

The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 8

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“Ugh! There’s gotta be something,” scoffed Stacy, grumbling as she tapped away at Connor’s laptop. It was a simple plan. While Ellie kept Connor distracted downstairs, she would sneak into his room and do a bit of digging. In her mind, Connor had to be hiding more than just a pink pull-up, and she was curious to uncover precisely what made him tick. Unfortunately, her search had been less than fruitful, with most of the room being stuffed to the brim with Latasha’s storage, making it impossible to tell what even belonged to Connor in the first place. This led her to start searching through the only thing she could confirm was his; that being his internet search history.

However, much to Stacy’s surprise, the most she could find were a few diapering tutorials and an old Ao3 account from 2013 that had primarily been used to read Naruto fanfiction. Cringy, yes but not what she was looking for. Beyond that, there was nothing. No DeviantArt, no FurAffinity, no FetLife, not even a horny Twitter alt. Much like his carefully curated persona, his laptop was squeaky clean, making her even more desperate to unravel his mysteries.

“Find what you’re looking for?”

Stopping mid-search, Stacy’s eyes shifted upward at the sound of Connor’s condescending voice. She gritted her teeth, furious with Ellie for failing to give her any sort of warning. However, as she worked out what must’ve gone wrong with her scheme in her head, the target of her aggression quickly shifted. “Riri warned you, didn’t she?” she said, her monotonous tone making her question sound far more like a definitive statement.

“Nope, I just had a hunch,” said Connor, hoping to spare Riri from Stacy’s wrath. He approached Stacy, who was sitting cross-legged on his bed, and slowly pressed the laptop closed with his pointer finger, “What? The world’s most incriminating photo isn’t enough?”

Glaring down at the floor, Stacy was not someone who enjoyed being scolded, no matter how much she deserved it. However, it was all a means to an end. “I take it the game’s over then? Darn! I weawwy wan-ned ta pway,” she said, pushing out her bottom lip as she angled her eyes upward in a sarcastic attempt at begging.

“Yes, the game is over,” said Connor bluntly, caring little for Stacy’s theatrics. He pointed toward his bedroom door unwaveringly, “Now, march. We’re staying in the nursery for the rest of the night.”

Moving off the bed at a snail’s pace, Stacy moped out of Connor’s bedroom, her arms slumping down by her feet for emphasis. She didn’t even have to look up at him to know he was rolling his eyes. Standing up straight as she cleared the doorway, a smug smile reemerge on her face.

While Stacy’s side mission to accrue more information on Connor had gone up in smoke, she had confirmed exactly what she needed to about her two nursery mates. Ellie, while not super competent, was someone she could utilize in future plans. Riri, meanwhile, had played

right into Stacy's hand, with Stacy having purposely spoken loud enough to ensure Riri would overhear her plotting. From here on out, she'd have to keep a close eye on Riri. She had big plans for tonight and she wasn't gonna let some timid diaper dork get in the way of them.

Sitting on the edge of his bed, Connor was at a loss on how to deal with the Stacy situation. In the beginning, she mostly used her blackmail to score faux brownie points with him in front of the others, which was something he could begrudgingly live with. Over time, though, she'd become far more unwieldy in how she threw her power around.

Feeling trapped between a rock and a hard place, Connor considered that it may be time to rip the band-aid off and come clean to Latasha. Sure, it would mean the others would probably find out and maybe even earn him a demotion to diapers but she probably would know how best to handle Stacy. Pulling out his cell phone, he began drafting a message to Latasha, confessing to her all that had gone down between himself and Stacy. Sadly, he ran out of steam halfway through typing, unable to bring himself to upend Latasha's vacation over this.

Bzzz! Bzzz!

Undoing his message, Connor smiled as a message alert from Skye popped up on his phone. He tabbed over to Skye's text thread, laughing as he stared at a selfie of Skye sitting in her stroller outside of a women's bathroom with the text underneath it reading, "Mommy making me wait with her for her in the potty! 🙄"

"Maybe you should share some of your diapers with her lol," responded Connor, his spirit firmly lifted thanks to Skye's typical adorable nature. Tucking his phone back in his pocket, he popped up from the bed and made his way back downstairs. After all, he still had to find Ellie.

