

The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 19

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As far as worst-case scenarios went, this was certainly high on Connor's list. How could he have been so careless not to notice? Based on his quick stealth examination, his pull-up wasn't leaking, so he at least didn't have to hide any stains. However, it was most definitely used, which created a rounded bulge in the front of his jeans that, for once, wasn't an erection.

"I'll be right back, as well. Don't have too much fun without me," said Connor as casually as humanly possible as he shuffled toward the bouncy castle's entrance. All the while, he wondered just how exactly he was going to deal with this situation. He could ask Latasha, but would she insist on a full diaper since he had an accident? Or would it be worse to change himself? No doubt, Latasha kept track of how many pull-ups she brought, so he'd have to find something in Carol's house if he wanted to remain undetected.

Back inside the bounce house, the three remaining girls were all too tired to keep bouncing haphazardly. Both Skye and Ellie collapsed onto the buoyant surface, giggling in between breaths as their bodies bounced on impact before settling into place. "I wish aww of da gwound was dis bouncy!" shouted Ellie as she flopped up and down like a fish.

"I wan my entiwe bedwoom ta wook wike dis!" yelled Skye as she joined Ellie in wiggling her body on the airy flooring.

Still on her feet, Stacy reached down in between her legs to confirm that her diaper was sufficiently sodden. "I gonna wook fo Mal fo a changie," she announced before dipping out of the bounce house, waving goodbye to her friends for now.

Now that she was alone with Skye in the bouncy castle, Ellie rolled over on top of Skye, flopping her full weight down on the petite Little. "Gah! Ewwie! Chus squishin me!" said Skye, her words strained and out of breath as she kicked her hands and feet underneath Ellie's slightly heavier physique.

"Hehehe! Das cuz chu so squeezabwe!" stated Ellie as she curled her limp body around Skye's, wrapping her up in a big, inescapable hug. With Skye's face nuzzled under her bosom, she leaned down and planted a gentle kiss on Skye's forehead. "Fankoo fo pwayin wif me dis weekan. It was wots of fun!"

Ellie then rolled off of Skye, finally allowing her to breathe. She didn't release her entirely, though, keeping her arms in hugging position.

"I had wots of fun too!" said Skye with a warm smile, nuzzling her head in Ellie's chest while Ellie patted her head. Her smile soon started to fade, however, as she thought back to the penultimate events of the previous evening, "Weww, mostwy fun. Id wasn so fun geddin punished."

Hearing the melancholy in Skye's voice, Ellie proceeded to pour a barrage of kisses all over Skye's face until her sour attitude shifted into a fit of giggles. "No! No sad stuffs on my b-

day!” she shouted, planting one final delicate kiss on the tip of Skye’s nose, “Besides, chu know chu had at weast some fun in da punishment bouncer!”

Skye shook her head no vehemently as she gave Ellie an exaggerated pout. “Nuh-uh!” she said before sticking her tongue out at the birthday girl, “If ish so much fun, why don chu ged in twoubwe wif Auntie Cawol on puwpose!” She retracted her arms from around Ellie’s body and folded them while making a sly expression.

Feeding into her bratty side, Ellie took Skye’s taunts as fighting words. “Chu bein sucha baby bout jus a widdwe punishment,” she said, returning Skye’s mannerisms by sticking out her tongue, “Jus chu waid! I’ww show chus jus how fun id is ta be noddy!”

“Oh. My. Goddess,” said Connor as he stood in the entryway of Ellie’s luxurious nursery. He was barely able to pick his jaw off of the floor as he gazed upon the vast expanse of Carol’s carefully crafted playroom. He tried to rationalize that the kind of people who could afford an adult daycare service for an entire work week had to be beyond loaded, but even this felt like a touch extreme. Why did Ellie even bother with the Padded Palace when she was living in an actual palace?

Shaking off his shock and awe, Connor scouted out the large changing area. With everyone outside, he was free to rummage through Carol’s vast collection of diapers and pull-ups. It didn’t take long for him to find the exact same princess-patterned pull-up that Latasha had placed on him this morning. He eagerly snatched it off of the shelf and began to unbutton his jeans.

With his pants off, Connor was able to see what had become of his moistened pamper. Unlike his diaper from yesterday, the swelling of the padding was designed to keep its slim shape. Unfortunately, this made its absorbency far weaker. He’d only wet a single time and his genitalia was drenched in his own piss. He didn’t want to admit it, especially not to Latasha, but he definitely preferred diapers to pull-ups.

