

The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 9

Written By: CrissieBaby

“You like that, don’t you? C’mon, you sissy bitch, be Mommy’s good little slut and beg for more.”

Standing over a man wearing a black, rubber maids outfit and obscenely thick diapers that had been tugged down to his ankles, a young, college-age Latasha rubbed the flat end of the paddle in her hand against the sissy’s bare and bruised bottom. She sank her teeth into her plush bottom lip, extracting an equal amount of pleasure out of this scenario as the man she was dominating, at least if her dripping panties were anything to go off of.

“P-Please, Lady Latasha! I need more!” said the sissy, who was quivering in anticipation of the next hit. Thankfully, Latasha didn’t keep him waiting for long.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

The paddle crackled like thunder as it landed against the sissy’s exposed rear, with sweat dripping from Latasha’s short bangs as she put her all into spanking her paying customer. Sadly, this was not a pace she was able to hold for long, feeling winded after a solid ten strikes. She leaned against the hilt of the paddle, catching her breath.

“If you can’t go longer than your sissy, how on Earth do you expect to make it on your own?”

Picking her head up, Latasha looked deep into her mistress’s eyes, finding her gaze and subtle smile as comforting as they were intimidating. “I’m sorry, Mother Elma. I promise I can do better,” she responded, fixing her sights on Elma’s black, thigh-high boots.

Approaching her diaper dominatrix in training, Elma placed two fingers under Latasha’s chin, forcing her to attention. “I know you can, Tish, but you’ll need to learn to pace yourself if you want to get this right. The client isn’t paying for you to catch your breath,” she said, shifting her fingers to Latasha’s cheek in a gentle manner. Without breaking eye contact, she directed her next statement at the sissy, “How are you doing, Sammy? Do you need a break?”

Shaking his head, Sammy was quick to respond, “I’m okay but I’ll definitely need to stop for water in like fifteen minutes or so.”

“Excellent. Thank you, Sammy. You’re being such a good doll,” said Elma, squatting down and using her free hand to pet Sammy’s hair, “Alright Latasha, you’ve got fifteen minutes. And I don’t want to see you stop until your sissy is begging for mercy. Let’s go again.”

Smacking her lips on a piece of watermelon bubblegum, Mother Elma took a deep breath in through her nose, savoring the nostalgic aroma as her eyes scanned the wide reaches of CrissCon’s vendor hall. She was in her element. Next to her, wearing an adorable pink party

dress and a very exposed diaper, was her benefactor for the weekend. After all, what better way to spend time at an ABDL convention than by spending someone else's money?

"Mistwess, I don wansa wait no mo," said Missy, the "baby girl" who had commissioned Elma for a full weekend of her Mommy Dom services. She was a petite little thing with a pension for humiliation and a gluttony for punishment. Tugging on Elma's sleeve she continued in her whining, "Da awcade is wite ovej dere! I pwomise I won go faw-EEP!"

Tugging on the child safety harness that she had lovingly placed on her sissy baby, Elma pulled Missy in close and grabbed a big handful of her sissy's diaper fluff. "Now now, Missy-Wissy, Mother Elma told you to be patient. My friend will be here soon. So keep your lip shut, baby girl, or I might just forget to turn on your cute, widdwe Hush plug," she said, reaching her arm around Missy's backside and ending her statement with a light diaper swat.

"O-Okie, Mistwess...buh I nuh a baby girw. I's a boy!" responded Missy, melting at Elma's loving touch as she denied the very thing that filled her with so much euphoria. She whimpered, gushing over every second that she wasn't allowed to have her way.

Patting Missy's hair condescendingly, Elma could only snicker at the cute baby girl she had trapped in her clutches. "Really? Because you could've fooled me, sugar bee," she said, feeling her client quiver next to her as she teased her to the point of babbling. She smiled, happy that she could keep Missy placated for now. However, she knew she couldn't make someone who was paying her to be here stand around all evening. She looked toward the distance once again, whispering under her breath, "C'mon Tish, where are you hiding?"

Thankfully, Elma and Missy weren't forced to wait much longer. Pushing Skye in her stroller through the crowded shopping area, Latasha was on a warpath to find her friend, whom she hadn't seen in what felt like a lifetime ago. Her heart rate ticked upward as her head swiveled in all directions, searching high and low for any signs of Mother Elma's presence. While both of them were Bigs, she had to concede that Elma was a far more domineering personality than she was. And while being around bigger Bigs wasn't something that she typically found intimidating, her former tutor was a whole different story entirely.

"Oh! Latasha!" shouted Elma, holding her hand up high and waving as she caught a glimpse of Latasha's face from in between the bustling crowd. Her smile grew as she watched Latasha snake around the myriad of ABs and DLs to arrive at her feet. The two didn't even hesitate to drop the holds they had on their respective Littles as they threw their arms around each other, "Tish! It's been too long!"

Giggling like a school girl who'd just learned her first naughty word, Latasha squeezed her old bestie extra hard. "Goddess, you don't know how much I've missed you! We've got so much catching up to do," she said as the pair finally broke from their embrace.

"Ahem." Forcing out a noticeably fake cough, all eyes fell on Skye, who was less than enthused to have been yanked through one of the busiest sections in the entire convention. She looked up at her Mommy with an undeniably pouty expression.

