

The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 9

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The door to Connor's bedroom cracked open. Out from the darkened room and into the dimly lit hallway crept Connor, who had a silky, pink bundle tucked away under his arm.

This was bad, and Connor's options were limited. He could try to put the dress back and forget about it, but if Latasha ever pulled it out, she'll no doubt see the massive, crusty jizz stain. He could hide it in his stuff, but what if Latasha found the hidden dress?

"No! That won't happen!" Thought Connor, "I'm just gonna throw the stupid thing away." Part of him wanted to keep it for himself, but having it on him was way too risky. He did it once, so he felt it should be out of his system, right? Just put the dress in the garbage and pretend this never happened.

As he inched his way through the house, Connor became astutely aware of every little sound being made, from the ticking of the cuckoo clock in the living room to the small creaking noise of wood settling with almost every step. Even his own breathing seemed loud to him. It felt like he was a teenager sneaking around his parents' house again.

Slinking into the kitchen, Connor lifted the lid of the trash can, only to see that there wasn't a single scrap of garbage to hide the dress under. There's no way he could get rid of it here without Latasha finding it. He needed to retreat back to his room and rethink his-

BZZZZZZZZZZZ!

Connor's blood ran cold as he heard the dryer's buzzer go off. He ran back towards the staircase, but the hallway light came on as soon as he got close. Latasha was coming and he needed to hide.

With no time, Connor ducked into the nursery and hid by the door, setting the dress down beside him. His own heartbeat pinged in his ears with each pulse. He watched with high anxiety as Latasha passed the nursery door and headed off to the laundry room. Perfect, now he could make his escape. Still, he didn't want to be too hasty, especially if his boss was lingering out of sight in the kitchen. He slowly nudged the door open and peeked out. The coast was clear.

Connor quickly tiptoed his way out of the nursery and towards the stairs. About halfway up, he suddenly realized he was missing something very important: the dress!

Turning around, Connor made his way back down into the nursery again and grabbed the dress. But before he could make a mad dash upstairs, Latasha exited the laundry room, humming something to herself. He was forced to hide once more, as he cursed himself for being so stupid.

Unfortunately, it seemed like Latasha wasn't going anywhere for the time being. She sat down on the couch in the living room and turned on the TV. Of course, she just so happened to be sitting with a direct eye-line on the nursery door. Connor was well and truly stuck until Latasha went to bed.

And as time ticked on, Connor started to wonder when that might happen. He'd gone from his covert hiding place to lackadaisically leaning against a pile of plushies in the corner of the room. He wished he had brought his phone with him so he'd at least have something to do. But alas, the best he could do for entertainment was listen to the evening news echo quietly from the living room into the nursery. Either that or set up a tea party with several of his new, fuzzy friends. He chuckled at the thought.

With no clock in the room, Connor didn't really have any way to tell time, which only made everything move super slow. The worst part was the ever-growing pressure building up in his bladder. He hadn't used the bathroom since before dinner, a fact that he was becoming more and more aware of. He clenched his hand over his penis and prayed that the tension in his abdomen would subside.

Unfortunately, after holding it for so long, the need to go had stopped coming in waves and was now a constant. Connor began to sweat as he realized his time was running short. If he didn't get to a bathroom fast, he...didn't even want to think about that.

Connor inched his way over to the door and peered into the living room once more, hoping that maybe Latasha had fallen asleep on the couch. Tonight had no luck in store for him, though, as Latasha was wide awake. She was on her phone while the TV ran in the background. He thought about how possible it would be for him to sleath his way out of this. In the end, though, he knew it was just too risky.

Connor slumped against the wall, racking his brain for a solution. When he opened his eyes, a solution presented itself. Stationed across from him were multiple shelves filled with portable bathrooms. And he had gotten to the point where he was desperate enough to use one.

Making his way over to the changing table, Connor grabbed a random plain white diaper. The girls didn't really use them all that often except for when they "needed" multiple layers. It wouldn't be missed.

As delicately as possible, Connor peeled back the plastic flaps of the diaper. Every small crinkle rang in his ears like a car crash. Why did diapers have to be so fricking loud?!

Finally, Connor managed to fully ease the noisy padding open. He unzipped his pants and edged out his flaccid member. Even if he was going to pee in a diaper, he had no intention of wearing one. He cupped the diaper in his hand and held it close to his penis. As long as he peed slowly, the diaper shouldn't have any problem holding it.

However, despite how much Connor needed to pee, he found himself straining to get out more than a few drops with each lemon squeeze. His bladder was aching for relief, but he was having a difficult time relaxing enough to get over his mental hurdle. His mind tried to focus on thoughts of flowing streams and graceful waterfalls, but he just couldn't get over the fact that he was about to pee in a diaper. How did Skye and the others do it so easily?

Eventually, Connor was able to find enough zen to get a small trickle going. That trickle soon turned into a steady flow, as he finally released an afternoon and evening's worth of urine into the thirsty wadding. Still, even though he was feeling relief, he reminded himself not to get

too comfortable. He didn't want to lose focus on keeping the faint yellow liquid from pooling too much and spilling out.

For the next two minutes, Connor pushed out as much pee as he could into the thirsty diaper. He wasn't able to fully empty his bladder, but he was able to buy himself some time. Satisfied, he zipped his pants back up and folded up the nearly dripping diaper, making sure that not even a single drop fell.

As Connor went to dispose of his shame in the diaper pail, he discovered that not only was the kitchen trash emptied, but so was the pail. He stood frozen for a moment, before tossing the diaper inside. He'd just need to make sure he did the first change tomorrow at work.

Now that he no longer had to go potty, Connor became acutely aware of two other major problems. First off, he didn't realize just how cold the nursery was a night. He usually fared better in the daytime with his casual attire, which was a far cry from the t-shirt-boxer combo he was sporting now. He hugged his arms, shivering slightly.

The second problem was just how tired Connor was. He'd been conditioning himself all week to get to sleep earlier so he wasn't so tired at work. That conditioning was letting him know that it was way past his bedtime. The need to pee had actually been a blessing in disguise since it helped him stay up.

Looking around the room, Connor spotted his salvation. He marched over to the crib and stole the slick pink blanket off the mattress. He settled himself back down in the stuffed animal corner and engulfed himself in his warm surroundings. He stretched out his legs across the spongy, carpeted floor and wiggled his shoulders, sinking several inches into the plushie pile to add some extra insulation to his soft, torrid cocoon.

Once more, Connor found himself listening to two news anchors banter with each other. As he listened, his eyes grew heavier and heavier. If he had realized he was starting to nod off, he likely would've snapped himself out of it. But after a stressful experience of hiding from Latasha and forcing himself to pee in a diaper, his brain was fried beyond belief. He nuzzled his head into the belly of a large, stuffed tiger and gently faded off to sleep.

Connor's final conscious thoughts were of the pink, spunk-covered dress that was balled up near the door. Only, he wasn't thinking about his pleasurable experience with it. In his exhausted, idle thoughts, he dreamed what he might look like wearing it. Imagining it made his heart feel toasty, but in the back of his mind, a dark anxiety was growing as well. Shame and desire collided with each other, and Connor dozed off with a very conflicted mind.

TO BE CONTINUED...