

## The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 12

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“Nuh! Mommy! Get off!” Squirming on the ground with the locking plastic panties around her ankles, Ellie found herself trapped under Carol’s big butt, her protests falling on deaf ears. Stuck like a turtle on her back, she was helpless to do anything but stare up at the faces of her so-called friends, as both Stacy and Riri couldn’t get enough of Ellie’s blushy expressions.

Straddling Ellie’s stomach, Carol began slowly removing each of the four tapes that held together her baby girl’s diaper. The last thing she needed was for Ellie’s diaper to rip, forcing her to change her into a new one. The whole point of the locking panties was to watch her desperate AB grow hornier and hornier as her diaper filled to the brim. If she had to restart that process now, there’s no way she’d be wet and messy enough for her birthday tomorrow.

Thankfully, Carol’s years as a Big had given her plenty of practice when it came to dealing with diapers. In less than a minute, she had undone each of the tapes and unfolded the moist and steamy diaper. Drenched in a bright yellow hue, the interior of the diaper had swollen significantly, suggesting that Ellie had more than a few wetting over the past couple of hours. As much as she wanted to poke at the squelchy padding and feel its delightfully pulpy texture, she stopped herself, knowing she couldn’t lose herself to any diaper-loving thoughts. Right now, she had to focus in order to ensure her dominance went unquestioned.

Looking down at the bag of frosty marshmallows at her side, Carol was thrilled to finally try out the marshmallow challenge with Ellie. It had been on her radar for a while now, but she’d never gotten the perfect opportunity to attempt it...until now that is. She’d read online that putting the marshmallows in the freezer before inserting them made it easier and delayed the laxative effects they had. Picking one of the softened sugar cubes out of the bag, she was surprised by how stiff it was when cold. It was perfect!

Staring down at Ellie’s pelvis, Carol realized she had quite a bit of distance to cover in order to reach Ellie’s tailpipe. Not to mention that Ellie would likely not make it easy for her and would struggle the whole way through like that brat she was. Getting creative, she pondered the idea of asking two of the girls to grab her legs and pull her lower half toward her, but the possibility of Ellie getting a thigh cramp was pretty high.

Lightbulb!

A cruel, mischievous thought entered her brain. One that was sure to make Ellie feel as little as humanly possible. Sure, she was looking forward to placing the marshmallows inside of her baby girl, but this was ten times more embarrassing. “Hey Skye, can you come over here?” said Carol, motioning Skye toward her with her hand.

Standing farthest away from the action with her fingers shuttering her eyes, Skye was caught off guard by Carol’s sudden request. She’d hoped to have faded into the background after failing to keep Ellie from the messy fate of completing Riri’s dare. With all eyes on her, she tiptoed over to Carol, clasping the hem of her skirt in her hands as she asked, “W-Whad ish id, Nanny Cawol?”

"I'm a little preoccupied with holding down my little munchkin," said Carol as she flexed her legs against Ellie's stomach, causing the trapped Little to wiggle even more, "Would you mind doing the honors?" She held the marshmallow in her hand out for Skye to take, excited to see if Skye would actually do it.

Having known Skye and Latasha for years, Carol had never known Skye to be anywhere as daring in front of others as she was acting today. Clearly, there was a not-so-secret diaper perv tucked away underneath all the fluff that swirled around Skye's noggin, and she was dying to awaken it.

Skye's heart raced as her eyes darted between Carol's face and the marshmallow. So many thoughts were passing through her brain that she had no idea what to think of such an erotic situation. Internally, she was both overjoyed and remorseful. On one hand, every step of exploration she'd taken today had made her heart race in such unfathomable ways. The craving to go farther was hard to deny.

Considering the opposite side of the coin, however, Skye couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt. It was her fault that Ellie was stuck in this mess in the first place, so to be the one to dole out Ellie's dare felt like a massive betrayal. Turning her attention down to Ellie, she noticed the prone girl sticking her neck out from behind Carol, nervously shaking her head.

Sensing the conflict in Skye's head and heart, Carol decided to force her hand a little. If Skye was still too much of a baby to do this on her own, perhaps the threat of punishment would be a bit more encouraging. "Well, if you can't do it...", she said, tossing the marshmallow at Skye and forcing her to catch it, "...then perhaps you'd rather take her place."

Skye's face turned beet red. She nearly fell backward, feeling whiplash from how drastically the situation had changed. No longer was this a question of morality. If she didn't comply and do as she was told, then it would be her butt on the line for Riri's rotten dare. Her hands anxiously dangled past the metal chain around her waist, reminding her of how high the stakes were. In the end, one prevailing thought helped Skye make her final decision: if Ellie were in her shoes, she wouldn't have even hesitated.

Furrowing her brow with what little confidence she had, Skye rotated around Ellie's lower half, attempting to position herself in between Ellie's spasming legs. Unfortunately, the wild kicks that Ellie was throwing out were proving quite difficult to control. Waiting for the perfect opportunity, she pounced on one of Ellie's thighs the moment it was moving slow enough. Placing the flailing appendage between her legs, she scooted herself slightly to the side, far enough out of range that Ellie couldn't reach her with her other leg.

"Skye! W-Whad is chu doing?!" screamed Ellie, clawing her hands against the foam mat beneath her. Shocked beyond belief and feeling so aroused that it was driving her insane, she couldn't believe that the timid girl who was too nervous to even pet her own diaper in front of other Littles was about to do something so devious and dirty. Skye was supposed to be the littlest one in their group, not her! She ramped up her unbridled wiggling, practically throwing her leg toward Ellie in a last-ditch effort to stop her.

