

The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 17

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Latasha had kept this hidden away for a while. When she first got it for Skye and the other Littles, they'd had a blast with it. However, sharing soon became a problem, so it needed to be shelved after causing too much conflict.

Setting the box down, Latasha could hardly wait for Connor to see the surprise. Although, when she saw his blissful eagerness, she just couldn't resist the temptation to strain his patience for a bit longer. "Go ahead and lay down," she instructed, ensuring her movements were slow and seductive.

Connor obeyed, heading towards the changing table, each step accompanied by the squelch of his lubricant-drenched padding. All the while, his brain was frantically trying to guess what Latasha might have in store for him. At the same time, though, he partially didn't care. He was just happy to be getting a diaper change before he proved to Latasha how much he loved his new position.

"Not so fast, Connor," said Latasha, smirking at her naïve little baby, "I never told you to lie down on the table, sweet cheeks." She patted the box, tapping her fingertips on its cardboard edge. "It's much too big. You'll need to be on the floor."

Confused, Connor did as he was told and lowered himself to the carpet, which was not an easy feat. The diaper, the dress, and the lube made sitting down regularly all but impossible. He eventually managed to lie prone on his back comfortably. His cock remained rock-hard throughout the entire transition. By this point, the lube had spread throughout the entire diaper, as he struggled to stay still with his butt sliding around.

Connor looked over at Latasha, "Okay, I'm read-" His words came to a screeching halt as he saw what Latasha's surprise was.

Latasha let the cardboard box fall to the floor, presenting to Connor a diaper of epic proportions. The high she got off of Connor's speechlessness was overwhelming. She bit her cheek to stop herself from squealing.

"Wha..." was all Connor could force himself to mutter out, as he stared at the white, vinyl-covered behemoth. His mind raced, "That thing couldn't be a real diaper. It looks more like a giant pillow folded over.

Before Connor could come to grips with what he was seeing, Latasha had closed the distance between them. She grabbed his hand and placed it on the stupendously stuffed nappy. "Do you know what this is?" asked Latasha, reveling in Connor's flushed expression, "It's called an Oof Poof Diaper! It's a specialized waddle spreader designed to look like an enormous diaper. I bought it for the girls and it took less than a day for the nursery to break out into Civil War."

Latasha laughed at her own joke. Connor, however, did not laugh. He instead was solely transfixed by a diaper that, before today, he would've assumed only existed in fiction. Waddle spreader? Urine-based lube? Plastic panties? He felt as though he'd been thrown into the deep in

with no idea how to swim. Still, no matter how confused or anxiety-inducing Latasha's constant twists made him, the last thing that was on his mind was wanting this to end.

Knelt down next to Connor, Latasha reached back and pulled up the plastic panties that were still around his ankles. "Now I wouldn't expect a big baby bwains like you to understand, but this isn't a diaper you can actually use. It's just to play in, so we need to keep these plastic panties in place to lock all that squishy sogginess inside."

Connor opened his mouth to speak, but Latasha quickly pushed a finger to his lips. "I know, sweetie. It's all so confusing cuz it looks like a diaper, only bigger. Just leave all the details to Mommy Tasha. She always knows best." Her finger slid from Connor's mouth and booped him on the nose, leaning over him. "Now...beg."

"Huh?" responded Connor, completely unprepared to hear such an aggressive command.

Latasha brought a hand down on the front of Connor's diaper and gripped tightly, "What did you think, you'd just get to be the helpless victim? Oh no, ConCon. I want you to tell me just how horny of a baby you are and beg me to put this diaper on you."

Connor felt all the air evacuate his lungs. His muscles clenched, causing him to shake, both from the pressure of having to beg for more humiliation and from the pressure of Latasha's delicate hand wrapping his dick in a mushy-padding sarcophagus. His penis was one wrong twitch away from an all-out explosion. "Mo...M-Mommy Latasha?"

