

The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 13

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Ignoring every warning signal going off in his head, Connor followed behind Latasha like a dog with its tail tucked between his legs. His heart was beating so fast that it obstructed his hearing, with heavy thumps echoing in his eardrums.

The two re-entered the nursery, where his outfit was still balled up in a corner of the room. Connor tried to let go of Latasha's hand and make his way toward the bunched-up clothing, but Latasha held firm and pulled him in the opposite direction. "Hey now. No pulling, sweetie. Now follow me," she said, leading Connor across the nursery and over to the giant wardrobe. It was an antique wardrobe that was painted pure white with bright pink accents. Truly the most feminine piece of furniture Connor had ever laid eyes upon.

"Would the sissy like to pway dwess up?" She threw open the doors, unveiling a wall of the most pretty, frilly, girly dresses and outfits imaginable. Connor could do nothing but stare in awe, which bemused Latasha to no end. "Well?"

Connor couldn't explain what was going on in his head. So many thoughts were buzzing around that he couldn't latch on to any of them. All he could focus on was how genuinely sweet and caring Latasha was being. Despite his self-preservation steering him in the opposite direction, he couldn't find it in himself to deny her. He subtly nodded his head yes.

A grin appeared on Latasha's face that was so big that it threatened to engulf Connor. She had a feeling she was right about Connor, but she had no idea how right she actually was. She couldn't believe her luck that this shy, but still charismatic young man was also a closeted sissy. Time to see how far he was willing to go.

"That's exactly what I wanted to hear, Connor," said Latasha, as she sat down in the nearby rocking chair. She gestured towards a baby stool, "Have a seat. We have a lot to talk about."

Connor obediently marched over to the stool and sat down, scrunching up his knees in the low-level seat. It was a little awkward, but it had the added benefit of shielding his still-present erection from being visible.

"If we're going to do this properly then we need to set some ground rules," stated Latasha sternly. "The first and most important thing for you to know is that nothing will happen when you're under my roof that you don't want to happen. It's no difference to me if you're a sissy, an adult baby, a diaper fetishist, or any combination of the three. I'm here to cater to your needs, and for all the hard work you do, I'd say a private session every now and then isn't out of the question."

Connor felt as though he could faint. He nodded along, hanging on every word that escaped Latasha's luscious lips. He didn't dare lose focus. Based on her tone and unwavering eye contact, he knew this was serious.

“I believe it’s no coincidence that you applied to work here, Connor. I think, deep down, you wanted this to happen. You wanted to get caught and forced into your darkest fantasies. Then you woke up and the reality was a bit more terrifying than you realized.” Latasha stood up and knelt close to Connor. Her expression suddenly turned gentle and warm. “That’s why, this time, we’re gonna do this right, okay?”

Connor knew there were several discrepancies in her assumptions. Nevertheless, he quickly nodded yes. He...wanted this. He couldn’t believe it, but he did.

Latasha smiled kindly. This was going to be a first for her. She’d never played with someone who had no prior interest before. He was a blank slate. Even he didn’t know how far he might end up willing to go. It was, to put it bluntly, thrilling. “That’s wonderful,” standing up, Latasha returned to her seat of authority, “Now tell me, and do be honest, what you want me to do to you.”

Connor gulped. How was he supposed to tell her that he has no flipping idea what he wants? His mind felt blank. Questioned echoed around in his brain, “What should I choose? What would Latasha like me to choose? Would she laugh at me if said I don’t know? Why did she put me on the spot like this? Why is it up to me to choose?” His thoughts were so conflicting that he felt as though he could cry.

Maybe I’m just tired of choosing.

A thought suddenly burst into Connor’s mind, one that would take the weight off of his shoulders and, inadvertently, change his life forever. He had his answer, “I want you to take away my right to choose.”

Latasha was awestruck. How did Connor always manage to dodge her every expectation? Regaining her composure, she leaned forward in her chair and said, “In that case, consider your answer to be your final choice. From now on, you do what I say when I tell you. And there will be some new house rules. Rule number one!” She stood up and quickly scooped Connor into her arms,

Connor was a bit shocked by how easily Latasha lifted him. She was bigger than him and that size difference felt even more pronounced as he allowed himself to relax in her embrace. This...was what he wanted.

Latasha arrived at the changing table, lifting Connor back to his feet. “Diapers will be worn at all times this weekend. After your little accident, I’d say it’s more than necessary.”

Connor’s blush returned. He was in too deep to back out, and his opportunity to clear the air about the wet diaper was long gone. There’s no way she’d find any truth in his argument by this point. He nodded, accepting his new role.

Kneeling on the ground, Latasha grabbed the hem of Connor’s basketball shorts. “Rule number two. You are not allowed to change yourself, clothing or diapers, ever.” With a quick tug, she yanked down Connor’s shorts and underwear in one swoop.

Connor proceeded to cover his genitals with his hands, “Is this r-really necessary?”

“Oh hush, it’s nothing I haven’t seen already, “ Latasha winked, savoring how much she could make him squirm.

Somehow, the thought of Latasha having to strip him down earlier never crossed Connor’s mind until now. How else would she have diapered him up and gotten him into that embarrassing dress? She shuffled in place, feeling an intense amount of humiliation.

Latasha paid no heed to his shyness, “Rule three. I will select your outfits every morning, as well as your nightgowns. Arms up.”

“D-Did she just say nightgowns?” thought Connor, biting his cheek as his heart fluttered. He nervously obeyed as Latasha stood and effortlessly removed his shirt, doing away with the last shred of his autonomy. He was now fully nude. His hands returned to his privates, as Latasha looked him up and down.

Connor couldn’t believe it. He was now completely nude in the middle of an adult baby nursery. A dangerous place for a docile sissy to find themselves in.

Latasha lifted Connor onto the table. The same table that he had diapered Ellie, Riri, Stacy, and especially Skye on for the past week. That fact wasn’t lost on him, as Latasha bent down to gather supplies. Left to his thoughts, his mind was both racing and blank at the same time. This was it, the moment of truth. He’d peed in an open diaper and woken up in one as well, but he’d never experienced being changed before, not since he was actually a baby. Despite never really having an interest, he couldn’t help but feel...excited.

It wasn’t long before Latasha resurfaced, bringing with her baby powder, lotion, and an unmistakably girly diaper, decorated with princess stickers all over. Connor recognized this kind of diaper. They were abnormally thicker than all the others. This was Skye’s secret stash.

“I don’t think Skye will miss one. Besides, I can’t wait to see you waddling in this,” Latasha exclaimed. She leaned in towards Connor, her mouth hovering just above his ear, sending chills throughout his spine.

“Welcome to my nursery, baby.”

TO BE CONTINUED...