

The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 17

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“Mommy! Mommy! Watch me!” screamed Skye as she bounced around the pink bouncy castle clumsily. At any time, she could only jump about three or four times before her unsteady footing wound up sending her tumbling over. Add to that three other Littles all bouncing to their own rhythms and you had a guaranteed recipe for chaos.

Sitting down with a lightly alcoholic drink in hand, Latasha sipped at her beverage as she waved to her baby girl. “Don’t worry, Shkye! I’m watshing!” she said, slurring her words a tiny bit. She was a long way from being drunk, but due to being a full-time caregiver, she rarely was able to indulge in Mommy’s silly juice, so her tolerance was considerably low.

With Latasha’s acknowledgment, Skye readied herself to show off her super cool and super secret move that was sure to wow anyone who saw it. She bounced a couple of times to get some air before awkwardly flipping forward and landing on her big padded behind. It was likely that she intended to make it back to her feet, but she raised her hands with a flourish regardless of the outcome, pretending as though everything went as intended.

Like a doting mother, Latasha clapped her hands together generously and gave Skye a small cheer, causing her Little to giggle to herself bashfully. She breathed in deeply through her nose, soaking in the sweet summer air as she thought to herself how lucky she was to have such a loving little girl. Skye wasn’t the only Little that she was now in charge of looking after, though, as she turned her head and narrowed her focus on the cute boy fidgeting in his seat.

The cute boy in question was Connor, who had yet to move from his spot since he’d arrived at the party. Having avoided all food and drink for fear of giving his body any reason to use the bathroom, he wasn’t exactly having the same level of fun as everyone else. Internally, he cursed himself for his situational boredom, wishing that he could indulge in all of the fun activities that the other Littles were up to...the OTHER Littles?!

It suddenly dawned on Connor that he’d just implied to himself that he was one of the Littles. Sure, he was padded up, but he wasn’t like the others...was he? Pings of anxiety filled his chest as his mind went to war on this subject. He was so lost in his own thoughts that he failed to notice Latasha sneaking up behind him.

“Boo!” said Latasha as she playfully gave Connor’s shoulders a light push, causing the poor young caretaker to jump in surprise, “Hehehe, I’ll need to add shcaredy-cat to the vast number of waysh I can teashe you,” She let out a small burp after finishing her sentence, allowing for Connor to inhale her alcohol-ridden breath.

Calming himself down, Connor subconsciously pouted. He wasn’t a huge fan of jump scares, something his college pals loved to tease him about back when they did weekly movie nights. “That wasn’t funny,” he said, trying to act as serious as possible. Unfortunately, the more serious he acted about a silly joke only added to how immature he was currently behaving.

This was Latasha’s greatest skill as a caretaker. She could bring out anyone’s Little side with effortless ease, and Connor was much too easy. Sitting down next to him, she draped her

arm over his shoulder and continued to snicker, “Awww, did Mommy shtartle you in having an accident?” she said, reaching down below the table and cupping the front of his diaper.

Connor jolted in place, itching to leap out of his chair but unable to do so out of a desire not to draw attention to himself. “L-Latasha, what are you-” he said in a hushed voice as he looked around at everyone.

“Relax, everyone elshe is busy with other shtuff,” said Latasha as she gave his giblets a gentle squeeze, “Besides, ish only natural for a Mother to perform diaper checks regularly. After all, ish not as though babies can tell when they’ve wet themshelves.”

The blush on Connor’s face was intense. His eyes darted across the backyard, praying that his obscenely red face and stiffened shoulders went unnoticed. At the same time, he couldn’t help but feel insanely aroused by what was happening. He’d never considered himself big on public humiliation, but there was just something about harboring a dirty little secret that made him feel giddy on the inside. However, those feelings weren’t quite strong enough to override his anxiety.

Sensing Connor’s apprehension, Latasha retracted her hand, shifting it from his crotch to his thigh to maintain her engagement. “Goddess, you are just too cute when you get all flustered,” said Latasha as she reclined in her seat, feeling great gratification over her Big abilities, “Now tell me, why are you sitting alone in the corner when there’sh so much fun to be had... *hiccup* ...at this party? Don’t you wanna go and play with the others?”