"Yes, my sissy diaper slave," said Latasha, adding even more fuel to the fire. Her mind raced with devious and mischievous thoughts on how best to make this situation even more erotically embarrassing for her brand-new baby.

"C-can I wear the Oof Poof...please?" At this point, Connor was on pace to set a world record for blushing. Somehow, saying that was far more mortifying than anything Latasha had him do up to this point. The conclusion he could make was that Latasha must've been some sort of evil genius, a title that she would certainly gush over if he ever admitted it.

Latasha let the moment sink in for Connor before kissing him on the cheek, "Okie, Connor, but only because you asked so sweetly."

Finally, it was time for the main show to begin. Latasha lifted Connor's legs up high and situated the huge cloud over his angles before pushing it towards his torso. The plush stuffing hugged against his legs the whole way up, which nearly drove him mad with how sensitive he was feeling. He struggled to hold his squirming back. The last thing he needed was to mess up Latasha's progress and incur some ludicrous punishment.

"Lift your butt, sugar bee," said Latasha, as the sensually soft fabric was now caressing his upper thighs. He rolled back to arch his butt upward, allowing her to finish pulling the wide mammoth into place, something that took quite a bit of effort for her. She practically had to throw her whole weight into getting the thing on.

And once it was on, Connor quickly discovered just how appropriate the term "waddle spreader" was. He squeezed his thighs together, unable to bridge the gap by a landslide. With the

Oof Poof diaper and another real diaper attached to his waist, there must've been a solid foot and a half between each of his knees as he pressed.

Latasha grabbed onto Connor's arms and pulled him upright, allowing him to settle into his new padded seat. She giggled, watching him try to lift his big bubble butt off the ground to stand up. The results ranged from plopping back down on his ass to falling backward and getting stuck on the ground like a turtle.

Meanwhile, Connor's excitement was reaching new heights. His boner ached, feeling larger than his buddy had ever dared to grow to. As he rocked on his massively padded booty, his multi-diaper sandwich ate through his strongest defenses as he felt an uncontrollable orgasm mounting. His breathing elevated. His toes curled. His fists formed a couple of tight, little balls. He gasped, as his climax continued to build with no end in sight.

Suddenly, Latasha was climbing on top of Connor, straddling the ridiculous poof of his diapers, which provided more than enough space to sit comfortably. Her legs locked around the thick padding, pulling their torsos close together. With no warning, she grabbed his chin and kissed him passionately on the lips.

Simultaneously, Latasha's kiss coincided with, far and away, the most insane orgasm of Connor's life. It made the one he'd had last night look like a joke. His body bucked and jolted, as he moaned hard with his mouth smashed into Latasha's luscious lips. Her tongue invaded his mouth, sliding between his teeth and overwhelming him. He'd never been kissed this hard before.

Connor's orgasm lasted nearly a full minute. When it was all over, Connor lost all ability to hold himself upright. The added weight of Latasha caused him to fall forward on top of her pinning her down beneath his exhausted body.

"Hehehe! Did Baby Connor just make BIG stickies in his BIG diapees?" prodded Latasha. Not only was she not rusty, but she was also perhaps better at doming than she'd ever been before. Years of caring for multiple Littles full-time had given her more ideas than she could've ever come up with on her own. She smiled brightly, placing a hand on the back of Connor's head and gently rubbing him.

Connor laid on Latasha for what felt like forever. He didn't care though. He could lay on top of Latasha, feeling so satisfied and so loved, forever. He literally couldn't think of a single reason he'd ever want to move again.

PFFFFFFFF!

Connor's eyes went as wide as dinner plates, as his spent body spasmed. A new pressure was beginning to affect Connor, this one coming from inside his guts.

Latasha's reaction was fairly similar. To her, Connor had checked off just about every basic and then some for a bonafide adult baby to experience. A messy diaper was just the icing on the cake. "Is Mommy Tasha's big baby about to make some BIG stin-"

"Caterpillar!" said Connor, his jaw trembling. "C-Caterpillar!"

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