

The Padded Palace Act II: Chapter 15

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“And there we go. Now, no one can even tell.”

Standing in front of Latasha’s vanity mirror, Connor’s heart was beating out of control. Looking at himself, he knew she was right. There was nothing to indicate that anyone could see anything out of the ordinary. That didn’t stop him from fixating his attention squarely on his hips and crotch.

Hiding underneath Connor’s jeans was the first of what was to be many daytime pull-ups that he was now required to wear. To make matters worse, they were pink with a pretty princess pattern, a fact that made his heart flutter even more. “Well, yeah, but what happens if my pants slide down...or-or if one of the girls hugs me and feels the diaper underneath?” he said, still a bit on edge to be staring down the gauntlet of being diapered in public. Sure, it was a private birthday party, but that was still a lot more than he was used to.

Snickering, Latasha gave Connor a firm pat on the butt, “Such a worry wart. No one’s gonna find out. Besides, I think you should be more concerned with what will happen if I catch you wetting those without permission again.”

Connor’s face turned bright red at the idea of being bumped up to full diapers if he couldn’t keep his pull-up dry. “I-I can still use the toilet when I need to, right?” he stuttered, both terrified and excited by how Latasha might respond. He felt himself begin to stiffen inside the cozy confines of his padding, causing a rounded bulge to push on the front of his jeans.

Noticing this, Latasha reached forward and cupped his diaper front in her hand, “You’ll just have to ask me and hope I’m in a good mood,” she teased, relishing how easy it was to make Connor sweat, “Oh, and you might want to keep your little buddy under control. It’s a dead giveaway.” Releasing Connor and grabbing her cellphone off of the bedside table, she left her new boy toy alone with his reflection as she started texting Carol about their imminent arrival.

With Latasha now out of sight, Connor could admire his reflection with far less embarrassment. Not that there wasn’t any lingering embarrassment after being taunted and groped by his new girlfr...careta...momm...what exactly were they?! Shaking his head, he tried to toss those weird thoughts aside and avoid placing the pressure of labels on either himself or Latasha.

Instead, Connor switched his focus back on the lump in his pants, which was throbbing wildly. His hands traveled down and brushed against his padding-covered penis, wincing as he felt his pre-cum begin to spill. He wanted to drop everything right then and there and start masturbating furiously. Goddess only knew what Latasha would do if she caught him playing with himself at this moment, a thought that only added to the intensity of his erotic position. Squeezing his diaper front slowly, he allowed himself to indulge just a little bit.

“You’d better not be doing anything naughty in there,” shouted Latasha from down the hall, as if she had a lock on Connor’s every thought.

Connor instantly pulled his hand away, now able to feel his heartbeat in his throat. He slapped himself on the cheeks a few times and pinched the skin on the back of his hand to suppress his growing arousal. If he was going to stay covert at Ellie’s party, he would need to be a lot better at controlling himself.

The second hand on the clock could not tick slower for all four of the Littles as they waited “patiently” inside the nursery for noon to roll around. From continuing their game of truth or dare to further experiment with everything Carol’s fun-filled nursery had to offer, they had tried to keep their energy high and their restlessness low. Unfortunately, with the promise of a big birthday bash only a few walls away, the adult baby oasis felt more like a jail cell.

But of all the girls, no one was more on her tippy-toes than the birthday girl herself. From the get-go, Ellie was asking Stacy to check her smartphone for the time almost every few minutes to the point that Stacy got so fed up that she chucked her phone into the foam pit. At least it gave the bratty b-day girl something to do for five minutes while she frantically searched for it.

However, that was already more than an hour ago, and by now, even Stacy was starting to get antsy. “Ugh! Sewiouswy, if I knew dis was gonna take dis long, I would’ve bwrought my DS,” she said before turning her attention to Ellie, who was glaring at the clock on her phone as if she were a moth entranced by a big bright light, “Yo, Ewwie. Toss me my phone. I wanna check my Insta.”

Ellie said nothing in return, offering only a slow cryptic head shake as she continued to focus her attention on the time as if counting the seconds made the time go faster.

“Weww, chu did frow it in da foam pit, so I dunno if it stiw w bewongs ta chus,” teased Riri, knowing exactly what to say to get Stacy’s blood boiling.

