

The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 11

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“Hu...shubby...bunny...” said Riri with her mouth filled to the brim with soft, white marshmallows. The girls around her all giggled with glee as she reached into the bag of the sweet, delectable treats and pulled out another mallow to stuff into her pie hole.

Snickering, Ellie nudged Skye and said, “Wasn she onwy dawed ta do eight?”

“Jus wet her keep goin,” whispered Skye, not wanting to break Riri’s concentration.

By this point, Riri had long since beaten the dare given to her by Stacy, but she wasn’t satisfied with stopping at the prerequisite eight. As she pushed a jaw-dropping fifteenth marshmallow into her mouth, she smiled with what little space she had and attempted to utter the required phrase, “Sh...sh...”

The girls all leaned in close, each of them on the edge of their seats to see if Riri could pull off the seemingly impossible.

“Shub...bleh!” blurted Riri as all at once, marshmallows came spilling out from between her lips, signaling that her battle was over. Letting the globs of slightly melted, spit-covered gelatin cubes fall to the floor, she fell backward and raised her fists in the air, feeling triumphant. “Fouwteen’s pwetty gud!”

The trio applauded Riri’s efforts, with Ellie being especially enthusiastic. Partially because Riri had earned it, but also because it was now her turn to get asked truth or dare. Being the masochist she was, she was ready to jump on a dare as soon as Riri was ready to ask her. “My turn!” she yelled, bouncing up and down on her moistened padding.

Rolling back up into a sitting position, Riri grabbed her designated baby bottle and took a big swig of milk to wash the sugar from her mouth. As she looked back down at the marshmallows, a fantastically devious idea entered her mind. All Ellie needed to do was pick dare. Trying and failing to keep her malicious intentions concealed, she smugly asked, “Twuf or daww?! ”

“Daww!” shouted Ellie, amped to see what Riri would throw at her.

Wiggling in a cross-legged position, Riri got the exact answer she wanted. “I daww chu to do da marshmawwow chawwenge!” she said boldly as she tossed the bag of marshmallows over to Ellie and held up her other hand with all five fingers, “Gotta do at weast five!”

Rolling her eyes, Ellie was hoping that Riri would be a bit more creative than merely asking her to do the same exact dare that she’d just done. That was until she reached into the bag and prepared to place the first mallow into her mouth.

“Nuh-uh!” said Riri, barely able to contain her excitement. She leaned forward and pointed back at her own butt, “Nod chubby bunny. Da otter marshmawwow chawwnege.”

Ellie’s eyes went wide and her cheeks filled with crimson as it dawned on her what Riri was asking her to do. She’d read about the laxative effect that stuffing marshmallows up your

bum had on people, but neither she nor Carol had taken the initiative to try it. It wasn't really necessary when they had a wealth of suppositories, enemas, and actual laxatives in their house at all times. Normally, she wouldn't even flinch at the suggestion to do something that would make her mess her pampers. The problem was with her locking plastic panties, she had no way to pull this off. Worst of all, she was now forced to expose her naughty position, or take the chicken's way out. One look at the toy box which housed the infamous chicken hats that she had previously boasted about was enough to send chills down her spine.

"Whas wong?" said Stacy, smirking as she watched Ellie squirm, "Chus nod finkin of chickenin out are chu?"

Placing a hand on her own locking plastic panties, Skye didn't know whether or not she should speak up or not. It made her feel lucky that Ellie was the person in control of her truth or dare fate, but if Ellie felt slighted enough, there was always a chance that she dragged her down with her. Her inability to decide kept her suspiciously quiet, catching Stacy's attention.

Growing impatient, Riri leaped out of her seat, lunging toward Ellie and tackling her softly to the floor. Giggles and squeals filled the nursery as the current dare-master ruffled up Ellie's nightie. "No chicken! Chu gotta do it!" she shouted, finally uncovering Ellie's diaper despite her ardent resistance. That's when she froze in place, a cruel smile forming on her face, "Oh... hehehe... now I ged it..."