Seeing these surprising new developments unfold, Stacy and Riri decided that it was high time they stopped being uninvolved observers. Snickering, they abandoned Ellie's front half, shifting around to her exposed leg and forcing it down the floor. "We gots chu covewed!" shouted Riri, giving Skye an enthusiastic thumbs up.

At last, Ellie's entire lower half was held firmly in place. Other than a few futile twitches, she had no way out of this mess. Overwhelmed by the dream-like scenario that was being forced upon her, her mind melted down into a deep, inescapable Little Space. There was no use in fighting, no amount of tears she could shed to convince them to stop. She was going to be partaking in the marshmallow challenge whether she liked it or not, which was a concept that had her uncontrollably dribbling juices from her throbbing sex.

With everyone in position, Carol grabbed a new marshmallow from the bag, noticing that the one Skye was holding had defrosted a bit too much. Priming the mallow by placing a dollop of lube on its flat side from a bottle she had at her side, she passed the treat over to Skye and said, "Be quick before it starts to melt."

Nodding her head proudly with a cheeky smile on her face, Skye tossed the symbolic marshmallow she'd been holding to the side and snatched the second, much colder gelatinous cube from Carol's hand. Turning her attention downward to Ellie's pulsating anus, she placed the lubricated end up against the hole and slowly began applying pressure.

Despite the stiffness of the marshmallow, it didn't take long for it to grow soft and mushy again. Fearing failure, she pushed the mallow into Ellie's booty with much great force. The malleable marshmallow slithered partway inside Ellie's butthole as it began to break apart with the added force. Using her middle finger, she nudged the remnants of the tasty treat into Ellie's butt with her second digit, successfully managing to insert the entire thing.

"Oooooooh!" moaned Ellie, wincing as the cold from the marshmallow entered her colon. It was a bizarre and unfamiliar feeling. While she didn't want to admit it, she found the brisk sensation to be incredibly pleasant, as was the undeniable fullness of having her rectum filled. She curled her toe and strained her leg muscles, unable to calm herself down.

With the first marshmallow in, the process became much easier. Since Ellie's anal canal was properly lubed up, the rest of the mallows slide right in with very little applied pressure. Working in tandem, Carol prepped the marshmallows and Skye dutifully stuffed them inside of her friend. Soon, one became two, and then four, until eventually, they had her filled with a whopping eight full-sized marshmallows.

Needless to say, Ellie's squirming had halted entirely as the copious amounts of sugar began to melt down, filling her bowels with large quantities of water and feces. Smacking her lips, she could feel herself starting to dehydrate as marshmallows pulled her body's internal liquid like a vacuum.

Knowing there was no time to lose, Carol quickly shoed the three Littles to the side, allowing her to fold Ellie's diaper back onto her and reapply the diaper tapes. She then took hold of the roll of duct tape she'd supplied herself with and quickly reinforced the tabs. Last but certainly not least, she grabs onto the plastic panties that Ellie had managed to kick off of herself

and yanked them back up to her pelvis before locking the chain into place. Patting the front of Ellie's diaper, Carol looked back at her little girl with a smug expression, "So, what do you think, best birthday ever?"

Dazed to the point where words no longer registered, Ellie's once rambunctious and bratty personality had given way, leaving her as nothing more than a babbling, baby-brained Little. All her mind could focus on was the mounting pressure in her gut and the bone-rattling pleasure that filled her quivering pussy.

\*GUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRGGGGGLE!\*

An ominous tummy grumble echoed across the nursery. Carol knew that the marshmallows worked fast, but she had no idea that the results would be this rapid. Removing herself from her perch on Ellie's midsection, Carol stood up and stared downward at her helpless baby girl, ready for the show to begin. Reaching into her pocket and pulling out the remote for Ellie's vibrator, she decided it was time to finish off that pesky adult mind of hers once and for all. "Oopsie," she said, cranking the setting up to full speed and activating it before chucking the remote into the foam pit on the other side of the room.

Ellie's panting and moaning reached new heights as she writhed around on the floor, her strength fully depleted. Her vision went blurry and her breaths became short and shallow as perhaps the most intense orgasm of her life rocked her whole body. As her last wall of defense crumbled into dust, her final coherent thoughts were of the pain in her abdomen, wanting nothing more than to be free from its horrible ache.

\*SPLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRT!!!\*

There was nothing Ellie could do to stop the inevitable as her bowel muscles went into atrophy. She didn't even push. Her body did all the work for her, expelling the potent mixture of white fluff, murky water, and, brown, stinky mush from her rectum. Mentally, it was as if her body was dumping all of her adult thoughts and adult worries into her ever-expanding diaper, leaving nothing but a mindless, ego-driven baby who wanted to cum and poop herself endlessly.

Kneeling down next to her baby girl, Carol took hold of Ellie's head and upper body as she lowered the neckline of her shirt. Unhooking her maternity bra, she unleashed one of her mammoth-sized titties and offered it forward to her very thirsty girl. Ellie didn't hesitate, latching her lips around Carol's soft breast and slurping down the creamy liquid as she continued to fill her confined patting.

Standing on the sidelines, Skye, Stacy, and Riri were at a loss for words. It was as if Ellie and Carol were in their own little world, leaving them to watch the unapologetically horny display.

Pressing her hand against the front of her diaper, Skye could feel her own juices flowing as she observed the passionate lovers. More specifically, it was Ellie's reaction to such sexual intensity that peaked her intrigue. She practically lived in Little Space, but this was something else. Her docile, empty eyes. Her motionless, weighty posture. Her constant whimpering and incoherent babbling. This was a level of Little Space she didn't even know was possible. In her eyes, she was witnessing true bliss.

TO BE CONTINUED...