

# The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 11

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“And there, I think we’re all done.”

Connor opened his eyes and faced the mirror, staring at his 7-year-old reflection. Behind him stood his babysitter, Erica, who had been looking after him for a few years by this point and was now a senior in high school.

As Connor looked into his own eyes, he barely recognized himself. He opened his mouth to speak but found himself at a loss for words. Why’d he have to make such a stupid bet?!

“I’ll take your stunned silence as a resounding victory,” said Erica, smirking as she placed a small, glittery hair clip in Connor’s short, spikey hair.

With pink, full lips, soft, rounded features, and copious amounts of eye shadow, Connor had been fully made up into the spitting image of a sweet, little girl. That meant he now had to deal with the consequences of losing their little bet.

“Stay right there, I need to go and grab some of my old pageant dresses! I think I have the perfect outfit in mind!” Excitedly, Erica ran off towards her bedroom, leaving Connor to stare at himself over the bathroom sink with a sinking feeling in his stomach.

Brushing his face with his hand, Connor felt the layers of foundation mold around his fingertip, being sure not to press too much so as to mess up Erica’s work. As he blinked, he couldn’t help but marvel over how heavy his eyelids felt with the fake lashes that had been applied. He’d always thought Erica’s eyes were so pretty, so to see a recreation of those eyes on himself was incredibly peculiar.

“Like what you see?”

Connor jumped in his chair, whipping his head around to see Erica standing in the doorway. She was holding a big department store box and dawning an enthusiastic smile. She set the box down in Connor’s lap and gently ruffled his hair, “Go ahead and open it up!”

With hesitant, shaky hands, Connor removed the lid of the box, revealing a puffy, pink babydoll dress with a cotton candy skirt that had been neatly folded inside. His cheeks somehow managed to burn through the layers of make-up, causing Erica to giggle uncontrollably.

Connor, meanwhile, was struggling to control his own heart rate, which felt like it was pulsing out of his chest. Erica leaned in and whispered with a voice that sounded identical to Latasha’s, “Hey Connie, there’s no need to be scared. You just have to get up and put the dress on...get up...get up...”

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Connor’s eyes flickered open slowly. He tried to roll to his side but bonked his head against a wooden pole. He rubbed his head, feeling a mess of silk and ruffles cascade over him as he tried to recover from his disorientation...wait, wooden pole? Silk and ruffles?!

Reaching out his hand, Connor tried to grasp onto the solid object his head had rammed into, only to find his hands were forced into a balled-up position by a soft, silky layer that refused to budge.

The disorientation quickly melted away as Connor's mind went into panic mode. He sat up and threw the blanket off of himself, horrified by what he had revealed. He was wearing the flouncy, pink babydoll dress he had jizzed in the night before, only the obvious, crusty stain was missing. Not only that, his hands and feet were locked into pink, satin-covered mittens and booties.

Looking around, Connor didn't have to guess where he was. He was still in the nursery, only he was no longer lounging in a puddle of stuffed animals on the opposite side of the room. He was instead residing inside the large crib stationed in the back corner. He looked up, seeing that the crib bars were tall, but not tall enough that he couldn't climb over. He shuffled himself to his knees.

**\*CRINKLE!\***

Connor went pale white, soon followed by a dark crimson flush that filled his cheeks. Reaching down, he pawed at the skirt of his flouncy dress. Underneath was a thick, pink diaper with princess-y designs all over it. It was somehow even more feminine than the diapers the girls usually chose to wear, and it wasn't alone either. There was clearly another nappy layered beneath the outer padding. And both were locked within a set of plastic panties.

Shifting in his seat, two things became impossible to deny. Not only was he in diapers, but the diapers were damp too. It was hard to tell since the double diapering had caused him the sweat within his padded prison, but there was no way that much squish could all be from perspiration. Place a hand on his poofy diapers, Connor pushed down on it, feeling his little buddy engulf itself in the swollen plastic nappy. It was almost hypnotizing how surreal everything felt.

