

Castle Newsissy, Palace of Princess Rahka

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Irbisgreif
for Rahka

Description

RAHKA is a cute kitty, but doesn't yet know how cute they could be! (Okay, I'm lying, Rakha knows exactly how cute they are.)

We begin at a convention, where Rahka has just found a bounce-house with an interesting raptoreess proprietor. Nidria's her name, and Castle Newsissy is her offering for the entertainment of all. It seems nobody is around though, which seems odd to Rahka.

It's been years since they saw a bounce-house though, and they can't help but give it a try!

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RAHKA looks over the bouncy-castle one more time, amused at the bulging rubber crenellation on the four towers, the hum of the blower keeping it inflated, and the complicated parquet painted on the scalloped, uneven floor. The whole set-up is the most stereotypically pink, magical girl, and pretty princess thing Rahka has ever seen—and it is right here in the open at the con. It is surprising nobody else has slipped over here and found it, judging from the bored expression on the face of the raptoreess sipping a coffee and guarding the entrance of the empty bounce-castle.

He has not been in a bounce-house—or even seen one—since he was a small kitten. The dark-furred cat cannot help himself but to stop and look, glancing over to the deinonychus sitting at her small desk. Her face is practically beaming with the possibility of sharing the joys of the bounce house with someone. The effect is pronounced thanks to the dromaeosaur's bright yellow colouration. Combined

with her seersucker blue-and-white sun-dress, she is utterly idealized in her quiet femininity—the perfect picture of a woman.

Rahka will not admit—as one of his paws rests on the belt of his blue-jeans—the odd feeling he has is envy. His other paw rubs the back of his head, folding the convention t-shirt he is wearing. The logo is typical and ostentatious, but the overall colour of the shirt—a deep, dark red—looks nice both with blue jeans and against Rahka’s dark fur.

Rahka looks again to the bounce house; somehow it has an inviting look—despite the emptiness of the bounce-house. Rahka’s muzzle opens as he asks to hop in, drawing out his words as he tries to think of what to ask or say before hopping into the bounce-house. After all, he has not done this since he was a small kitten, and has absolutely no idea what one *typically* says or asks before doing it. “Soooo... do you come to conventions often, Ms...?”

The raptress beams at the kitty, “Nidria. Just call me Miss Nidria. And I have been to a few, but this is my *very* first one with the bouncy-house. And what’s your name, cutie?”

Rahka nods, “I’m... uh... Rahka.” The kitty pauses and looks over the house again before turning back to the lady to ask, “What are the rules for it, then?”

“Just be nice and have fun, uh-Rahka.”

“Simple enough, I suppose.”

“And no shoes, of course.”

Rahka complies with a nod, squatting near the small desk the raptor is sitting at to remove his shoes, “Well, naturally.”

He steps towards the bounce house, and is surprised when the guardian stands and blocks his way.

“Now, wait just one minute little kitten.”

Rahka’s ears fold at the phrase, self aware at being his age and getting into a bounce-house of all things. “D-did I do something wrong, Miss Nidria?”

The raptor smiles and leans close; Rahka can smell the faintest trace of Yves Saint Laurent’s Opium in the air. It is an older fragrance, the kind his mother used to wear.

“Simple, kitten. You did not ask nicely if you could hop in.”

Rahka blinks and rubs his paw behind his head again, “Oh... may I hop in?”

Nidria smiles again, “After you apologize.”

“I’m sorry.”

"I'm sorry... what?"

"I'm sorry... uh... for not asking first... Miss Nidria?"

Any trace of unhappiness vanishes from the raptor's face, and she steps back out of the way. She is finally allowing Rahka free access to the gates of the palace of bounding he has been eyeing since the start of the encounter. "Have fun, kitten!"

Rahka is climbing in as he hears the word again, blushing hot under his fur at being called a kitten. He really should say something, but the thought is erased as he tries to stand in the bounce house. He succeeds only to fall forward and rebound towards the center of the "room".

Yelping with the sudden shift from standing to falling, Rahka flicks his tail out and turns it, shifting his momentum so he falls softly on his paw-pads. The cat rebounds straight up and then twists his tail to land again—this time on his shoulder—with enough side-ways movement to bounce towards the far wall. He cannot help but mewl and giggle at the feeling of strange accelerations and changes in direction. It feels good for him to just let go and enjoy the sensations.

