

The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 7

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Heavy panting and soft moans filled the air as Skye collapsed in Ellie's arms, completely spent. "I dun...fink I can...pway anymow," said Skye as she laid her head back against the cushy, foam playmat. She tossed the dolly she'd been holding onto, effectively throwing in the towel.

Following a series of sexually charged "Ellie Says" rounds, their most recent match had been a battle of who could keep their composure the longest at a tea party with their vibrators running on full. What had started as a more passive contest quickly took on a more handsy nature when Ellie tossed her dolly aside and began treating Skye like she was her baby doll. The barrage of teasing and diaper groping that followed was more than enough to send her into a frenzy for the umpteenth time today.

Rolling off of Ellie's lap and flopping onto the ground, Skye felt a strange sense of victory despite her recent loss. She'd never managed to make herself cum this many times in a single day before. It was like Ellie knew every button she had and exactly how to press each one. Sadly, though, as much as she wanted to continue, her limp body couldn't handle another round.

While Ellie would never admit it, she was also feeling quite exhausted. She'd never dreamed that she'd find another Little who could go for nearly as long as she could. She had a feeling Skye had a lot of repressed sexual energy she needed to get out, but she had no idea what an absolute horny bab she was. Wrapping her arms around Skye's tummy, she nuzzled up next to her for some proper aftercare. "Wansa go cuddwe in da cwib?" she asked, letting out a big, exaggerated yawn.

Ellie's contagious yawn soon spread to Skye, who nodded her head as she bellowed out a similarly big yawn. "Dat sounds nice," she responded, leaning into Ellie's embrace. While a part of her still preferred the caring touch of a Big pleasuring her, there was something so undoubtedly erotic about having naughty Little time with another Little. She could hardly wait to curl up in a crib with her and nap off her exhaustion so they could have even more naughty fun later in the afternoon.

With Skye leaning on her arm, Ellie guided the two of them over to one of the cribs that were stationed near the reading nook of the nursery. She helped Skye into one of them before making her way over to the cot while dimming down all of the lights. "Naptime," she said as she flipped on the pretty princess night light that was plugged in next to the crib. She then dove into the same crib as Skye, making sure her face wound up smushing into Skye's soggy diaper.

"H-Hey!" shouted Skye feebly, biting her lip as she felt her endorphin levels rising once more, "I says no mo! I too tiwed." Much to her faux dismay, Ellie's nose continued to plant itself directly on the crotch of her squishy padding, teasing her fatigued clit with every crinkle.

Purring into the seat of Skye's nappy, Ellie finally allowed her subby friend a reprieve as she moved to close up the crib. "But howny cuddwes awe da best doh," she said, clicking the

bars into place and locking Skye inside with her, “Dey awways gibe me sexy dweams. Don chu wan sexy dweams?”

Squirming as she lay prone atop the crib’s plush mattress, Skye could barely contain her excitement at the promise of achieving a wet dream, something she hadn’t done since before she knew how to masturbate. Playing the part of the bashful Little, she responded, “Weww, if chu insists, den I guess we can habe howny cuddwes.”

That was more than enough consent for Ellie, who eagerly crawled on top of Skye, nestling her rustling diaper next to hers. “Jus so chu no, I get humpy in my seep.”

“Hehehe, okie,” giggled Skye as she allowed herself to be little spooned by Ellie. With how much her heart was racing, she wasn’t really sure how she’d even manage to sleep through a bout of Ellie’s horny cuddles. However, she vastly underestimated how zapped of energy she was. In a matter of minutes, she was snoring in Ellie’s arms. Her lips curled into a smile as she slipped deep into dreamland.

Still awake behind her, Ellie proceeded to set Skye’s vibrator to its lowest setting before clicking it on. “Wheneber Mommy does dis to me, I have the bestest howny dweams eber,” she thought to herself gleefully as she gave her remote the same settings before closing her eyes and letting the sleepiness wash over her.

“No way...No way! Oh my gosh! No way!!!” Carol shouted as she did a brief happy dance in the backyard of her house. With her ear to the phone, she continued her jubilant celebration, “He really said he wants you to take away his right to choose?! That’s incredible!”

