**Daily Free-Write May 5, 2021: The Baby Patrol Pt. 6**

*Continuation of April 17, 2021 "The Baby Patrol Pt. 5"*

The Next day Brad was introduced to hanging out with other dependent citizens. He was sat down on a big puzzle rug next two two total Dads. One had his hair done up in pigtails and was looking quite upset while the other was sort of dazed and staring off into space. *Glad I'm not that old*, thought Brad. Even he understood that it would be a much harder transition for an older adult, especially if they'd established a family like the man in pigtails clearly had.

"Hey, what you done up in pigtails for?" he asked, eager for the chance to talk with *someone* even if it was a couple of regressed men old enough to be his dads.

"Makeover party," mumbled the man, crossing his arms and looking away. Brad couldn't tell if it was just the makeup but Brad was pretty sure he saw the man's cheeks get redder.

"You had a daughter, didn't you," said Brad, smirking a bit. *Had* was the operative word, because she was his daughter no longer. He was now the baby of the house - that's how these things worked.

"How'd you guess?" grumbled the man, rolling his eyes. Brad sat back. It was obviously a sore subject, but what else was there to talk about? They were babies now. Nothing for them to think about but alphabet blocks, their stupid baby shows, and the next clean diaper.

Talking to a grumpy old man was no fun, so we tried with the other one who was dazed.

"Hey, uh... I'm Brad. What's your name?"

The man looked at him with a big smile, and for a second it looked like he was going to say something. Then he just farted and drooled.

"It's no use talking to him," said the other man. "He's been here over a week. They've turned his brain to mush..."

Brad was horrified. He'd seen plenty of regressed citizens, but he'd never tried to talk to one. "Are we gonna end up like *that*?" he asked,

"Maybe. ...Probably." the man conceded. "It also depends on the caretaker and the severity of the violation. Someone clearly decided he needed a complete reset...if he ever gets to come back at all..."

Brad shuddered. He didn't want that fate, but he felt as if he might not have a choice. The thought weighed heavy on his mind and remained with him as he played idly with toys, watched his shows, got changed, got fed, took a nap...

When Ted returned to pick him up, he noticed the vacant stare. He looked at the report from the attendant.

"Looks like you did real well not using big boy words today, Brad. You hardly... spoke at all. That's not like you." He looked into Brad's eyes as if he was searching for something. "What's going on, kiddo?" he asked, before adding, "You can respond out loud," as an afterthought.

Brad looked around and waved Ted closer to whisper in his ear. "Am I gonna ends up wiped wike him?"

He pointed to the stupefied citizen from earlier who was being pushed away in his stroller by what looked to be his wife. He was chewing and drooling on a well-loved blankie looking happy as a clam as he babbled in delight.

Brad looked back at Ted. "Well, I don't know kiddo. You did some pretty naughty things. What would Artie do?"

Brad just went quiet and shook his head slowly. He really didn't know.

"Look, kiddo. Those are some real serious big boy thoughts you have in your head right now, and that must be really stressful but here's the thing. You don't *need* to worry about big boy thoughts like that anymore. All you have to do is focus on being the best good boy you can be today. Every day. If you do that, then not only will you finish your sentence sooner, you'll be much happier as well! Do you think you can do that for me, little guy?"

Brad looked down and nodded. Stop thinking about tomorrow? That was easier said than done when every tomorrow meant another leap back from the adulthood he had so recently craved and cherished. Ted winced when he went to pick Brad up.

"You okays, bubba?" asked Brad, concerned.

"Yeah, my muscles are just... *really* sore today for some reason... and my bones ache..."

Ted was surprised when Brad then lifted him up and plopped him in the high chair like he was a paperweight. And was it just him or did Brad actually look a little bit taller and more fit than the day before?

"Whoa! Big bubba, you gots wots stwonger..."

Ted chuckled at his brother's deteriorating speech patterns. The boy was getting smaller by the day and didn't even know how much. "Maybe you just got littler, little guy."

Brad blushed at that comment, but when he looked down at his puffy protruding diaper poofing out around the strap at his crotch, he couldn't really deny it either. He looked like little more than an overgrown baby.

