

“Any particular reason why you’re...uh...dressed like that, Ada?”

Oliver’s friend and roommate, Ada, sat across from him at their dining room table. She was dressed in a pastel pink and yellow onesie with a pacifier dangling from a strap attached to the garment. A faint *crinkling* noise accompanied each movement that she made. Her eyes were nearly closed. She kept her head propped up, just barely, with her arm. It was clear that she was downright exhausted.

“D-Don’t fall asleep Ollie...sh-she’s gonna make you her baby...” Ada mumbled under her breath.

Oliver chuckled. “You could really use some sleep. Why don’t you go to bed?”

“Nuuuuuh...” Was Ada’s half-hearted reply.

Oliver stood from his chair and walked around the table. He managed to lift Ada from the chair, then guided her back to her room. Ada resisted at first, but lacked the strength to keep up the effort. By the time Oliver got her in bed, Ada had already fallen into a deep sleep.

*Weird*, thought Oliver. What was weirder was that Ada’s room did not look like it did yesterday. The sheets on her bed were far more juvenile than he remembered. Pink and purple princess sheets didn’t fit Ada’s aesthetic at all. Neither did the colorful pony figurines on her desk or the stuffed animals crowded up in a pile next to her bed. *Had there always been a mobile over her bed?* Oliver wondered. He shrugged. It was none of his business. Maybe Ada had just decided to indulge in a fetish of hers. Oliver didn’t care. He had a busy enough day as is. One that he needed to get started on right away.

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When Oliver returned home late at night, Ada was nowhere to be seen. The door to her room was locked and music played softly within. It sounded like a lullaby. The complete opposite of the metal Ada normally listened to. Again, Oliver shrugged. So long as Ada enjoyed herself he didn’t care what she did. They weren’t the best of friends, but she had always been nice enough. He had his own worries to deal with. Chief among them being his sleep schedule. After a long day of college and work, the only thing Oliver wanted was a good night’s sleep.

Once he was finished with his bedtime routine, Oliver turned off the lights and got comfy in his bed. The lullaby that played in Ada’s room next door seemed to grow louder with each second that passed. Oliver didn’t mind. It helped him sleep easier despite how infantile it felt. Just a few minutes after Oliver had crawled into bed he was out like a light. The world around him faded into darkness and he entered a deep sleep.

Oliver awoke what felt like mere minutes later. The tiredness that had dragged him down into sleep was gone. The sun outside shone brightly through the curtains and everything felt wonderful. That was until he realized that something was off. Since when were his bedsheets pink? Why did it feel like there was something smooth under the sheets? And...were his pajama bottoms wet?

“Oh, sweetie,” said an unfamiliar feminine voice. “This is the third night in a row. Guess you weren’t ready for big kid pants after all.” A woman knelt down before Oliver. She had a kind face and her voice was full of warmth. She gently patted Oliver’s head before she reached down and tugged his pajama bottoms down around his knees. A pair of pink and lilac disposable training pants were exposed. The crotch of which was soaked through.

“Wha..What? No-No! I’m ready for big kid pants!” Oliver assured her. Still not aware that he was in a dream, Oliver’s mind felt compelled to go along with the ridiculous situation. He whimpered and whined as the motherly figure produced a diaper and changing supplies from underneath his bed.

“It’s back to diapers for little Ollie. No more pretending to be a big kid. No more college and no more work. Just diapers, nap time, and being stuck in your new dreamland nursery!” The warmth and kindness that had surrounded the woman disappeared as she spoke. She replaced Oliver’s training pants with the diaper in the strange, sudden pace that can only be managed in a dream.

“G-Get away from me!” Oliver shouted. He pushed past the mysterious woman and dashed to Ada’s room as quick as he could. The door was unlocked. Inside, Ada was stuck inside a large crib. She called out to Oliver but a pacifier muffled her speech. Her hands were sealed away inside locking pink mittens and stuffed animals pulled at her to keep her from escaping. “Ada!” Oliver shouted. He ran to help, but with each step his diaper grew thicker until he was forced to his knees and reduced to a crawl.

“Awww! How precious. Crawling around in your nursery. Do you want to join your sister in the crib? Let mommy help.” The dream mommy picked up Oliver and dumped him unceremoniously into the crib. Like Ada, Oliver was grabbed from every side by the stuffed animals and held down. “Welcome to your new home, kiddo,” said the mommy. “We’re going to have lots of fun. Though I’d be careful with the stuffed animals. They like to tease...”