

## Rescued

Jason said goodbye to his co-workers, trying to make eye contact with a slight smile, and left the office for the evening. He knew in his heart that if he didn't say goodbye first, they wouldn't on their way out. Even if it was a little one-sided, Jason was eager to maintain at least a friendly working relationship.

Moving to the city was hard for him, leaving everything and everyone he knew behind, but it was a decision he made for his career, and one he didn't regret. It would just take time, he repeatedly told himself. Time, and a little effort.

On his way out the door, he sent a message to one of his friends back home, and hoped he'd get a response tonight, so they could have a chat, but he knew his friends were often busy and didn't expect much as a result. He tried not to dwell on the thought, but dinner, video games, and bed before work *again* was starting to get depressing for Jason.

As he made his way to the bus stop, he spotted something odd around the corner. Beside a large dumpster, a teddy bear's head was looking right back at him. Jason felt a pang of sorrow for the discarded bear, and despite how gross it felt, he slowly stepped into the alley to get a closer look.

The bear was neck deep in a trash bag, with nothing but its inanimate, exposed head 'pleading' to be set free. With a sheepish glance over his shoulder, Jason tugged the bag open carefully, not wanting to accidentally reveal anyone else's filth, but was relieved to find nothing but old rags or clothes with the bear.

The bear was dirty and discoloured, but nothing that smelled off or disgusting. Nothing a soaping couldn't fix really.

Jason pulled the bear out, holding him aloft. It was tan furred, and a lot bigger than most bears he knew of; as Jason held it almost face to face, its legs dangled nearly as low as his waist. He knew in that moment he was going to bring it home with him.

He didn't know why he was doing this exactly, but the bear was so alluring. He already owned three others at home, relics of his childhood that he couldn't part with nor leave behind before the move. This one would fit in well, and maybe it was the weeks of loneliness in the city speaking for him, but a part of him was comforted at the thought.

Jason was so comforted by the idea, that he felt no paranoia or shame at carrying the dirty bear with him on his commute. He felt so relaxed in its presence, and that carried him right home. Before thinking about his own dinner, despite his hunger, he gave the bear a scrub in the kitchen sink, and rinsed the grey water away. He was clearly in need of this wash, and his tan fur freshened up.

Jason opened the small living room windows, and left the bear sitting on a tea towel to dry off in the breeze while he made and ate his own food. It was a modest ground floor apartment, and while he felt lucky to live alone, nights here by himself really hammered home the lack of friends he had made.

As he brought his plate back to the sink to clean up, Jason let out an uncontrollable yawn. His legs felt tired, and he set it all down with suddenly no interest in cleaning tonight. He wanted to sit down and play games, but his eye lids were starting to feel heavy. It was weird for him to be so sleepy so soon, but he went and brushed his teeth and readied himself for bed anyway. Worst case, he figured, he'd stay up and read in his pyjamas.

The new bear was still wet, so he left him sitting where he was. He smiled to himself dorkily as he thought about the new bear meeting his existing childhood collection; his blue kitten, square featured bear, and the bigger red bear he used to cuddle at night. They mostly just sat in his room these days, as a relic of his younger days.

It wasn't yet 9pm, three whole hours before Jason normally slept, that he lay down on his bed and fell asleep.

Jason stirred in his sleep, awake, but so tired he was barely able to open his eyes. He rubbed his face, and tried to check what time it was, and for how long more he could sleep before getting up for work. As he opened his eyes, he saw something glowing at the end of the bear. Two little purple lights, like LEDs, but together and floating against the black. His eyesight adjusted to the dark, and his comprehension in his half-asleep state came back- it was the tan bear, standing all by itself. *Alive*.

Jason jumped, adrenaline coursing through his body now. He tried to sit up but his body felt weighted, restricted, and his arms felt a different texture in his bed; fuzzy and soft. He wasn't alone, and realised his wrists were spread to either side, and each held in place by one of his old soft toys; square bear to his right, and blue kitten to his left. Their eyes were glowing too, and watching.

