

## The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 18

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“Connow!!!”

Bouncing over to the entrance of the bounce house, Riri excitedly threw her arms around the bashful caretaker, nearly causing him to fall backward. She continued to bounce up and down as she maintained the hold she had on the freshman caretaker. “Hehehe, chu wanna pway wif us?” she asked, her eyes lighting up.

After being in the pink bouncy castle for not even a full minute, Connor was already regretting his choice to engage in the Littles’ playtime. With Riri’s diaper crotch pressing up against his, he was incredibly nervous she could tell as she squeezed him close. Thankfully, it seemed as though her Oof Poof padding was much too thick to sense the pull-up he was wearing. “I-Indeed I am,” he said as he tried to pull away from the surprisingly strong hold she had on him.

Riri locked her fingers together, refusing to let go. She then began to lean back, giggling as she shouted, “Timber!”

With no time to react, Connor was sent flailing to the PVC surface of the bouncy castle. He tried to roll away as soon as they touched down, but Riri was relentless, refusing to let go of her captured Big. Thankfully, he wouldn’t have to spend too much time wrestling with the restless Little as her Daddy, Martin came to his rescue.

“Alright, you tiny monster, it’s time to let Uncle Connor have his fun,” said Martin as took hold of Riri and pried her off of Connor. Tucking her under his arm as she squirmed and snickered, he held out his free hand to help Connor back to his feet, “Sorry about that. She can be a bit excitable at parties.”

Double checking that his jeans hadn’t slid down as he stood up, Connor sighed with relief before addressing his fellow caretaker. “Oh, it’s no biggie. She’s just having a good time. Littles will be Littles, am I right?” he said as he shared a glance of solidarity with Martin. It was odd, but ever since he was a kid, he’d always been a bit more timid around male adult figures, which was likely a symptom of his own harsh and neglectful father. To him, Martin was no different, sending a chill down his spine and making him feel like a little kid in his presence.

Before Connor could dwell on the situation for much longer, he was once again under attack. This time, it was the other three Littles who were pouncing on him. Ellie went low and grabbed his legs while Skye and Stacy brought him back to the floor. “Gah! Girls!” he shrieked, his voice cracking slightly in surprise.

“Hehe, sorry Connaw! Dey made me do it,” said Ellie, whose ceaseless laughter did little to help prove her innocence. Feeling cheeky, she quickly went in for Connor’s socks and slipped them off of his feet. With his bare toesies exposed, it was far too tempting of an opportunity to pass up.

\*Tickle tickle!\*

“AHHHHHAHAHA! Ellie!!!” yelled Connor as he wiggled beneath Skye’s poofy diaper butt in a fruitless attempt to free himself. He couldn’t even move his feet enough thanks to Ellie laying across his legs. He was completely trapped as the floor he was flattened onto jiggled about. He was thankful his pelvis was pointed at the ground, which helped to hide his hard-on. It was a confusing boner to wrap his head around. He wasn’t necessarily aroused, at least not in his crotch per se. Instead, it felt as though his heart was aroused. He couldn’t explain it, but being buried in a cuddle puddle with Skye, Ellie, and Stacy made him feel incredibly happy to the point where he was erect. Were happiness boners a thing?

\*crinkle\*

Suddenly, Connor’s heart dropped out of its euphoric state as he felt a hand cupping the rear of his diaper. This was very bad. Using all of his strength, he rolled himself to the side, knocking the two girls off of him as he maneuvered his legs out of Ellie’s hands. He then curled his legs up to his stomach; a strategic play that both pulled his feet away from Ellie’s merciless fingers, as well as provided cover for his shameful boner. “Timeout!” he shouted, holding up his hands in the shape of a T.

Looking from Ellie to Stacy to Skye, Connor tried to figure out which of them had grabbed him on his pull-up-clad butt. Knowing how these Littles operated, it wouldn’t be difficult to figure out who. However, he was slightly baffled that none of the three seemed to be reacting much, if at all. The most he got out of them were the exasperated giggles in the aftermath of their tickle fest. He wiped the sweat off of his forehead, allowing his arms to fall to his side. He’d gotten lucky this time, but he couldn’t let his guard down for even a second around these mischievous girls.

“Having fun, ConCon?” said Latasha, who was watching the scene unfold through the netting of the bounce house, “Gotta be careful ‘round those little rascalsh. They can be pretty feral when it comes to high energy playtime.”

Slowly rolling over to face Latasha, Connor scoffed, “Thanks for the heads up BEFORE I got in here.” Both he and Latasha shared a hardy chuckle with each other.

“Hey, Connaw! We pwayin duck duck goose!” shouted Skye from the other side of the bounce house as she waved him over to her.

