

Matilda the Bear

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Chapter I.

Matilda inhaled deeply, closing her eyes as the night air of the forest filled her spirit lungs and nostrils with a sweet, damp scent. The leaves and branches crunched satisfyingly underneath her large foot paws as she walked along her usual midnight stroll, the bottom of her dress billowing beneath her but above the dew covered grass, keeping itself away from its moisture.

The being had dressed herself in a maternal looking apron on top of her dress, resembling the image of a motherly caretaker from decades past. She always had a habit of taking a while to catch up to modern fashions, and enjoyed staying a little behind in the times.

Her figure was still intimidating despite her motherly appearance, long brown hair, a towering height of well over seven feet, and as with most females bear spirits she bore heavy set breasts and large arms and legs.

As a spirit, however, she wasn't bothered by her appearance, and fully embraced her largeness with a positive personality. Not to mention, she had other worries than how she looked. Her concerns were with the locals and their relation to the forest, keeping sure that each stayed where they belonged and didn't bother each other too much.

That's when the the car with its brights on and music blaring decided to park by the side of the road bordering the forest, her ears perked up, and she followed the source of the noise.

Goodness me! If this is Tom again getting home late and drunk his wife isn't the only one that is going to have strong words with him, she thought to herself annoyedly, remembering how one of the locals had a bad habit of drinking and driving, and how on multiple occasions she had to nurse him back to health herself.

The distinct smell of booze was in the air as she approached, her sensitive nostrils picking up a few other choice scents as she drew closer.

Are those teenagers out again sleeping with each other away from their parents? Goodness me the youth today truly are shameless!

At last she stood next to the car by the passenger side window, she leaned over and peeked inside.

Much to her horror, the scene before her was uglier than any she had seen before.

Covered in sweat and runny make-up a girl who looked to be in her early twenties lay in the driver's seat, her breath reeking of alcohol as she moaned to herself loudly, her right hand stuck in the front of her pants working its way in and out of what Matilda presumed to be her unspeakables.

Several black highlights were present in her dirty blonde hair, and she was clad in what was in Matilda's opinion, "Scant, modern rags."

"What do you think you're doing, young lady? Do you know what time it is? And goodness gracious, do you have any idea how naughty this behavior is! Drunk and touching yourself in the middle of the forest, tsk tsk. You do know that it's a school night and the squirrel kids have to be up bright and early to go to their nut-gathering classes! And don't even get me started on the birds and worms!"

The young woman started at first, turning to gaze at the forest spirit and narrowing her eyes, having difficulty focusing in her blacked out state. Suddenly comprehension dawned on her incapacitated state of mind, and she let out a yelp.

"BEAR! PLEASE SOMEBODY HELP THERE'S A BEAR OUTSIDE MY WINDOW!"

She fumbled with her keys to get them into the ignition, but Matilda was too quick for her.

"You're not going anywhere tonight young lady, you're coming with me!"

Before she realized what was happening, the bear had walked around the front of the car, opened the driver's seat, and gently extricated the young lady from her car.

Cradling her gently in her arms, she entered into a brisk walk back into the forest towards her home, the young lady blinking and trying to come to her senses while the world spun around her.

"L-let me go! I don't want to be eaten! W-why are you talking anyway... What are you... You're a bear!"

The young woman's words slurred, which only added to Matilda's disapproval, "Your behavior is absolutely inappropriate, young lady, a fine thing such as yourself has so much more potential in this world. Ladies like you should be in school learning to make the world a better place, not ravaging through drink and self-indulgence! And if not school you should be finding yourself a husband or wife! This really doesn't suit you."

The young woman was now utterly confused, *Why is this bear talking to me like she's my mom? Did somebody slip something into my drink and now I'm hallucinating?*

Before long the party of two had arrived at Matilda's cottage, a humble looking abode with smoke coming out of a chimney in the back and a comfortable looking porch in the front.

"Let's get you cleaned up now and perhaps something warm in your stomach, if it can handle it. How does that sound, kitten?"

'Kitten' blinked her eyes, unable to believe what she was seeing. The inside of the cottage looked nothing like she expected it too. They hadn't entered a one room building like she expected, but they were now standing in the front hallway of what looked to be quite a large house.

As her blurry vision cleared slightly, she saw a staircase leading up to a second floor, and several rooms connecting to each other on the first floor including a kitchen, living room, and what she presumed to be a dining room.

"How... What... Wh-"

"Hush now dearest, we need to get you cleaned up and in your crib! It's way past your bed-time."

The young lady was now utterly confused, and almost completely convinced that what she was experiencing was either a hallucination or a drunkenly induced dream.

"I'm never drinking again..." she muttered to herself, rather unconvincingly.

"Well that's a start at least! There's plenty of other things I'll be training out of you, but that's the one that's definitely near the top of the list!"

After wiping her foot-paws on the rug near the front of the door and locking the door behind her, the bear carried her charge up the stairs of her home and turned a corner, leading them into a white, spacious bathroom.