"Now let's try to take a break from talking for the rest of the day," said Ted, popping a binkie on a clip into Brad's mouth and clipping it to his shirt. Brad instantly began sucking and relaxed - yet another sign that his training was working, and Ted smiled.

On the way out, Brad spotted the teenage girl from his class pushing a rather harassed looking man in pigtails in a stroller.

"Oh Artie, oh Artie, not *her*," he said trying to speed away while looking as nondescript as possible, but there was no such luck.

"Ted? Oh my Artie, Ted! It's me! Elissa!"

Of course he had never asked her name, nor did he care, but she seemed oblivious to his disinterest because she came along right up beside him. Brad looked over and saw the man in pigtails giving him a warning look. He suddenly felt self conscious and tried to shake off the baby feelings that he had almost succumb to.

"Oh my gosh, do you live around here too?" asked Elissa, practically running to match Ted's stride asi he hurried down the block. "I mean, I guess it makes sense since we're in the same class, hey what's your apartment number, are you headed there now, we should set up a playdate, I'm sure we have so much to talk about..."

She went on like this for a while as Brad walked on. He most definitely did *not* want her to know where he lived. He knew that wasn't a very Artie sentiment, but some people... "Oh, goodness, Elissa, I think I forgot something back at the daycare. See you in class tomorrow?"

"Oh, okay, yeah that happens sometimes to me too. I would lose my head if it wasn't attached to my neck. That's what my Dad always used to say. Isn't that right Da- er, little sis?"

The man in the stroller just buried his head in his hands, looking like he was fighting off a migraine as they walked off.

"Poor guy," said Ted, as he pretended to walk back to the nursery with Brad. "Good think you're not him, huh? Don't worry, I'll never be *that* bad. And yes I promise I won't set you up on any playdates... that is unless I like the caretaker."

Brad just sat back and sucked his binkie. Maybe Ted was right. Maybe it was better just to zone out and wait for it all to be over. He could just suck on his binkie and concentrate on those good good feelings the voices had told him about at the nursery during music time. He tried to play the game that went along with the music.

"Suck to the rhythm. Suck to the rhythm," said the voices, in sync with the beat. He began sucking to that rhythm again and found that all his big boy thoughts and worries began to slip away.

Ted was happy to see that Brad wasn't as fussy as the day before. When they got home, however, the younger man was not happy to see the set up waiting for him at mealtime. The chair had been outfitted with extra straps and buckles, and a large IV stand hung up connected to a hose with a pacifier at the end. This was not his idea of a fun time.

"It'll help you play the game batter," said Ted by way of explanation. "The no talking game."

Brad didn't appear convinced. Convinced or not, however he was strapped into the chair, now unable to budge an inch as the pacifier was taken out only to be replaced by the nozzle, held in place with a pacifier gag.

Brad managed to get out a, "Hey, no, wai- mmmff!!" out before being completely silenced.

Ted unclipped the hose to let the liquid flow then squished the front of Brad's diaper. "You better start drinkin, little bro, or you might just have to stay here til next meal time!"

Brad grunted in response to the stimulation and began to suck. He sure as heck didn't want to be stuck there all day. He gulped and gulped feeling his belly expand as he sucked down the seemingly endless supply of formula. Little did he know that all his meals since yesterday were laced with powerful hormones that would arrest his growth and lower his testosterone level to keep him as little as possible both mentally and physically.

Ted watched Brad's diaper turn yellow as a wet spot expanded across the front of his younger brother's diapers. Brad seemed completely unaware of what was taking place below the highchair tray, and that fascinated Ted. Bread was either much too preoccupied with what was happening in his mouth as he fought to keep up with the flow of liquid, or he was becoming completely incontinent, unaware even of when he was peeing, much less how to stop it.

"Looks like the little pup is filling up!"

The dog from Ted's favorite TV show, Pawsome Squad, appeared in front of him, smiling at the adorable Brad as his tummy expanded to push him flat against the back of the high chair.

"Uh oh, is he ok?" asked Ted. "Maybe I should take the tray out..."