Ellie covered her face with her hands as her cheeks grew even more rosey. There was no denying that her pink plastic panties were locked onto her waist by a shiny metal chain. In an act of deflection, she yelled, "S-Skye's weawin dem too!"

"Hey!" screamed Skye, which was all she could get out before Stacy pounced on her, lifting her night dress up to expose her punishment undies, "I-It's nod whad chu fink!"

Neither Riri nor Stacy believed Skye's words to be true. For Riri, she would get put in locking panties herself due to the fact that her fingers tended to wander southward more often than not. Her Daddy was much too controlling to let his little girl decide when it was appropriate for naughty playtime.

Stacy, on the other hand, was never really punished by her paid caregiver legitimately. If locking pants were used, it was because she was craving crueller treatment and wanted the thrill of being locked up. For both her and Riri to see Ellie in locking panties was one thing. For as constantly big of a baby as Skye to be doing something so kinky came as a bit of a shock. Both girls burst out laughing upon the revelation, making Skye and Ellie feel even smaller than they already were.

"Ish nod funny!" said Ellie, folding her arms and pouting. If there was one thing she couldn't stand, it was being laughed at by other Littles.

Shaking her head and standing up on her frilly-socked feet, Stacy said, "Oh, I fink dis is supa funny." She then turned and started walking toward the door. "I'ww be back, I needs ta ask Nana Cawol a question."

Both Ellie and Skye's heads turned toward each other, knowing exactly what Stacy's evil intentions were. It was apparent that her plan was to ask Carol to unlock the plastic panties to allow for the marshmallow challenge to be initiated, before more than likely being locked back up afterward. Ellie tried to climb to her feet and chase after Stacy, but Riri was there to hold her in place. In an act of desperation, she yelled to Skye, "Shtawp her!"

Reacting before her mind could catch up, Skye jumped up and rushed over to Stacy. She had no idea what she was actually going to do when she caught her, but this was a do-or-die moment, so to speak.

In response, Stacy took off running, hoping to reach the door before Skye could catch up. Unfortunately, the padded floor made gaining much distance trickier than she'd expected. As she placed her hands on the door, she didn't have time to actually turn the knob before she had to dodge Skye's bull rush. Rolling off to the side, she darted back across the room, running past the still prone Ellie and Riri before ascending the staircase of the playset.

Thinking on her feet, Skye split off from Stacy as she neared the indoor playground, moving underneath the raised flooring near where most of the slide exits were. Even if she didn't have Stacy physically subdued, there was no way for her to make it off the playset without running into her. If she attempted to race back down the stairs or take the ladder, she'd be much too slow with the risk of injury being too high. Snickering, she felt a sense of pride in her clever chess move. "Come on down, Stacy! I wanna give you a big hug!" she taunted, unaware that she had slipped out of her usually infantile lisp.

Looking back and forth, Stacy tried to work out any way to trip Skye up and make a break for the exit. She cursed herself for not standing her ground and fighting Skye off by the door when she had the chance. The little game of tag that she'd gotten herself into was not going well, to say the least. In a last-ditch effort, she climbed atop the slide nearest the foam pit and leaped toward it, easily clearing the playmats to successfully make her soft landing. While this had gotten her out of the position she was in, it created a completely new problem as she attempted to scramble to her feet, only to tumble back onto her butt.

Standing on the edge of the foam pit with a satisfied grin, Skye looked down at her opponent, knowing that her chances of escape had just plummeted to zero. "Whatcha gonna do now, huh?" she teased, enjoying the power she got off of staring down a fellow Little.

BZZZZZZZZ!

All of a sudden, Skye felt the egg inside of her diaper begin to rumble. She nearly dropped to her knees as her boastful expression dissipated into a very concerned one. Turning her attention upward, she saw none other than Carol standing in the doorway with her thumb on one of the remotes.

"Oh, dear," said Carol, shaking her head in mocking disappointment as her eyes shifted across the room filled with various troublemakers, "Would anyone care to explain what's going on in here?"

TO BE CONTINUED...