With Stacy and Riri starting in on their bickering and Ellie keeping constant tabs on the time, that left Skye to entertain herself. Thankfully, unlike yesterday when she had the big, quiet nursery all to herself, she felt much more at ease being able to coexist with the other Littles in the same space. Even in the Padded Palace, she would often wander off on her own to make up her own games in her head. In the present, she was sitting with her favorite stuffy, Lyle, tucked in her arms as she introduced him to all of the plushies that Ellie had lying around. Unlike the others, she was probably having the best time staying content with the speed everything was moving at. That didn’t mean she too wasn’t starting to grow restless, sneaking peeks at the door and hoping Carol would be walking through every so often.

Click!

Suddenly, all four girls’ heads whipped toward the door. Carol was barely able to get one foot into the nursery before the diaper-bab quartet dropped what they were doing and rushed

over to her. “Mommy! Mommy!” screamed Ellie, who jumped into Carol’s arms, nearly sending her tumbling to the floor from the sheer force, “Ish it time?!”

“Hehe, yes, baby girl, it’s time,” said Carol, gently lowering Ellie back to the floor and taking her by the hand. She then turned to the other three girls, each of whom was fidgeting up a storm with anticipation, “Alright, my blushy babies, are you ready to have some fun?!”

A chorus of excited cheers erupted as Skye, Riri, and Stacy swarmed in on Carol. A rookie caregiver would’ve panicked having so many Littles coming at them at once. Carol was a seasoned vet, though, so she knew exactly how to handle these four. “Now, now, don’t all go running outside at once,” she said before instructing each of the girls to link hands with one another much like something you’d see on an elementary school field trip. She knew that not only would it keep each girl in line, but it would also have the added bonus of adding to how Little each one of them felt.

Sure enough, the four girls could not stop their faces from flushing, their rosy cheeks making Carol’s heart melt with joyful love. As she walked the girls through the house, she felt a strong sense of euphoric satisfaction. Whatever Little Space was in reverse for Bigs, she was experiencing it presently.

Reaching the rear door, Carol stopped and turned to the group of Littles, taking a knee in front of them. “Okay, so before I send you out there, I need to lay down a few rules, especially after last night,” she said, knowing she needed to be both quick and frank when taking into consideration a Little’s attention span, “There will be no roughhousing at this party, or else you’ll go back to the nursery for a timeout until I say so. Is that clear?” Despite the fact that she was on cloud 9, she did her best to give each girl a stern expression to make it poignant how serious she was.

“Yeth, Auntie Cawol,” said Skye, leading to three all jumping in to say the same thing. After yesterday, she had no intention of getting sent back to the punishment bouncer, so she was more than happy to swear herself to only good girl behavior the rest of the day.

Pleased with the girls’ responses, Carol stood back up and moved toward the door, “You girls are so sweet I could just eat you up,” she said, a giant smile stretching across her whole face as she turned the doorknob and pushed the rear door open, “Now, get out there!”

Skye and the others didn’t hesitate. Like a bull being let out of its pin, they rushed through the door and out into the bright, afternoon sunshine. It took their eyes a few seconds to adjust, but when they finally got to see what Carol had put together, they were beyond ecstatic.

The backyard has been transformed into a birthday party to end all birthday parties. There was the standard stuff such as a piñata, a big sheet cake, and a big pile of presents. But the party didn’t stop there. Just past the table with the cake and gifts were several inflatable playsets, including a bouncy castle, a mini-obstacle course, and a massive slide. Additionally, there was also a large kiddie pool with plastic diaper covers and arm floaties on standby for anyone who wanted to cool off. As amazing as all of those things were, though, the Littles’ eyes went directly

to the ground in front of them, where four big Oof Poof Diapers were lying in wait for a group of silly diaper butts to put them on.

Waiting behind the fold-up table with confetti poppers in hand were the other Bigs, each of whom wore as large of a smile as the girls did. Riri's Daddy, Martin, Stacy's caretaker, Mal, and of course, the Padded Palace crew of Latasha and Connor were all in attendance. "Happy birthday, Ellie!" they all shouted jubilantly as they popped their poppers and showered the nearby area with colorful streamers.

On the verge of tears, this was everything Ellie had wanted and more. She turned around and gave her Mommy the biggest hug she could, nuzzling her face into her chest. "Fankoo, Mommy! I love you so much!" she said, resulting in a choir of "oohs" and "awws" from the rest of the backyard posse.

"I love you too, baby girl," said Carol, fighting back tears of her own as she lifted Ellie up and gave her a passionate kiss on the lips. The party had only just begun, and it was already certain to be one for the ages.

TO BE CONTINUED...