Still a little short of breath, Connor forced out a heavy sigh as he ran over to join in the party game. He parked himself down in between Martin and Skye, sitting on his knees as a tactic to make standing up faster. It may have been a silly kid’s party game, but if there was one thing that was certain about Connor, it was that he hated to lose. Though, considering four of his five competitors were wearing fake diapers that were the size of beach balls, he probably didn’t have too much to worry about.

“I’ww go fiwst since I da birfday giwl!” shouted Ellie as she stood up from her spot in the circle and began to walk behind everyone while tapping them on the head, “Duck, duck, duck...” This continued for quite some time as she rounded the group three times.

One by one, the other Littles were pushed to their limits in terms of patience. Eventually, even Martin couldn't take the endless encircling. "Ellie, I think it's time to pick someone," he said in as kind a voice as possible, doing as much as he could to suppress his slight annoyance.

"Shhhhh!" said Ellie as exaggeratedly as she could, "I gotsa concentwate." Her seriousness caused a chorus of soft giggles to erupt. There was no arguing with her, after all, as it was her birthday.

However, this was exactly what Ellie was waiting for. As everyone let their guard down to chuckle at her, she pounced on the opportunity to catch someone by surprise. "Goose!" she yelled as she tapped Stacy on the head before taking off around the circle one last time.

As tedious as Ellie's plan was, it worked like a charm since Stacy had barely gotten off of her poofy butt before Ellie came back around to take her spot. "Hehehe, I win!" she cheered, aggravating Stacy to no end.

Giving Ellie a withering glare, Stacy took over where the giggling birthday girl left off, only she had no interest in taking nearly as long as Ellie did. Instead, she only said "duck" twice before selecting Connor as the goose.

Unfortunately, Stacy vastly underestimated how hard it would be to get away from the far more mobile caretaker. She quickly gave up on running in the designated circle, leaping out of the way as Connor caught up to her to avoid his tag. She scurried to the opposite side of the bouncy castle and squared off with Connor, ready to seize any opening she could spot.

Standing up straight, Connor kept his eyes locked on Stacy as he called back to the others, "Doesn't leaving the circle mean you automatically lose?"

Shaking her head, Skye was quick to butt in. "Nope, not according to Padded Palace house rules," she said confidently as everyone else nodded in agreement.

Connor rolled his eyes. Of course, there would be house rules he didn't know about. Nevertheless, he wasn't going to give up with his prey so easily cornered. Putting the skills he'd learned while playing sports in high school to good use, he bent his knees and got low as he slowly approached Stacy, ready to move in any direction.

Unable to find an opening, Stacy could do nothing but back up until her Oof Poof was pressed against the bounce house's netting. With no way out, she made a last-ditch effort to distract Connor. "Look, over there!" she yelled as she pointed back toward the circle, hoping to sneak past the caretaker for the split second that his attention was diverted.

Sadly, Connor was not one of her easily fooled Padded Palace buddies. He quickly reached for Stacy as she tried to rush past him, tagging her on the arm and sending both of them tumbling to the floor. "Gotcha!" he shouted, raising his arm in victory.

Stacy, meanwhile, was not in the same high spirits as he was. She sat up, folded her arms, and stuck out her bottom lip as far as she could. "No fair! Chu guys awe pickin on me!" she shouted, prompting another round of giggles from the group.

Breathing heavily once more, Connor picked himself off of the air-filled floor and once again wiped off the sweat from his forehead. He'd have no need for his gym membership anymore if they played games like this every day. "Sorry, Stacy. You'll have to try harder than that with that big diapee you've got on," he teased, taking a page out of Latasha's book.

"Speaking of diapees, I think someone's got a rotten one on," said Martin as he smelled the air and looked around at the four Littles, trying to decipher who had made an extra stinky birthday present in their pampers. Both he and Connor chuckled as they each wiggled a bit in their seats, uncertain if they'd let something slip without notice.

"Come on. Fess up," said Connor as he gingerly bounced back over to his spot in the circle, placing his hands on his hips.

Blushing fiercely, Riri slowly raised her hand while avoiding eye contact with anyone, especially her Daddy. "I-I fink ish me," she said as the other Littles scooted away from her.

Smiling at his sweet little girl, Martin got up from his spot in the circle and took Riri by the hand. "Keep on playing, girlies...and Connor. We'll be back shortly. Can't have my baby girl muddying up the bounce house," he joked as he and Riri made their swift exit.

"Looks like we're waiting," said Connor as he sat back down, ready to resume the game.

\*Squelch!\*

Suddenly, Connor's skin turned pale white. He'd been so focused on the game that he hadn't even noticed until now. He snuck his hand down between his legs and gave his crotch a small squeeze, confirming that his fears were indeed true. He was wet.

TO BE CONTINUED...