

## The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 18

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“C-Caterpillar! I...” Connor struggled to articulate the amount of stress and panic he was feeling. The diapers, the lube, the dress, all of these were things that pushed Connor’s boundaries far past where he ever thought comfortable. Pooping in a diaper, though, was a step too far. He would never be able to look at himself in the mirror again if he lost control of his bowels. “I-I’m not ready!”

Latasha’s mind flipped a switch near instantaneously, going from deviant and horny, to full-on caregiver mode in less than two seconds. One look into Connor’s eyes told her everything she needed to know about how serious this was. “Don’t worry, Connor! We’ll get you to the potty real quick! Just hold it in for a bit longer.” She rolled out from under Connor and quickly got to work, grabbing onto the Oof Poof diaper to pull it off.

\*TUG\*

As soon as Latasha pulled, her heart sank. She remembered how much she had to push to force the damn thing on. There had never been any issue with the girls, but Skye’s special diaper was made custom with her size in mind, meaning that Connor’s thicker frame plus his swollen diaper had formed an impenetrable wedge. “Connor, I’m gonna need you to pull in the opposite direction!”

Hearing the panic in Latasha’s voice did nothing to comfort Connor’s nerves. He got into the downward dog position and pulled himself forward, while Latasha grabbed the slippery vinyl and pulled the other way. The two of them strained for about a minute and a half before...

“GUUUUUURRRGLE!”

“Ahhhhh!” Connor collapsed to the floor as his impending bowel movement racked his body with strong cramps.

Latasha quickly moved to his side, “Oh my gosh! Connor! Did you...”

“Huh-uh!” shouted Connor, sounding out of breath while he shook his head no. He’d been lucky to swim past the most recent wave, but the amount of pain it caused in his abdomen was a clear warning sign that time was very quickly slipping away. Tears began to fall from his eyes. “P-please! Help!”

“Oh...Fuck it!” shouted Latasha, as she picked up Connor and ran him out of the nursery and into the kitchen, setting him down on shaky legs and reaching into the junk drawer. With more time, she probably could’ve gotten him out of the Oof Poof, but time was not something that was on their side. “Hold still!”

Connor obeyed to the best of his abilities, turning to see Latasha pulling out a pair of scissors from the junk drawer. She stepped in close to him and grabbed the waistband of the Oof Poof diaper before cutting into it. It took several attempts for Latasha to muscle her way through

the first chop. It wasn't much, but it was enough for her to grab the two edges of the cut and pry it open for Connor to slide out of it. The whole process took about a minute before Connor was fully free.

The battle wasn't over yet though. Latasha once again scooped up Connor in her arms and sprinted across the house to the bathroom. She set him down and reached into her pocket for the keys, unlocking the door as fast as she could.

Once the door was open, Latasha knelt down and slid off Connor's plastic panties. His heavy, lube and cum-filled diapers were almost falling off without the panties to keep them up, barely hanging on by two of the four tapes. Luckily, this meant removing the diapers was relatively easy. Latasha grabbed the remaining tapes and yanked as hard as she could.

Connor's diaper dropped to the floor with a loud \*PLOP!\* At last, he was free from his padded prison. His butt and crotch were both still coated in a healthy layer of pissy lubricant, but he didn't care much. He hoisted his dress up using his forearms and dove for the toilet, his slimy booty nearly sliding off the seat in his haste. He maintained enough balance to stay on and instantly pushed to relieve his aching tummy.

\*SPLAAAAAAAAARRRT!\*

Connor didn't even care that Latasha was still in the room. He moaned and sighed, as his intestines emptied the heavy load they had been tasked with holding in. He couldn't remember the last time he'd needed to shit this much before. Looking at the sodden diaper, he grimaced, thinking about how he would've absolutely destroyed it if he'd been stuck in it any longer.

Latasha averted her gaze, trying to give Connor as much privacy as she could without leaving the room. She decided not to leave entirely, though, knowing how exhausted Connor must've been after the fun-filled morning he'd had. He wouldn't be the first person she'd seen pass out in the middle of pooping.

