

The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 16

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It's hard to express how surreal everything felt to Connor. Here he was, nuzzled into Latasha, drinking from a baby bottle while his bladder threatened to burst at any moment. It was like a bizarre fantasy that he never even knew he had until it was thrust upon him. The comfort, the arousal, the helplessness, it was so much to take in all at once.

Latasha, meanwhile, was on cloud nine. Skye hated feeding in Latasha's lap. She'd always get so fussy, and she'd also get tummy aches from the reclined position. Hopefully, she'd get to do this more often now. The feeling of feeding a little in your lap was just too unparalleled.

At this point, Connor was reaching the two-thirds mark on finishing the bottle, and he had a feeling the other third would contain his breaking point. He struggled to think of other times in his life when he'd needed to go this badly.

BUZZ BUZZ* *BUZZ BUZZ

Latasha mercifully removed the bottle from Connor's mouth and reached over to grab her phone. "Two seconds, Con-Con," said Latasha, booping him on the nose as she placed the phone to her ear. "Yellow?"

Connor paid little attention to the context of the phone call, though he wished he could thank whoever was on the other end of that line. He was free from the bottle, at least for the moment. This could be his best chance to get up and use the bathroom. He tried to lean up, but Latasha's other arm kept him prone on his back. He tried to pry himself out, which only caused giggles from Latasha and groans from himself. Her arm was right over his tummy, so any push forward came with some unwanted external pressure.

There came a point in Connor's struggle that he realized if he wanted out, he'd need to ask Latasha. He looked up to speak to her and...

BUUUUURRRP!

Shades of red spread throughout Connor's cheeks and nose as he belched right in front of Latasha. She bit her lip, trying her hardest not to laugh during what appeared to be an adult conversation. "No, no...I'm fine. Just dealing with a small gas leak. Nothing too serious." She adjusted her seat and pulled Connor into an upright position. She then proceeded to bounce him on her knee while patting him on the back, just like a gassy infant. All the while, she kept herself composed on the phone. "Yes, that would be perfect."

Connor's mind continued to be a jumbled mess. The constant bouncing and patting kept him burping pretty consistently, though he did his best to keep his bodily noises as quiet as he could so as not to let them be overheard on the phone. And while it certainly did relieve some stomach pressure, it did nothing to wean the pressure still building in his bladder. A few drops were already starting to leak out, indicating it wouldn't be long before he had a full meltdown.

“A credit card? Hold on one second,” Latasha looked around, noticing her wallet was nowhere in sight. She set the phone down and placed her hands on Connor’s hips, lifting him off of her gently. “Stay put, sweetie. Mommy will be right back.” She patted him on the head and ran upstairs.

The moment Latasha was out of sight, Connor stood up and bolted for the toilet. He might have been willing to give all of this a try, but he wasn’t ready to actually use a diaper. Latasha would understand. He had a safe word for a reason, right? He sighed with relief as he arrived at the bathroom door.

RATTLE!

Connor’s blood ran cold as he grabbed the door handle and tried to twist it open, only to find that the door was locked. Intentionally locked. He turned around, trying to figure out what to do. He thought back to last night, figuring that peeing in another open diaper would be far better than if he wet himself here and now.

Rushing towards the nursery, Connor b-lined straight to the changing table to pull out a new diaper. He’d need to be quick if he was going to make it. He reached down and started to remove his plastic panties. However, being unaccustomed to wearing plastic panties made taking them off quite the trial. Both pant legs ended up getting stuck on his ankles as he tried to shake them loose. The diaper was just so thick that he couldn’t bend his legs the way he wanted to. If he didn’t hurry, the only new diaper he’d have to worry about would be the one he’d be getting changed into.

“WhoooOOAAA!”