Rahka bounces about, trying to comment as he impacts the soft walls and floor repeatedly. The show is amusing Nidria as she watches him play. "Th— Hey— Th-thanks! For b-bringing this!"

The yellow deinonychus nods and waves at Rahka, "It was not easy to get insurance and such, so I hope you are enjoying yourself, kitten."

Rahka nods, a strange motion as it carries his face into the floor during another bounce, "Ye-mpfh". Rahka stays down for a moment, letting the blush subside from his face. Being called a kitten by the feminine and sunny raptor lady seems silly.

"Yeah, it's fun!" he corrects, getting up and then trying to do a back-flip, only to find himself upside-down and going straight into the waiting soft embrace of one of the air-filled walls. It sends him sprawling and rolling along the floor with a loud mew. It is a wonder a cat this loud is not drawing attention from anywhere else in the room.

Nidria frowns as it looks like Rahka might stop far too quickly to really let go. She traces a hand along the entry to the bounce house as Rahka rolls towards the entry. He is smiling and moving to hop out, but then he gets a better idea and just flips and bounces towards the center. Somehow, the kitten does not even notice as the colours of

the floor swirl about, even rising and occasionally drifting like small clouds about his head.

«Wait. . . wasn't I about to get out?» Rahka thinks as he bounces back towards the door, finding himself rolling out of the way at the last moment again. «Well, maybe a little bit more. . . »

Nidria keeps it up, not wanting Rahka to short-change himself a burst of real fun. "All good, kitten?"

Rahka is jarred from his thoughts by Nidria's question, "Yeah. And uh. . . why are you calling me kitten so much?"

Nidria smiles, "Oh, just because you're cute."

Rahka shakes his head as he twirls in another jump—blushing again. He resists the raptor, protesting "I'm not cute!"

Nidria taps the walls of the bounce-castle once more, watching as Rahka tries to continue and fuss, but he is suppressed by another face-plant into the undulations on the floor, dragged there by the magic of the bounce-house. He goes bouncing higher than normal with a giggle and mewl. Good kittens do not need to self-disparage.

"You are to me," she comments.

Rahka buries his face in a wall to cover up a bit of a purr. He has not purred in years, but now he is doing it in public! Except he cannot help but wonder where everyone has gone. Surely they can see and hear him in the bounce-house. Does nobody want to join him?

Rahka rolls onto his knees, sitting pretty so he can be stable. He swears to himself it is not because it is the way kittens sit. He looks out and sees the raptor watching him in the bounce-house and feels very self-conscious for a moment. "Is there a line of people waiting or anything, Miss Nidria? I don't want to hog the fun."

Nidria's voice is singsong in response; it seems Rahka will be a little bit tougher a nut to crack. She refuses to give up, insisting on Rahka being true to his true self, "It's *all* yours to bounce in, kitten."

Rahka echos—surprised at himself but finding it hard to disagree with Nidria thanks to the magic of the bounce-house—"All mine, to bounce in."

The raptor smiles and continues, "Yes kitten. All yours to bounce in. Let yourself go."

Rahka nods and smiles back, "Okay. . . It's all mine, I can let go."

The raptor grins as Rahka stands, falls over, and then does some more tumbles and flips. "There you go, kitten. Just let go like that. Have fun, feel free."

Rahka purrs loudly at being called a kitten again, rolling into a wall and bouncing back in the direction of the door, straight at Nidria. "Yeah. I can let go, like a kitten."

"Exactly. Just like a kitten."

Rahka mews and rolls in front of the raptress. "You're very cute too."

Nidria shakes her head, "More like motherly—really, kitten. Are you having a good time?"

Rahka nods in agreement, "Yeah, motherly. And I'm having a great time!"

Nidria rubs between Rahka's ears, her talon scratching into the fur as Rahka's purring grows in volume. "I'm glad, kitten. You should keep bouncing and enjoying yourself. Let loose and let go."

Rahka nods and rolls to the side to press himself up and start bouncing more freely. He has not seen anyone, and he feels giddy, ready to relax, give in, let loose, and let go. Repeating in his mind he should «keep bouncing and enjoying myself.»

