**Daily Free-Write April 17, 2021: The Baby Patrol Pt. 5**

*Continuation of March 25, 2021 "The Baby Patrol Pt. 4"*

When Ted came to pick Brad up, he was surprised to find the boy giggling to himself and playing with a baby pop-up toy. Ted ordered a behavior report from the attendant and watched Brad, half astonished as he waited. His younger brother seemed to be enjoying his own little world, bopping the toy with his mitted hand, clapping and giggling every time it popped up, completely unaware he was being observed.

Brad had behaved, but only because he didn't have a choice. There was no opportunity for him to disobey during training, and if there was, it had been deliberately manufactured to teach him that when he *did* misbehave, he'd be punished.

"I guess that means he's going to get that special treat tonight!" Ted told the attendant after hearing the glowing report.

"You ready to go, silly boy?" asked Ted, snapping Brad out of his reverie.

It was the first time all day someone had talked to Brad and expected a response, and that was enough to jolt his adult brain awake. Ted should have known better, but seeing his brother as a baby was just as new to him as it was to Brad.

"Wha? Oh… I... " Brad looked down and blushed bright red as he realized what he'd been doing. He quickly shoved the toy away and raised his arms for uppies. "Yes, you came, thank Artie. Get me outta here!"

Ted smiled and helped his brother to the stroller. "Sorry I'm not big enough to carry you everywhere. I've still got some growing to do, I guess. Artie will help with that." Of course it would. Artie could easily use hormones and other methods to stunt or induce growth of citizens to suit their roles and those changes were already starting in both their bodies.

After securing his brother into his seat, Ted reached over and grabbed the pop-up toy. He held it up and got down to Brad's level in the stroller. "You know, you can take this home if you want to. I don't mind. It'll be a lot more fun than sitting in your crib with nothing to do…"

Brad crossed his arms and looked away, blushing fiercely, but his brother pressed on.

"Are you *sure* you don't want it?" asked Ted, pushing the toy into Brad's tummy. "It sure looked like you liked it..."

Brad grabbed the toy and hugged it close, still wearing an angry expression and red cheeks as he avoided his brother's gaze.

"That's a good boy," he said, patting his brother's head. "Gosh this one's a cutie," he said to himself as he got behind the stroller to wheel his brother back home.

Back at the house, it was time for third meal, which came between lunch and early dinner. Artie deemed smaller and more frequent meals to be better for citizen health, which meant 5-6 meals a day.

"Please can I feed myself?" asked Brad as he was strapped into the high chair once more.

"No can do, little bro. You're a baby, remember? Babies can't feed themselves!"

Brad whined and knitted his brows as the first spoonful of mush came his way. He had a hard time accepting that he was a baby when less than a day ago, he'd been an adult, or as close to one as most citizens got to be.

For Ted, the transition was new too, but much easier on his end. Ted praised Brad as he lifted the spoon up and out of the boy's mouth. He loved the way Brad reacted when he told him he'd been a good boy. He could practically see the warm fuzzies rushing over his brother as the boy began to smile despite himself and he knew that the training was already working. It was up to him to reinforce Brad's training with lots of positive reinforcement, and he was more than happy to do it.

Once Brad was fed, Ted wiped off his face and fed himself, leaving the boy in the high chair to watch his brother eat adult food.

"Can't I have *one* bite?" he asked as he watched his brother get his miracle meat sandwich from the replicator.

"No can do, kiddo. That would be bad for your tummy! You can have big kid food when you're older."

Brad crossed his arms and huffed, so Ted sat his sandwich down and got up. At first, Brad was afraid that he had gone too far and that Ted would yell at him, but Ted just walked off and came back with his pop-up toy, placing it on the tray. He looked up at his older brother, perplexed.

"You play with it," said Brad, as if he was talking to a small child, and he hit one of the buttons, making the toy light up and make noise as a smiley caterpillar popped out. Brad was immediately sucked in and began to hit the buttons, giggle and clap.

"Good boy," said Ted, ruffling his little bro's hair before returning to his meal. Yes, today was going just fine.

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That evening, Brad was in a much better mood as Ted got him ready for bed. Although he was not stoked about having an even earlier bedtime than normal, he was very excited to get his special treat from Ted. He didn't even know what it was, but his brother had been hinting at it all day, and his anticipation was high.

"What is it, what is it?" asked Brad as Ted tried to brush his teeth.

"Calm down, little bro. You'll find out soon enough. Now let me finish brushing your teeth or no one's getting to bed on time!"

Finally, Brad was plopped on the changing table for what he knew would be his night-time diaper. He didn't put up any struggle as his brother strapped him in because he knew it could cost him his special treat, but when Ted didn't immediately change him, he knew something was wrong.

"Hey, what're you doing down there?" he asked, as Ted typed some commands into the changing table's console.

"Oh, just ordering a couple things," Ted replied, with a mischievous grin. "For your *treat*."

"Is this just gonna be another diaper? Cause if that's what it is I don't want- Hey! No-mmf!"

Brad was surprised as Ted quickly brought up a pacifier gag and strapped it around his head.

