

The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 1

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“Okay, fantastic! Just make sure each of the seats has a name card on it. We don’t want anyone sitting in the wrong seat! Please and thank you!”

Sending one of the numerous ushers under her payroll out to the rear patio where a wedding ceremony would soon be taking place, Stacy was on cloud nine as she waltzed through the reception area in her flowy, pastel-pink bridesmaid’s dress. She let out a satisfied sigh as she admired all the various moving pieces that were falling into place for Connie’s big day. If there was one thing Stacy loved more than a party, it was love itself. And there was more than enough of that to go around!

“Stacy!” shouted Ellie, running up behind Stacy wearing a matching bridesmaid’s dress. Their slightly damp diapers squished into each other on impact, causing a cacophony of crinkles, “The bride requests the assistance of her maid of honor.”

Giggling as she shrugged Ellie off of her back, Stacy took Ellie by the hand and began waddling across the reception area. “Well then, I shan’t keep the bride waiting!” she said, exiting into the neighboring hallway and marching through the pavilion with Ellie in tow until she arrived at the door to a private lounge, which had been converted into the bride’s dressing room.

KNOCK KNOCK!

“She’s decent!” shouted Riri from the other side of the door.

Opening the door, Stacy and Ellie inhaled the artificially floral aroma of hairspray. “Eeek! Watch where you’re spraying that thing,” said Connie, chuckling as she wiped the hairspray residue away from her ear. She sat in front of a vanity mirror dressed in nothing but white, silk lingerie with a poofy, white diaper covering her bottom.

“Oh, my Goddess! Still such a fussy baby after all this time. Just keep still, I’m almost done,” said Riri, swatting Connie’s hand away as she resumed dusting the bride’s scalp in the sticky spray. Looking into the mirror, she spotted Stacy and Ellie, prompting the smile on her face to grow twice as large, “Oooh! Stacy! I need you!”

Rushing over to Connie and Riri’s side, Stacy took one look at the bride and instantly knew why she’d been called in. “Connie! What did you do to your lipstick?!” she said, grabbing the tube of liquid lipstick from the vanity table and starting in on her repair work.

“Sorry! I got hungry and had Ellie sneak me in a cupcake. I didn’t think it would mess anything up,” said Connie, blushing over her minor wedding day flub. She wasn’t allowed to elaborate any further as Stacy began smearing the velvety, red paint across the outside of her mouth, softening and plumping up her thin, masculine lips.

Shaking her head playfully, Stacy replied, “You’re lucky it’s your special day, or else I would’ve had Ellie and Riri bend you over so I could give you a good spanking.”

“Don’t threaten me with a good time,” said Connie, her cheeks flaring up over making such a lewd comment so casually. Life for her had really changed over the past year. It was almost funny now to think back on the lost little boy she used to be, stuck in place and searching for an answer to what she was missing in life. Thankfully, she wasn’t lost anymore. As her eyes shifted between her three bridesmaids, she was hit with a massive wave of nostalgia, “Wowie, the four of us being here together like this is definitely bringing back memories.”

“Oh ho ho! Finally going to thank me for cracking your egg all those months ago?” said Stacy triumphantly.

Dropping her angelic expression for a far more judgemental one, Connie shook her head while stifling her laughter. “Nuh-uh! You get zero credit for that,” she said, softly nudging Stacy in the rib with her elbow.

“Hey now! Watch it, or you’ll be spending the ceremony looking like a princess version of the Joker,” said Stacy, her words forcing Connie to sit still again. As she applied the finishing touches to Connie’s lower lip, Ellie and Riri both joined her at the vanity, the four girls relishing in their picturesque reflection, “Aaaaaand done. What do you think?”

Connie’s heart fluttered as she fully embraced the warmth that femininity and friendship filled her with. She loved each and every one of these girls and would do anything for them. So for them to do the same for her was the cherry on top of a dream come true. “It’s perfect!”

“Tsk, tsk, runnin off ta use da potty when chus diapee is bone dwy. Such a noddy Widdwe,” said Stacy, her delicate fingers tightly, ready to pull her arm away if Connor tried to take it from her. Luck appeared to be on her side though, as she watched Connor shrink back from the image she was displaying on her phone screen. It may have sounded odd to most but for Stacy, that’s how this song and dance usually went. No one was blessed with more good luck than she was. Case and point, her magically stumbling across Connor in Ellie’s nursery as he was performing a not-so-secret quick change on himself. Whether it was by the hand of someone from below or above, she was somehow always in the right place at the right time.

Unable to say anything more than a stutter, “I-I...,” Connor meekly stepped back, relieving his diapered crotch from the pressure of Stacy’s hand. His eyes drifted to the floor, her mind racing every which way to find a way to dig himself out of this hole. Sadly, it seemed the only hole he was digging was a grave for his adulthood.

“I-I-I can’t bewieve chus twied to pway it off wike you were above all dis. Chus jus as big a baby as me and da ot...ott...one sec,” said Stacy, tucking her phone in her diaper as pucked the binky from the side of her mouth, leaving it hanging from the end of her paci clip. She then began contorting her jaw, stretching out and activating the muscles in her face, “Ah, much better.

As I was saying, turns out you’re just as big of a baby as me and the others. Should’ve known you’d be just like the last one.” She turned her head to the side, letting a snide smile creep across her face.

Watching Stacy transition from Littlespeak to sounding like a full-blown adult was about as terrifying as it got for Connor. It was like watching the Keyser Soze reveal at the end of The

Usual Suspects. Lowering his head, he did his best to gather his scattered thoughts in an attempt to cobble together an explanation. “N-No. I’m not... It’s just that Latasha... Before coming here, I never... *sigh* fuck...” he said, unable to proceed more than a few words into any sentence without realizing how unconvincing he sounded. In reality, there was no way he could explain this away, not when Stacy’s mind had already clearly been made.

“Uh oh! Better watch that language, unless you want Latasha to hear about this,” said Stacy, her words purposely vague to keep Connor guessing if she meant she’d tattle about his cursing or the fateful photo.

Shaking his head, Connor rushed up to Stacy and grabbed her hands, holding them tightly as he stared deep into her eyes. “N-No! Please, I-I’ll do anything. Just don’t say anything to Latasha or the others,” he said, words practically falling from his lips to save himself. He spoke so fast that he wasn’t even sure what he feared most. What would Latasha do if she knew he cheated and changed his own diaper? What would the other Littles think if they found out? Would they ever respect him again? Would he lose his job as a caretaker?! So many questions hovered in the air like tattered ropes holding a grand piano above his head.

Thankfully for Connor’s sake, Stacy was much less interested in tarnishing his Big reputation than she was in having a bit of control over one of the two primary caregivers of the Padded Palace again. Retracting her hand from Connor’s, reached up and patted him on the cheek. “Don’t worry, your secret’s safe with me...for now anyway,” she said, giving Connor’s padded rear a hardy slap as she made her way back to the nursery. Popping her pacifier back into place, she turned back and said “We’ww tawk agin soon,” before disappearing into the belly of the house.

Left standing outside of the bathroom in petrified silence, Connor leaned back against the door and slid down until he heard his thin, pink padding rustle against the carpeted floor. What had he done to himself? Not only did he just turn down the best job opportunity he’d gotten since leaving college, but to top it off, he was now at the mercy of perhaps the brattiest girl he’d ever met in his life. He could still feel the imprint Stacy’s hand left on his diaper, something he was as shamefully aroused by as he was mortified from being exposed. As he listened to the laughter and chaos emanating from the nursery, he no longer felt the same confidence he’d been working hard to build up. All he felt now was dreadful anxiety.

TO BE CONTINUED...