

The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 13

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BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

“Hehehehe!” giggled Ellie, the birthday girl as she sat criss-cross applesauce atop her outrageously full diaper. Leaning her elbows on the low table top in front of her, she munched on dinosaur chicken nuggets and slurped soda as she had the time of her life. Nary a troubling thought or ounce of anxiety dares enter this girl’s head. If Earth was being a conscious adult, then she was the moon, floating effortlessly through space in a state of pure bliss. She wasn’t just in Little Space, she was in Perma-Little Space.

Despite living in a near-constant state of Little Space, Skye had never managed to achieve such a monumental feat. Even when she was at her smollest, there was always something to tether her back to the ground, making it unfortunately easy to slip out of when something went wrong.

As Skye chowed through her own plate of adorable, prehistoric tenders, she couldn’t help but feel unfathomably jealous at the fact that Carol had almost forgotten about the vibrator that laid dormant in her diaper. Meanwhile, Ellie’s egg roared at a constant hum dulled by the thickness and saturation of her swollen padding, reminding Skye of what she was missing out on.

While Skye struggled to contain her seething envy, the same could not be said for Stacy and Riri. Whenever the four of them played together in the Padded Palace, it was often a war for dominance, as arguments over who was the littlest baby in the group raged on constantly. It was a pretty close race in most regards, with Skye taking the crown more times than she would like to admit. Tonight, however, there was no question who had sunken the farthest into the deep abyss that was Little Space.

“Hehehe, Baby Ellie ish so messy! Wook at awll da cwums on her nightie!” said Riri, chuckling as she pointed from across the table. Ellie could only burble happily at the accusation as she looked down at herself and proceeded to brush off the bread crumbs with her hand, which was currently holding a half-eaten dino nugget. This resulted in Ellie ending up comically messier than she was before.

Practically laying across the entire table laughing in hysterics was Stacy, who couldn’t get enough of Ellie’s infantile antics. “Uh oh! I fink Ellie need ta make anudder stinky!” she shouted gleefully, jumping up from her prone position to gesture to Ellie’s scrunched-up face. The birthday girl leaned forward, gearing up to prove Stacy right.

BLOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRT!!!

The seat of Ellie’s diaper glorped and bubbled loudly as it expanded within the confines of her pink plastic panties. Both Riri and Stacy stumbled over each other to round the table so they could see the bloated mess that Ellie’s nappy had become.

As fate would have it, Carol entered the nursery right as Ellie was busy pamper packing. Carrying a plate of four scrumptious-looking cupcakes, she could barely contain her excitement

over how happy her little girl was. “Awww...I bet your tummy feels all better now, yeah?” she said as placed her hand on Ellie’s back and gave her soft, circular rubs of approval.

Nodding her head enthusiastically, Ellie was thrilled to receive such glowing praise for her sludge-filled diaper. Looking up at her Mommy while rubbing her tummy, she stated proudly, “Uh-huhs! No mo gwumbwies in ma tumby!” She then proceeded to roll back onto her booty, squelching the bowling ball-sized load and spreading it all throughout her enlarged padding.

Setting the plate down in the middle of the table, Carol announced, “Okay girls, back to your spots. Or else your cupcake is going down the back of your pants.” Riri and Stacy rushed back to their spots, scooting in as they tried not to drool at the cutely-decorated confections. Everyone was ready to dig into Ellie’s birthday-eve treat...well, almost everyone.

Upon hearing Carol’s threat, Skye’s naughty mind began to race. Having been stewing in her own jealousy after witnessing Ellie’s descent into Little Space, she wanted to receive some of the same treatment. And getting a cupcake shoved down her pampers sounded like the perfect catalyst to make that happen. Rolling out from under the table, she began to crawl off toward the massive mountain of stuffed animals, making sure to exaggerate the movement of her diaper butt all the way there.

Seeing Skye start to wander off, Carol called out, “Hey Skye, playtime can wait, baby girl. Don’t you want dessert?”

“No!” yelled Skye, her face red as can be from the combination of terror over disobeying and the embarrassment over what was to come. Deciding to throw fuel on the fire, she forced her tongue out of her mouth and pointed it squarely at Carol, ensuring her little stunt would not be let off with a warning.