Patterns of smiling ducks, sailors, and beach animals decorated the walls, and a large bathtub in the corner decorated the interior of the bathroom space.

Before she had time to marvel at how clean and pristine the bear kept the place looking, Kitten found the bear was now tugging at her clothing, stripping her down naked.

"What are you doing!? D-don't take my clothes off!"

The bear stopped for a moment, a patient expression on her muzzle as she set the girl down on the counter. Adopting a chiding tone, she explained, "Now now little one, I can't get you cleaned up if you're still wearing all this icky clothing! Not to mention they're not fit for somebody as pretty as you. Be good now!"

She shook her head, still protesting, "Stop touching my clothes you stupid bitch, I told you I didn't want your help!"

Suddenly the world shifted and turned almost upside down. Before she knew it, she was lying stomach down in the bear's lap.

"What are you- OWW!"

Whap! went Matilda's paw as she spanked her charge's now exposed behind. She cried out, much to her own surprise as tears poured down her cheeks.

Matilda tutted under her breath and continued to rhythmically deliver punishment onto her kitten's behind.

"Now look what I have to do, I don't like giving spankings but you have simply given me no choice. I bet your mother would not approve of the potty mouth that you have developed either!"

At this point the girl was now sobbing, snot coming out of her nostrils as the tears further smudged her already spread make-up.

Matilda's ears perked up, as she heard the human mutter and babble out what sounded like a pitiful apology.

She quirked an eyebrow, and paused a little longer before she delivered the next smack on the quickly reddening cheeks of her charge.

Well that was quick... She seems to be pretty malleable in this state... Hmm... Perhaps...?

Speaking in a clear voice, she paused after her 19th spank and addressed the pitiful looking girl in her lap in an authoritative tone.

"Now then, are you going to be speaking like that to Mama Bear ever again? Or do I have to show you more of what girls with potty mouths get?"

Practically blubbering, the young woman shook her head and managed to stammer out, "N-no... I'm not going to s-speak like that to you again... P-promise!"

She spoke, her words intermixed with hiccups and shaking sobs. Matilda realized that she was barely lucid as she lay completely still and limp in her lap, unable to resist the punishment that she had been delivering on her bare behind.

She continued, maintaining the same dominating tone of voice as she further chastised, "I thought so! Drinking and touching yourself and staying out late at night, not to mention driving under the influence! You've been a very, very naughty girl and you're going to get even more spanking if you keep this up! You're lucky I'm letting you off tonight because you're tired and probably are in great need of a bath and a good night's sleep! Are you going to behave for me while I clean you up, young lady?"

Nodding emphatically, the girl continued to sob and pant in Matilda's lap. Matilda gently lifted her charge up and laid her head against her shoulder, standing up and supporting her underneath her bottom as she did so.

"Now then, let's get you cleaned up shall we?"

Gently carrying her over to the bathtub she deposited her inside, turning the water on and tugging off the young woman's shirt, the last of the clothing that she had been wearing.

"Now, what should we call you?" Matilda mused to herself out loud, as she turned on the warm water and adjusted the girl's body into a rough sitting position, pouring some shampoo into the water as it began to rise up around the her legs.

"Hmm... I think Annie would suit you quite nicely, don't you think so dear?"

Annie's eyes fluttered in response, and she groaned softly, her brow furrowing in a contorted, pained expression.

A second trickle sounded in the air, and Matilda quickly realized that her blacked out charge was now adding her own urine to the bathwater.

"Goodness me! It's a good thing we got you in the bath before you soiled yourself! We're going to have to do something about that if you're going to be sleeping on my bed sheets! Now, I should still have the nursery set up."

Turning off the faucets she drained the bath before turning on the hot water once more. Retrieving a large rag she dipped it into the steaming water and started to gently wash the girl's body, holding her various limbs and taking great care that her washing felt soft and gentle.

The bear began to hum a tune under her breath as she worked away, speaking softly and cooing over Annie as she washed the make-up from her face and dabbed at her sensitive bits, ensuring that she was clean from top to bottom.

"That should do it, all squeaky clean! Let's get you dried then."

She turned off the water and pulled the plug, letting the bathwater and soap suds swirl away as she picked Annie up and out of the tub, laying her down on a towel she had spread on the bathroom floor.

Annie could barely comprehend what was happening to her as Matilda ruffled her short, tomboyish hair in a towel and wrapped her up in the one she was laying on.

Satisfied that she was dry, the bear scooped her up still wrapped in the towel and carried her out of the bathroom. Walking down the hallway she took a left before she entered a room that Annie thought must have been a figment of her imagination.

It looked like a regular nursery, except every piece of furniture, toys, and even the diapers beneath the changing table seemed to be oversized.

Annie blinked twice, her vision still blurry, and a singular thought bubbled up to the surface of her drunken mind, "I crashed my car, hit my head, and now I'm seeing things..."

Chapter II.

