

The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 18

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“You’d better stop wiggling, Girly Gary, or else I will beat your butt so hard you won’t be able to sit for a week,” shouted Aanya, eliciting a chorus of oos from around the hotel room as she haphazardly taped a whopping fifth diaper around Gary’s waist while blindfolded.

In spite of his best efforts, Gary found it nearly impossible to hold still with how Aanya, along with the four caregivers who came before her, used their hands to explore every inch of his body in the midst of the diapering process. It wasn’t as though they were trying to make Gary all squirmy. That was merely a side effect of the game.

“Hehehehehe!”

Perched atop Latasha’s lap, Skye giggled mischievously as she watched her sissy bestie, Gary, turn a deeper shade of crimson with each new player who approached the changing table. She placed her lips around the spout of her sippy cup and swung her head upward to take a big sip. All the while, she kept her Mommy in the corner of her eye, making sure she was firmly distracted with the game at hand.

“Glad to see you’re havin’ fun, cutie,” said Latasha, petting her baby girl’s hair while doing her best to keep her eyes locked on the show that Aanya and Gary were putting on. Given how rocky the evening had gotten thanks to her spat with Elma, it was nice to ease back and not have to play dutiful host, even if it was only for the duration of a silly game. That being said, she found her attention being constantly pulled toward Elma every few minutes.

Unlike everyone else in Latasha’s hotel room, Elma’s focus was not on the rousing game of Pin the Diaper on the Dork. Instead, she was too busy doting on Missy as she used one hand to bottle feed her darling sissy, while the other hand controlled the Hush plug that was tucked away alongside Missy’s twitchy prostate with a small remote. “I bet that feels nice, huh? Feeling all that cream swirling around in your tummy; nowhere to go with your favorite booty toy in the way,” she said, revving the vibrator’s speed up a few clicks.

Having a full view of the erotic display that Elma and Missy were making, Latasha bit her lip, her kitten growing moist over the fierce display of dominance. Sadly, it wasn’t all blushy thoughts for Latasha. Watching Elma’s dutiful care made her feel a tad nostalgic for Diaper Dom days. She downed the rest of her mixed drink and let the cup roll off the bed before drunkenly wrapping her arms around Skye as if physically clinging to her caregiving role.

“Hey! Earth of Latasha!”

“Wuh?!” slurred Latasha as her attention was suddenly pulled back toward the center of the room where Aanya was waiting for her with a paddle in hand.

Making a show out of flipping the hilt of the paddle to Latasha with a single hand, Aanya was more than happy to keep the game rolling if the drinks that Latasha was pounding had finally gotten to her. “Uh oh, I think we got a baby brain on our hands,” she teased, causing Latasha to blush slightly as the room erupted into laughter.

“Ha, ha. Very funny. Gimme dat paddle. I’ww show you how ish done,” responded Latasha, batting her eyes as she listened to the sound of her own voice. She knew she was drunk but wow, was she slurring her words! She made a mental note to refrain from any more alcohol until she’d downed a tall glass of water to balance her out a little. Shaking off the surprising affectation, she nudged Skye off her lap and began to inch toward the edge of the bed.

GASP!

In an instant, the room went silent. All except for Latasha as she reached for the paddle in Aanya’s hands, only for Aanya to pull back at the last second. “Shtawp pwayin an hans it- *cough* -hans it ova,” she said, attempting to clear her throat as her sloppy speech only got worse. It was only when she looked up at Aanya’s shocked but smug expression that she realized the entire room was staring at her, “W-Wuhs up?”

“I’ll tell you what’s up, Tish,” said Elma, grabbing Latasha by the wrist and yanking the seasoned caregiver to her feet.

Latasha attempted to rip her arm back but was unable to thanks in large part to her insobriety. “Wuhs da big i...dea...” she said, her sentence trailing off as she gazed upon a large, wet circle on the bed in the exact spot she had been sitting. Her eyes quickly traveled south, growing wide as they found a matching spot on the crotch of her pants, “D-Das nod possibwe...Skye musta-”

“Oh-ho-no, don’t even think about blaming this on Skye,” said Jesi with a cute but sinister chuckle as she ran her fingers along Skye’s tender thighs, finding nary a drop of moisture anywhere, “I think it’s safe to say someone’s not Big enough to drink anymore.”

“Not Big enough for pants either, I’d say,” said Aanya, sneaking around Latasha and giving her butt a light smack with the paddle. The supposed caregiver could only yelp feebly in response.

Things were rapidly getting out of hand for Latasha. Her pupils darted from face to face, finding there wasn’t a friendly pair of eyes in sight. Even Skye seemed to look at her with a kind of condescending amusement that made her feel like the smallest person in the entire convention. She opened her mouth to protest her new status only to be immediately silenced by the bulb of a paci-gag.

