her diaper. He'd spent a good hour last night practicing putting a disposable diaper on an old stuffed animal, but he had no clue how to change a cloth diaper. Luckily, she appeared to be clean as well.

Connor then rotated around the table to Skye, who was the only one who tried to wiggle out of his grasp as he lifted her frilly skirt and tried to take a peek at her diaper. He didn't have to pull on her diaper much for the smell to escape into the open air, confirming who was in need of a change.

"NO! I dun wanna changie!" screamed Skye.

Connor attempted to grab her arm, but she yanked it away. He wasn't sure how he was going to get her to the changing table. He wouldn't have to think of a solution, though, as the three other girls all got mischievous smiles on their faces.

"I wanna see if da new guy's any good!" said Riri.

"Yeah, don be so fussy, Skye!" said Stacy

"Do it fo us! Pweeeease!" said Ellie

Skye folded her arms and shook her head feverishly, but that didn't stop the girls from standing up and surrounding her. Together, they lifted Skye up and carried her over the changing table, writhing and squealing the whole way. "Huwwy! Ged da stwaps!" shouted Riri as the three girls did their best to keep Skye on the table.

Seizing the opportunity, Connor sprinted over and quickly tied Skye down to the table, so she couldn't resist a change. The other three girls all cheered.

Feeling a bizarre sense of accomplishment, Connor joined in on their excitement, giving high-fives to each of the girls.

Meanwhile, Skye struggled against her restraints with rabid fury. "No fair! Lemme out!"

Connor smirked as he walked up to the table and stood over Skye. He was nervous to attempt his first change but was getting a boost of confidence from the other girls, who sat down on the ground criss-cross applesauce and patiently waited for the show to start. He felt a power that he'd never experienced before and he started playing into the act.

"I don't think so, Skye. It appears to me that a naughty little girl is in desperate need of a change."

TO BE CONTINUED...