Shaking his head, Connor snapped out of his infantile daze. He couldn't let himself become distracted by his foreign undergarments. He needed to get out of the crib before anyone saw him dressed like this. He planted a foot on the bed.

"Ouch!"

Connor fell back onto his butt in pain the second his foot made contact with the comfy bedding. Lifting his foot to investigate, Connor saw nothing out of the ordinary. He placed his hand against the bootie and pushed on the sole of his foot, finding that several small, metal points were pressing up against him. No matter what way he placed his foot down, he was unable to stop the sharp pieces from poking him. Standing would be out of the question.

Suddenly, the bars of the crib seemed a lot taller than they were before. Hopping onto his knees, he reached his arms up and hooked his wrists over the top of the crib. That would be as close as he could get to freedom. No amount of brute strength would allow him to lift himself up and over with only his wrists.

For a brief moment, Connor thought about crying out for help, but the thought of even one person witnessing him in this state was enough to X off that possibility. It might upset Latasha, but he really only had one option. He was going to need to break through.

Kicking the crib bars was out of the question, thanks to the spikes in his booties. Connor positioned himself so that his shoulder was in line with one of the bars and pushed himself forward with all his strength. The result was a fruitless effort and a raw shoulder. He rubbed it with his mitten-covered hand, surprised by how sore it felt. He thought he was tougher than that.

Connor reluctantly sat back down and tried to figure out his next course of action. If he couldn't maneuver or bust his way out, then he'd need to unlock the crib bars and get them lowered.

Unlike a normal crib, the one in Latasha's nursery was built with a special locking mechanism that required someone to unlock the latches on each side simultaneously. Not an issue when you're standing outside of the crib. Near impossible when you're trapped inside. Still, it wasn't like Connor had another option. Squeezing his padded hand through the bars, he positioned his fist below the latch and lifted it up. It took a few tries, but he finally managed to get it raised.

Now came the tricky part. Wiggling his padded but to the center of the crib, Connor held his fist on the open latch as tightly as he could. He reached out and tried to push his second fist through the bars, his arms just slightly too short to reach. Nevertheless, he stretched and strained as hard as he could.

\*PFFFFFFF!\*

Connor's eyes widened as in the process of straining, he let out a massive wave of gas that echoed throughout the nursery. Panicked, he pulled away from the crib bars and stopped stretching. However, as he threw himself back, his right fist got caught between the bars and twisted itself. He screamed in pain as his wrist crunched itself in the worst way possible. It was only a second or two before he had it dislodged, but the damage was done.

Tears filled Connor's eyes as he held his wrist in his left hand. He could move it, so it wasn't broken, but it was still agony to make even the smallest of motions.

Suddenly, the door handle for the nursery began to turn. Connor grabbed the pink comforter with his non-dominant hand it threw it over his head. Sure it was childish, but maybe he wouldn't be seen if he stayed still, so long as whoever was here wasn't the one who moved him into the crib. Little did he know that his diaper butt was poking out from the side of his blanket defenses, making his actions look even more silly to anyone who saw.

"Hmmm...I could've sworn I left a cute baby girl in here. Where did she go?" Connor could tell that the voice belonged to Latasha. In a case of absolute denial, he thought that maybe she was looking for Skye. Odds were much higher that she was the one who put him in here, but he hoped with everything he had for that not to be the case. "Gasp! I think I might know where my little one is hiding!"

Connor could feel the side of the crib being unlatched and lowered. A minute ago, he would've bolted out of the room the second the bars of the crib were no longer holding him in. Now, he was too petrified to move a single muscle.

A calm, confident hand placed itself on his shoulder and pinched the blanket, slowly peeling it away and filling Connor's vision with the bright nursery lights. He looked up to see Latasha, staring down at him with a merciless grin.

"Good morning, sleepyhead."

TO BE CONTINUED...