

The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 10

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“Oh god...Skye too?”

Sitting up in the crib, Ellie was feebly pawing at the pink plastic panties she'd woken up in. Obviously, Carol had found them in the midst of their buzzy fun time and decided to up the ante. And worst of all was that now Skye was dragged into the middle of this.

Cuddled up beside her with her own pair of fittingly sky blue plastic pants, Skye was snoring away as her diaper continued to hum from the vibrating egg nestled inside. Ellie almost felt bad that she'd have to wake her up. She looked so peaceful and happy living within her sexy dreams. Alas, the situation at hand required urgent attention, so she had little choice in the matter.

“Skye, it's time to wake up,” said Ellie, placing her hands on Skye's side, “Please Skye, we have to-”

“Mhmm...Daddy...” moaned Skye as she slept, unaware that her horny dreamworld was being broadcasted through her subconscious. Her eyes strained to shut even tighter as her hips began to buck in her sleep.

Ellie knew this was a pressing circumstance, but she could at least let Skye finish. Sitting back, she giggled quietly as she watched Skye's restless movements. She placed her hand on the front of her diaper and began to rub herself gently, doing her best to make as little sound as possible. “Daddy's gonna fuck you real good,” she whispered, hoping that her audio commentary somehow worked its way into Skye's brain.

Letting her tongue slip out of her mouth, Skye's panting grew louder and more intense as her gyrating hips continued to squirm about. Ellie could feel herself getting close to her own mini orgasm as she did her best to match Skye's rhythm. With her mouth opening wide, Skye muttered the one thing she'd never dare let slip out if she were awake.

“...C-Connor.”

Ellie's hand instantly retracted from her diaper, unable to believe what she had just heard. Did...Did Skye really just call out Connor's name...in a wet dream?! Her hands covered her mouth, attempting to suppress a series of surprised chuckles. As Skye's body began to calm back down a bit, she crawled back over to the sleeping beauty, disbelief still filling her eyes. The reveal had almost caused her to forget that they had bigger things to worry about. Part of her considered letting Skye live in bliss with Daddy Connor for a bit longer, she knew she had to cut the fun short. Besides, Skye would no doubt be red as can be if she woke her up in the midst of such a blushy dream.

Placing her hands on Skye once more, she began to rattle her once more, “Skye, wake up...we have a problem, Skye...”

“Do you have a crush on someone?”

Skye’s heart dropped. Out of all the questions she was expecting Ellie to ask, that was one of the last. Worst of all, her mind went straight to her wet dream and Connor. Why couldn’t she stop thinking of him? She’d made a promise to herself to never seek out another Daddy...so why did he seem different. Her face flushed as her head filled with conflicting thoughts.

“Oh, did I stwike a newvve?” said Ellie, putting on an extra innocent baby voice. She’d been dying to talk to Skye about what she overheard during naptime and what better opportunity was there than in a game of truth or dare with all their friends around. Judging by the look on Skye’s face, she’d made the perfect choice, “If chu chicken out, chu have ta weaw a chicken hat. I have seveal in da toy box.”

Whipping her head over to the large toybox over in the playpen, Skye felt her browline moisten with sweat. At this point, she’d rather have been asked what was in her diaper. And with as red as her face was, there was no way that anyone would buy that she didn’t have one. She was stuck.

“C’mom Skye! We pwomise not ta say nuffin,” said Riri, who was wearing just about the least trustworthy smile imaginable.

Stacy had already reached into her diaper and pulled out her cellphone, aiming the camera at Skye. Riri quickly elbowed her. “Oh, right,” she said, pulling her diaper open and dropping the phone in again, “Yeah, chu can twust us!”

Skye didn’t exactly feel at ease with everyone’s encouraging words. Memories of letting her crushes slip out in grade school, only for them to become major gossip-filled her head. She didn’t want to relive that again. However, nothing seemed worse than taking the chicken hat on the first truth. Plus, not saying anything to a question like that was almost worse. Feeling the pressure of the moment building around her, she held her breath for as long as she could before finally blurting out, “H-He’s jus a fren...I don weawwy know him dat weww yet, so I dunno if I cood caww it a cwush yet.”

“But dats exactwy whadda cwush is!” shouted Ellie, scootching in close and throwing her arm around Skye’s shoulder, “We know chus nod in wuv or anyfing. Chu got nuffin ta wowwy bout!”

Feeling her walls slowly being chipped away at, Skye gritted her teeth and prepared to bite the bullet. Still, a little voice in her head was screaming to keep her mouth shut.

Thankfully, Stacy came to the rescue in one of the oddest possible ways, “Aww dis buiwd up and it’s gonna be somfing wike her stupid stuffed lion.”

“Hey!” yelled Skye, getting defensive, “Lyle ish not stoopid!” She folded her arms and turned her head away from the group, scoffing dramatically.