After nearly half a minute, Connor's blorting came to an end. He leaned his chest forward onto his knees and allowed his arms to dangle down to his ankles. He knew he needed to wipe, but he wanted a little rest before he picked himself back up.

A soft hand planted itself on Connor's back. He was too exhausted to even shudder from the unexpected touch. The hand started to move in a small circle counter-clockwise, bringing him an odd sense of comfort, despite his muddy backside.

"Lean forward, sweetie. Mommy will take care of you," said Latasha, as she popped open a packet of wet wipes positioned next to the toilet. Connor was hesitant to let someone else wipe the brown muck from his bottom, even if it was Latasha. But he was also powerless to stop her. He was far too exhausted to sit up with her hand firmly on his back. He winced at the cool, moist wipe pressed into his rear.

"Relax, ConCon. You're safe now. You just have to sit there and keep looking all cute while Mommy Tasha cleans you up," said Latasha, trying to walk a thin tightrope between being a caring and playful mommy, knowing he'd need a bit of both to perk back up.

Connor, meanwhile, was more than happy to have his face buried in a place that Latasha could not see, for the unholy level of humiliation that he was currently experiencing would only egg her on. Yet, simultaneously, as she wiped the worst of his messy bottom, he felt strangely comforted. He sunk his face in the wealth of his bunched-up dress and enjoyed his treatment silently.

Latasha was such a professional that it only took her two wipes to get his booty squeaky clean. However, there was still the matter of all that lovely lubricant that was caked onto Connor's thighs and genitalia. Knowing exactly how hard it can be to wipe away lube completely, she decided there was no time like the present to make him smell as sweet as he looked.

Flushing the toilet, Latasha stood up and walked over to the bathtub, "Now that we've got your cutie booty cleaned up, I think it's time for Baby ConCon to have his bath." As the water started to run, she held two fingers under it until the water was being dispensed at the perfect temperature.

Connor popped his head up at the sound of running water. He wasn't much of a bath person, but he had to admit it did sound nice after the bizarre morning he'd had. "Okay, Mommy," he said, wanting Latasha to know he really did appreciate how much she was doing for him. Sure nearly messing in a diaper was a little traumatic, but she was working so hard to give him the best day possible.

Once the tub was halfway full, Latasha took the bottle of Mr. Bubble and dumped a generous amount into the porcelain pool. The suds bubbled up into a white, frothy foam that blanketed the entire body of water. It looked so pleasant and inviting.

Connor did his best to hide it, but he was stoked to take a bubble bath. He grew up in a household that only had a shower, and his college dorm was no different. He'd never actually been able to take a bath before in his life. An instrumental element in any child's youth that he had for so long been deprived of was now about to be rectified.

Unbeknownst to Connor was that Latasha was constantly glancing over at him, watching his impatience and enthusiasm grow with the level of water and bubbles. If there was one thing she always recognized, it was an excited Little. She shut the water off and fully turned to face Connor.

"Okie dokie! I'm gonna need you to stand and reach for the ceiling, okay sweetie?" Asked Latasha in a gentle, yet commanding voice. Once Connor had followed her instructions, she took hold of the frilly dress and lifted it over his head. The last piece of Connor's clothing had been removed. She then lifted him up, cradling him across her chest, and proceeded to carefully lower him into the fizzy water.

As Connor's butt touched down, he peered out at the vast sea of foam that jiggled with even the slightest movement. He playfully patted the tops of the bubbles, feeling the fluffy clouds mold around his hands. He wasn't conscious of it, but he was sporting an ear-to-ear grin.

The final nail in the coffin came when Latasha placed a rubber duck and two small, plastic boats in the water, “Never forget, bathtime is playtime, little one. Mommy will do all the washing for you.”

Connor’s heart fluttered with love and affection. Outside of his own control, he started to giggle, feeling an intense joy that he couldn’t ever remember experiencing before. He looked over at Latasha, sitting on the side of the tub looking as tall as a giant. His brain grew fuzzy and warm, and his eyes glazed over.

Connor was unaware, but he was now entering Little Space.

TO BE CONTINUED...