Sighing, Carol could already sense where this was going. Part of her had hoped that shy, little Skye would sink back into her usual habits after the birthday girl became the main focus of the evening. Instead, it appeared that she’d created an attention-seeking monster who likely wanted to get the same treatment that Ellie was receiving. If she didn’t nip this in the bud promptly, Latasha would not be happy when her sweet, innocent Little returned to the Padded Palace as even more of a brat than Ellie was.

Standing up from the table, Carol turned back to the three girls and said playfully, “Hold off on those cupcakes girls. Mama’s got a naughty baby to round up.” The girls snickered as they watched Carol pull Skye’s vibrator remote out of her pocket and hold it up high for Skye to see, “This is what you want, right?”

Playing coy, Skye shook her head and curled her lips in, stifling a hardy chuckle. She couldn’t help but feel herself feeling more excited, and most importantly, more little as Carol approached her. “Nuh! Don use da vibwatow or put a cupcake in ma diapee!” she said, delivering one of the worst acting performances of the year. Clearly, being a brat did not come naturally to the consistently sweet baby girl.

Arriving at Skye’s feet, Carol crouched down and motioned for Skye to come closer. “Hi there, Skye,” she whispered, keeping her voice down so that the other girls didn’t overhear, “I

know you wanna play and you've found that naughty punishment can be a lot of fun, but my priority has to be on Ellie right now. She's the birthday girl, after all. If you were in Ellie's shoes, you wouldn't want Ellie or Stacy or Riri taking the spotlight from you, would you?"

Shrinking back and turning a deeper shade of red, Skye's arousal started to dissipate as her guilt started to mount. Of course, she would be unhappy if another Little pulled Latasha away from her on her birthday. However, as soon as she looked up to see Ellie fingering some frosting off the closest cupcake and gurgling like the sweet, blissed-out baby she was, her enraged selfishness kicked into hyperspeed. "Buh I wansa pway too! I WANSA BE WIDDWE TOO!"

Reaching toward the nearest stuffed animal, Skye whipped it back at Carol, hitting her right across the face. Regret immediately kicked in as the laughter and cheers from her chorus of friends dissolved into a unified gasp.

Needless to say, Carol was fuming. Playtime was officially over. If Skye wanted to be punished like a brat, then she was going to find out exactly what that entailed. Grabbing Skye by the ear, Carol dragged the disobedient Little kicking and screaming over to where a set of bouncers were located.

"Nuh, pwease! I sowwy!" screamed Skye, no longer faking how much she didn't want to be punished. No longer was the idea of Carol's discipline a tantalizing concept as it took on a new, far scarier reality. Tears fell down her face as her pleas fell on deaf ears. In one swift motion, Carol managed to lift her up off the ground and place her swiftly inside one of the bouncers before she even had the chance to wiggle out. Dropping her arms to her sides, her bawling increased in both volume and ferocity, nearly causing Carol's tinnitus to act up.

Thankfully, Carol kept a stash of paci gags nearby for just such an occasion. Her experience with a fully-fledged brat like Ellie had more than prepared her for any stunt a docile bab such as Skye could pull off. Placing the binky into Skye's gaping mouth and quickly locking the head restraint into place, she stepped back and looked upon the sorrowful Little. "I'll let you out after you've learned your lesson, young lady," she said sternly. As a finishing touch to add to Skye's punishment, she held out the vibrator remote for Skye to see before dropping it onto the ground just beyond the radius of Skye's feet, leaving no room for doubt over whether or not any of the fun, naughty punishments would be occurring.

Scowling behind the pacifier that was tied to her face, Skye had never wanted to go home more than she did right now. She missed the Padded Palace. She missed Connor. She missed her

Mommy! More than anything, though, was that she now absolutely loathed Carol. It didn't take much for any Little to assign the word "meanie" to someone they didn't like, and that was certainly the case for Skye. Bouncing atop of her tiptoes while nestled into the bouncer with her moistened diaper, her mind began to race. If Carol thought this was over, she had another thing coming.

Figuring the worst was over, Carol returned to the others, ready to resume the slumber party festivities. "Alright, girls, Skye's gonna calm down in the bouncer for a bit," she said, rounding the corner of the jungle gym, "So, who's ready for some-" Her words came to a sudden halt as she gazed upon the trio of troublemakers, each with frosting smeared across their lips and copious amounts of fluffy cake filling their cheeks. "-cake..."

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