"Maybe you should share some of your diapers with her lol"

Pouting at the message Connor had sent her, Skye threw her phone back into Latasha's purse, outraged that he failed to grasp how frustrating this situation was. She wasn't even ready to be down in the thick of the main convention hall, and now she had to wait around a crumbly bathroom at a gosh-darn diaper convention. "Toopid bigs," she mumbled from behind her paci, catching the on-staff caregiver's spotty attention.

"Aww, sweetie! Why such a pouty face," said Kaitlyn, the woman who was in charge of a Littles watch area that was parked out in front of the bathrooms as a means of allowing Bigs to do their business while Littles can play and interact amongst themselves. Not being one for random Big interactions, Skye sank down and looked away from the imposing girl, hoping she would take the hint and move on to another kid.

Unfortunately, Kaitlyn refused to let a pouty face go unchecked. She knelt down so she could be at eye level with Skye, wanting to be seen as more of a friend than an authority figure. "Hmmm...would a piece of candy make you feel better?" she said, reaching into her pocket and pulling out a selection of Jolly Ranchers.

Unable to resist such a tantalizing offer, Skye lost herself to her Little side for a brief moment as she excitedly turned to snag one of the blue-flavored hard candies.

Hearing the sound of a toilet flushing, Skye crossed her fingers and hoped that it was Latasha who would be on their way out. It was only after the mini-candy was safely in her palm that she remembered she was supposed to be pouting. “F-Fanku,” she said begrudgingly, feeling like she owed the busy caregiver at least that much.

“No problem, cutie,” said Kaitlyn, ruffling Skye’s hair before moving on to check on the other Littles in her care, “Don’t be a stranger if you need anything, okay?”

FLUSH!

Just as Skye was about to respond to Kaitlyn, the sound of one of the toilets in the nearby restroom stole her attention. Eyeing the entrance to the ladies’ room, she clutched Lyle tightly in her arms and began making tiny bounces on the tips of her feet as she crossed her fingers in hopes that it would be her Mommy walking through the doors any second now.

Mercifully, Skye’s wait was at an end as she saw Latasha pass through the doorless entrance and lightly jog over to pick up her little bundle of joy.

“Sorry, it took so long. In hindsight, I should’ve forced myself to go in the hotel room. You ready to get moving?” asked Latasha, unaware of how much she was advertising her excitement through her face and body language. After being deprived of any con experiences for two years, it almost felt like her first time all over again; a feeling that she couldn’t get enough of, “Anywhere you wanna head first, baby girl? I’m open to whatever you wanna do.”

Nodding her head, Skye had been wanting to check out the two-story arcade and massive ball pit, both of which had been advertised heavily leading up to the con. Maintaining her fierce pout at all costs, she scrunched her face more intensely and grumbled, “Da awcade wooks fun.”

“Are you sure? That’s an awfully grumpy face for someone who wants to have fun. You wouldn’t perhaps be in desperate need of a change already?” said Latasha, teasing her angsty Little’s bratty flare-up as she reached down to press her hand against Skye’s diaper front.

Skye's face turned bright pink intensely with the knowledge that she had already purposefully wet her diaper not even twenty minutes after receiving a change. “I-Ish dwy,” she asserted, pushing Latasha’s hand back before her fingers made contact with her slightly swollen padding.

Giggling at her Little’s obvious attempts at hiding her accident, Latasha decided to throw Skye a bone and let her have this one. She moved her hand upward to cup Skye’s flushed cheek instead, hoping a bit of physical comfort would bring her down from whatever was fueling her mopiness. “Only kidding, cutie. Mommy knows her baby girl is big enough not to immediately wet herself after a change. That would make her one the smallest babies in the whole world,” she said, relishing in Skye’s fidgety, blushy reaction, “C’mon, the arcade awaits! We’re just gonna make a quick pit stop at one of the vendor booths on our way over there so we can meet up with Mommy’s friend. Trust me, the two of you are gonna be best friends in no time!

TO BE CONTINUED...