

Criminally Stinky

“How did they get here so fast?”, Ponce thought to himself, “I had the entire area cased and even jammed their scanners.”

Ponce couldn't make it make sense. The master thief had done everything right. How could the police have caught on to him that quick?

Ponce weaved through alley ways trying to elude his pursuers. They even seemed more organized than usual. Could they have lured him in without him knowing it? He would have to reanalyze the job when he got away. The reasons were irrelevant at this point.

Turning down another alley, Ponce realized he had messed up. He was trapped. Foot steps were fast approaching. His time was running out. That is, until he noticed a door on the back of one of the buildings. He began picking the lock as fast as he could.

With a *click* the lock came open. Ponce quickly jumped into the building and locked the door back behind him. Looking around, he realized he was in some weird mix of a laboratory and a nursery.

There were beakers, chemicals, and other pieces of scientific equipment in one part of the room and a crib, toys, and rocking chair in another.

“What is this place?”, Ponce thought to himself, as he investigated the room.

Finding a computer, he quickly hacked into its records.

“Not very challenging when the password is ‘1234’.”, Ponce chuckled to himself.

Having gained access to the computer's files, he was blown away by what he saw. Whoever owned this lab had created a youth formula.

Whoever this guy was, stood to make a fortune. This gave Ponce an idea. Grabbing a flash drive laying next to the computer, he began downloading all of the files for himself.

“A lot of people will be willing to pay top dollar for this information.”, Ponce laughed.

“Open up, Ponce! We know you're in there!”, a loud bang could be heard on the door.

“Seriously? Don't these guys ever give up?”, Ponce thought to himself. He began to scan the room for another exit, but couldn't find one. There wasn't even a ventilation shaft.

Scanning for options, his eyes fell upon a vial of the youth formula. With the flash drive he knew he could reverse the effects.

BANG The police were trying to break the door down!

Deciding it was the formula or prison, Ponce grabbed the vial and drank the whole thing.

Before the formula began working, Ponce knew he had to get rid of his clothes. Stripping down as fast as he could, he gathered them up and rushed them to the trash can. As he closed the lid, he felt a wave hit him. In an instance, he lost feet of height and became a lot pudgier.

Ponce couldn't be any older than five at this point but he could still feel the formula working. Looking up at the changing table, he saw a diaper and cringed.

"It's this or prison.", he thought to himself. Feeling the formula still working, he quickly diapered himself.

By the time Ponce was finished diapering himself, he was barely two years old. He struggled to maintain his balance. He could see his baby pudge sticking out over his diaper. Feeling his mouth, he could only notice one small tooth sticking out of his gums.

Before Ponce could think too long on his appearance, the door burst open. Ponce grabbed the flash drive and tucked it into a pocket of a plush teddy close to him and pretended to cuddle the toy.

"Where is the crook?", one of the officers questioned, as the cops flooded in.

"He's not here, sir. Just this baby.", one of the officers said, pointing at Ponce.

"Um...Goo goo ga ga.", Ponce responded nervously.

"Who leaves a baby unattended?", questioned the lead officer, "gather him up and let's keep looking."

"Sorry officer but I just stepped out for a moment.", came a voice from behind the police. "My name is Dr. Stevenson, and that is my son. He must have woken up from his nap while I was refilling the parking meter."

"Fair enough.", spoke the officer. "Sorry about your door. We had reason to think a dangerous criminal had broke in here. The city will pay for any damages."

"No worries at all. Accidents happen.", stated the doctor as he ushered the police out, "Happy hunting."

Closing the door behind the police, Dr. Stevenson turned around and smiled at Ponce. "Hello dangerous criminal. It's not nice to break into peoples' labs."

Ponce began to scramble. "Um goo ga ga goo.", he said, putting his thumb in his mouth to try to throw the doctor off.

"I have cameras in here little guy. I know what you did and what you have in this plush.", Stevenson said, plucking the flash drive out of the toy's pocket. "I do appreciate you volunteering to be my test subject, though."

Ponce knew he was caught. "Otay, ew got me. Now make meh big agan and I wiwl weev."

"Now why would I do that when I haven't even got to study the formula's full range?", grinned Stevenson, "Kind of like how you don't even know you're peeing right now."

Ponce looked at the doctor confused, until he noticed the warming sensation around his crotch. He felt the squishy padding in disbelief. He really hadn't noticed. Noticeably upset, he inserted his hand into his mouth and started suckling.

"This is crazy.", Ponce thought to himself, "only babies don't notice when they wet their diapie, but I didn't notice. Maybe I'm a baby. I am wearing a diapie, after all, and it's squishy."

Stevenson could tell the formula was working. "Maybe this will make you feel better, little guy.", handing Ponce a bottle of milk.

"Tankies.", Ponce gurgled, taking the milk and suckling on the warm liquid. In no time, the milk was gone, leading to a loud burp from Ponce.

