

## The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 19

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\*SPLASH!\*

Water crashed down over Connor's head as Latasha rinsed out his sudsy hair. She had him tilting his head upward to avoid having shampoo running into his eyes, leaving him vulnerable for her to grab a handful of bubbles from the tub and spread it all around Connor's chin and neck. She laughed, "And here I thought I was looking after a baby! But how can that be when you've got such a bushy, grey beard?"

Connor giggled with delight and playfully brushed away a bunch of the foam before submerging himself underwater entirely. Latasha's bathtub was huge, so he had plenty of room to dive in deep. When he popped up, he looked as though he had more bubbles on him than when he went under, with soft white foam clinging to his exposed upper body.

"Okay, my little troublemaker, bathtime's over," said Latasha, pouring another pitcher of water over his head.

Connor pouted, "Not yet! Can I get five more minutes, pleeeeeease?" By this point, Connor had been cast adrift in the vast ocean that was Little Space.

Latasha held herself back from chuckling. Her heart was filled with so much glee after getting to play with Connor during his bath. She was well aware of his entry into Little Space and was more than happy to encourage him to go deeper. However, even though she wanted to give her baby exactly what he wanted, one look at his extremely pruney fingertips was all she needed to see to put the kibosh on that. "Now, now, ConCon, no fussing, or else you won't get the yummy dessert I have prepared for you tonight!"

Connor's ears perked up upon hearing of a sweet incentive. With Latasha's help, he got to his feet as the water started to drain. She washed the final remaining bubbles off and guided him to step out of the tub, wrapping him up in a big, fluffy pink towel. She soon added a second one to his hair, twirling it up into a turban. He felt like he was being swallowed by two giant, fuzzy blobs, bringing on another fit of giggles.

Latasha smiled at him, placing her hands on her hips and shaking her head in mocking disapproval. "You are so giggly today! What on Earth am I going to do with you?" she teased, escorting him out of the bathroom and back over to the nursery.

The moment Connor set foot on the nursery's carpet, he let out a huge yawn. All that pulse-pounding activity, mixed with the calming heat of the bath, had created the perfect storm for a midday nap.

Latasha got down on a knee in front of Connor and started rubbing the towels across his body, drying up every ounce of moisture she could find. As she started to work on his lower body, she noticed that his penis was forming an erection once more. Snickering, she draped the towel over his member and rubbed it a few times...to make sure he was dry, of course.

Connor responded how one might expect. His fatigued body was powerless to prevent the natural reactions that were occurring. He bit his lip and moaned instinctually. Soon, though, Latasha moved on to other parts of his body, leaving his currently docile mind craving more. “Umm...”

Halting her progress, Latasha stopped to look at Connor the instant she heard him pipe up. She knew exactly what he wanted to say, but she still wanted him to say it. “Yes, sugar bee?” she asked whilst feigning ignorance.

“Uhh...t-that felt really good...” said Connor, his face turning redder than a turnip for the umpteenth time today. He held his hands together and swayed back and forth a little in place, unable to keep still.

Latasha grinned, ready to twist the knife a little more, “What did, sweetheart?”

“When you rubbed the...the towel on...” Connor buried his face in one hand while gingerly pointing to his dick with the other as if this display were somehow any less shameful than just saying it out loud.

Latasha was practically suffocating, trying with everything she had not to bust into ultra-cheerful laughter. How? How was it possible for anyone to be this accidentally cute? She threw the towel to the ground and picked Connor up into a mama bear hug, spinning him around a few times for good measure. She looked down and kissed him on the forehead, “Uh oh! Looks like someone lost their big boy words!” She leaned in close to his ear, “I think you might have a little too much idle energy to take a nap quite yet. But never fear, Mommy’s here to tucker you out.”

Connor’s feet only touched the ground for a slip second, as Latasha switched from a bear hug to a cradling position, holding his naked body close to her peach-colored blouse. She walked over to the nearby rocking chair and sat down, beginning to rock back and forth gently.