“Well...kinda...” said Conner, pushing his pointer fingers together. Looking up at Latasha, who sat a head taller than him, he felt as though he’d been sent to have a talk with the teacher while everyone else played during recess. Still, as much as he wanted to join in on all the fun, his inappropriate undies kept him rooted to the spot. “B-But I can’t do anything that might expose...ya know...”

A devilish smirk brightened up Latasha's entire face. She felt his leg shaking beneath her hand, signaling to her how on edge he was. Clearly, if anyone at this party needed to cut loose with a bit of bouncy fun, it was Connor. “Well, in that case, I’m telling you to go play in the bounce houshe with the others,” she said, placing a finger to Connor’s lips before he could protest, “And I don’t want to hear any if’s, and’s, or diaper butts. You did tell me you wanted me to take away your freedom to choose, sho I don’t think you have much of a shay in the matter.”

Connor felt as though he had a large frog in his throat, uncertain if he should be thrilled or mortified. Begrudgingly, he slowly stood up from his chair and looked toward the big, pink castle, watching closely as it shook and stretched like jello mold being jiggled about. At least he wouldn’t be the only caretaker there, as Martin was having some bouncy fun with his Little, Riri. Sadly, that knowledge didn’t make him any less self-conscious about his bulky underwear.

Seizing the opportunity, Latasha patted Connor’s padded booty, causing him to leap forward. “Go on, Connie, the other Littles are waiting for you,” she said, unaware that she was reinforcing the very thing Connor had been dwelling on all afternoon.

“The other Littles.” Those words echoed in Connor’s brain, causing him to space out slightly. It was as if Latasha had been reading his mind. Could he even consider himself one of

the Bigs anymore? Yes, he still held a caretaker position, but it was starting to feel like he was on a slippery slope into babyhood with every step he took.

Recognizing that Connor's unease growing, Latasha got to her feet and walked over to him, realizing that this was a big moment for him. If he was going to trust her implicitly, she needed to make him feel safe in his own skin...and diaper, of course. Clearing her throat, she shook off her insobriety and spoke as legibly as possible, "Alright ConCon, listen up. Normally, when I make a command, I expect you to follow it to the letter from now on. However, given that this is your first time wearing in front of others, I completely understand if you want to be a bit more reserved and hang out on the sidelines."

A wave of relief washed over Connor as the metaphorical gun that had been pointed at his head was lowered. Simultaneously, he also felt a strange sense of loss as if something had been taken away from him. Looking back at the chair he was previously stationed in, he pondered over how much he didn't want to return to his seat. As nervous as he was to go and bounce around in a pull-up, it was also an alluring taboo that he wanted to experience. He understood exactly why Latasha was returning the decision back to him, but he didn't want it. "Force me...please," he said under his breath just loud enough for only Latasha to catch.

Offering a kind smile, Latasha shook her head, "Sorry, Connie. Sometimes, even Littles have to make their own choices, especially in regards to something as sacred as playtime."

Connor grumbled at Latasha's response. He wanted her to make this easy for him. Now, if he wanted to play, she would know it was by his own desire to do so, adding to the embarrassment he was undergoing. "Why are you so good at this?" he said, biting his lip as he leaned into his first step forward.

Stepping back and watching Connor approach the bouncy castle, Latasha smirked, pleased with herself over handling that like a pro, while tipsy no less. "I really am the best diaper dom around," she said to herself, tooting her own horn a little.

Meanwhile, now standing at the foot of the bounce house's entrance, Connor bent down and began untying his shoes, oblivious to the fact that his pull-up was peaking ever so slightly when he did this. It didn't take him long to recognize this, though, as Latasha's giggling from behind him was more than enough of a red flag to cue him in. If he was going to get through the day undetected, he was going to have to be a lot more vigilant.

TO BE CONTINUED...