Ponce giggled and toddled over to a rattle he saw laying on the floor.

"Dis mine cuz ima big burgwer.", Ponce laughed, shaking the rattle.

"You sure are.", Stevenson replied, knowing the formula was almost finished working. He had even laced the milk to help it along.

Ponce continued to shake the rattle when he felt a twinge in his belly.

"Uh-oh gotta poopie.", Ponce whined.

Ponce was barely able to scan the room for a potty before his knees bent and gates opened.

With every push and grunt, the last bit of his intelligence seeped away.

One more big grunt and the former thief was gone. Ponce looked up at the doctor and toddled to him. "Dada", he gurgled, before losing his balance and falling on his poopie rump with a *squish*. Ponce wasn't phased, though, as he just shook his rattle and giggled.

“So much for being a dangerous criminal!” Stevenson laughed, picking Ponce up and taking him to the changing table, “The only thing criminal about you is your smell.”

The Reset Remote

“Dude I can’t believe it worked!” You’re little brother Ethan said to your cousin Jake, the pup wagging his tail staring at you.

“I know, right?” Responded Ethan, “I thought this reset remote was just a gag gift.”

All you could do is stare blankly at the pups after they pointed the strange black remote at you and pushed the “reset” button. You had been babysitting the pair of 10 year olds, but they had managed to get the better of you with their weird remote.

“The instructions say all we have to do is punch in a number and that’s the age he will think he is.” Ethan read.

“Let’s make him think he’s our age. Then he won’t have any more stupid rules.” Suggested Jake.

Ethan punched in the number 10 on the remote and pointed it at you before hitting ENTER. In an instant, all of your memories of your adult life disappeared, with your brain reverting back to as it was when you were just ten years old.

You looked up at your cousins with no memories of them left in your ten year old brain.

“H-Hi.” You stutter, “My name is Stu.”

Your cousin and brother laugh, realizing the remote worked. “Hi Stu. I’m Ethan and this is Jake. I’m glad you were able to come play today.

You didn’t remember being dropped off to play, but it made sense. Why else would you be here with a couple of other boys your age?

“What are we playing?” You ask with a new found innocence.

“We are playing tag....and you’re it.” Jake shouted, hitting you in the chest.

The two kids ran away and you gave chase. Tag was your favorite game and you were good at it. With your adult body, you easily caught up to them and tagged them. This happened several more times before the two real ten year olds got annoyed.

“This sucks.” Ethan complained, “We can’t out run him. He’s too big.”

“What if he wasn’t? Or at least didn’t think he was?” Jake grinned.

Pulling the remote out, they once again pointed it at you and pressed the RESET button.

“Let’s see what happens when we cut his age in half.” Laughed Ethan, as he punched in the number five and hit ENTER.

This time, not only was your brain altered, but so was your clothing. Standing before the ten year olds was now a shy adult wearing a Bluey shirt and a pull-up.

“Where’s my mama?” You questioned, tears beginning to form in your eyes.

“Don’t cry, don’t cry.” Ethan thought quickly, “Your mama ran to the store. We are your babysitters.”

This seemed to satisfy you. Your mama did usually leave you with baby sitters when she left.

“Ok then. I’m hungry.” You say, sounding like a brat. “I want cookies.”

The two pups look at each other and smile. “Sounds good to us.” Jake laughs.

The three head to the kitchen, your wagging tail making your pull up crinkle a little with every step.

Once in the kitchen, Ethan grabs a box of cookies and dumps them on the table. The three of you eat and eat until you get thirsty.

“I want milk!” You complain.

“Finish your cookies, dude.” Jake barks back.

“I want milk! I want milk! I want.....” You trail off, “I gotta go potty.” You jump up and begin to run out of the room but trip and fall. This causes the damn to break. The pups stare at you as they notice what sounds like a faucet coming from your pull up.

You could feel your pull-up beginning to swell as you have your first accident in years. Your regressed mind couldn’t take it. You begin to bawl as you stand up, your pull-up sagging and sloshing as you do.

“I hadda accident!” You scream.

“Screw this, man. I’m not helping him out of that thing and he’s way too loud. Change him back.” Jake barked at Ethan.

“Yeah, yeah. I’m on it.” Ethan grabbed the remote and pointed it at you before hitting the RESET button.

You quit crying as your eyes glazed over again.

Ethan began punching in your correct age and hit ENTER.

“That should do it.” Spoke Ethan, but the changes that took place weren’t what he was expecting.

Your pull-up began to expand and separate forming into a large diaper. It was obvious that it was designed for large wettings as the droopage and discoloration that the pull-up had disappeared.

Next, your Bluey shirt stretched and connected around your crotch, forming a onesie.