Regardless of his preferences, Connor knew he didn’t really have a choice. He slipped off the damp undies, doing his best to avoid dragging the clammy cotton wadding across his thighs. He then balled up the used pull-up and placed it in the nearby diaper pail. It was one that had a double-layered opening to prevent icky scents from escaping, which made it the perfect place to hide his accident.

Returning to where he stripped, Connor quickly unfolded the pull-up and stepped into it, yanking it into place around his hips. As a finishing touch, he sprinkled a bit of baby powder into his diaper, making it practically indistinguishable from the one he was wearing earlier. He did notice that the diaper he was wearing now felt a bit tighter than his last one, but it still fit alright and looked fine from an outsider's perspective.

Arching his neck backward, Connor chuckled as he admired big his butt locked in the preciously pink pamper. His heart fluttered as he playfully smacked his butt, simulating a soft spank. Part of him wanted to throw caution to the wind right then and there and start masturbating. However, fear of someone walking in on him kept him from acting on such

naughty impulses, no matter how much his lower brain was begging for release. He jokingly slapped himself across the face. After what Latasha caught him doing yesterday, he wasn't about to make the same mistake twice.

Creak!

Suddenly, Connor's eyes shot toward the nursery door as he lowered his pull-up-clad waist behind the changing table. The door was cracked open, forcing him to pause as he tried to remember if he'd previously shut it or not. "Um, hello?" he said, his voice barely audible out of an abundance of vigilance. If someone wasn't at the door, he certainly didn't want to attract anyone who might be wandering nearby.

Connor stood frozen for a few seconds, waiting to see if anyone responded or barged in on him. Luckily, neither of these things happened. He sighed with relief. "Goddess, I'm so paranoid," he said to himself. Deciding not to leave himself vulnerable for another second, he quickly put his jeans back on and rushed out of the nursery, raising a fist in victory as he managed to pull off his changing undetected.

Entering the kitchen on his way to the backyard, Connor was surprised to see Carol, of all people, hiding away on her laptop at the dining table. "Uh oh, I've been caught," she said playfully as she lowered the screen, but kept it open just enough to keep it from going to sleep, "Mama needed some A/C time. Plus I had to check my emails anyway. What are you wandering around in here for?"

"Oh, sorry for being noisy. I was just taking a look around. You have a wonderful house," he said, casually brushing off Carol's question while also giving her a compliment to distract her. Seeing as how she was obviously as tipsy as Latasha was, he knew she'd probably take what he said at face value.

At least, that's what Connor thought. Standing up from her seat, Carol walked up to Connor and inhaled deeply through her nose. "Oh, you can't fool me," she said as she swung her hand low and gave Connor a hardy pat on the butt.

"Eeeep!" shouted Connor as he hastily shuffled away from Carol's grabby hands, "W-Wait, it's not what you think. Latasha, she-"

"Shhhhhhhhhh! Latasha already told me everything," said Carol, cutting off Connor mid-sentence, "Don't worry, your secret's safe with me. In fact, I think the whole secret Little-caregiver thing you and Latasha have going on is pretty hot."

With his cheeks flushing deep red, Connor stuttered out, "E-Everything?" All at once, he was forced to relive everything that happened over the past 48 hours, wondering just how much Latasha let slip to her bestie.

Sensing Connor's distress, Carol leaned forward and gave him a loving headpat. "If I had to guess, I'll bet you went searching for Ellie's nursery to have a little private playtime, didn't you?" she whispered sweetly into his ear, her words both comforting and intimidating, "I'll let you off with a warning this time. In the future, you should know better than to run off on your own, little one."

Connor was at a loss for words. He wanted to dispute Carol's assertion that he snuck into the house to play in Ellie's nursery. At the same time, he recognized that this was the perfect excuse to cover for his quick change. "I'll keep that in mind next time," he said, lower in his chin. He carefully chose his words so as not to admit to anything.

"Very good. Now get that padded rump back out to the party," said Carol, giving Connor another thump on the keester. She snickered as she watched him speed out of her house as if he'd just shot out of a Road Runner cartoon. Biting her lip, she shook her head while wearing a big smirk, "Well done, Latasha. He's a keeper for sure."

TO BE CONTINUED...