To the cat, the room feels oddly warmer than it did a few minutes ago. The magic is starting to really get to Rahka; instead of asking about the air conditioning, Rahka just loosens his shirt a little, flipping along as he does so. His dark fur rushes in the wind as he tries to do some tricks, bouncing up and forcing himself to come down perfectly on all four paws like one of his feral cousins—like he used to when he was a kitten, years ago.

"There you go, kitten! You can do all sorts of tricks with that lovely balancing tail of yours!"

Rahka felt himself flush, from both the heat and the compliment. It is the third time Nidria has suggested a trick, and he is loving just letting his muscles tense and relax—over and over—to propel him through all kinds of fun, spinning bounces.

He sees Nidria waving to him and bounces over towards her. Rahka smiles and is surprised at how heavy his breath is when he speaks to her. "Is... time... up?"

"Not at all, kitten. I just thought since you're starting to get a bit worked up, that maybe we should make sure you don't drool all over the place!"

Drool? Was he just drooling? Rahka's purring stops at the embarrassing thought, and then he feels like he could drop into the floor when Nidria holds up a pacifier. She is asking him to put it in!

«Wait! A pacifier?» "Wait! A paci?"

Nidria nods, handing it to the kitten “Yes, just so that your mouth is occupied.”

Rahka shakes his head, taking the pacifier. “I’m not actually a kitten though.”

Nidria nods as Rahka takes it from her hand. “Only if you need it, kitten.”

Rahka looks at the motherly raptor and decides he does not need the pacifier. He rolls and bounces a bit, moving away from the door to give himself the space he needs to try and chain a couple of twirling bounces across the room.

«One, two, three...»he counts, working his way through a set of different bounces trying to impress... «Mom?»

Rahka shakes his head at the thought, wondering why he is thinking of the motherly, warm raptor lady as a mom. The thought is interrupted when his face smashes into the wall of the bounce-house, causing him to drop the paci from where he is carrying it. He grabs for it quickly with a mewl, and—after a moment—decides there is one easy way to carry it.

He stuffs it in his muzzle and gives it a couple of pulsing sucks. It does not feel half as silly as he thought it would. In fact, it is almost nice to have it in. He fails to notice as he resumes bouncing, but Nidria is smiling gleefully as he finally starts to let go. She cannot help herself; he is so good at heart, so she simply has to have him.

Rahka rubs his neck, taking a moment to spread his belly on the floor of the bounce-house. He is feeling steadily warmer and warmer, and he finds it tiring. Besides, he is enjoying this paci way more than he expected to. The raptor-mom is watching, but he also cannot help but let his groin press into the soft material below him—something about the paci and bouncing about freely makes him feel very good, and he is starting to tent his pants.

Nidria has not missed this, and whistles to the kitten. She decides to see if he is ready to go further, “Rahka? Are you getting a bit hot? You don’t have to stay that way.” She sings those last few words, inviting Rahka to ponder what she means before continuing. “Why don’t you take off those stuffy grown up clothes?”

Rahka is surprised at himself as he strips down to his underwear, tossing the shirt and pants over to Nidria, who drops them in the trash just out of the kitten’s sight. He goes to resume bouncing when Nidria catches his attention with a loud “a-hmm”.

She does not have to tell him why she called out. He just pulls off his underwear and tosses them over as well, leaving the entirety of his dark fur on display when he resumes bouncing. Not noticing as Nidria trashes those too.

The kitten purrs and giggles a bit. He is feeling much more comfortable now. Given he has seen nobody come by, it must be okay. It is not like he is walking naked around the con floor, after all. It is only him and raptor-mom and he is just having a great time. Such a great time he does not stop himself from grinding a little against the bounce house when he lands on his knees or his belly, enjoying the feel of the rubber against his shaft.

Nidria calls out to him, "Little kitten?"

His ears perk.

Nidria smiles and waves to him, tapping the bounce house some more to keep him compliant. "Why don't you come over here and let momma put a diaper on you. We don't want to make a mess."

Rahka has not worn a diaper since he was a kitten! But raptor-mom just called him a kitten. She is right; it would not do to make a mess while bouncing around with nothing on. Thankfully, his bouncing is barely interrupted, he just rolls to the edge of the door and after only a couple moments of tail moving, taping, and patting, Rahka has on a diaper big enough to force him to waddle.