On the other end of the line, Latasha giggled to herself whilst peaking inside of the dimly lit nursery where Connor was currently napping. “Yeah, he really went in deep today. He even reached Little Space,” she said, blushing as she thought back to the silly fun that she and Connor had, “It’s no wonder he’s so tuckered out. Goddess, I’ve spent so much time in caregiver mode that I’d forgotten just how much I love being a diaper dom.”

“Oh, c’mon, like you don’t dom Skye from time to time,” said Carol, placing her phone in the crux of her neck as she continued setting out fold-up chairs. As much as she wanted to stop and gush over all of Latasha’s juicy details, she had to work double-time to finish getting ready for Ellie’s party.

Turning her eyes down to the floor, Latasha’s mood suddenly went sour. “Not as often as you might think actually,” she said solemnly, “Skye loves to play in Little Space with me and she masturbates as often as a horny puppy, but she’s still pretty reserved when it comes to sexual stuff with a partner. If I push too hard on the kinky stuff, there’s always the possibility of a panic attack.”

“Well, given what you’ve told me, I guess I’m not too surprised she hasn’t dropped her guard,” said Carol, sighing as she wiped the sweat off of her forehead, “Maybe you two should

take a trip. Get out of the house for a bit. You've got ConCon to look after the other Littles anyway."

"Yeah, you may have a point," said Latasha before a sudden noise in the background of her call pulled her attention away, "Sorry, I gotta go. Say hi to Skye and Ellie for me! See ya tomorrow!"

Smiling with her voice, Carol responded, "Will do! See ya!" Setting her phone down on a nearby patio table, Carol's attention turned toward the house. Having heard Latasha mention Skye and Ellie, it suddenly dawned on her how surprisingly quiet those two had been. It had been a couple of hours at least since she'd last heard from either of them without so much as a booboo kiss or request for uppies. And with how insistent Skye was for Carol to help her with a snack, this was suspiciously odd.

Returning to the house, Carol entered the kitchen and called out, "Ellie? Skye? Lunchtime!" Admittedly, it was a little later than usual to give Ellie her lunch. She cursed herself for getting distracted with party work and not setting any alarms. Unfortunately, lunchtime would have to wait a bit longer, as neither Ellie nor Skye responded to her announcement.

Curious, Carol made her way to the nursery wondering what those two could be so occupied by. When she opened the door, a smell hit her nose that was almost unmistakable. It was the pungent aroma of sex. Flashing a knowing smile, she tiptoed into the nursery, spotting her girls cuddled up in one of the nearby cribs. Sure enough, when she reached the crib, there laid two sweaty, sleepy babies with satisfied grins adorning their faces. Adding to the incriminating evidence, she noticed the two familiar-looking remotes in Ellie's hands, hearing a faint buzzing coming from both girls' diapers.

"Oh dear," whispered Carol as she pulled out her phone and proceeded to take a silent picture, "Latasha's gonna go bananas when she sees this." Giggling, she began to have such awfully naughty ideas. How could she possibly let such lewd, inappropriate behavior go unpunished? Surely, this was not good girl behavior.

Quietly exiting the nursery, Carol made her way through the halls of her luxurious home, bouncing with every step. She had the perfect, evil plan in mind that would certainly bring Ellie's birthday weekend up to an eleven. Making her way over to Ellie's bedroom, she went straight for the bottom drawer of her dresser and found the exact tool she was looking for. In her hands were a bright pink pair of locking plastic panties.

"I'd say you more than earned your fair share of Naughty Points this time," Carol said under her breath. Despite how bitter she sounded, she couldn't have been more sexually aroused as she held the slippery plastic attire in her hands, rattling the metal chain that was sewn into the waistband. Turning her eyes back down to the dresser, she spotted another pair of locking panties; a brilliant, sky blue pair.

While Skye wasn't aware of it, she and Ellie had been engaged in a war of sexual attrition for many years now, with major battle victories belonging to each side. And now, unbeknownst to her, she was about to be caught in the crosshairs of Carol's next big scheme. "Sorry, Skye,

your hand was caught in the cookie jar as well, so to speak,” said the deviant dommy mommy, snickering to herself as she snatched up the second pair of plastic panties.

TO BE CONTINUED...