

The nursery Gator sat in was like any other. There was a crib where Gator slept, a changing table where he had fresh diapers put on, a diaper basket for his used pampers, and plenty of toys for him to play with to his heart's content.

Gator even looked the part. His thick pampers crinkled every time he moved or wagged his tail. His onesies had adorable sayings on them like "Daddy's Little Stinker" and "I'm Too Little To Read My Onesie". He even had a pacifier clipped to his onesie that he noisily suckled on.

The only thing off about this nursery and its baby was that Gator wasn't your normal baby. Gator was a fully grown adult dog. He was once a member of the local police force. He was fairly new to his job, but he had all of the signs of being a great police officer one day. That is, until he chased a criminal into the wrong laboratory. Ever since that day, Gator has mentally not been able to grow up past the age of two, content with babbling, watching Paw Patrol, and packing his diapers.

"Are you sure this procedure will bring Officer Gator back to his old self?", a dragon dressed in a police uniform asked, walking into the room accompanied by an otter dressed in a white doctor's robe.

"We think so, Chief. All of the tests appear hopeful.", the otter replied.

"Good.", replied the dragon. "That thief Gator chased into that lab last year has been terrorizing the city ever since, and he's the only one that has even seen what the punk looks like."

"Yes sir." The otter replied. "By tomorrow, we should have our officer back, and less...ugh dirty diapers." The otter spoke, waving a paw in front of his nose.

The two exited the nursery as Gator continued to play with blocks, oblivious to the mush in the back of his diaper. He had just given a little push and now he had a softer, warmer place to sit. He thought the grown ups were talking about him, but he couldn't understand the silly noises coming out of their mouths.

A few minutes later, a face Gator recognized stepped into the nursery. To anyone else, it was simply the nurse assigned to take care of him, but in his mind, it was....

"Mama!" Gator screamed, making upward motions with his paws.

"How is my little stinker?", the large, female bear asked, scooping Gator up off of the ground and carrying him to the changing table. You giggled and gurgled in response.

Being so much larger than Gator, she was truly able to treat him like a baby. Gently pushing a pacifier into his waiting maw, she got to work while he suckled. She gently unbuttoned the onesie and untapped the diaper and carefully lifted his legs to pull it out from under without spreading anymore mess. Next baby wipes were used to get Gator fresh and clean. This of

course made the dog shiver slightly. They were so cold. After that, a fresh, comfy diaper was placed underneath him with a healthy amount of baby powder. Lastly the diaper and onesie were taped and fastened back on.

“All fresh and clean.” The bear sang, picking Gator up. “Let’s get you to the lab. I hear by this time tomorrow, we are going to have Big Boy Gator back.”

Gator clapped and squealed, having no idea what his “Mama” was saying, but he loved her voice.

The two walked down the hallway and into the lab where several other furs wearing lab coats were working busily. On the floor laid several sets of toys, ranging from baby toys, to action figures, and all the way to adult oriented books.

“Please set him down with the baby toys.” A crocodile with thick glasses requested.

Giving you a kiss on your nose, your caretaker did as instructed and followed the scientists out of the room. You quickly picked up a rattle and started banging it on the floor, barely noticing the warmth spreading in the front of your diaper.

“In a few hours, we will have Officer Gator back.” The crocodile smiled, pushing the start sequence into the room’s control panel and leaving with the other scientists.

The room lit up with different colors as a strange gas slowly poured in through some ceiling vents. A faint melody could be heard over speakers in the walls. Much like the incident that left Gator in his infantile state, this new mixture was designed to return him to normal.

It wasn’t but a half an hour later and Gator had already grown bored with the rattle and had since moved to a large Tonka truck across the room. Anyone watching would have also noticed that instead of crawling to the truck, Gator had toddled to the truck. Something he hadn’t been able to do since the incident that left him a baby. The room was working! Pushing the truck around, Gator was even making motor noises.

A little while later Gator was noticeably annoyed. He was just sitting on the floor in front of a puzzle pouting.

“Why am I stuck in a diaper?” He thought to himself. “I’m a big boy.” These were the first cognitive thoughts he had had in a year.

An hour later, Gator could be seen sitting on a training potty with his diaper down around his ankles. In his mind, he was finally graduating to the potty and didn’t need protection like some baby anymore.

After two hours, Gator had completely disposed of his diaper in the trash bin and was wearing a shirt and shorts in front of a television, playing video games. He had no memories of the past year. In his mind he was a normal teenager.

At the three hour mark, it appeared the treatment was a success. Gator had found his old uniform in a closet and was suiting up when he heard the door open. Turning around, he saw the chief.

"Hello sir." Gator straightened up, showing the dragon attention.

"It's good to see you, officer. It has been quite some time." Responded the chief.

Gator was taken back. With no memory of the past year, he thought that he had seen the chief just the day before.

"Let's get you to the station for debriefing." Spoke the chief. Turning to leave the room, however, he realized the door was locked.

"The door appears to be locked. Can someone open it please?" Questioned the chief, with some annoyance.

"I'm afraid not." Spoke the intercom. If anyone could have seen into the control room, they would have seen the otter that was with the chief earlier.

"I can't let Gator or you leave this facility, chief. Afterall, he's the only one that could ruin my little crime spree around town." Laughed the otter.

"Hey, that sounds like the perp I chased into that weird warehouse!" Gator yelled, his memories flooding back to him.

The chief started banging on the door, putting all of his dragon might behind his punches, but the door didn't budge. Soon, the lights in the room began to flicker again. A strange sound began playing on the speakers as a sweet scent filled the room.

"So long, babies. The real scientists will be back in an hour or so. I will be sure to wipe the hard drives before they get here, though. Wouldn't want them to reverse this any time soon." The otter thief laughed as he shut off the intercom.

"Gator we gotta get outa hewr." The chief lisped, turning around and seeing Gator already on the ground with a puddle around him. The room needing little time to revert the dog's muddled mind to its previous form.

The chief tried to get to Gator but stumbled and fell. Tears began flowing from the large dragon's eyes as he began to cry, not noticing a puddle of urine forming underneath him as well.

Much like Gator's first experience a year ago, mechanical hands released from the walls, picking both of the mentally regressed police officers up and laying them on changing tables. The two adult babies batted and cooed at mobiles spinning over their heads as the hands effortlessly stripped their clothes and cleaned away their urine, before diapering the two up and placing them in police themed onesies.

Setting the two down on the floor in front of the baby toys, the two adults gurgled and played. It was quite the site to see. Two of the cities once finest, drooling clapping at the sounds of rattles and baby toys. It didn't take long for both of them to feel cramps in their stomachs, causing them to push the feelings into the back of their diapers. Neither minded, however. It was squishy and warm.

The two played for, what seemed like forever, until they both began to tire out. Cuddling up together, they both drifted off to sleep. For some, it would have been considered an adorable site to see.

After an hour the scientists returned to the lab to see that the otter had left his post. Oddly enough, all of the files had been wiped. It wasn't until they opened the experiment room, did they realize what had actually happened, though.

"Not again." The crocodile from earlier sighed, as he plugged his nose. "Someone call the nurse. Let her know that her services will still be needed, and that she will get paid double....maybe triple." He grimaced, noticing the chief's diaper bulge out from a fresh mess.

Two interns sighed in the back of the room. "Rock, paper, scissors to see who gets the little one?"