When he resumes his bouncing is a lot less coordinated, but somehow it only makes it even more fun. Especially when they mash the poof of the diaper against their crotch or backside. It feels tight—and fun—to have the padding all around his middle. Especially fun with nothing else on.

Rahka realizes after a few bounces—he is not in an adult diaper. Given the patterns and silly cute figures, it is one of those "adult baby" things, designed like it belongs on a little kitten.

Nidria smiles as the magic begins to really work on Rahka, guiding him towards being the cute kitten she knows he can be. Her magic bounce-house's walls and floor continue their light fluctuations of colour, while the clouds of magical hypnosis guide Rahka through letting loose like a real kitten, bouncing about and sucking on his pacifier even though he's wearing nothing but a diaper.

Rahka presses his legs down, pressing the diaper about with a loud crinkle as he propels himself into and then quickly out of one of the walls. Every time he moves towards the exit he finds the smile of the raptorress. She uses a little extra burst of her magic to send

him in a different direction, still flinging his tail about to redirect his momentum, though no longer in a way he is deciding on his own.

The kitten cannot help but laugh a little around his pacifier. Between Nidria's magic bounce-house and his own happy feeling at finally letting loose for a little bit, it seems crazy to just... bounce around while wearing nothing but a diaper in public. It seems crazy, yes. It also seems really fun. It even seems arousing.

Despite being padded up now, his arousal has not gone away in the slightest. In fact, it is only getting stronger. In addition to the arousing magic suffusing the air, a little bullet vibe Nidria has stuffed in the front of the diaper has started to vibrate—right against him. He notices neither the magic arousing and shifting his perspective nor the vibrator guiding him steadily towards making a very sticky mess in his diaper.

All this—of course—is exactly as Nidria has planned for Rahka. Her sun-dress blows slightly in the cool air outside the magic of the bounce-house as she alternates between empowering the magic hypnotising Rahka and the remote control teasing him steadily towards an enjoyable mess in his diaper.

She watches the bouncing kitten intently. She will have him, and he seems perfect now her suggestions and magic have enjoyed a chance to work on him. She is freeing him from inhibitions standing between himself and her goals. As he rolls again towards the entry-way, she redirects him away. Afterwards she rewards his compliance with another burst of vibration.

The kitten has to be ready now, "Princess, are you having fun? You have only been in there a few minutes, why do you keep trying to get out?"

Rahka bounces, sucking on the pacifier. He notices the change in term. He continues playing, pulling the paci out to respond. "Princess? Wha—"

Nidria tuts to cut him off, taps the wall to make the bounce-house swirl, and then replaces whatever he is going to say. "Yes, princess. You're a cute princess kitten, aren't you?"

Rahka stops bouncing for a moment, "I'm a..."

Nidria grins and sings her hypnotic suggestion to him, "You're a little princess kitten."

Rahka blushes and purrs deeply at the thought, bashful at being called princess—despite sitting in a pink bounce-house wearing a

loudly crinkling pastel pink diaper complete with waist-line frilling. "I'm a princess."

Nidria wins her next goal from Rahka, and rewards his submission by turning up the vibrator to the maximum. It is softened and spread by the diaper, but it still has the desired and obvious effect. Rahka mewls and purrs loudly as he sprays a bit of seed into the diaper, cumming right there with Nidria watching him.

"Don't you feel like a princess." Nidria asks.

Rahka nods and purrs, enjoying the orgasm and putting the pacifier back in. Nidria does *not* turn the vibrator off, instead continuing to tease Rahka with it as she prepares her next goal. She reaches for a nearby bag and slips out a onesie; the kitten squirms on the floor of the bounce-house.

"Princess, why don't you come get dressed now."

Rahka looks over. In his afterglow, he cannot help but feel an immediate need to put on the pastel yellow and pink onsie Nidria is holding up, especially as the patterning seems designed to perfectly accentuate—and not hide in the slightest—the diaper the kitten is wearing right now.

The kitten tries to walk over, but falls forward and instead crawls across the bouncy floor of the magical castle, reaching Nidria just as she undoes the snaps on the onesie. She slips it onto him; it is just a moment before she is snapping it into place and making Rahka look like an adorable kitten. Then she crowns her achievement; a shiny plastic tiara slips onto the kitten's head. With that, she looks like a lovely little princess.

"There you go, princess. You look perfect. Momma's glad you're having fun."