Jason thrashed his legs, but couldn't move either arm, with inexplicable force pressing down from each plush toy. What the hell was happening!?! The tan bear walked towards him, and starting to freak out, Jason tried to kick it away, but instead, the bear's eyes grew brighter, and purple light ensnared both of Jason's ankles, stretching his legs out and holding him still.

Completely helpless, Jason started to panic. He had no idea what the bear wanted, as it stood between his thighs, and pulled Jason's underwear apart like it was as soft as toilet paper. Jason buried his eyes closed. This wasn't possible, it couldn't be real. He knew he was having a nightmare, and surely realising that would mean waking up.

But Jason didn't wake up, and as red bear, the last of his soft toys, joined the bed and unfamiliar noises appeared, he opened his eyes again, petrified as his genitals sat at the mercy of the toys. The noises he heard were... baby accessories? The red bear was holding a large bottle of talcum powder, and the tan bear now had a large diaper in his clutches.

Dumbfounded yet terrified, Jason started to yell. He feared he was going crazy as the diaper unfolded, and he realised what was happening to him as his butt raised involuntarily with the diaper sliding underneath. He continued to shout, trying to plead with the silent plushies, trying to writhe, to escape, but nothing was changing his circumstances save for a huge, illuminated, baby bottle floating towards his face.

Jason tried to avoid it, but his head couldn't go far, and the impending nipple penetrated his lips. He tried to scream, but the silicone expanded, growing fat in his mouth, and held mysteriously in such a way that he couldn't get rid of it no matter how he tried. The nipple then pulsated, and liquid flowed through, leaving Jason with no time to panic, and he started swallowing to avoid choking. It was a sweet tasting milk at least, but it didn't distract him from what was going on down below.

The red bear was standing at his waist, dunking baby powder over his crotch and between his legs. Jason had never felt so powerless in his entire life as he was when his legs were lifted by the purple force. His butt exposed and whitened, the red bear stepped back, and the tan bear lifted the front of the diaper up over its shoulders. Jason had never seen anything like it, so large and white, and it closed down over his genitals slowly. All he could do was continue to swallow the milk as the diaper was taped shut, tab by tab, around his waist.

As he finished the bottle, Jason had ceased struggling, mesmerised and defeated by the power of the tan bear. His eyes grew heavy again as the last dribbles of milk dripped onto his tongue. The bottle was removed, and the mysterious force holding Jason was relaxed. The blue kitten toy crawled over the boy's arm and nestled under his armpit, cuddling him. Jason's eyes closed, and with no time to dwell in the aftermath of what had happened, he blacked out yet again.

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Jason woke up sharply. His mind lingered within the nightmare he'd suffered, but he soon relaxed in bed. It was daylight, and he could hear birds chirping, and the sounds of light traffic outside. Nothing was stirring in his room. *What a messed up dream*, he thought. Blue kitten was under his arm, which he pushed away nervously, feeling stupid for being afraid of the lifeless soft toy, but his nightmare had left a mark on him for now. He didn't normally sleep with a stuffed animal; it must have been a hell of a nightmare if he cuddled it during the night.

He was still so tired as he slowly turned to his alarm clock, and saw he was supposed to be in work half an hour ago. *Shit!*

Jason tried to throw himself out of bed in a hurry, but managed little more than flipping the duvet onto the floor. His arms and legs were so lethargic, and then he saw it, the enormous diaper he was wearing. He started to hyperventilate. This couldn't be real, but he was sure it wasn't a nightmare anymore, no matter how much he hoped so.

The blue kitten stood up beside him on the mattress, and gazed at him blankly. Its expression never changed; its eyes simply shone brightly again. Jason tried to scream, but nothing escaped his throat. Unable to sit up easily, he rolled himself right off of the bed, avoiding whacking his head on the bedside table.

He hit the floor sturdily, but with a thump on his hands and knees. Unable to find the strength to stand, he tried to crawl as fast as he could. Luckily his bedroom door was open and he crossed the threshold, desperately looking back to see the blue kitten drop onto the wooden floor behind him.

He was so scared, and knew he needed to get out of his apartment. He never once worried about what he'd say to the people who found him, crawling and wearing nothing but a diaper.

