

The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 2

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“Connor, would you mind lending a hand and waking the other littles?” asked Latasha with a pleasant smile.

Conner stood motionless while a thousand different thoughts ran through his head. ‘What’s going on here? Why are their adults in cribs and why does it smell like someone shit their pants in here?’

Not wanting to lose this opportunity, Connor trudged over to the nearest crib, finding what looked to be a 20-something-year-old girl. She had on a lilac onesie with stars all over it. It did nothing to distract from the giant diaper bulge she had around her waist.

Connor reached over the bars of the crib and did his best to nudge her awake. She grabbed her blanket, pulled it over her head, and rolled away from him.

Looking at Latasha, Connor noticed she had already moved on to waking up the third baby. If he didn’t get her up now, he was worried she might get a bit too suspicious of his “glowing” background. He grabbed the blanket and tossed it off. The girl rolled back, glaring at him as he lowered the bars of the crib. “Time to wake up,” he said bluntly, avoiding direct eye contact.

The girl begrudgingly lowered her legs out of the crib and stood up, before dropping to her hands and knees and crawling over to Latasha.

Connor watched with amazement as the girl latched onto Latasha’s leg, prompting her to pick her up and nuzzle her. If Latasha had seemed big when he met her, looking at her as she held onto a full-sized adult made her look as tall as a skyscraper.

Meekly, the girl pointed to me, causing Latasha to chuckle, “That’s Connor, he’s going to be helping look after you little troublemakers.” She tickled the onesie-clad girl, forcing a series of childish giggles and burbles.

Latasha set the girl down next to the other three, all of whom were also girls. They were all dressed in different colored onesies: one blue, one pink, one yellow, and of course, one lilac.

“Connor, I’d like you to meet my girls. This is Stacy,” she said while hugging the blue onesie baby.

“And this is Rita, though we just call her Riri!” Latasha moved over to the girl in the pink onesie, rubbing her shoulders.”

Latasha then got up and moved over to the next girl in line, who was wearing the yellow onesie, “This little stinker is Ellie. Whatever you do, don’t let her talk you out of changing her.”

Ellie blushes as she paws at Latasha’s arm, but her caretaker pays her no mind.

“And last but not least, you’ve already met Skye. She’s my special little angel,” said Latasha, tickling the girl under her chin. “Stacy, Riri, and Ellie all go home in the evening, but Skye lives here full time, isn’t that right, baby?”

Skye hugged her caretaker tightly, clearly not embarrassed or hesitant in the slightest.

“Girls, this is Connor. He’s going to be your new big brother, so make sure you listen to him as you would me, okay?” Latasha looked sternly at the girls who all nodded their heads. “Now say hello, girls.”

“Hewwo!” said a choir of infantile voices.

Connor gave the best smile he could, “Hello, it’s nice to meet all of you.”

An awkward silence filled the air. Latasha was experienced though, and quickly broke that silence, “Well, I’d say it’s feeding time for you littles. Connor, would you mind helping me with the high chairs?”

“S-sure,” said Connor, happy that he had something to do so he wasn’t just standing around. She led him over to a deep closet that held six massive high chairs that were all sized for adults. He grabbed two of them and walked back to the center of the room.

“Ooh! So strong! It’ll be nice to have someone for the heavy lifting around here,” chuckled Latasha. She grinned as she watched a small amount of pink fill Connor’s cheeks.

That was her true kryptonite. Latasha just loved blushy babies. The rosier, the better! It was something she caught onto early when interviewing Connor. His cheeks already had a natural blush to them, so when he got embarrassed, that blush was cranked up to 11.

With all the high chairs in place, Latasha patted Connor on the head, “Great work, sweetie.”

Instinctively, Connor ducked his head and moved away, causing a chorus of giggles from the other girls in the room.

“Shomebody gedz super duper bwushy!” yelled Riri, laughing behind her paci.

Connor’s face turned beet red as he looked around the room, feeling very small. He felt butterflies in his stomach, turning away from the group of girls in shame.

Luckily, Latasha was there to put a stop to it, “Girls, that’s no way to act around your new caretaker!” All at once, the laughter stopped, as Latasha’s stern voice echoed throughout the room. Each girl lowered their head. “Now, Connor was so nice to help set up all of your highchairs, so what do you say?”

“Thank you, Mister Connor,” said the girls in unison.

Connor turned back to look at the girls, all with solemn looks on their faces. He forced a smile, “It’s okay. It wasn’t a big deal or anything.”

Latasha put a gentle hand on Connor's shoulder. "Why don't you head on home? I'm sure you've got a lot of packing to do," She said, handing him a business card. "That has my business and personal number. Feel free to call at any time if you have questions."

Connor nodded, thanked Latasha for the opportunity, and bolted out of the house. "Got a lot of packing to do? Yeah right! I'm just gonna pretend like I was never here," he thought as he got in his car and drove off.

"What is an adult baby?"

After Connor got home, he did everything he could to get the Padded Palace out of his head. But try as he might, his mind just kept circling back. "Why would someone willingly act and dress like an infant?"

Connor's curiosity eventually got the best of him and he soon found himself falling down the rabbit hole of ABDL. He couldn't believe that he'd never heard of this before. Grown adults acting like babies, and it wasn't even just a kink thing for a lot of these people. He was awestruck.

Initially, Connor was kind of grossed out by the idea, but as he read through forums and blog posts, he started to realize that maybe it wasn't all that weird after all.

"I mean, Latasha seems to be into this stuff and she was perfectly normal," thought Connor, as he shut down his computer for the night. "Maybe I'm just being ridiculous. Plus, how many opportunities like this am I going to get?"

Connor fell back onto his bed. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the business card that Latasha had given him. It was pink with white text and it had glitter all over it. He sighed, "If I'm gonna do this, I need to be honest." He grabbed his cell phone and punched in the number.

"Good night, Skye. We'll play more tomorrow," said Latasha, kissing Skye on the forehead before raising the bars of her crib. "I love you."

Skye blushed happily. "I wuv chus, too," she said, her lisp melting Latasha's already soft heart.

Latasha was about to cave in and give Skye some extra snuggling when her phone started to ring. Seeing who it was, she dimmed the lights and made her exit, "Sweet dreams, baby girl."

Once outside of the room, Latasha answered the phone, "Hey Connor, everything all g--"

"There's something I need to tell you," Connor interrupted, his voice stern, but a bit shaky. "I'm not a caretaker...or a daddy or even a DL. I didn't even know what all this stuff was until today. When I applied, I thought I'd just be looking after some...like...preschoolers, ya know? But this is far beyond anything I've ever done before. As much as I need a job and a place to live, I'm not sure I'll be the right fit for you."

Latasha was patient as she let Connor explain himself, a sly smile growing on her face as he talked. “After all these years of dealing with unruly big babies, you don’t think I can tell when someone is fibbing?” She said, giggling at the faint sounds of Connor’s mild frustration. “I knew the moment you walked into my house that you were way out of your depth. I’m honestly a little sad you told me. I was going to have so much fun teasing you while you tried to keep it a secret.”

Connor awkwardly laughed along with Latasha, “It was pretty silly of me to think I could trick you. I guess I’ll need to start job hunting again.”

Latasha giggled at Connor once again, “What are you talking about? You better be packed up already, because your first shift starts tomorrow at 7 AM. Don’t be late.”

Without another word, Latasha hung up. She didn’t need to hear what he had to say next. She knew he’d show tomorrow.

“I think we’re gonna have a lot of fun together.”

TO BE CONTINUED...