"Sorry, little bro. I don't want you making too much noise while we do this. Just lie back and enjoy, okay? You've earned it."

Ted smiled as he brought out a large and powerful looking massage wand, and Brad's eyes bugged out when he saw it. He'd been horny since the night before, when his masturbation session had been interrupted by the baby patrol. But he didn't want to cum now, not like this. Not into his soggy diaper. That was too humiliating!"

"Shhh," said Ted, as he watched his little brother squirm and strain against the straps, shaking his head and pounding his mitts against the padded surface of the table. "This is gonna feel really good, I promise. Plus, it'll help you be a good boy. You like being a good boy, don't you? I think you do, because you *are* a good boy."

Brad immediately felt a rush of warm fuzzy feelings and his struggling slowed as his thoughts were disrupted by his brother's words. He jolted when the buzzer touched the front of his diaper, sending another wave of pleasure through his body, this time from his crotch. He couldn't believe how good it felt. As much as he tried to struggle and get away, he was no match for the straps that held him down or his brother's insistent pressure that he put on the diaper.

"There we go… there we are. Good boy. Let your diapees make you feel so good. You're gonna make stickies in your diaper, yes you are! Yes you are!"

Brad was bright red as his brother talked to him in humiliating baby talk. He didn't want to cum in his soggy diapers. His soggy, wonderful diapers. He knew that he was being trained to love them, but that didn't help him. He could feel his hairless pee-pee responding to the relentless stimulation. Being hairless down there only made him that much more sensitive to every caress of the soggy material, every movement of the wand. He could feel that diaper stoking a fire between his legs that was only growing bigger as he tried and failed to bring his knees together around the bulky padding.

"Mmmhhhh! Mmmhhh!" he cried out, as if he was going through labor pains. The pleasure he was feeling as his brother brought him to climax was greater than anything he'd achieved with his own hand. It was the vibration, the feeling of the diaper hugging his thighs and his butt, even the smell of wet baby powder that invaded his nose as his heart hammered away.

"Little bro is getting close! I can see it! Show me how much you love your diapees, little guy! Come on! You can do it! Be a good boy and make stickies! Make stickies for Teddy!"

Within seconds, Brad did just that. A bead of milky cum appeared on the tip of his cockhead, followed by a thick rope of cum hitting the inside of his diaper as all the muscles around his pelvis contracted and his balls tightened up against his body.

"Hnnnnggg! Hnnngggg!" cried Brad as he squeezed his eyes shut and bit into the pacifier. He was coming so hard, it almost hurt. His cock just kept pulsing and spurting out more cum.

"Wow! Little guy really had to go!" said Ted, as he watched his brother go through a very intense orgasm.

"All part of keeping a healthy boy!" chimed a little cartoon pup hologram, who appeared next to Brad on the changing table.

"Oh, hi Artie! Did you see that?" asked Ted, feeling proud of how good he did helping his little brother.

"Of course I did!" said the little pup. "You Dash-tastic! Keep this up and he'll be loving his diapers in no time!"

"Aww, that's so cute," said Ted, looking down at his brother who was still catching his breath. He imagined Brad hugging his diapers and telling them how much he loved them, and the cute image it brought to mind made him smile. "Time for his night diaper now," he said, looking down at Brad fondly. "I guess I might as well leave that paci gag in. He needs to get used to not using grown-up speech."

"That's exactly right," said Dash. "Best to prevent him from talking as much as possible during his training. I can even get you some feeding devices that make it so he can still eat while gagged."

"Thanks, Artie." said Ted, rubbing his brother's tummy.

"No, thank *you* Ted. You're such a good helper! I'll be sure to announce what a good job you did on the news tonight." And with that he blinked away.

Ted couldn't be prouder. He couldn't wait to turn on the news. He quickly ordered Brad's extra thick night diaper. Out came a thick diaper with a lavender taping zone decorated with moons and stars and and sleepy bears nestled in the crevices.

"Mmmm! Pre-scented!" said Ted, unfolding the diaper and setting it on the table.

Ted would have rolled his eyes if he had the energy to feel annoyed. Instead his just stared at the ceiling, as his brother untaped his soaked and cummy diaper.

"Wow! You sure made a sticky mess in there!"

Ted was amazed. The cum was pooled in the front and all over Brad's hairless balls, thighs, even to his butt. This had to be some sort of record. And Brad had to listen to him gush about the gusher he left in the diaper, unable to reply or complain or do anything but blush.

Once he was in his night diaper, Brad picked him up and carried him over to the crib. His brother let go of his neck and unclasped his legs once his butt hit the plastic mattress.

"Alright, kiddo. It's nini time, so lay back and be a good boy. I'm going to leave your pop-up toy in the crib so you can have a little play time, but when I come back, that mobile comes on, you go right to sleep.

Brad sat there, looking tired and a little sad.

"Aww, it'll be okay, little bro, you'll see. This is gonna be a lot of fun, we just gotta get used to the new way of things is all."

Brad sighed and nodded. He knew what his brother said was true, but it didn't make it any easier. He hoped he would get to grow up soon and end this horrible baby treatment. He was already starting to like parts of it a little too much for his comfort.

*-Written by ChampTehOtter*