

The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 12

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“Did you sleep well?” asked Latasha with not a hint of insincerity or malice in her voice. Instead, she spoke with the same gentle, motherly tone that she used with all of her Littles.

Meanwhile, Connor had gone silent and red, feeling an unparalleled level of humiliation. He had never felt so embarrassed in his life. How could he have let this happen? Was Latasha going to keep him this way forever? All this combined with his still-present grogginess and immense pain in his right wrist caused Connor to break down in tears. Ugly, terrified tears.

Latasha’s smile quickly faded as she realized she may have made a mistake. “Oh my gosh, Connor. I thought...with the dress and the diaper...” She helped Connor to the edge of the bed and got right to work, removing his booties and mittens. She gasped, seeing his swollen wrist. “When did this happen?” she said, growing more and more concerned by the second.

Connor shakily raised his head, stifling his sniffing to answer, “My hand...it got caught...in the bars.”

Latasha instantly swooped down for a hug and, despite still feeling humiliated beyond belief, Connor’s eyes once again grew watery, as he experienced a magnitude of comfort that he had never felt in his life. She squeezed him tightly, making him feel oddly safe and secure. After a lengthy embrace, she uncurled her arms and knelt down in front of her crying caretaker. “You wait right here. I’m gonna go and grab an ice pack, okay?”

Nodding his head, Connor’s hands clasped Latasha’s. “O-okay...” he muttered, unable to say anything else. Left in the nursery alone once more, he looked down at his legs, which dangled about half a foot up from the ground below. The crib really was super tall.

Repositioning himself, Connor was again confronted by the knowledge that his diaper was sopping. It squelched beneath him as he tried to find a position that wouldn’t remind him of his own incontinence. Reaching over with his left hand, he started prodding at the bulk of his diaper, marveling at how bulky it all was from a first-person perspective. After a week of diapering the girls, it was a bizarre, shoe’s-on-the-other-foot experience.

“Hey now,” said Latasha as she re-entered the room, carrying a light blue ice pack, “keep that up and I’ll be inclined to keep you in those.”

Connor’s hand retracted at lightning speed as he realized how his investigation must’ve looked from Latasha’s perspective. Luckily, she seemed to drop it moments after it happened, approaching him with the ice pack and resting it on his raw wrist.

“Can you move your fingers alright?” asked Latasha, dropping her trademark Mommy voice and addressing Connor as she normally would.

Flexing his fingers, Connor responded, “I think so. It just hurts to move them is all.”

Latasha picked up that there was something behind Connor’s voice that sounded a bit more distant than usual. She hoped this whole fiasco wouldn’t chase him away.

“Listen, I-” they both said in unison. They chuckled a little, before Latasha insisted, “You go first.”

Connor took a deep breath. “I’m sorry,” he said, darting his eyes toward the floor.

Despite Latasha’s intentions to let him speak, his first words caught her completely off guard. “You’re sorry? What are you talking about? I’m the one who should be sorry. You didn’t ask to be dressed up like this. The way I found you in here made me think this was what you wanted, so I took a risk at your expense. I think I’ve just been reading too much diaper erotica,” she joked, trying to lighten the mood.

Connor responded in kind, exhaling a tiny snicker. “Probably, but that’s not why I’m sorry. I feel like I betrayed your trust.”

“Would you like to tell me what happened?” asked Latasha, still quite curious as to how Connor ended up in the nursery, to begin with.

Blushing again, Connor realized he’d need to rip this bandaid off sooner or later. “Okay, but I think I’d like to get changed first.”

“And then I fell asleep. The next thing I knew, I was in the crib, dressed like I was, with no idea how I ended up there.” Connor took a sip of water, sighing as he felt a wave of relief wash over him as he confessed his sins to Latasha. He was no longer dressed in the infantile attire, now wearing a casual t-shirt and some gym shorts. Still, as relieved as he felt, he pondered, “How did you dress me and move me to the crib? I didn’t even stir once.”