Stacy snickered, not letting up in the slightest, “Oh yeah, den pwove it! Who’s da cwush?”

“I-Ish...” weighing the pros and cons of telling the truth, Skye just couldn’t bring herself to trust these three not to say anything, not after how many times she’d been burned in the past. Swallowing her pride, she took the easy out. “Ish Lyle,” she said, trying to sound as dejected as possible.

Standing up and pointing, Stacy said proudly, “Ha! I knew it! Chu too much of a baby ta have a big giwl cwush!”

As Stacy and Skye carried on with their schoolyard bickering, Ellie sat back, frustrated by the outcome of her first truth. She knew Skye was lying, but to say that out loud when both Stacy and Riri took Skye’s response at face value would make her truth prompt feel pointed. Plus, the odds they actually would believe her were slim to none now that Stacy was on full attack mode. Stupid Stacy, that uppity bab needed to be taught a lesson. Luckily, she knew exactly what to do, “Oh, Stacy, chu may wanna stop bein mean ta Skye. Ish chus tuwn!”

Skye's scowl rapidly shifted into a devious smile as she asked Stacy, “Twuf or dawe?” Internally, she felt the pressure dissipate. She’d gotten away with it this time, but she’d better stick to picking dares herself from this point on in order to avoid any more potentially embarrassing questions.

Smirking, Stacy shook her head confidently. “Oh, pwease. I don fink chu cood come up wif a gud dawe ifs chu twied. I pick dare!” she blurted out, further antagonizing the person currently in control of her fate.

Looking around the room, Skye's brain was going crazy with any and every possible way she could humiliate Stacy for being such a loudmouth. However, it was seeing Riri fidget in a very familiar way that sparked her most devious idea. “Hey Riri, chu hafta go potty, donchu?”

Riri’s face lit up like a Christmas tree as she slowly tapped her fingers together. “Kinda...my tummies been feewin rumbwy today,” she said bashfully.

“Good,” said Skye before turning her attention to Stacy, “I dare chu ta lay down an let Riri go potty whiwe sittin on chus face!”

Both Stacy and Riri’s head’s abruptly turned towards each other, each of them mortified, yet slightly aroused by the dare. “D-Das not faiw!” shouted Stacy, “Chu can’d make Riri a pawt of da dare! Onwy one pewson per dare!”

“I’ww allow it,” said Ellie, smiling brightly at her three friends. She was always up for humiliation and chaos, whether she was a voyeur or a participant, “Ans I da birfday giwl, so chu hafta wisten ta me!”

Stacy grimaced before glaring back at Skye with fury in her eye. She’d be sure Skye got her just desserts for this. She laid herself down on the foam mat and waved Riri over. “Wet’s jus get dis ova wif,” she said while exaggerating her pout.

Suddenly, the heat was on Riri to perform. She’d been more than happy letting the others target each other, not realizing she’d be on the hot seat this soon. Meekly, she crawled over to Stacy, positioning the girl’s head between her legs as she knelt down. “Sowwy, I dwank wots of miwk today.”

“Jus shuddup an go boomboom awweady,” yelled Stacy, clearly wanting this who affair to be over as efficiently as possible. As Riri’s diaper rear lowered itself on her face, she could feel her heart fluttering while refusing to admit to herself how much she was going to enjoy this. She did have a smell fetish, after all, and no one stunk up a diaper like Riri...except maybe Ellie. She didn’t know what Carol fed that girl, but whatever it was did a number on her.

Squatting atop Stacy’s head, Riri closed her eyes and tried to pretend she was on a squatty potty like her Daddy had her use at home. As much as she loved messy diapers, getting gold stars from Daddy to use the potty was the greatest accomplishment she could hope to achieve in life. With her mind elsewhere, she found it quite easy to let her bowel muscles loosen.

BLOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRT!

It happened with almost no warning. The seat of Riri’s diaper suddenly began to expand, its surface taking on a noticeable brown discoloration. Stacy let out a muffled scream as she allowed her face to become engulfed by the squishy padding that only grew mushier with each passing second. While to a passive observer, her flailing arms and kicking legs would make it seem like she was hating every moment of this, in her head, she was in seventh heaven. She was practically cumming with each smelly inhalation. It took everything she had to keep her hands off of both Riri’s and her own diaper, stuck between wanting to masturbate and wanting to grab Riri by the diaper so she could pull her even closer.

As Riri’s gurgling bowel noises subsided, she rolled herself off to the side, allowing for Stacy to breathe. “A-Awe chu okie?” she asked hesitantly, feeling a tad guilty about the whole ordeal.

A light-headed Stacy gave Riri a limp thumbs up as she gathered her bearings. If the first dare of the night was this perverted, she couldn’t wait to see what was on the horizon. Sitting up, she stuck her tongue out at Skye before turning her full attention back on Riri, “Now dat dat’s ova, ish my tuwn. Twuf or dawwe, Riri?”

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