

The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 15

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Lace ruffles brushed against the back of Connor's hand. He rotated it, gently gripping the lace, along with the double-face satin it was attached to. His fingers pinched the fabric, indulging in the luxurious sensation.

With his eyes still closed, it didn't feel fully real to Connor yet. For just a moment longer, he wanted to live in his dreams, like an idle wish soon to come miraculously true.

The weight! Connor couldn't get over the weight of the dress that hung across his shoulders. It was heavier than any of his everyday clothes, but for some reason, that felt comforting, like his outfit was giving him a hug. If Connor remembered anything from this day, it would be this feeling.

"Go ahead and open your eyes now. I think you're gonna like what you see."

Opening his eyes, Connor gazed into the body-length mirror that stood before him. A deep crimson overtook Connor's complexion, as a rare but potent mixture of shame, euphoria, humiliation, and desire collided all at once. His heart fluttered relentlessly. He felt as though he could faint.

The dress was a luscious pink babydoll with poofy shoulders and row upon rows of ruffles. Fluffy petticoats were built into the wide-brimmed skirt that stopped well above the ridiculously large diaper, which did nothing to disguise the full-blown erection that Connor had going. Despite being outrageously thick, Connor's hardened penis pitched a very noticeable tent. One that amused Latasha to no end.

Standing next to her new sissy baby, Latasha felt, to put it simply, tall. Tall in every sense of the word. She was already taller than Connor before she discovered his little secret. Feeling this tall could only come from absolute submission.

Latasha leaned in towards Connor's ear. "Do you like what you see?" She asked rhetorically, knowing the answer before she even asked. She reached down and pressed her hand into Connor's diaper front. The padding crinkled audibly as she teased his ferociously throbbing cock. Her other hand moved onto his stomach, rubbing the smooth fabric against his defenseless tummy in slow, rhythmic circles.

Connor's legs buckled, ready to collapse due to the intense warmth that spread across his body as Latasha's hands pushed him well past his limit. In an instant, his knees gave out, sending him falling back into his loving caretaker's arms.

"Ooh, sweetheart!" cooed Latasha as she awkwardly supported Connor in her arms. "Perhaps that was a bit too much excitement all at once for an innocent little lamb like you." She knelt down and maneuvered Connor into her lap, cradling his head in the crux of her arm.

With his head resting against Latasha's bountiful breasts, Connor melted into his employer's arms. He stared up at her, making eye contact. It felt almost hypnotic to look directly

into Latasha's eyes. They were a warm brown, nearly auburn in the nursery's soft lighting. He found himself getting lost in them, with no desire to find his way out.

"I suppose we need to set up some boundaries," said Latasha, as her tone turned more serious, "Do you have a safe word in mind?"

"A safe word?" Cannon racked his brain, trying to come up with something quick. He'd never been asked for a safe word before. The thought of needing to have one ready only sent his mind into a further frenzy. Exactly what did Latasha have in store for him? He searched the room for something simple, his eyes centering on a stuffed caterpillar with a letter from the alphabet on each of its legs. "W-what about Caterpillar?"

"Caterpillar, hmmm? I think that's perfect!" Latasha smiled warmly and leaned down, kissing Connor on the forehead, before excitedly tapping his nose with her finger. "Alright cutie, now that you're all dressed, what's say we fill that rumbly tummy!"

With both hands, Latasha tickled Connor's tummy, inducing a fit of giggles.

"No, no. The dining table is for grown-ups."

Those words played on repeat in Connor's head as he sat in the far corner of the kitchen, locked behind a pastel blue plastic tray. All in all, it wasn't that shocking of a development. He was honestly surprised he didn't see it coming. However, despite how rational it should be that someone dressed and expected to act like a baby would also sit in a high chair for a meal, this was Connor's first-ever experience of being an adult baby. That mixture of emotions hadn't died down in the slightest on the trip from the nursery to the kitchen. It didn't matter how much he just wanted to relax and lean into the bizarre, yet alluring feelings he was having. He couldn't get over the ludicrousness of being a grown adult, sitting in an oversized high chair, waiting to be fed breakfast by his boss.