“Oh, I’m sorry. This is my little cutie pie, Skye,” said Latasha, scurrying around Skye’s stroller and pushing her forward, “Skye, this is Elma. She and Mommy go way back.”

Looking Mother Elma up and down, Skye could feel the overwhelming amount of dominance this woman possessed radiating off her like a thick fog. As Elma flashed her pearly-white teeth at her, she shrunk back, bumping her diapered butt into Latasha.

“Awww, what a shy, little tyke,” said Elma, who was able to get a read on the kind of Little that Skye was pretty quickly. She bent her knees and lowered herself to Skye’s eye line before placing a gentle hand on Skye’s head, “I’m sure we’ll both be great friends soon enough.”

Strangely enough, Skye’s anxiety began to ease up due to Elma’s surprisingly comforting hand. Somehow it was as if the dense fog of domination dissipated as Elma willingly lowered herself. “I-Ish nice ta meet chus,” she said, powering through a brief greeting for her Mommy’s sake much like she had with Jesi and Aanya.

Returning to her normal posture, Mother Elma knew there was one more member of their party who’d yet to be greeted. “I’m not certain if my little one will be the most compatible friend to pair Skye with but for the sake of introductions, this is Missy. She’s a prissy little sissy and she’ll be attached to my hip all weekend. Isn’t that right, baby girl?” she said, prompting Missy to speak.

“H-Hewwo,” was all that Missy could muster the strength to say, unable to contain the blush in her cheeks.

Locking her eyes on Missy, Skye was a bit surprised by the number of sissies she’d seen and been introduced to throughout CrissCon. Though, if there was an award for the sissiest sissy, Missy would definitely take the cake in her eyes. Unlike a large number of the sissies she’d come across, there wasn’t a single hint to Missy’s appearance that even hinted at masculinity. She giggled silently behind her paci, finding the sheer concept of a sissy baby both adorable and unbelievably silly.

“Ish it time fo da awcade nows,” said Missy, returning to his previous position of pulling on Mother Elma’s sleeve.

Rolling her eyes playfully, Elma finally relented. “Yes, and thank you for being such a good girl,” cooed Elma, tickling her fingers along the underside of Missy’s chin, “Well then, Tish, shall we?”

“We shall!” said Latasha, positioning herself at the helm of Skye’s stroller as the group of four exited the vendor’s hall and set off toward CrissCon 2023’s big centerpiece, The ARcade!

Unlike your average convention gaming area, The ARcade took up an entire two-story atrium at the heart of the convention center. On the upper floor, there were a plethora of gaming machines that ranged from classic arcade cabinets to fully interactive VR setups that decorated the massive area as far as the eye could see. Meanwhile, the lower floor was far more Little-centric, with an enormous playpen that was nearly as wide as a basketball court. For as fantastical and Little Space-inducing as those two elements were, it was the centerpiece that

connected the two floors to each other that captured everyone's attention upon entering The ARcade; that being the giant inflatable slide that started from up on the second story and led down into a glorious ball pit. It was truly a magical sight for both Littles and Bigs alike.

Flashing their wristbands to the security team guarding the entrance, Skye was bouncing up and down in her stroller, ready to run wild. And she was far from alone, as Missy was stretching Elma's arm to full extension as he attempted to quicken his group's pace. Even Latasha could feel her inner child screaming for a chance to let loose. The only one able to maintain her cool in the face of such an awesome sight was Elma, who after well over a decade in this business, wasn't phased by much anymore.

Unbuckling Skye from her stroller, Latasha lifted her baby girl out of her seat and set her down next to Missy as she and Elma prepared to lay down the ground rules. "Okay, kiddos. Us Mommies are going to get a drink at the Big's Only bar just around the corner and catch up while you two spend some time playing," she said, pulling an old iPhone out of the diaper bag and handing it off to Skye, "If either of you needs us for any reason, Skye's phone has both my number and Elma's number in it."

"Now, that doesn't mean call us because you're in desperate need of headpats. It's for emergencies only, understand?" said Elma, getting nods of affirmation from both Skye and Missy, "Good girls. Now, off you go! We'll meet you back in this spot at 8 pm."

Normally, Skye was far too much of a nervous wreck when it came to leaving her Mommy's side, especially in such a crowded place. However, her anxiety couldn't hold a candle to her utter excitement over being in such a magical place. If there was anything that could bring out Skye's playful side, it was a child-friendly arcade with a ball pit.

Perhaps even more excited than Skye was, Missy didn't hesitate at her Mistress's dismissal, taking off like a rocket and sprinting toward the nearest section of the games. "H-Hey! Waid up!" shouted Skye, rushing off to catch up to her new companion.

This left Latasha and Elma alone with each other for the first time in years. Looking her former protege up and down, Elma began fingering Latasha's hair, twirling it around her finger, "I see you grew your hair out again," she said, taking on a slightly judgemental tone, "You'll have to tell me what else has changed. I only ever knew Latasha, the Diaper Dom, after all.

"Well, Latasha, the caregiver, isn't all that different," said Latasha playfully, yanking the strands of hair out of Elma's hand. Deciding not to let the snide comment get to her, she softened her smile and threw her arm around Elma's shoulder. "C'mon, first drink's on me."

TO BE CONTINUED...