

The Padded Palace Act III: Chapter 6

By: CrissieBaby

“Excellent! I knew you could handle it.”

Standing in line at the front desk of a swanky hotel with her phone held to her ear with one hand and a grip on Skye’s wrist with the other, Latasha could barely control the excitement that was ready to burst out of her at any moment. Being that this was her first ABDL convention in years, she was engulfed by the lively atmosphere that surrounded her. All around, adult babies, diaper lovers, diaper furs, and age players of all kinds were milling about as they waited for the festivities to begin.

“Mommy! Mommy! Ish ouw tuwn!” said Skye, pulling on Latasha’s arm as her caregiver was too distracted with the con around her to notice the person at the check-in desk waving her over. Just like Latasha, she too was beyond ecstatic to be back in the warm embrace of an ABDL convention. Unlike her Mommy, though, the first thing she noticed upon entering the hotel and convention center was just how many people were present. Only a few years ago, a niche convention like CrissCon would only be able to pull in maybe 1000 attendees on a strong year. However, having missed out on the past two years of cons, she’d failed to realize exactly how big of a boom the ABDL scene had seen. She hugged Latasha’s arm to her chest, feeling a tad overwhelmed by the sheer number of people trying to check in.

Looking down at Skye and then to the front desk, Latasha began fumbling around with her phone, eventually pinching it in between her ear and shoulder as she reached down to grab her large, rolling suitcase along with the other heavy bags she had insisted she couldn’t live without.

“Hehe! I think you need to worry about your own little piglet right now,” said Connor, prompting Latasah to snicker at how he reused her joke from earlier, “We can talk more later when you have time. I should probably be getting back to the girls myself.”

Arriving at the front desk, Latasha dropped her bags to the floor again and let out a relieved sigh. “Sounds good, Connor! If I don’t call again tonight, I definitely will tomorrow,” she said, cupping her hand around her mouth and the phone’s speaker as she glanced at Skye to make sure she wasn’t listening, “Love you, Connie.”

“I love you too, Mommy,” said Connor, causing Latasha’s heart to flutter. As much as she wished she could spend all afternoon on the phone with Connor, she had far too much on her plate to keep idling around. Hanging up the phone, she quickly tucked it away in her pocket before checking the ground to make sure she hadn’t dropped anything during her short walk to the check-in desk.

Ahem!

Latasha whipped her head up as the tired-looking hotel employee grew impatient enough with her to fake cough into his hand to get her attention. “Hi, sorry. We have a

reservation for Latasha Harris,” she said as she began to dig through her purse for her credit card.

“Latasha?!”

Unprepared to hear her name screamed over top of the convention hall ruckus, Latasha whipped around, gasping as she caught sight of a pair of fashionable women pushing a stroller between them. “OH! MY! GODDESS! Eeeeeeee! Aanya! Jesi! It’s been too long!” she said, jumping out of line and rushing over to hug her two old friends, “How have you been? Gary’s been good, I hope!”

“We’re doing great! As you know, we officially tied the knot last February,” said Aanya boldly, offering forward her left hand to show off the silver band wrapped around it, “Wish you could’ve been there, by the way!”

Leaning her head back and groaning, Latasha responded, “Don’t remind me. I saw your guys’ wedding photos and got super jealous. You two really know how to throw a party. Also, having Gary jump out of the wedding cake was a nice touch. How is the little tyke?”

“Why don’t you take a look for yourself,” said Jesi, gesturing down toward the sissy baby wearing a pink, silky frock sleeping peacefully in her stroller. She placed a gentle hand on his cheek, slowly pulling her back to consciousness, “GareBare was pretty tuckered out after the long drive. I’m sure she’ll be bouncing off the walls in no time, though.”

Latasha giggled as she leaned down to look at Gary, ticking under his chin with her pointer finger like she used to do all the time with Aanya and Jesi’s little girl. It felt almost like a lifetime ago now, but there was a time when clients like Gary were the primary source of her income. With both Aanya and Jesi having full-time jobs, it only made sense to seek out prospective babysitters. However, before she could continue her reunion with her former clients, she felt a small tug on her left sleeve.

“M-Mommy? I fink da hotew man ish gettin angwy,” said Skye, unable to hide her concern as she gestured back toward the disgruntled employee.

Grimacing playfully, Latasha recognized she was making quite the social faux pas as she glanced down the line of impatient-looking people waiting for her to get through the check-in process. “Shoot, would you two mind watching Skye for a sec? I need to go finish checking in,” she said, earning nods of approval before sprinting back to the counter, “Super sorry! I’ll get out of your hair in a jiffy.”