"Fed"...the thought that he might not even get to feed himself suddenly took up prime real estate in Connor's consciousness. "Would she even let me feed myself?" thought Connor, too timid to actually ask, but nevertheless dying to know the answer. Just how far was this whole thing going to go?

Meanwhile, Latasha leisurely prepared breakfast for the two of them. She knew the wait would have Connor squirming in anticipation, so she made sure to take her time as she stirred up a hardy portion of oatmeal for Connor, while munching on a granola bar.

When the oatmeal reached its proper consistency, she carried the bowl, along with a pink, plastic spoon, to her starving Little. "I hope you're hungry because I made plenty!"

Connor's eyes were as wide as the bowl of oatmeal that sat in front of him. He didn't even have time to grasp just how much Latasha had made before he saw her dipping the spoon into the mushy, grey slop. His question on whether he'd get to feed himself was certainly answered.

“Open wide! I’ve got a special delivery for little ConCon’s tum-tum!” sang Latasha, her words tenderly ringing in Connor’s ears. He obeyed her command and opened up, taking his first bite of the warm, honey-flavored oatmeal. As the spoon left his thinly parted lips, so did his worries. Maybe it was the sweetness of his food, the feeling of being pampered, or the genuine care and affection that radiated off of Latasha, but for a brief moment, Connor allowed himself to lose touch with his adult mind.

“Mmmmm! Bhehehe!”

The moment came to an abrupt end as Connor’s spontaneous, infantile reaction triggered so much blushing that it threatened to burn a hole in his cheeks. Even Latasha froze, unable to believe her own ears. “He just cooed and burred like a baby. An actual baby,” she thought, her smile growing so wide that it started to hurt. She practically jumped onto the high chair to give him a big, wet kiss on the cheek.

“Such a happy, silly baby! I made it taste really good because that’s how much Mommy loves you!” said Latasha, her enthusiasm only further driving a stake through Connor’s masculinity.

Connor shook his head, “I-I don’t know where that came from! I jus-MMMF!”

Before he could finish his sentence, Latasha pushed in another bite. She quickly readied the next one as he swallowed the large spoonful. His anxiety was too high to lose himself as he did with the first bite, but that didn’t stop him from begrudgingly enjoying the flavor once more. Figuring it’d be wise to stop protesting and just eat, he opened his mouth without another word.

This process repeated itself, with Connor and Latasha working through the delicious oatmeal one bite at a time until Latasha was scraping the sides of the bowl to finish it off. Connor felt as though he could burst. He wasn’t the biggest eater in the mornings, so his body was unprepared for the wealth of sustenance he was obligated to take in. Latasha worked so hard on breakfast, so it’d be a shame to let any of it go to waste.

As Latasha picked up the bowl and carried it toward the sink, Connor felt a small wave of relief. He was absolutely stuffed and happy that breakfast was over. His celebration came too soon, though, as she soon returned from the fridge with a bottle of cold milk. The thing was as wide as his calf. There’s no way he could drink that much after the size of his meal. It was simply impossible.

It didn’t matter what Connor thought was possible, however, since Latasha had no intention of wasting a perfectly good bottle. She pulled Connor out of the high chair and tossed him over her shoulders as she carried him into the living room and sat down in the middle of the couch, resting Connor against her once more.

“Now no fussing, baby. You can’t have a meal without a bottle. That’s just common sense,” said Latasha condescendingly as she plopped the bottle between Connor’s unprepared lips, “It’s okay though. I wouldn’t expect a cutie button like you to understand anything that complex.”

It didn't take much applied pressure for milk to start gushing out of the rubber nipple and into Connor's thirsty mouth. He didn't want to admit it, but he was happy to wash the oatmeal down. The milk was also faintly sweet, much to Connor's unconscious delight.

Connor allowed himself to relax in Latasha's arms as he nursed on the bottle blissfully. It had been a stressful morning, to say the least. Perhaps he needed to stop fighting it so much and let Latasha have her way. What's the worst that could happen?

That thought coincided with a sudden twinge in Connor's bladder as he reached the halfway point on the bottle. With everything that had gone on this morning, he hadn't realized that he had yet to use the restroom, something his body was accustomed to as part of his wake-up routine.

GULP!

TO BE CONTINUED...