

The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 20

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“Hey, Latasha, can we talk for a second? ...Hmmm...Um...Latasha, I need to talk to you about...no, no, that’s too direct...” Sitting at the top of the bouncy slide, Connor was struggling as he rehearsed confronting Latasha over and over again to no avail. As someone who avoided conflict at all costs, he wasn’t the best at being on the spot when it came to how he felt about something.

After his less-than-consensual run-in with Carol, Connor wasn’t sure how he should proceed. Part of him was kinda pissed at Latasha for having told someone about his secret without asking him. As if he wasn’t already self-conscious before, now he had to worry about how much of yesterday’s event had leaked to Carol. On the other hand, was it really that big of a deal? Carol clearly knows her way around handling Littles and Bigs alike and has given him no reason to believe she would blab to any of the Littles, much less someone outside of the ABDL sphere. Flopped back onto the inflated surface, he let out a heavy, dejected sigh.

“Got something on your mind, friend?”

Suddenly, Connor’s busy thoughts were interrupted by a deep male voice. Tilting his head back, he came face to face with an upside-down Martin. “Oh hey...um, no, I uh...” he said, trying and failing to lie about his current mental state.

“Connor, I’m a licensed psychologist. You’ll have to lie much better than that,” chuckled Martin as he sat down on the edge of the slide next to Connor, letting his legs dangle off the side, “I’ll be honest, I was a bit skeptical when Latasha told me she hired someone inexperienced but you seem to be acclimating to ABDL pretty well. I know Riri can’t stop gushing about you at home. So if this is about feeling isolated or out of place, just know that the girls love you and we’re here to help you with anything you need.”

Even though Martin was off about what was bothering Connor, his words did manage to lift Connor’s spirits. “Thanks, it honestly means a lot to hear that,” he said, picking himself off of the PVC floor and sitting upright, “And yeah, you caught me. There is something that’s been troubling me. I’m just not sure how I should address it.”

“No need to be a stranger. I’m all ears,” said Martin, giving Connor a reassuring pat on the back, “Be aware, though, all Martin advice comes with a healthy dose of dad jokes, so consider yourself warned.”

Connor snickered at Martin’s quip, allowing himself to feel more comfortable in Martin’s presence. Throughout his young adulthood, he’d always had apprehension talking to male authority figures. But for some reason, Martin’s calming demeanor put him right at ease. “If I tell you, do you promise not to say anything?”

Pinching his fingers together, Martin mimed running a zipper across his lips before pretending to flick away the key. He then mumbled with his mouth closed, “Your secret’s safe with me.”

“Haha, what?!” laughed Connor, barely understanding Martin’s gibberish. He could feel the walls he’d built to protect himself coming down one silly gag at a time. “Here, you might want this back,” he said as he reached out and pretended to catch the key Martin had flicked away, returning it to him.

Nodding in gratitude, Martin quickly unzipped his mouth and took a deep breath. “Thank you, it was getting kinda stuffy in there,” he said, eliciting more giggles from Connor, “Now, go on. It’s only a matter of time before Riri comes running to find me again. So long as you’re comfortable, that is.”

Connor’s face turned pink as he considered how much to tell Martin and what to focus on. Even though Martin seemed like a pretty approachable guy, he wasn’t sure if he could fully trust him to know that he was padded. He decided keeping everything somewhat vague was probably a good idea. “I told someone close to me a pretty embarrassing secret under the assumption that I could trust them not to tell anyone,” he said, his head slumping down slightly, “But then I find out from one of their friends that they gossiped about it behind my back and now I just don’t know what to do.”

“Hmmm...that is a tricky spot to be in,” stated Martin, his tone instantly shifting from playful to serious, “Have you tried talking to this friend yet? I’m sure they didn’t intend to hurt you.”

Shaking his head, Connor responded, “Not yet. I was up here trying to prepare myself but I’m really bad with conflicts like this. It’s also that I don’t really remember telling her- I mean, telling THEM to keep it a secret. It’s just...it was something kinda personal, so-”

“So you assumed that your friend would know to protect you,” said Martin, cutting in to help Connor finish his thought. While he didn’t want to bombard Connor with a bunch of questions relating to the situation, he quickly deduced that this little secret Connor was harboring was likely related to ABDL in some capacity. And if he had to guess, it was probably Latasha. “You should definitely sit down with your friend and let them know what happened and how it affected you. If they’re a good friend, they’ll listen, understand, and apologize.”

Rubbing the back of his neck, Connor groaned playfully. “I knooooow. And I know I’ll feel a lot better after I get it over with. I just get so anxious with stuff like this,” he said, bringing his legs up from their dangled position and hugging them to his chest, “Maybe I should just let it-GAH!”

Suddenly, Connor felt a big shove come from behind, sending him tumbling down the bouncy slide. Landing on his back with a heavy thud, it took him a few seconds of regaining his bearings before he was able to determine the culprit.

“Get chur own Daddy!” shouted Riri, letting out a saucy giggle before leaping in Martin’s arms.

Unamused by his Little’s selfishness, Martin quickly flipped Riri over until her butt was facing up in his lap. “Oh, you’re getting a beating for that one,” he said as he warmed his hand up over Riri’s diaper butt. Before he started in on Riri’s spanking, though, he looked down at Connor and gave him a thumbs up as he shouted down to him, “It’s up to you, Connor! I’m

behind you regardless of if you choose to talk to your friend or not! And if you ever need to talk, feel free to message me any time!”

“Thank you, Martin! And I will!” said Connor, waving goodbye to Martin and a very disgruntled Riri, as he ran off to find Latasha. He breathed in deeply through his nose, feeling a strong sense of confidence. Even though he had yet to talk to Latasha, he somehow knew that everything was going to be alright in the end.

Attempting to heave her weight out of Martin’s grasp, Riri was not going down without a fight. “I didn do nuffin!” she yelled as she struggled for a few more seconds before getting too tired to protest any longer. She went limp in his arms, whimpering softly.

“Are you done?” said Martin, stifling a snicker as he shook his floppy-armed Little. He gave her a small pat on the butt, watching her twitch with each thump. “We’ll do a rain check on that spanking. Last thing I want is for you to be sobbing at Ellie’s party. So long as you know what you did was wrong, consider this your only warning today.”

Giggling maniacally, Riri nodded her head. “I knows. Fankoo, Daddy,” she said, knowing well and good that the moment the heat was off, she’d be back to her mischievous ways. As she rolled over, she looked out upon the party, her eyes focusing on Connor and Latasha in the midst of conversation. “I-Is evewyfung okie wif Connow?”

“What do you mean? Everything’s fine with Connor. He was just asking for some advice,” said Martin, comforting Riri by gently petting her hair, “It warms my heart to see you care about your friends so much. It feels like only yesterday that I was struggling to get you out of the house with Goodnites under your skirt.”

“Daddy, shhhhhhhh!” said Riri, hiding her face behind her hands. Unfortunately, her tiny paws were powerless to hide her rosy cheeks.

Pulling one of Riri’s hands away, Martin planted a wet kiss on her cheek. “Never,” he said cheerfully as he gave his baby girl an extra squeeze. Glancing out at the party, he was suddenly distracted by a sight that only made his smile brighter. “See, everything’s just fine.” He leaned in close to Riri and pointed toward Connor and Latasha as the two of them shared a big hug.

WHIIIIISTLE!

“Hey, everyone!” shouted Carol as she stepped out into the yard with a glass of red wine in one hand and a stack of paper plates in the other, “Come grab a seat! It’s time for cake and presents!”

TO BE CONTINUED...