"Don't worry," said Dash, with a reassuring smile, "all that liquid is going right back into his diapers as we speak so he won't be a water balloon for long!"

The poor Brad was frantically waving his arms as he tried to pull out the pacifier and failed to do so. The bag was almost empty though, which was a small miracle.

Then the tray finally came off, Brad was immediately helped down and he was shocked to realize just how thick and heavy his diaper had gotten in the process. The waterlogged diaper dragged him down into a sumo squat as he was led waddling over to the changing table where he knew what was coming next. He was once again shocked as he was once again lifted by Ted as if it were nothing. There was no mistaking it, Ted was getting bigger, and fast. Maybe it wasn't beefy men and women that were picked to be part of the baby patrol, but being part of the baby patrol that made them beefy, he thought. It only stood to reason that Artie would shape citizens to match their tasks in society. But what did that mean for Brad? He was about to get his answer.

As brad was strapped down to the table, his heavy belly sloshed and he noticed his movement was somewhat sluggish. Everything appeared brighter, almost glowing. It almost felt like he had been drugged. Ted cooed at him and he began to get restless until his big bro gave him his binkie. That seemed to soothe him quickly. He felt and heard himself smiling and giggling when Brad brought out the buzzy wand. Despite the anticipation he felt, he didn't feel his diaper getting any tighter at all as his brother buzzed away. In fact, it was rather difficult to distinguish where the sensation of his body began and the diaper ended. He was distantly aware of his legs squeezing together rhythmically, of his tiny moans from behind his pacifier. Of his brother telling him "Good boy, such a good boy. You played your game so well tonight. Such a quiet baby for Daddy." And of the warm fuzzies he felt when his brother said that. It wasn't until his orgasm slammed into him full force that his mind caught up with the present moment, collided with it, and left him a flaming wreck on the changing table.

"Uhh.... artie?" said Ted, untaping Brad's diaper as the boy twitched on the table. "I think we broke him."

"Nonsense," came artie's voice over the speakers as his pup avatar flickered into the room and gave Ted a cheeky grin. "He's just feeling his baby feelings. And maybe some of the medicine he got in his din dins to help him feel them. By the way, how are you feeling, buddy boy?"

"I'm feeling great, just a bit sore," said Ted. The truth was he was feeling a lot sore with all the muscle growth happening beneath his skin.

"No problem, buddy. I'll whip you up a muscle rub and some soothing tonic that'll numb that feeling out a bit. Go ahead and finish with your brother. It looks like he might want to conk out early tonight. You both are going through a lot of changes right now, buddy."

"Okay, Artie," said Ted, wondering what changes the A.I. was talking about.

As the diaper came down, Ted inspected Brad's diaper area and was surprised by three things. First, that Brad had put on some baby fat already and was gaining a little baby belly. Second that he hadn't produced much semen. And third, that his penis and balls had shrunk to a fraction of their normal size, and there wasn't a hint of a lingering erection.

Brad strained to look down at his diaper area while he was being changed and gasped as he saw what had become of his bits.

"That's right, little guy, Those are going away too," said Artie. "All your manhood is going to your brother making him big and strong while you become more of a baby. And you know babies don't need their winkies getting big and hard, don't you?"

Brad slowly shook his head no, shocked. As if in response to Artie's statement, Ted was suddenly aware that the weight between his legs felt heftier than usual. He would have to check that after they put Brad down for the night.

After changing Brad into his night diaper, he set the boy safely in his crib. "Well, little buddy, I think Artie's right. You look all tuckered out. I'll let you play with your pop up toy a bit more but only til 6 o' clock, then it's lights out, buddy boy."

"I don' wan' be baby," came Brad's half-hearted mumbled reply, but he didn't move to do anything more as Ted set the bright and colorful toy in front of him. Soon he was lost in his own world of play, engrossed in the amazingly bright colors and sounds of the toy, no doubt aided by whatever Artie had slipped him in his last meal.

Meanwhile, Ted hurried out, eager to explore his changing body and ask Artie all sorts of questions about just what was happening down there.

*-Written by ChampTehOtter*