As he crossed into the living room of his apartment, he saw the rest of the plush toys waiting for him. He stopped in his tracks, unable to get past them in this state, and instead, turned as fast as he could, and tried to get to the bathroom. He could shut himself in and work something out, he prayed.

Instead, his knees and ankles got even heavier. His wrists weakened. He couldn't crawl anymore, and sank down to his diaper. As he sat back on it, exhausted and unable to carry his own body, he discovered the diaper was very wet, and the warm wetness pressed against his butt. He was grossed out, and had no memory of pissing himself, not that it should have even surprised him now.

Breathing deeply from the effort of carrying his heavy body, he sat on the floor as the bears strode forward, all with little blank faces lit up with purple eyes. He feared for what was happening next. Probably another diaper, but he couldn't apply any logic to the weird goals of the toys. Whatever it was, he doubted they were going to get him dressed for work anyway.

Work... How he'd explain this, he'd never know. If he didn't escape, the magical plush bear was going to ruin his career before it even started.

Jason cowered pathetically as the bears surrounded him. The tan bear stood before him, expressionless, and conjured some items from thin air. Jason would have been amazed by the magic if he wasn't so nervous. The items in question were a large jar of unpleasant looking baby food, and a plastic spoon. Another bottle of milk appeared in the arms of the red bear as a cotton bib floated around his neck and tied closed by itself. It was breakfast time, and it seemed clear the bears were here to treat him like an unwilling infant.

Jason's stomach turned. He knew he wasn't going to get a say in any of this, but he fought nonetheless. Trying to raise a heavy hand to the tan bear, he failed, and his arms were pulled behind his back, then held in place by the square bear behind him. His legs were far too heavy to kick out with, and his whole torso, his butt, felt weighted to the ground. He was stuck sitting up, and much like the diapering, he could really only move his head. That would prove pointless as the tan bear scooped up some sloppy mess and weaned the plastic spoon towards Jason's mouth.

Tears escaped his eyes as the humiliation was too much to bear, and the baby food was pushed inside his mouth. He almost gagged as the taste hit his tongue, and he quickly spit it out, only managing to degradingly spray it down his chest and tummy, and onto the diaper. Undeterred by his protests, the bear pushed more food into the boy's mouth, and Jason did the same thing again. Right now he was much happier with his acts of defiance, sitting with spit-up food on his body rather than taste and swallow the foul mush.

The tan bear fed him over and over, with Jason refusing to swallow, until he realised to his horror what was happening. The jar was never emptying. No wonder the bear was so unconcerned with Jason spitting up and making a mess of himself; he'd never be free of this until he ate the whole jar.

Jason started to cry properly now, but it didn't slow the bear's need to make the boy eat. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he swallowed his first mouthful, feeling ill as he complied with his captor's breakfast. He swallowed it over and over, and to his relief, the jar started to empty. He thought he was going to throw up, but powered through, until after the last spoonful, the bears lowered him backwards, and loosened their grip slightly. He rested, broken, against their soft bodies, and the waiting bottle of milk entered his mouth again.

Jason drank down the sweet milk with tear stained cheeks, which was now such a relief, washing away the horrid aftertaste of the baby food. He drank it eagerly at first, but his rhythm slowed as he felt himself calm down. His entire body was limp with relaxation, pleasurable so, like a warmth passing through him. All that mattered now was the taste of the milk, the softness of the two plush toys holding his back. How icky his diaper felt, and how good it would feel to be changed.

At that moment, there was enough spark in Jason to realise that the milk was affecting him. It was making him soft, docile, but he didn't know how he could avoid drinking it. He just needed to retain his wits, lest it made him to be so helpless that he didn't resist them anymore.

Jason finished the bottle and complied with the bears as they guided him to his hands and knees. His TV switched on, apparently by itself, and a toddlerish show was playing. Jason crawled towards it, trying to stay docile and not give the bears any reason to restrain him. He sat his butt down in front of the sofa, squeamish about how wet the diaper was against his skin. Both wearing it but also getting changed seemed too embarrassing and horrifying to think about.