Annie stopped her struggling as they entered the nursery, feeling mystified she watched as if she was looking out of the eyes of somebody else's body while she and the bear moved towards the changing table.

A singular strap was laid across the middle of the table, which Matilda pulled out of the way as she gently laid her charge down on the table.

She unwrapped the towel, exposing her naked body to the crisp, cool air of the nursery. Instinctively Annie shivered, moving her limbs lethargically as if to cover herself. Matilda, of course, would have none of that.

"Now now dearie, don't wiggle, I need to get you in a diaper before bed time so you don't wake up with wet bed sheets and plushies! Don't worry little one we'll get you all safe and snugly soon enough."

Her tone was as sweet as honey, and Annie found it difficult to resist the alluring comfort that the anthropomorphic bear's presence seemed to radiate.

Unable to control herself, she managed to coo out a few weak, soft sounds.

"Don't... need... diapers... big girl... use potty..."

The bear clucked her tongue in disagreement, shaking her head and smiling warmly as she placed a heavy, warm paw on top of her charge's stomach while she bent down to retrieve something from underneath the changing table.

"I'm sure one day you'll be able to use the potty like a big girl and make Mommy Matilda very, very proud. But for now we're going to put you back in crinkles until we know that you won't leave little princess piddles in your crib, okay sweetie?"

The infantilizing words and phrases washed over Annie, covering her like fairy dust and intoxicating her further in her drunken, exhausted state.

"But... Not tired... Wanna... Play..."

Matilda beamed, her eyes sparkling as a thought bubbled up in her mind, *She seems to be regressing right before my very eyes! Oh, this will be an excellent opportunity to help her reform in her ways! A little babying here and there should get her right back to being a sweet little girl. I'm sure her parents will be very grateful when they get their little girl back, all smiles with bows in her hair!*

Reaching underneath the changing table once more, Matilda pulled out a pink pacifier with several sparkling stars decorated across the shield.

As Annie lazily slurred out the word “play”, the bear took the opportunity and popped the pacifier into her charge’s open mouth.

“That’s enough big girl words for today, only babbling until bedtime. That pacifier should keep you feeling nice and comfortable while momma bear gets your butt into a big, soft diaper.”

Her generous bosom wobbling slightly as she worked Matilda grasped both of her little girl’s ankles and lifted up her naked bottom, which glistened from the fresh bath and cleaning she had received.

Unfolding a large, pink, fluffy looking diaper she laid the bottom portion on the changing table and gently lowered Annie’s butt onto the absorbent padding.

Grabbing the diaper rash cream she gently and methodically applied some to her paw and ran the cream between Annie’s cheeks and rubbed it into the skin, making sure to cover her entire behind and crotch area in the substance.

Annie could do little but suckle on the pacifier and observe what was happening to her in her drowsy state. The cream made a distinct tingling sensation wherever it touched her skin, making her feel both numb and warm in the areas she was covered in.

Seemingly satisfied with her work Matilda capped the tube of cream and reached for the bottle of baby powder, which she began to generously sprinkle on top of Annie’s bottom and diaper front.

She too rubbed some of the powder into her charge’s skin before grabbing a baby wipe and wiping the powder and cream off of her paws.

“Almost done dearest, now that I’ve given you your diaper rash cream and baby powder all we have to do is bring up the front, tape you up, and then we’ll have a nicely diapered baby on our hands.”

Following her own instructions she raised the front of the diaper over the young woman’s crotch and brought together the bottom tapes on the diaper, pulling the flaps over snugly to the front of the diaper and securing the tapes symmetrically on top of the babyish printed landing zone which had, “Pretty Princess Puddle Piddler” written in calligraphic writing.

Annie, of course, was ignorant of this little detail which Matilda always found absolutely adorable, and was only aware of the fact that her bottom now rested on top of an incredibly soft pillow, and her waist was snugly secured in what felt like a blanket between her legs.

"There we go, all nice and snugly in your little accident pants. Now let's get something for you to feel all nice and snugly to sleep in!"

Reaching down from underneath the changing table, Matilda brought into view a thick, flannel sleeper with built in mittens and booties at each of the sleeve ends.

Colored a soft pink with small patterns of purple bows and stars on it, it looked fit for the most oversized toddler that could possibly exist, which conveniently was laying right in front of her, already padded up in her new diapers.

Annie cooed into her pacifier, her eyelids fluttering as she seemed to barely be interpreting what was going on around her.

"This should keep you nice and cozy while you go ni ni, little one. Be a good girl now and don't wiggle!"

Matilda then proceeded to gently guide the various lethargic and floppy limbs of her subject into the sleeves of the sleeper. She finished by gently pushing her charge by the small of her back into a sitting position.

The mother bear then pulled up the zipper up her back, and with a small clicking noise locked the zipper into place into a small nook in the sleeper's collar.

Annie, whose fingers were now balled into awkward fists inside of the mittened sleeper, tried to ungrasp her hands from their position, but found that she was unable to do little except squirm.