In Connor’s haste, he lost his footing and fell backward onto his softly padded bottom. It felt a bit like landing on a pillow. But, while no injury was sustained, the sudden fall was all it took for him to lose his ongoing battle.

hssssssss

Connor froze as a warmth grew in the front of his absorbent underwear and slowly spread throughout the seat of his pampers. He pressed his hands against his diaper, trying to force the pee to stop, but after holding it so long and with how much liquid was in his body, he had no chance of clenching his muscles tight enough to stem the flow. All he could do was sit on the ground and piss himself helplessly...like an actual baby.

Tears formed in the corners of Connor’s eyes. It was just too much for him to handle. Here he was, dressed up in a ridiculous outfit, wetting a diaper, and crying about it. His blush was insurmountable.

After about a minute of letting the urine soak into the diaper, Connor was ready to stand up and move himself back to the living room. He’d already peed, so the last thing he needed was to get in any trouble for wandering off. He leaned forward to stand up.

SLUUURRRP!

Connor was already done with surprises today, but this one took the cake. All it took was his diaper to shift slightly to know that there was something odd going on underneath the thick layer of plastic. With the palm of his hand, he pressed against the front of his diaper and gingerly rubbed it, feeling the now active lubricant swirling around his most sensitive areas. And since he never saw Latasha put X-lube in his diaper, he had no idea what was going on.

“D-do wet diapers always feel like this?” thought Connor as his dick rose to prominence with the added stimulation. It felt like someone filled his diaper with jelly.

Soon, things were moving outside of Connor’s control. The more his penis throbbed, the more it moved around in its slippery confines. His mind was starting to go blank as the pleasurable sensations only grew by the second. The silky dress brushed against him, swishing with every slight movement, while his diaper was so sloppy that he couldn’t get himself to sit still. The effects were strong and ever-building as if touch was the only sense he could focus on anymore. His skin was like an electrical conduit.

Connor shook his head and tried to snap out of his sensory overload. He needed to get himself mobile soon. Latasha couldn’t be gone for much longer. He took his arm and scooped around his weighty diaper, trying to keep it as steady as possible. He then hoisted himself to his knees, feeling the diaper squish between his legs, as the lube-filled padding slid and molded around his most delicate places. Now he just needed to get to his feet.

SQUELCH!

Suddenly, Connor felt something press into the underside of his diaper. He slowly turned his head back to see Latasha, standing behind him with a satisfied look on her face. Looking down, he saw that her foot was in between his legs, lifting him up higher on his knees so as not to push back against the invading force.

“What have we here, huh? Did someone go piddle in their diapers?” said Latasha, as she wiggled her foot against the heavy, lube-swollen padding. “I’m sure my baby must be confused about why their diaper is all fun and slippery. Well...” She marched over to the changing table and proudly grabbed the bottle of X-lube for Connor to see. Needless to say, he was stunned into silence, but it wasn’t like he was saying much anyway.

Latasha giggled as she shook the bottle, “That’s right, your diaper is currently filled with urine-based lube!” She walked back to Connor and knelt down in front of him, cupping his chin in her other hand. “And I only used a little bit. You’d be surprised how slick I can make those things. Now explain to me, why are your plastic panties around your ankles?”

Connor’s head was practically spinning. How did Latasha always know how to make him melt into a puddle? “I...I just...wanted a diaper?”

Latasha smirked and snickered, “But you’re already wearing a diaper, sweetheart. And the biggest one we have too.” She leaned in and nuzzled Connor’s face against her boobs, causing his dick to strain every more. “Is it still not thick enough for you?”

Connor wanted to say no, but he was so comfortable with his head in between her voluptuous titties that he could do nothing more than wrap his arms around her and pull himself

in tighter. He didn't care what she did to him, so long as she could make him feel this way all the time.

Latasha broke from Connor and stood up, moving to the wardrobe. "Cuz if that's the case..." She reached up and grabbed a large box off of the top shelf. Connor's head was buzzing with thoughts on what she could possibly have up her sleeve this time.

"...then I've got just the thing."

TO BE CONTINUED...