Memories of rocking with Ellie filled Connor’s mind. He never would have guessed that he’d ever get to experience the other side of that scenario. The rocking felt good, like calm ocean waves. He found himself starting to relax, leaning back into the crux of her arm. He brushed up against one of her massive mommy milkers, and quickly leaned away from it, not wanting to upset Latasha in any way.

Latasha though was far from upset. She giggled at how innocent Connor was acting. She cupped his head and pulled in inter her plentiful bosom, causing his cock to pulse even more.

Standing at attention, Connor’s penis poked into Latasha’s arm. He tried to wiggle his hips away, but he was, in essence, immobilized by his new Mommy’s strong arms.

\*GRUUMBLE\*

After emptying his bowel a little over an hour ago, Connor was already starting to feel a bit of hunger again, something he found shocking, given how much oatmeal he’d had for breakfast.

Smirking, Latasha leaned over Connor's face, "Does my little one need num nums?" Before he could even answer, Latasha reached across to undo her blouse and unlatched the front snap of her maternity bra, before moving to undo her top buttons.

It didn't take a genius to see where this was going. Connor thought about protesting for a second, but the second his eyes caught sight of Latasha's pink nipple, any fight in him disappeared.

"Open wide, ConCon," said Latasha, as she leaned her chest forward. She felt Connor's tongue make contact with her nipple flesh, before pursuing his lips to its swollen tip.

It took mere seconds for the breast milk to start. Connor wasn't sure what to expect or how differently it would taste than normal dairy. He was pleasantly surprised that it tasted quite like the milk he was used to, only with a more muted, slightly sweeter flavor than the stuff he'd get in a carton. At first, it came out slow, like drinking a milkshake through a straw. But before long, milk was gushing out nearly non-stop, forcing Connor to drink faster and faster. He could already feel his stomach filling up. All the while, his little buddy refused to calm down, throbbing wildly as he sucked.

Pumping a few squirts of baby lotion into her hand, Latasha slowly wrapped her fingers around Connor's little dicky and began to pump up and down with her gentle grasp. He was already hard, so it made coating his penis in the soft-smelling, creamy baby lotion even easier.

Connor's legs and hips twitched in response to Latasha's touch. His face was locked up against her boob, and any attempt to pull away by one of Latasha's hands. His mind went blank, trapped in her world of comfort and pleasure.

"Go on. Give Mommy your milk just like she's giving you hers," said Latasha, picking up speed. It took less than thirty seconds for him to lose control and cum in large streams that shot out onto the carpet below. He moaned into her tit flesh as he had his third orgasm in 24 hours. Needless to say, his legs were officially jelly.

As Latasha's well ran dry, she removed Connor from her nipple and stood up, carrying him over to the changing table. He was so weak and tired that it made her job even easier. She had him lotioned, powdered, and wrapped up snugly in a new nighttime diaper. She then walked Connor over to the wardrobe and picked out a silk teddy, which was so sensual to the touch. He ran his fingers on the hem, giggling under his breath.

Connor was then lifted once more and was deposited in the crib. Latasha placed him on his side with a large, cozy comforter laid out flat beneath him. She then reached over him, grabbing onto the edge of the comforter and rolling Connor back towards her, swaddling him head to toe. He tried to move, but his own body weight worked against him. He couldn't even manage to roll over. Despite this, his childlike glee only seemed to grow as he felt the sleek fabric of his teddy hug him tightly all over.

With his head resting firmly on the pillow, Latasha kissed him on the cheek, "Have a nice nap, Concon. I'll wake you up in a little bit." She lifted the bars of the crib, locking them in place. On her way out she flicked off the overhead light, leaving the plug-in nightlight to glow against the soft darkness. She blew him a kiss and closed the door.

Connor wiggled around, trying to free his arms up for the nap, but couldn't get the blanket to unravel in the slightest. Eventually, his eyes were too heavy to keep trying. He relaxed his full body weight and was asleep in a matter of minutes, ready to dream his silly, sissy baby dreams.

TO BE CONTINUED...