"I dun... wan mittens..."

She mumbled into her pacifier, but Matilda responded promptly with a soft coo.

"Now now little one, Mommy doesn't want her little baby to do anything she's not supposed to while she's supposed to be laying her little head down for a good night's sleep. Not to mention after your little adventures tonight I don't think you can be trusted to be responsible for your own hands for a little bit, don't you think?"

Although her mind was still a little hazy, when reminded of her evening's previous activities Annie's cheeks grew red and instinctively she suckled faster on her pacifier.

Feeling quite satisfied that her baby was already seeming to be experiencing remorse for her behavior, the bear patted her charge on the front of her diaper through the sleeper and gently rubbed her tummy, whispering.

"It's okay, sweetie pie, Matilda forgives you. You just have to promise to be a good girl from now on!"

"Goo'... giwl..."

Came the muffled response, which was almost interrupted by a wide yawn from Annie who was now struggling to keep her eyes open.

"Time to lay down, sweet pea, we just need to pick you a stuffie to cuddle with before you go to bed! Let's take a look in the toy chest, shall we?"

Lifting Annie by under the armpits and placing a large, protective bear paw underneath her freshly diapered bottom, Matilda took extra care to gently carry her over to the large, white painted toy chest that sat next to the crib.

Opening it up with one paw, the bear shifted Annie until she was able to blearily look at the rich amount of stuffed animals that were crammed into the toy chest.

They ranged from all sizes to all species, Annie could barely comprehend let alone remember all the names of the animals.

The notion of remembering the names of so many creatures seemed like a daunting prospective, something very hard and something that she felt like she still needed to learn.

She felt slightly confused by these feelings, but the exhaustion that was slowly overpowering her caused her to cease pondering and point towards a large hyena with a pink tongue coming out of her muzzle.

"Dah-won..."

Matilda beamed, and planted a small kiss on top of Annie's head as she whispered sweetly.

"And a fine choice that is too, I'm sure Mrs. Hyena would love to spend time cuddling you while you go ni ni."

Gently she reached down to extract the hyena plushie, which was stuck between a brown bunny with curly brown hair and familiar looking wusky plushie that then flopped down against each other to fill the space originally filled by the hyena.

She offered the stuffed animal to her charge, who reflexively opened her arms and accepted it into a sleepy embrace.

"Now then, that's settled. How about a fresh bottle of warm milk before bedtime, hmm? We need to get some water and electrolytes into you after all those nasty adult drinks you were putting into yourself!"

Annie bobbed her head down once, both in agreement and in unintentional demonstration of her sleepiness.

Still clutching the hyena plushie in her mittened arms, she allowed herself to be carried over to a cushioned rocking chair, by which an oversized baby bottle filled with formula was already waiting.

Settling down comfortably into the chair, Matilda removed the pacifier from Annie's lips and promptly teased the nipple of the bottle into her mouth.

"You must be thirsty, be a good baby girl and drink up for Mommy now."

Needing little encouragement, she set to suckling the bottle like it was something she had been doing every day all her life. She found that Matilda was absolutely correct, and she was completely famished from her night's binge drinking.

The warm liquid eased her stomach, the warmth felt like it was radiating from her insides into her sleeper and back against her skin.

She would have fallen asleep had she not been so thirsty, and soon enough the large bottle was drained.

"Poor thing, you must have really been hungry! Hopefully your tummy won't be too upset from how quickly you were drinking from your baba! Here, let Mommy help you."

With that, Matilda caught Annie by slight surprise as she lifted her up and against her shoulder, before beginning to pat her back firmly.

Before she fully knew what was happening, a large belch escaped her lips. She opened her eyes at the shock of it, not expecting to have reacted so quickly and helplessly to Matilda's gentle patting.

"There's a good little girl, now your tummy should feel all better now."

Nestling her in her arms, Matilda stood up once more and padded over to the crib, softly humming underneath her breath as she popped the pacifier once more into Annie's mouth.

"Time to lay down, Mrs. Hyena wants the baby to get lots of sleep, so make sure to snuggle her extra tight!"

Lowering the bars of the crib she pulled back the heavy blue blanket that was resting inside, and deposited Annie bottom first onto the mattress of the crib.

She sank in a good few inches, feeling as if she had practically melted into the cushioned mattress.

Before she could protest or move the heavy blanket had been laid over her, and she found that her movements seemed to be restricted by both her sleeper and the blanket pulled over her.

That, and her level of exhaustion and comfort caused her to put little motivation in resisting. The warm milk combined with the softness of her surroundings made it an effort to stay awake, let alone move around.

"There we go, nice and snuggled in her little baby crib. I'll see you tomorrow, little one. Be good for me in your dreams!"

Leaning down, Matilda deposited a warm kiss onto Annie's cheek, causing her eyes to close shut for the final time that evening.

A large sigh escaped her lips and was muffled into her pacifier as she finally could no longer resist the lure of sleep.