Rahka nods and goes back to bouncing, now giving in completely to the little princess archetype she is attired for. She is so relaxed—in fact—she hardly even notices when her lowered arousal leads her bladder to relax and slowly fill her diaper with warm urine.

Just a short while ago, wetting herself would have made the kitten feel utterly childish and silly—totally humiliated. Especially in public, it would have been a nightmare of a situation. Thanks to Nidria's magic and her own joy at being a princess, it is instead a nice enough feeling for the low-level vibrator to start driving her back towards a wonderfully aroused state, still bouncing about even with the added weight of a wet diaper.

It is only a few moments of this before Nidria knows tiredness will have started to set in, weakening the last of Rahka's resistance to her guidance. It is mostly perfunctory now, showing only in occasional flashes in the kitten's eyes. "How are you feeling, princess?"

The princess smiles, pulling the paci for a moment and giggling at Nidria, laying on her back in the bounce-house. "I'm good Miss."

"You feel good? Do you have someone here to change you and take you home? Got a momma?"

Rahka shakes her head, "No Miss. I don'."

Nidria's eyes flash as she guides the magic towards its conclusion. "Princess Rahka, you don't have a momma? Nobody?"

Rahka shakes her head, half in affirmation of the no, and half in his last attempts to resist the Raptor's magical bounce-house.

Nidria tuts again, "Princess! Are you sure you can't see your momma out here?"

Rahka looks out, seeing nobody but the raptor. "I dun see nowun, Miss Nidria."

The raptor smiles, leaning forward as a wave of colour sweeps the floor of the castle. "I bet if you look hard, Princess, you'll see a good momma, won't you?"

Rahka rubs her lightly vibrating diaper absent-mindedly, searching again, both the colourful patterns on the bounce-house, and the empty space beyond. "I on'y see yoo, Miss Nidria."

Nidria just waits, looking at the princess as the gears in her hypnotised head start to slowly turn, considering what the raptor might mean.

"Um... Are yoo a mom, Miss Nidria?"

The raptor smiles and nods, "I *can* be, Princess."

The thought of running over to 'momma' floods Rahka's mind, thanks to Nidria's suggestions, the magic of the bounce-house, and Rahka's own enjoyment at being freed up now to enjoy being a little princess. The kitten squirms and crawls close to Nidria, giving the raptor-mom in a sun-dress a big hug, "Can yoo be *my* mom, Miss Nidria?"

The raptor smiles down at Rahka's face and gives the dark-furred kitty a kiss right on the nose. The princess giggles in reply. She is grinding her hips into the wet diaper she is wearing and cooing around the paci Nidria is slipping back into her mouth. "Go play some more, kitten. Momma's here and watching you."

Rahka rolls languidly back into the bounce house. Between the attire and the previous high-energy bouncing, she just does not have the ability to keep up the high bouncing. She is instead just enjoying the feeling of the soft rubber deforming and holding her body.

The kitten giggles and presses her arms into the floor, pressing herself up slowly after a few minutes. Once she is on her knees again, she starts to wobble about. Slowly, she is moving towards the exit. As she holds her arms out for momma, the little kitten blushes, "I need changed."

Nidria nods and picks up Rahka, sliding her out of the bounce house and holding their paw, "We'll go get you changed, princess."

Rahka giggles, following Nidria along. Halfway to the bathroom, the kitten giggles as her tail flags. Nidria chuckles and pets the kitten on the head; there is a wet sound filling the air as Rahka fills her diaper.

"You're a bit stinky, I see."

Rahka shakes her head and pushes close to Nidria as they enter the bathroom. Soon, the kitten is sitting on a changing table and under the attention of Nidria's adept diaper-changing skills. The raptor is stripping open the snaps on the onesie and getting the dirty diaper off of Rahka's bottom.

"I'm a p'incess, momma. Not a bitstinky."

The raptress chuckles and tosses the dirty diaper, cleaning Rahka up and slipping a clean diaper onto her. "No, you're a *big* stinky!."

The kitten giggles, toying with her paci while Nidria closes up her onesie. The raptor leans over, eyes glowing, and smiles in Rahka's face, "But how long would you like to be momma's princess, princess?"

Rahka smiles happily and almosts jumps from the table to hug the raptor-mom, "Fo'ever!"

"Good girl."