Instead of paying attention to the sickly simplistic content on the TV, he tried to find a way to escape. The living room windows were still open from the night before, but they were too small for him to get

through, and rested above the main panes, if he could even climb up. He'd never make it to the front door and get out, and was unlikely to reach up high enough to release the latches. His phone was back in his bedroom, on his desk, and likewise he'd struggle to reach up and get it, if there was any battery left at this point. He didn't even know what he would type, or who to call, or if the person could even help should they get here. They could just be turned into his new toddler playmate.

The bears seemed to disappear after he turned away from them. The apartment was now deathly silent and still, apart from the childish music on the television. Yet Jason felt so exposed, paranoid, and trapped sitting on his wooden floor. He could feel the bears' presence; their magic still lingering in the air, and they'd likely reappear whenever they needed to perform the next task.

Confronting his reality, Jason looked down at the wet diaper between his legs, that the bears had ignored taking off him. It was even wetter now, and growing bigger. He of course had no memory of wetting since the bears had diapered him, and his blood ran cold at the thought of the baby food making its way through his system next.

Unsure if he was being watched, and even if it meant he'd piss on his floor helplessly, Jason was under no circumstances accepting being diapered, but try as he might, he could not get his fingers to pull apart the sticky tapes on either side. It was like they had bonded completely with the plastic over his thighs.

He tried to push the waistband down, over his hips, but his arms felt useless and weak, and couldn't shift it to any successful degree. The diaper wasn't going anywhere until the bears decided.

He tried to stand up next, but he found it close to impossible. His ankles and knees felt like weights; light enough to crawl and scoot around on, but too much to lift and carry. Being confined to the floor like this was unsettling him, as like the doors and his phone, he realised just how much of his apartment he was cut off from.

Having assessed his new limitations, Jason tried to formulate a working plan; if he couldn't escape his own apartment, he'd have to find a way to get the new bear out instead.

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Jason had to wait agonisingly for an opportunity. His diaper got so wet that he considered crying out of frustration for attention, but realising that it might be exactly what the bears wanted, he fell anxiously silent. When he knew he'd rather the bears turn up and change his diaper without prompt or consent, he knew how effectively they'd beaten him. He started to cry again; not a babyish wail as would have been more fitting, but simply with tears that ran down his face, as he tried not to sob along in unison, alone and powerless in his own home.

As if by command, the bears appeared, from around corners, behind doors, and into sight. Red bear was carrying another bottle of milk, and square bear a new diaper. Jason had to fight his gut instincts to be relieved, committed to rejecting their takeover however he could.

As the tan bear arrived in front of him, Jason, as quickly as he could muster, grabbed the ringleader and threw him harder than he could imagine against the open window. His stroke of fortune paid off as the plush bear ricocheted through and hit the pavement outside. Upright as far as he could stretch on his knees, Jason watched it remain there, unmoving.

He tried to prepare himself for the rest of the bears, but he hoped the magic and influence would fade with the tan bear banished. Sadly for Jason, the repercussions hit him as hard as expected. He wasn't free from the nightmare.

He was wrenched to the floor with incredible force; wrists, torso, and ankles anchored down by the same purple light. He tried to thrash against the magic, but couldn't move, and his attempt at a yell was silenced by something appearing in his mouth. Flat on his back, with his arms pulled behind him, he could just about see someone outside, bending down out of view, and returning to his line of sight holding the lifeless tan bear.

Jason tried to scream, but he'd been gagged, and whatever it was, it was getting bigger, forcing his jaw helplessly open, only allowing the slightest moan, and some drool to spill down his cheek. It was a pacifier, now too large spit out. He wanted to warn the man, to bash his hands against the glass and tell him to drop the bear. But Jason couldn't move.

*Is this what the bear did, he thought, seduce and move on?* He wished he'd never laid his eyes on it last night.

Jason wrestled against the ground and tried to kick his legs in frustration. The other plushies, his own toys, were still 'alive' and surrounding him. The purple light started to puppeteer Jason at the bears' mercy. There was no escape, but at least he was getting that diaper change he needed.

He cried and bit down on the pacifier. His diaper was changed unwillingly, but without interruption. The bears were here to take care of him afterall, and he'd never have to worry about being alone again.

The End