Matilda smiled to herself, *Looks like she can be a sweet little girl with a little prodding after all, she'll be a piece of cake to reform. She just needed a little bit of a nudge in the right direction.*

Softly as not to wake her up, she padded over to the door and flicked off the lights. Taking one last doting look at the now peacefully sleeping, oversized baby she slowly shut the door to the nursery with a click.

The room was then filled only with the illumination of a night light shaped like a crescent moon, and the soft sounds of breathes muffled by a pacifier.

Chapter III.

Annie stirred softly. A dull, continuous pain throbbed in her head as the light that was streaming onto her closed eyelids caused her to cringe. It forced her eyes to scrunch up, and she turned her head from side to side, trying to escape the light.

“Djusht... five... mowe minutesh...”

She mumbled, taking a second to realize that her voice did not sound like she expected it to.

At last, she opened her eyes. Wooden bars met her vision.

Once more she frowned, feeling as if something was not quite right. Her mind felt foggy, as if there were a shroud of a soft numbing veil present in every thought she had.

She shifted, noticing that her diaper was thoroughly soaked. She felt the soggy interior of the diaper brush against her naked skin, feeling soft and warm.

Was it her wet diaper that was bothering her? No, she thought to herself, waking up in a soggy diaper was not something abnormal for her.

Or was it?

She hugged the hyena plushie that was still in her arms, feeling a surprising amount of comfort from its presence as she wiggled a little bit, the feeling of the clammy diaper around her waist causing her a slight feeling of discomfort.

Before she knew it, she began to sniffle. At first she thought to herself that it really wasn't that cold in the room, but before she knew it her vision became cloudy with tears as well.

Something inside her told her that she normally would not react like this, but at the same time she found herself unable to stop.

She began to cry quietly, her sobs muffled by the pacifier still firmly lodged between her lips which she suckled on for comfort.

Heavy but softened footsteps came from outside of her nursery, and quietly the door to her room opened.

Matilda stepped inside the room, wearing the same maternal outfit as the previous evening, except this time a few stains had appeared on the front of her apron.

"Oh honey, did we wake up wet this morning? I should have come in and woken you up earlier before your soggies turned cold and uncomfortable. Come on baby, let's get you into a nice, dry diaper."

She padded forward, the large mother bear practically filling Annie's entire vision as the bear stood up on her tippy toes to unfastened the bars of the crib, which Annie had not yet realized reached up all the way to the ceiling of the nursery.

Lowering the bars, Annie allowed herself to be scooped up from the little nestled nook that she had made in the soft mattress.

Matilda placed the oversized girl against herself, supporting her underneath her wet diaper, which squelched softly from inside of the sleeper, causing Annie to feel even more just how thoroughly she had soaked it.

"And we can't forget Mrs Hyena, can we now? I bet she was such a good little sleeping buddy for my baby last night."

She grabbed the stuffed animal with her free hand, offering it to Annie who found herself unable to resist grabbing the hyena and hugging her close.

"There's my good little baby."

The bear walked over to the changing table, where she set the girl on stomach and patted her bottom through the sleeper, clucking her tongue as she worked on unzipping the sleeper.

"You really did a number on this one, little one. I'm definitely going to have to keep you in thicker diapers if you're going to soak them this much!"

Soon enough, Annie found herself stark naked on the changing table except for the soggy diaper around her waist. The bear gently turned her over onto her back, and brought a strap up over her stomach, snuggly securing her on top of the plastic topped changing table.

"Let's take a look at what little surprises my baby left in her diaper for me, shall we?"

Deftly she pulled off the tapes of the diaper one by one, unfolding the front of the diaper and taking a look at the insides.

"Yep, that's one soggy baby!"

Matilda continued to narrate her affections and care, unbeknownst to Annie as being part of the hypnotic spell her large, furry caretaker was weaving over her mind.

The previous evening, Matilda had made her decision. She was going to keep Annie as her charge until she had completely and utterly regressed her, to the point where she didn't need to weave her motherly magic and she remained a good little baby girl perfectly rehabilitated.

After all, the bear thought to herself, what better way to get rid of her bad habits than to get rid of all of her habits completely!

Annie found herself struggling to form a cohesive thought. Something inside of her told her something was wrong, but it was hard to figure out why.

After all, the soft, inviting smile of the hyena plushie she hugged tightly in her arms as she allowed the bear to wipe her diaper area with warm, moist wipes seemed to feel pretty pleasant.

She giggled into her pacifier as she felt the baby powder tickling her thighs, Matilda smiling in response and commenting on just how bubbly her little girl was that morning.

Annie gurgled and cooed into her pacifier in response, wiggling happily as she felt her caretaker bring up the sides of the fresh diaper after the old one was slid out from under her.

She welcomed the dry, soft feeling of the new diaper against her skin, feeling oddly relieved from the changing.

"There we go, all better now. I wonder just how long the baby's going to stay a dry girl, huh baby?"

