

The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 20

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“Time to wake up, sleepyhead.”

Connor’s eyes flickered open, greeted by Latasha’s warm smile, “Did you sleep well, baby? You were really tuckered out after all that fun!” She rubbed his belly, causing him to sputter out some innocent burbling from behind his pacifier.

“Yay! Connie’s awake!” shouted Skye as she ran over next to Latasha. Together they stared down a very worried-looking baby.

That’s because Connor was absolutely losing his mind. This was just supposed to be a secret between him and Latasha! Why was Skye suddenly here?!

That wasn’t the worst of it, as soon, Riri, Ellie, and Stacy came over to greet Connor after his midday nap. Ellie reached in and grabbed his arm, “No mo sweepy Connie! Time ta pway!”

With some help from Stacy and Riri, the three girls were able to pull Connor out of bed. He struggled to keep his balance as he was thrown onto his feet with something incredibly thick jammed between his thighs. He looked down at himself in utter disbelief. He was no longer wearing the same teddy-diaper combo that he was when he fell asleep. Now he was wearing an adorable, peach party dress that was nowhere near capable of covering the large, pink Oof Poof diaper he had on. He tried to pry it off, but it was just as stuck as it was earlier that day. He was surprised and honestly, he felt a little betrayed that Latasha didn’t mention there was a second one.

The three girls, as well as Skye, all rushed over and tackled Connor to the ground, creating a massive cuddle puddle. Connor struggled to breathe, trapped underneath several stinky girls and their overly ripe diapers.

When Connor finally managed to resurface, something felt incredibly off. It felt like something was hanging down from his head. He went to pull whatever it was off, but only found his own hair which was...longer?! He gripped his hair tightly and held it in front of his face. He no longer had the short, low-maintenance haircut that he was used to. Now he was sporting locks that fell past the small of his back. “This...is impossible,” he muttered in utter disbelief.

“Oh my gosh! You look so darling!” Connor’s ears heard a voice that he was a little less familiar with. He turned towards the nursery’s entrance to see his former babysitter, Erica, standing in the doorway. She almost didn’t seem real, as she hadn’t aged a day since he’d last seen her. She skipped over to him and brought him in for a big hug, nuzzling his face between her sweater puppies.

Connor didn’t know what was going on, but he felt incredibly safe in her arms like she would protect him no matter what. He felt weightless in her embrace.

A hand grabbed the front of Connor’s waistband and pulled it backward. He wasn’t sure if it was Erica’s or someone else’s, but he didn’t seem to care much. Then, a voice that sounded

like Latasha and Erica's voice combined whispered in his ear, "That diaper's looking thirsty. Let's fix that."

It felt like someone was pouring a glass of warm water down the front of his diaper. He allowed himself to relax and let the pleasant hotness spread throughout his padding, which swelled with every drop. It was such a strange, yet calming sensation.

"That's it, make your diaper nice and warm for Mommy," the voice told him. The arms he was wrapped up in started to gently shake him. "You're right where you belong, Connie... Connie...Con...nie...Con...Con..."

"ConCon? Wake up, my little sweet potato," said Latasha in a soft, melodious tone.

Connor's eyes flickered awake, feeling some intense déjà vu. He tried to move into an upright position but was forced back down by his own weight, unable to move his arms due to the giant comforter he was swaddled up in. He blushed as Latasha laughed at his inability to do so much as sit up.

"Hehehe! Oh, we've got a big potato in here! Yes we do!" cooed Latasha, lifting the immobilized Connor into her arms. She sat down in the rocking chair, positioning Connor so that she could see his beautiful, blushing face. He looked down to avoid eye contact and pouted, feeling far too flustered for someone who just woke up from a nap.

Unfortunately, the only thing this reaction accomplished was instigating even further taunting from Latasha, "Oh my goodness! Such a grumpy little sissy baby!"

Connor wiggled his head around, trying to escape from the unfathomable embarrassment he was undergoing. Latasha knew it was time to let him off the hook, "Awww! Haha! Calm down, ConCon. I'll stop...for now." She gently cupped his chin and turned his head towards her, "Are you ready to stop being baby?"

"I think so," said Connor. As exciting as today was, he felt like a nice relaxing evening back out of diapers sounded amazing right now. "It was fun, though."

Latasha's lip curled, "Oh? Does that mean I can play with Baby ConCon more often?"

Connor hesitated to commit to more, but he had to admit, today was an eye-opener for sure. If this was what Latasha had in store for his first time, what on Earth would she have up her sleeve for round two? More than anything, though, he enjoyed spending time with Latasha. He decided to play it coy, "Hmmm...maybe." He smirked and playfully winked at her.

"Maybe? Ooh! You're lucky I'm feeling so kind today, or else you'd be over my knee for that one," said Latasha, pinching his side a few times for good measure, causing Connor to squeal and squirm in her arms. "Okay, enough fun. Let's get you changed." She stood up and laid Connor out on the ground, his butt impacting the carpeted floor.

SQUELCH

Connor's heart came to a full stop. He'd been wrapped up so tightly that he hadn't even noticed until now. He looked over at Latasha, who luckily hadn't heard the squelch of his very wet diaper. He may have wanted out, but not at the cost of further humiliation. "Hey, uhhh...maybe I could just...hang out like this tonight?" He cursed himself in his head for being so slow on his feet.

Latasha looked at him curiously. Connor had been nothing but a conundrum to her for the last 24 hours. If he was acting this way, something was up. "You have three seconds to tell me what's going on or I just might have to get out the paddle."

"N-nothing's going on!" lied Connor, shaking his head no. He had zero intentions of incriminating himself like that. "Really! It's warm...and cozy. Please?"

"Oh, I see what's happening here..." said Latasha as her dominant side returned to the forefront. She crouched down next to her yummy rolled omelet. Connor was sweating bullets. "You're a brat, aren't you?"

"I didn't mean to...wait...a what?" said a very confounded Connor.

Latasha chuckled, "A brat. Someone who enjoys getting punished for misbehaving."

Connor could barely believe what he was hearing. Did Latasha really think he wanted to get in trouble? He wasn't sure this assumption was better than having his naptime accident discovered, but he wasn't about to confess to his actual crimes. His only choice was to lean in, "Y-yes, I'm a brat or whatever."

"Fantastic," said Latasha, giggling through her obvious sarcasm, "Now I have two deviant little munchkins to keep my eye on. You and Skye will be thick as thieves by Summer's end, I guarantee it." She placed her hands on Connor and rolled him onto his stomach.

Connor no longer had a view of what was happening. His face hovered above the carpet, and the tight swaddling made it hard to swivel his neck more than an inch or two in either direction. "L-Latasha? What's going-"

THUNK

Connor may not have been able to see much, but there was no way he could miss what was essentially forced into his view. A large, wooden paddle was slammed down in front of his eyes, ensuring he'd be given a clear vantage of what Latasha's weapon of choice would be.

"I always make a point of doing this to self-appointed brats who join my nursery. I don't want there to be any confusion about what happens to naughty little runts who test Mommy's patience," said Latasha, sneering at Connor from up high as she looked over at his vulnerable, diapered butt, which was almost teasing her with how much it stuck out.

"You know what they say, ConCon. Be careful what you wish for."

TO BE CONTINUED...