

## The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 21

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“...Happy Birthday, dear Ellie! Happy Birthday to you!”

All the Bigs and Littles in attendance clapped enthusiastically as Ellie blew the candles out on her Amphibia-themed birthday cake. Connor wasn't sure of Ellie's actual age, assuming by appearance that she was somewhere in her twenties. Her adult age didn't seem to matter much, though, considering there were only three large candles in total.

“Alright, ish it time for the birthday spankings!” cheered Latasha as she leaned in close and gave Ellie a pinch on the cheek. This resulted in a chorus of sinister chuckles.

Ellie, however, did not find Latasha's joke very humorous. “Nuh! No pankins!” she said, folding her arms and pouting.

“Oh no, she's been much too well behaved today for birthday spankings,” said Carol, swooping in and giving Ellie a giant hug, “However, birthday kisses are certainly on the table.” She proceeded to plant five extremely wet kisses all over Ellie's cheeks, resulting in a plethora of squeals and giggles.

Being one of the only completely sober Bigs, Mal was put in charge of slicing duties as she diligently cut up the cake and began passing out large pieces of cake. She made sure all four Littles got their pieces first, knowing that a screaming match would ensue if they were made to wait for the “adults” to get theirs.

Green and blue food coloring stained the lips and teeth of the Littles as they quickly began devouring the scrumptious pieces of cake. In the time it took him to blink, Connor could've sworn that Ellie had somehow inhaled a full piece of cake because her plate was already empty before the others were even halfway done. “Mo pwease!” she said as she held her plate forward with a ring of frosting around her mouth.

Meanwhile, Stacy and Riri were busy taking turns feeding each other large bites, making sure to be as messy as possible. “Choo, choo, hewe comes da twain,” said Stacy as she clumsily planted the sliver of cake against Riri's cheek before dragging the icing-coated bite across her face and into her mouth. Chuckling as she nommed on the moist confection, Riri leaned forward and rubbed her face against Stacy's, allowing bits of crumbly cake and streams of frosting to spread between the two.

“Just a small slice for me, please,” said Carol, who was clearly starting to come down from her alcohol-fueled stupor. Having downed a couple of Advil before bringing out the cake, she was on the verge of a splitting headache while her tummy was sloshy from all the excess liquids she'd downed. An idle thought crossed her mind about what would happen if she were to wet herself right now. It had been at least a year since the last time she'd worn a diaper, and with so many Bigs around, it would be inevitable.

However, as spicy as that would make the afternoon's activities, Carol didn't want to be the one to steal attention away from her birthday girl. She'd have to back pocket that idea for

now and perhaps try to use it next time she and Latasha had a ladies' night. Returning to her seat next to Ellie, she sat down gleefully, ready to indulge in the sugary treat.

\*SPLAT!!\*

The moment that Carol's butt touched down on her chair, she knew that something was wrong. Her face went bright pink as she wiggled her tushy, feeling the cool squishiness of something smearing across the bottom of her skirt. Quickly getting back to her feet, she discovered that SOMEONE had placed a handful of cake in her seat, ensnaring her in a trap. "Okay, someone has some explaining to do!" she announced as she continued to try and get a good look at the damage that had been done to her butt, "Dang it! This is my favorite dress!"

Despite Carol's obvious frustration, the others around her couldn't help but laugh at how silly their host looked, hopping around to get a better look at her cake-coated posterior. "Whoops! Looksh like Auntie Carol had a bit of an accident," said Latasha before stuffing a bite of cake into her mouth.

"Girls, raise your hands this instant or you'll be in timeout for the rest of the party," said Carol sternly as she looked across the table, causing all four girls to drop their forks and put their hands up instantly. Between the four girls, Skye, Riri, and Stacy all had smudges of frosting along their fingers and knuckles. Ellie's hands, however, were completely spotless. Suspiciously spotless from Carol's perspective. She took hold of Ellie's tiny paws, feeling the remnants of stickiness running all the way down to her right palm. "I think I've found the naughty culprit!"

Shaking her head furiously, Ellie vehemently denied the accusation. "Id wasn me! See, wook ad how cwean my hands are!" she said in defense.

"That's funny because I only saw one person get seconds," said Connor, smirking from across the table while Ellie glared back at him. He wasn't usually one to step into conflict like this but after the way he'd handled things with Latasha, he was on a confidence high when it came to confrontation. He quickly stuck his tongue out at the birthday girl while no one was looking to pour salt in the wound.

Ellie instantly tried to jump up from her seat with the intention of tackling Connor to the ground. Sure, he was bigger and stronger than she was, but in her mind, she could take him. She wouldn't get very far though, as the moment her diaper butt left her chair, she was snatched into the air mid-step by her Mommy. "Hmmm...you know, I think Latasha was onto something with those birthday spankings. How old are you again, this year?" said Carol in a tone that sent chills down the other Littles' spines.

"Wahoo! Let'sh go!" shouted Latasha, who was more than happy to have a front-row seat to the best show of the year.

Struggling to pull away from Carol's iron grip, Ellie knew that any effort to escape was entirely futile. She'd never once gotten away after she was securely in Mommy's clutches. Whining with her lower lip pushed out as far as it could go, she relented, knowing that three spankings were a relatively minor punishment when considering the crime. "I tuwnin three," she said, holding up three fingers awkwardly.

“Oh, are you now? Because I recall your actual age being much closer to 27,” said Carol, causing a series of gasps to break out across the table.

Even for Latasha, this was a shocking development. She typically avoided calling out a Little’s real age if she could help it. Plus, it’s not as though she could even try that on Skye, given that she didn’t know what her actual age even was. Based on looks alone, she had to be somewhere in her mid to late 20s, but that was all she had to go off of since Skye had only ever brought up her Little age.

“Wuh?! N-Nuh uh!!” cried Ellie, suddenly far more panicked now that the number of spankings had increased exponentially. Her legs kicked and swung about as Carol pulled her over her lap and delivered the first heavy wallop against the backside of her diaper. “Ahhhhhhh! Mommy no! Id was jus a joke! I sowwy!!!”

Sadly, Ellie’s cries fell on deaf ears as Carol continued to lay into her, counting with each swat. Off to the side, Riri and Stacy’s giggles could no longer be contained as they broke out into uproarious laughter over their friend’s embarrassing punishment. Their infectious cackling soon spread to Martin, Connor, and Latasha, turning this birthday celebration into a rowdy affair.

Only two party-goers sat in silence as they watched Ellie’s spanking unfold. Unsurprisingly, Mal was one of them, remaining stone-faced throughout the whole ordeal. The other was Skye, who continued to munch on her cake, observing Ellie’s punishment out of the corner of her eye.

With a sly grin, Skye licked the frosting off of her lips, knowing that her revenge was now complete. It was relatively easy to get Ellie into a mischievous mood. All it took was steering their conversation in the right direction, planting the seeds in the birthday girl’s brain long before anything came of it. The best part was that she didn’t have to do any of the work. All she had to do was sit back and watch.

Not only did Skye get retribution for Ellie hogging all of the attention last night, but she also got the double whammy of Carol’s messy humiliation. It was a small victory, but also a spiritual one. “Happy birthday to me,” she said, wrapping her tongue around another scrumptious bite of fluffy cake as the sounds of Ellie’s intense sobbing filled the air. Ellie was definitely right about one thing: It was fun to be naughty.

TO BE CONTINUED...