Latasha smiled triumphantly, “Why Connor, I’m insulted. You don’t think after all these years that I’ve mastered the art of changing Littles in their sleep?” The pair laughed at Latasha’s humorously prideful moment, “It did help that you sleep like a rock.” She leaned back in her chair, thinking over the tale that Connor had just told her. Sure, he could be omitting details to save face, but she had no reason to believe he was deviant in his actions.

Connor’s smile faded, as he remembered something important. “All that still doesn’t explain why I had an accident in my sleep. I can’t believe it. I haven’t wet myself since I was a toddler.” The idea of becoming a bedwetter brought even more blushing.

Latasha averted her gaze, unsure if it’d be wiser to let him think he wet the bed or to inform him that the innermost layer was the same diaper he had urinated in the night before. Rules were rules after all, and that diaper was nowhere near fully used. She decided to let that one remain a mystery.

“So...what now?” asked Connor, avoiding eye contact with Latasha at all costs, “I mean, do you want me to move out or-”

Connor was unable to finish his sentence before Latasha burst out laughing. She rushed over and gave her employee a big hug. “Oh shush, you drama queen. You’re not going anywhere unless YOU decide to leave.” she stated, ruffling his hair, “Besides, now I have something to tease you with forever and ever.”

Connor laughed off Latasha's jab, knowing he'd need to take his medicine on this one. "Just don't mention this in front of the girls," he said, suddenly noticing the time, "Speaking of which, where are they? I haven't even heard a peep out of Skye today."

"That's because it's Saturday, Connor," said Latasha, "And I sent Skye off with Carol this morning. It's Ellie's birthday tomorrow and she wanted to have a big slumber party. I wouldn't have dressed you up if I thought it would ruin your position with the girls. Believe me, if they saw you all gussied up, you'd never hear the end of it."

Latasha's words took even more weight off of Connor's chest, "So Skye didn't see me this morning? That's a relief."

"Nope! And since we had the place to ourselves, I thought, what better way to help Connor experience all these conflicting emotions than to give him a private weekend session? Guess I put the cart ahead of the horse on that one." Latasha again laughed at her own statement, only this time, her giggling felt a bit more forced, something that did not go unnoticed.

Something in Connor's brain told him to tread carefully over his next statements. "Well...I appreciate the thought, but..." he said with the faintest hint of sarcasm. He couldn't lie to himself, though. There was a part of him that didn't completely hate the situation he'd woken up in this morning. It was his first time actually wearing a dress, and he was so caught up in the panic of the moment that he didn't even take the time to enjoy the feeling. The diapers were odd, but not wholly bad either. Maybe he should've let Latasha baby him.

"Hello? Earth to Connor?" said Latasha as she waved her hand in front of his eyes.

Connor didn't even realize it, but he had trailed off from his statement and was so lost in his own thoughts that he went silent for several seconds. "Oh, sorry. Where was I?"

Latasha smirked. It was painfully obvious that Connor was hiding whatever genuine feelings he had this morning, likely to save face. And she had put so much work this morning into prepping a fun weekend for Connor too. There was a large part of her that thought about just letting it go and keeping her distance from Connor for a little while. But she could also tell he was on the verge of a cognitive breakthrough. Regardless of if he had any interest in diapers or being babied, he masturbated with an incredibly feminine garment. Maybe a little push was all he needed.

They had already crossed a line together that they could never undo. She'd seen him dressed as a sissy baby, and he'd had his deepest desires exposed to his employer. In for a penny, in for a pound.

"Oh, we were just about to discuss the weekend I have planned for you. I must say, you looked far too cute in that dress to stay in those icky boy clothes," said Latasha, catching Connor completely unaware. "And besides, do you think you're going to escape punishment after soiling one of Skye's dresses, wasting one of the girls' diapers, and going on a rampaging through the nursery?"

Connor broke into a cold sweat. What was she going to do to him? Before he could contemplate further, Latasha grabbed Connor's uninjured hand and pulled in up from his chair.

He knew that he should stop this. Rip his hand from Latasha's grasp and tell her she was crossing a line...but...did he really want to do that? His lower brain answered for him, causing a tent in his shorts that certainly did not go unnoticed by Latasha. His cheeks flushed.

“Come with me, sissy.”

TO BE CONTINUED...