Finally, a pacifier clip formed on the front of the onesie. You snapped out of your glazed over look and spoke to the pups. “Abuh gah” you gurgled before putting the pacifier in your mouth.

“Dude! What did you do? He thinks he’s a baby!” Jake yelled.

“It’s ok. I just missed the 0 after the 2. I can fix it.” Ethan spoke calmly, that is, until the machine powered off.

“It died! Where’s the charger?” Questioned Ethan.

“It’s at my house. I didn’t think we would need it.” Replied Jake.

“Buh huh guh” you gurgled behind them.

The pups looked up at you just in time to see you squat down and flag your tail. You began grunting behind your pacifier as small toots could be heard from your diaper, which was slowly expanding under your onesie.

Finishing your business, you plopped down onto your butt with a smile.

“Guh aguh Buh.” you gurgled again.

Ethan grabbed his phone and began texting.

“What are you doing?” Asked Jake.

“Telling mom to buy some adult diapers.” Responded Ethan, as he sniffed the air, “And some air freshener. By the way, you get the first change.”

Welcome to Furville.....Daycare

High school. Most believe they're all the same. Boring teachers, boring classes, gross food, and lame social groups. Nothing can be done about it. Unless you're at Furville High, where a group of students is experimenting with an old spell book in the basement.

An eerie green fog begins leaking from its pages, invisible to any fur not in the protective circle that the book's users currently occupy. What spells could this fog be carrying with it? The occupants of Furville High will soon find out.

The fog found its way first into the gymnasium where a grizzly gym teacher was harassing a group of nerds.

“Get up the rope you weaklings.” Screamed the grizzly.

But as the fog engulfed the gym teacher and the ropes, something odd happened.

The nerds were thrown from the ropes as they grabbed the gym teacher and twisted themselves into something resembling a baby bouncer. The grizzly tried to break free, but as the fog entered his mind, he began to enjoy the bouncer.

“Bouncy!” The teacher giggled.

His clothing morphed into a onesie and a large diaper as he drooled over his paw. It didn't take long before the former gym teacher felt a gurgle in his belly and emptied its contents into his diaper.

“Poopy.” The grizzly gurgled, as the nerds laughed.

Elsewhere in the school, the kangaroo lunch lady was busy serving up the daily meals for the students. She had no idea the fog was making its way into the food she was serving. As the students ate, their chairs morphed into high chairs and their food turned into baby mush.

They didn't mind, however. As far as they knew, they were babies. Their clothes regressing with their minds, some of them left in nothing but diapers that they would soon be filling.

Elsewhere in the principal's office, a group of students were receiving a strong lecture from the wolf that was in charge of the school. No one noticed the fog creeping in and enveloping the wolf.

“You kids should know better than to act in that manner.” Scolded the wolf, as the fog seeped into his nostrils.

“You’re suppose to be big boys. Not little babies.”, the wolf didn’t notice his words degrading or the diaper forming under his clothing.

“Yous lucky I dun gib yous spankings and....and...” the wolf paused as his tail flagged, “ima poopy.” he gurgled as he filled the seat of his pants.

The students looked on, not surprised by what they were seeing as the fog made all of this seem normal.

Soon, the wolf’s secretary came in and laid him on his once desk, now changing table.

“Children please return to class. Your principal needs a diapie change.” Cooed the secretary as she began work on the school’s poopy leader.

The changes continued to spread across the school. Jocks were turned into pamper packing toddlers. Science geeks who once created expert equations were now finger painting on walls. The computer labs were filled with children’s iPads and bathrooms filled with changing tables.

The young spell casters emerged from the basement to observe their handiwork. They couldn’t help but laugh. Unfortunately for them, however, the spell hadn’t completely finished, and they had left the safety of their conjuring circle.

The intelligent dragon was the first to succumb to the magic. His mind being molded into a toddler along with his clothing. He was quick to vacate his knowledge into his new diaper before plopping his rear onto the awaiting mess, as he chewed on his tail.

Next was the clever raccoon girl. It was she who found the book to begin with. The spell couldn’t have cared less, though. She was no match for the need to void her bowels into her new awaiting padding. Each push causing her to become more and more like the baby she resembled.

Lastly, the shy otter. He didn’t want anything to do with this plan from the beginning. He knew he had to get out of the school. He ran towards the door as fast as he could. He could feel the changes taking place, but he knew he couldn’t stop.

He felt his clothes changing and his underwear bulking up. As he approached the door, a tug in his gut made him slam on the breaks. He reached up to the handle just as his knees bent. With the turn of the handle, his bowels voided, emptying his big boy smarts.

The door opened as he fell on his butt with a *squish*. On the other side of the door was his mother.

“Ready to go home, sweetie?” his mother cooed.

“Bah ga.” The baby brained otter replied.

All of the parents of the town and even some older parents were lined up outside to get their babies. After all, it was pick up time at the new Furville Daycare.