The bear leaned forward over her charge, Annie's vision becoming filled with the beaming expression Matilda wore on her face.

The bear deposited a gentle kiss on Annie's cheek, washing away any negative feelings or thoughts that might have been creeping into her head.

She laughed, a pure, unsullied laugh and grabbed at Matilda's soft looking ears, a sudden urge to chew and drool all over them coming over her.

"Looks like my little girl wants to play! That can certainly be arranged, but first, I think it's time we got something yummy into your tummy. What do you think, sweet thing?"

Not bothering to dress her in anything else than the thick diaper now hugging Annie's waist, Matilda picked her up once again, and padded over to the kitchen.

Upon entering, Annie saw a white, soft looking highchair. She was too distracted from hugging Mrs. Hyena to wonder just where Matilda had acquired such a piece of furniture since the previous evening.

Chapter IV.

Matilda, still holding onto Annie with one arm, unslid the tray from the highchair as Annie while suckled on the pacifier still resting against her tongue and lips.

“Alright, time to get something yummy into my little girl’s tummy!”

Matilda’s speech came out as a rhythmic chant, but her charge barely noticed. Annie found herself occasionally struggling to fully understanding what the bear was telling her, but this wasn’t upsetting her as much as she had expected.

She seemed to understand that what Matilda was telling her wasn’t something she should worry too much about, and didn’t protest when she found herself being plopped down onto her diapered bottom.

The tray was slid back, locking into place with a small click, and Annie placed her hands on top of it, looking expectantly at her caretaker as she suckled on her pacifier.

“Now you sit tight honey while I make you some breakfast.”

Pans clattered and the stove burst into a lively flame as Annie watched the bear work her magic, cracking eggs and pouring milk into measuring cups while she tossed fruit in a bowl, washing a menagerie of strawberries, raspberries, and blueberries underneath the faucet.

Swinging her hips to the tune she hummed under her breath, Matilda worked efficiently as she poured orange juice into a sippy cup, using the other hand to flip the golden colored flapjacks she had seemingly put together out of nothing.

Annie watched in awe of Matilda’s comfort in the kitchen, she salivated instinctively and her drool began to gather behind the guard of the pacifier in her mouth, a thin strand of it dropping down onto her naked breasts.

Matilda glanced over at her baby, smiling sweetly as she noted that she seemed transfixed by everything she was doing. She had her guest exactly where she wanted her.

“Oh dear, looks like somebody’s a little bit more hungry than I anticipated! Let’s get you in a bib so you don’t make so much of a mess.”

Turning the flame down to low, she glided back over to the high chair, withdrawing from her front apron pocket a large, pink baby bib.

The phrase, "Mommy's Little Dribbler" was embroidered on the front, but Annie once again remained blissfully unaware of this additional tool designed to further regress her.

Reaching around the back of Annie's neck, Matilda fastened the bib around her neck and leaned back, her face beaming with pride as she admired just how adorable her little charge looked.

"I think we're just about ready to eat! What do you say, little one? Time to put that diaper to good use!"

Turning back around, Matilda quickly arranged the pancakes onto a plate, generously adding powdered sugar, syrup, and the mixed berries to the delicious looking spread.

She brought the plate over to Annie, gently moving her hands out of the way and placing the plate on top of her tray.

"Alright sweetie, let's get that pacifier out of your mouth now."

Her head following the tugging motion of Matilda gently tugging the pacifier out, Annie found herself being spoon fed small bits and pieces of pancake and sugary berries.

With each passing bite of the delicious meal, she felt a small pressure in her stomach growing more and more pressing.

As Matilda continued to feed her the pieces of the pancake, adding bits and phrases of encouragement as Annie usually succeeded in getting most of the pancake in her mouth, Annie's mind became more and more hazy.

A few coherent thoughts managed to manifest themselves, like how delicious the syrup coated pancakes tasted, and how friendly and soft her caretaker looked.

She allowed Matilda to dab at her mouth with a wet cloth, wiping off the sticky syrup that still managed to be spread all over her front and the bottom half of her face.

"What a good little baby, you ate all of your pancakes! Good girl!"

Matilda caressed Annie's cheek, causing Annie to revel in the soft, delicate feeling of the bear's fur.

"Now sit tight honey, Mommy's going to clean up the kitchen and water the garden flowers."

Pacifier once more placed in her mouth, Annie kicked her legs gently her diaper crinkling softly while she watched Matilda bustle around the kitchen once more, the pans and bowls seemingly washing themselves as she dried her hands on hand towel.

She watched the bear pad to the backdoor, which she hadn't noticed led from the kitchen into what Annie presumed to be the garden, the only portion of which she could see out of the kitchen windows.

With a straw hat now adorning her head, Matilda stepped through the door and out of the kitchen, leaving her baby still strapped into the highchair.

After a few minutes of contentedly suckling on her pacifier, the pressure in her stomach returned with a greater urgency and she groaned in spite of herself.