“Thanks for getting us all warmed up, Garbear...” said Jesi, hugging her sissy baby close as she helped him down from the changing table, “...but I think we’ve got a new dork to play with.”

Placing the spout of her sippy cup in her mouth satisfyingly. Skye smiled as she watched Elma, Aanya, and every other caregiver in the room encircled Latasha with hunger in their eyes. From the crushed-up pieces of Lisp Lolly that she snuck into Mommy’s usual cocktail, to the liquid in her sippy cup that she let dribble onto her Mommy’s lap, her plan had gone off as spectacularly as she’d hoped it would. No doubt, any CG found wetting themselves at a diaper convention was doomed for regression. All she had to do was give everyone the proper motivation. “Habe fun, widdwe Tish,” she said under her breath, smirking like the scheming Little she was.

“Caterpill-MMMF!” shouted Connor, cut off as his mouth was filled with a thick, pacifier bulb. He attempted to muscle it out of his mouth but Stacy was sure to hold the binky firmly between his lips. He winced in pain as Ellie kneeled down over his gut to straddle him, agitating his bowels in the most aggravating way possible.

Rushing to Connor’s aid, Riri aimed to push Ellie off of Connor in the hope he would be able to overpower Stacy on his own. Sadly, Ellie was quick to hunker down, locking her knees alongside Connor’s hips and wrapping her arms around his torso like a spider monkey. This made it nigh impossible for Riri to unlatch her fellow Little from Connor’s body.

Unable to make any headway with Ellie, Riri turned to Stacy, hoping she could talk some sense into her before it was too late. “Connor’s not ready! He’s never even messed himself on his own and you’re expecting him to do it in front of us. What’s your plan? To scare him away for life?!” she said, sticking purely to cold hard facts due to who she was dealing with. Any appeal to empathy would surely fall on deaf ears with Stacy. The only way to get through to her was to make it apparent that this would likely stunt Connor’s enjoyment of ABDL, perhaps permanently.

As much as Stacy hated to admit it, Riri did make a good point. Logically, letting Connor keep his messy cherry until he wanted to pop it was far wiser than pushing him to do it here and now. Unfortunately, it wasn’t logic that was holding her back from showing Connor mercy. Between Riri’s constant nay-saying and Connor blowing up her power position in the Palace, a sense of vengeance was welling up inside her. One that wanted to make sure Connor didn’t weasel his way out of the mushy tush that he’d had coming for a while. “Weren’t you the one going on about Padded Palace rules only, like, a second ago? Babies are supposed to use their diapers here, remember? That’s Latasha’s number 1 rule,” she said, invoking the will of Latasha to her advantage.

“That rule only applies to us and you know it!” shouted Riri in response, refusing to let Stacy get away with twisting the Palace rules to suit her needs, “Connor’s a caregiver, not a Little.”

Scoffing at Riri’s assertion, Stacy cackled in Riri’s face. Releasing her grip on the binky in Connor’s mouth, she waddled around Riri to Connor’s lower half and placed a firm hand on Connor’s diaper front, which was once again tenting out thanks to Connor’s undeniable hard-on, “Caregivers don’t get turned into horny, little brats by their Littles! I’d say he’s right where he belongs,” she said firmly, shutting Riri up once and for all.

SPFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFTTTTTTT!!

“Uh oh! I think he’s gonna blow!” said Ellie, drawing both Riri and Stacy’s attention down to Connor’s lower half as his gut let out a long, wet fart involuntarily. An unfriendly odor soon surrounded the three girls, causing them to wrinkle their noses in preparation for a far more pungent scent.

With Ellie settling the lion’s share of her body weight on his core and Stacy fondling his padded member, Connor was doomed from the moment he allowed these rotten girls to diaper

him. He should've known better than to trust Stacy and Ellie, but mostly Stacy. He let his guard down and once again, it had bitten him in the ass. And worst of all was how eagerly his body responded to everything the girls were throwing at him. His body quivered as shockwaves of arousal coursed throughout his veins, tormented by the constant pressure being applied to his prostate.

Beads of sweat dripped down Connor's forehead as he felt his insides liquefy. Clawing at the carpet beneath his fingertips, he futilely held out as long as he could. Tragically, it only spared him a few seconds at most. As the guttural pressure mounted to a level that Connor had never experienced in all his life, his sphincter finally gave out on him. He cried out in a mix of pain and pleasure, gasping as his mind went blank. It was all over but the crying.

BLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRT!!!

TO BE CONTINUED...