Watching her Mommy running back to the front desk, the butterflies in Skye’s tummy were fluttering like crazy over having been left alone for the second time in two minutes. Remembering how excitable Latasha can get at cons, she stifled the emotions that were welling up inside her, balling her fist as she dug deep.

“So, Skye was it?”

Skye was instantly pulled out of her negative headspace by the sound of a motherly voice that she was unfamiliar with. She turned around, only to find Jesi squatting down only a

few inches next to her. “Um...u-uh huh,” she said shyly, her confidence very low without her Mommy’s hand to hold.

“Aww, it’s okay, sweetie. Skye is such a cute name. I’m Jesi,” she said, patting the top of Skye’s hair gently. She then scooted to the side as she motioned toward the other two people in her party, “That’s my wife, Aayna, and this is our little bundle of joy, Gary.”

Waving to Skye, Aanya added, “It’s nice to meet you, Skye.” She then leaned down to grab Gary’s attention. “Go on, say hello to your new bestie for the next three days.”

Still groggy from his nap, Gary meekly waved a few fingers to Skye, unable to muster up the strength to do anything more. It had been nearly three years since he had been forcefully regressed and seldom did he miss his old self anymore, learning to enjoy the life of being endlessly coddled and teased by two of the sexiest women he knew.

Walking up to the stroller to get a closer look, Skye couldn’t help but giggle at how adorably Gary was dressed despite having such a masculine name. She’d met a few sissies in her time but he was above and beyond the girliest she had encountered, especially in comparison to her own outfit, which consisted of a purple and white striped shirt and a pair of blue overalls. “Hi Gawy, I’m Skye,” she said, twisting her fingers together as she pushed herself to be brave through her introduction.

Gary, meanwhile, could only smile at Skye behind his paci, his sleepiness keeping him locked in deep Little Space for the time being. Unfortunately, Aanya wasn’t about to have a rude baby on her hands, even if he had a good reason. She leaned over the top of the stroller and give Gary’s cheek a playful, yet firm pinch. “Go on Girly Gary, I’m sure Skye would love to hear your cute, widdwe lisp,” she cooed sarcastically, causing Gary’s face to turn red instantly.

“H-Hewwo, Shkye. Ish nice ta meet chus,” said Gary, knowing that there would be a greater hell to pay than a bit of blushing if he stayed silent.

Speed walking over to where Skye and her friends were waiting, Latasha dropped all her stuff to the ground and wiped the sweat off her forehead. “Woof! All checked in! We’re setting up in Room 616, by the way. You’re coming to my room party tonight, right?” she said, excited to secure her first of many guests.

“A good ol’ fashioned Latasha room party?! Oh, heck yeah!” said Aanya, raising the roof in anticipation, “I think I’m still recovering from my hangover from your last little room party. What was that? CAPCon 2021?”

Shaking her head, Latasha was quick to correct, “2020, actually. I’m pretty sure the last one I went to was out west for Jungle Gym. Goddess, that feels so long ago. I’m definitely vibing with CrissCon, though. I’m kinda shocked at just how many people are here, though. It’s wild!”

“Yeah, the scene has really blown up over the past year or two. We were just here last year and it was maybe half this size? Crazy to think about,” said Jesi as she pulled out her phone, wincing at the time, “We’d better get going. We don’t wanna miss the opening ceremony. Excited to catch up later!”

Going in for a big hug with both Aanya and Jesi, Latasha nodded in agreement. "Yeah! We're just gonna get our stuff dropped off and head back down. Here, lemme give you my new number."

Jogging in place, Jesi quickly exchanged contact info with Latasha before steering her group toward the main hub of the convention center. "Text me when you're ready to hang out! Mama wants to do some shopping!" she said as she and Aayna disappeared briskly into the crowd.

"This is already shaping up to be a fun weekend," said Latasha under her breath, sighing contently as she watched her former clients fade into the sea of bobbing heads. She closed her eyes for a second, allowing the symphony of diaper crinkles and Little-speak to fill her ears, "It's good to be back."

Sadly, Latasha's enthusiasm over the direction this weekend was taking was not shared by her Little. While Skye was certainly happy to return to her roots for an ABDL con, this was only her second con ever with Latasha, and the level of distractedness that her caregiver was displaying only minutes after entering the con was slightly troubling. Jungle Gym had been fine because of the smaller attendance and the fact that Latasha knew far fewer people. If their run-in with Jesi and Aanya was only a taste of what was to come, she feared that this vacation would end up being more for her Mommy than it was for her.

TO BE CONTINUED...