

## The Padded Palace Act I: Chapter 3

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“And this will be your room!”

Latasha smiled brightly as she helped Connor carry his bags into the lovely space she had prepared for him.

Connor set his armfuls of stuff down and looked around his new digs. The room was clearly intended for a “little” as the walls of the room were painted a soft, pastel pink with small, white hearts scattered throughout. Luckily, the same could not be said for the rest of the furniture. The bed, dresser, and desk that were in the room had nary a hint of the infantile furnishings that were placed throughout the house.

Latasha moved over to the walk-in closet on the other side of the room, “So, the room is yours, but I am using this closet to house some storage.” She opened the door, revealing several cardboard boxes, with labels on each ranging from dresses and diaper covers to sets of unused bottles and pacifiers. “Sorry, I’m a bit of a hoarder.”

Connor chuckled, “No worries. I don’t mind. All of my clothes should fit in the dresser anyway.”

Walking up to Connor, Latasha ruffled up his hair before making her way to the door, “I’ll leave you to it then. Be downstairs in twenty minutes. We’ll need to start prepping for the other Littles to arrive.”

Closing the door behind her, Latasha left Connor to unpack. He quickly emptied his suitcases into the dresser and set his computer stuff on the desk to properly set up later.

For the first time in months, Connor was feeling good about his situation. Getting to live somewhere rent and utility-free would help him save up so much money. He’d just have to get used to what the job required of him.

The thought caused Connor to look over at his walk-in closet. He thought about peeking around at what was inside but decided against it. He had work to do, after all, so he headed downstairs to meet up with Latasha.

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Over the next hour, Connor was walked through the house by Latasha, who showed him all of the duties he would need to do every weekday morning. It was mostly simple things like refilling the diaper table, wiping down surfaces, and setting out toys for the Littles to play with.

It wasn’t all roses though, as Latasha brought him to the laundry room. Apparently, Stacy was the only precious angel to wear cloth diapers, which meant laundry duty would involve quite a lot of doody.

Fortunately for Connor, all Latasha needed him to do today was fold up the cloth nappies and clothing that were in the dryer. Not that it was necessarily an easy task. Connor had zero experience folding several of the items, including but not limited to onesies, tights, and dresses of various lengths. At least Latasha was more than happy to help him with anything he didn't know how to do as they worked through the laundry load.

Something Connor wasn't expecting was just how...nice the fabrics felt. Most of his life had been spent as far away from feminine clothing as possible, so his experience was mostly limited to cotton and polyester. Feeling the ruffled lace and smooth satin rubbing against his fingers brought on both a pleasant and comforting sensation.

Connor was so focused on feeling all of these foreign fabrics that he didn't even notice Latasha had stopped working. A sly grin crept onto her face as she watched how enamored he looked holding a cute, yellow babydoll dress full of silk and ruffles.

\*crackle\* "Mommy?"

Suddenly, a voice came through on a baby monitor that Latasha had on her person. "Uh oh, looks like Skye's awake. Why don't you finish up in here while I go check on her."

"Okay," nodded Connor. He turned his head to watch Latasha exit, leaving the door to the laundry room open just a crack. Now was his chance.

Digging into the pile of laundry, Connor grabbed a new dress, this one was even shorter than the yellow one. It was a blush pink with thick, puffy sleeves. Connor stood up and pressed it against himself as he looked in the mirror on the other side of the room. He snickered at how ridiculous he looked, but he couldn't help but admire how sensual the fabric felt against his arms.

The idle thought of actually wearing it popped into Connor's mind. It was certainly big enough to fit him. He looked at the door, deciding that it was far too risky.

Instead, Connor lifted up his shirt and pressed the fabric against his tummy. Whatever he felt from the dress touching his hands and arms was nothing compared to the feeling of cool satin rubbing over his body. His little buddy certainly agreed, as, in just a few seconds, it was trying to push a hole in his jeans.

Connor reached down and nudged his penis to the side, the dress still in his grasp. The feeling of his satin-coated hand brushing against his bulge sent an electric shockwave through his body that he'd never felt before. It felt forbidden...and he kind of liked that.

A new, even more devious thought entered his brain. What if he just pulled on the waistband of his jeans and the dress just happened to fall in a bit? His heart was beating like crazy at the thought of his dick being caressed by the buttery-smooth dress.

But he wouldn't dare...would he? It certainly wouldn't play well if he got caught. What if Latasha threw him out on the street? Or worse, what if she actually thought he wanted to wear the thing along with all of the baby stuff that comes with it? The idea was too embarrassing for him to follow through with it.

Unbeknownst to him was that someone was an audience to his inner conflict. Skye had just wanted her paci, so Latasha wasn't gone for very long. As she approached the door, she was about to announce her return when she saw Connor holding up the dress through the crack in the door. With bated breath, she watched as he lifted his shirt and pressed the dress against himself. She couldn't help but smile as she watched him.

There was no way this was a long-harbored fetish. Connor was far too hesitant and shaky for that to be true. But that didn't stop her from noticing his hard-on pitching a tent in the front of his pants.

"Maybe someone requires a sexual awakening," thought Latasha, before pushing that thought far out of her mind. "What am I doing?! Never again! He's just an employee and nothing more."

Latasha backed up from the door and prepared to enter. "Connor, I'm back," she yelled, making sure he had plenty of time to return to a neutral position. She counted to three and pushed open the door.

Connor was sitting on the floor again, folding up the dress he'd just been sizing up against himself, and doing his damndest to act natural, "H-hey Latasha. I'm almost finished."

If Latasha wanted to, she could've teased the sweat on his forehead or his heavy breathing, but she decided to let it go for now. Besides, he'd be more likely to slip up later if he felt like she wasn't as vigilant. "Great! I'll head upstairs and make us some breakfast. Join me when you're all done in here."

Without another word, Latasha turned around and left. Part of her wanted to watch from the door again to see what Connor would do next. But another part of her knew that was a bad idea, so she did what she said she would do and left for the kitchen, feeling a touch remorseful.

Connor sighed a heavy breath of relief as Latasha left. "That was too fucking close," he thought to himself, still holding the stupid dress in his hands. He poorly folded it up and threw it on the pile in disgust, as his mind was thrown into a hellscape of shame, "What the fuck is wrong with me? I'm not into this shit. And I need this job! I can't afford to mess this up."

Quickly finishing his work, Connor tossed everything into the laundry basket and left the room, slamming the door behind him.

TO BE CONTINUED...