Something in the back of her head made her feel slightly panicked, as if she shouldn't be pooping herself sitting in the high chair.

She looked down, looking at the large diaper she was still sitting in. She couldn't quite understand why she shouldn't be messing herself, seeing how Mommy kept her in diapers.

As another wave of cramps hit her, her indecisiveness soon reached closure. With a grunt, Annie leaned forward as her face flushed with red from the effort.

With one last wave of cramps, she found herself uncontrollably messing herself straight into the seat of her diapers, the mess spreading out into the front and back of the diaper as her weight redistributed it.

A soft hissing noise filled the air as she continued to push and breath heavily, feeling the warmth of the flood slowly forming in the front of her padding radiating against her thighs and bottom.

She panted, leaning back once more and sitting fully into the seat of her messy diaper, feeling relieved now that the abdominal pressure had subsided.

She shifted around, listening to the crinkling of her diaper as the smell of her mess arrived at her nostrils, causing her to contort her face and sniffle softly.

Before she could even think about stopping herself, she cried out. Her voice wavered as it came out slightly muffled from the pacifier in her mouth as she continued to sob, her dissatisfaction with the soiled state of her pants bothering her more than she could handle.

Almost instantly the door to the kitchen opened, and Matilda was soon unstrapping her from the highchair, speaking comforting words and phrases as she deposited a small kiss on her baby's forehead.

"Now now honey, it's okay. We just need to get you into a nice, clean diaper and you'll feel all better!"

She hoisted Annie once more against her, supporting her from her messy bottom and patting it gently.

The party of two went back into the nursery, where Annie found herself in the all too familiar feeling position of lying on her back, legs in the air and her dirty diaper on display, ready to be changed into a fresh one.

The cool air caressed her skin along with the soft, moist wipes that Matilda seemed to have an endless supply of, and she couldn't help but gurgle contentedly into her pacifier, feeling relieved that her bottom was being taken care of.

"Awww, what a precious thing! Little Annie likes having her diaper changed, hmm? I bet it feels so much better after being stuck in all that muck in your highchair."

Annie gurgled in agreement, her pacifier falling from her lips and onto the side of the changing table.

Before she knew it, her right thumb had found its way into her mouth, and she was suckling contentedly on it, her hand soon becoming covered in saliva as Matilda clucked her tongue in disapproval.

"Now now little one, good little girls suckle on their pacifiers and not their thumbs. You wouldn't want to be a naughty baby now, would you sweetie?"

After generously powdering her bottom, taking her time in ensuring that it was spread to every nook and cranny, she pulled up the front of the pink diaper and snugly fastened the tapes, rubbing Annie's tummy with a large, heavy paw as she tenderly replaced the pacifier back between her lips.

"Let's lay you down for a nap now, dearest."

Annie protested, she whined through her pacifier but was promptly ignored by the bear. She wanted to play, she realized, she didn't even feel tired at all.

Her complaints were quickly shushed by Matilda, as the bars to the crib were being lowered and she found herself being presented Mrs. Hyena, which the bear had pulled seemingly out of thin air.

“There we go, lay down now sweetie and cuddle Mrs. Hyena for nap time. Then I’ll let you play a little bit before lunch time.”

She raised the bars, and Annie found herself once more sinking into the ridiculously soft mattress.

A wave of fatigue suddenly washed over her, something suggested to Matilda that taking a nap seemed to be much more reasonable than she had initially decided.

Matilda watched her magic work like a charm, as her baby lay her head down on the mattress of the large crib, her stuffed animal hugged tightly in her embrace while she closed her eyes and fell sound asleep, her pacifier moving in and out slightly as she suckled on it.

What a good little baby I have.

She exited the nursery, taking great care to shut the door as gently as she could, as to not wake her little Annie.

Chapter V.

It had been a few weeks now since the initial arrival at Matilda's doorstep. If anybody were there to witness what she looked like now as compared to back then, they would have said they were two completely different people.

Annie had now acquired a fair amount of baby fat. She hadn't gotten to the point of chubby or pudgy, but she certainly appeared a little bit more well-rounded than the scrawny, bony girl that had been caught blacked out on the road so long ago.

Matilda had spared no expense in ensuring that her little girl received very yummy things for her meals, indulging her with sweets and baked goods that Matilda made for her every day.

The only time when it didn't seem like Annie was sampling her motherly bear's baking was when she was told to spread out the crumbly cookies and treats in the back garden, where the two would watch the birds, rabbits, squirrels, and other forest creatures hop up and nibble on the treats.

In addition to her change in physical appearance, her demeanor was now nothing like the punk, rebellious, and toxic personality of her former self.

She cooed with delight at anything sparkly or colorful, getting excited and happy when she saw her favorite mother bear in the world, Matilda.

Annie had gotten to the point where not only did she use her diapers, she needed them desperately as she would often be found tinkling softly into the front of her diapers, wetting almost within minutes of having been changed into soft, fresh ones.

In addition to having absolutely no bladder control, she had also developed a habit of leaving 'little stinky presents' as Matilda affectionately referred to them in the seat of her diapers several times a day.

There was no trace of potty training or nastiness left in the girl, Matilda was incredibly proud that her little magically hypnotized subject had been successfully rehabilitated.

Annie was a sweet, adorable oversized toddler whose interests no longer seemed to be around getting trashed and sleeping with strangers. She was more interested in making sure all of her stuffed animals received their good night kisses, that she eats up all of the yummy food Matilda made as she was fed in her highchair, and that she makes sure to be a good little girl and listen to all the things her caretaker told her.

"Today's your big day sweetie pie!"

Matilda exclaimed as she finished wiping her charge's bottom, and unfolded a fresh pink diaper underneath her.

"We're going to take you back to your Mommy and Daddy!"

Annie giggled and cooed, kicking her legs gently in excitement as she suckled energetically on her binky, a teddy bear held firmly underneath one of her arms.

"We're going to have to put you in your Sunday best now dearest! We have got to make sure your Mommy and Daddy know just how much of a well-behaved little girl you are now, no?"

"Yuh-huh!"

Annie agreed with Matilda cheerfully, the pacifier in her mouth causing her speech to come out with a slight lisp as she beamed up at her motherly bear, excited to have an opportunity to get out of the house for the first time since she had arrived.

Matilda had already begun gently guiding her charge's arms through the pink ruffled sleeves, the dress she had picked out was almost entirely pink with little white highlights in addition to ankle socks, and Mary Jane shoes.

Her bottom still crinkling clearly even through the dress, she kicked her legs happily as she sat on the edge of the changing table, a small wet spot already forming on the front of her diapers unbeknownst to her as she patiently sat while Matilda ran a comb through her hair.

"You're going to be the prettiest little girl on your block, I'm willing to bet! And the most well behaved, of course!"

At the last comment, she tickled Annie underneath the chin with her paw affectionately, eliciting a fit of girlish giggles from her charge.

Seemingly satisfied with her appearance, Matilda slipped a paw pad underneath the front of the girl's diaper, checking the level of dampness.

"Looks like you're only a little wet, your diaper can probably hold a little bit more before you'll have to be changed. I'll just change you at your Mommy and Daddy's house! Won't they be proud of their little girl using her diapers like a good baby!"

Annie clapped her hands together in excitement, the idea of her seeing her parents again making her feel ecstatic.

Matilda gently guided the girl back onto her feet, who stood obediently by the changing table, nuk-nuking on her pacifier as Matilda walked over to her crib, gently picking up Mrs. Hyena and bringing her over to the girl.

"We can't forget Mrs. Hyena now can we? We need her to make sure that little girls like you get a full night's sleep!"

Annie accepted the stuffed animal with open arms, hugging the beloved stuffie close to her breast, leaving the teddy bear resting atop the changing table.

Matilda extended a large paw, and Annie accepted it as Matilda guided her out of the nursery, a large diaper bag she had packed the previous evening full of goodies, diapers, and clothes for her charge the previous evening slung over her shoulder.

The two exited Matilda's abode a few minutes later, and began on their walk through the forest towards the local town.

It had rained the previous evening, the forest air filled Matilda's and Annie's lungs with a fresh scent, causing Annie to skip happily next to her bear spirit caretaker as she continued to hold onto her hand, feeling happy and carefree in Matilda's care.

A few minutes later the sidewalk to the town began, and Matilda took Annie's wallet she found on her so many weeks ago and checked the address on her ID.

Suddenly Annie squealed with excitement, jumping up and down and pointing at a comfortable looking blue house down the road.

"Dats my house! Dats my house!"

Her exclamations of excitement and giddiness caused Matilda to beam, who nodded sagely and patted her little girl on the head.

"Very good Annie! You remember what your house looks like! I'm sure Mommy and Daddy will be so happy to see you!"

The two approached the house, Annie practically vibrating with excitement as Matilda extended a clawed forepaw, gently pushing the doorbell button.

The door opened revealing a middle aged man and woman. Annie's mother and father's jaws dropped simultaneously.

Standing in front of her was their daughter, who they had thought was missing for weeks on end, dress in a girly pink dress, Mary Jane shoes, holding a large stuffed animal, and sporting a now slightly sagging, wet diaper.

"Mommy! Daddy!"

She exclaimed with happiness, and ran forward to hug them both. Still feeling shaken the two reciprocated, her mother practically sobbing with relief that she had come home.

Her father looked up to see if anyone had accompanied their little one, but Matilda was gone without a trace.

The only thing left was the large diaper bag filled with all the goodies she had packed.

Her father gently removed himself from the group hug, letting Annie give all her physical attention to his wife.

He stepped forward, and opened the front pocket of the large duffle bag. Inside of it was a note which read.

Annie is home.

With love,

Matilda.