

Baby Bear

By Snuggems

The day started out as any other, the usual stretchings and poppings, groanings and yawnings. Taking care of the morning's needs also proved no different. Personal hygiene and breakfast were almost boring, humdrum. I slowly awoke, wondering if this would be another boring day. But things were due to change.....

Being well enough off from inheritance and careful management, I no longer worked in the usual sense. Of course my computer interests demanded I share my knowledge with other less system-savvy friends and acquaintances, and the challenge (to say nothing of extra income) of working on strangers computers was enough to keep me from vegetating into nothingness. My reticence also assured me a life unfettered with significant others. I lived out fantasies online, why would I ever need to include a partner when my mind sufficed and my body refused to perform under demand?

I must digress a moment here. Some traumatic things happened in my childhood and teenage years that assured me a lifetime of sexual hang-ups with other real life partners. Such things led to ten years delay in exploration and participation, and the resultant experiences ensured I was much happier living a virtual sex-life, with solo masturbation and toys fulfilling the physical desires.

An acknowledged infantilist of several years, I was quite comfortable with my 'baby' side and nourished my younger self freely with so much alone-time. Still, the secret of uncontrolled wetting and soiling remained held from my consciousness. It fascinated me, and I reveled in thinking up elaborate schemes online and immersing myself in my play there, evoking real-life emotion from fantasy.

My ties with Bear-spirit were also quite strong, and the playmates I allowed myself to visit, generally felt safe around me and in my care. The same being also true, I had several part-time Daddies that enjoyed the company of a "little bear", hence my adopted nickname. I never thought that would become a reality!

Back to relative 'present'. Morning needs accomplished, and feeling oddly adultish, I set to cleaning house and other such grownup activities. Now and then I would glance over at the TV set, tuned usually to Nickelodeon for Nick Jr. at this hour. Little Bear and his friends always captivated me, and I often thought of myself looking and acting like him in my dreams and in my play.

"Hi there, Little Bear!" The voice, coming from the TV, was no big thing in itself. Looking at the screen however, caused a shiver to run through me. Little Bear was still on, but *he* was not the one being called! I stood there in shock, staring into the cub's eyes, as he stood on a little hill, the main focus, pointing at me! "Or is it Mikey Bear?" he asks, with his cute little giggle.

My continued silence served only to amuse the young cub. "Silly Mikey, can't you see I'm talking to you? This isn't a regular program, but I have seen and heard your wishes to be like me, and I'm here to help!" My voice hesitantly found itself. "H..how d..did you know my name, a..and what c..can you do to help me?"

Baby Bear By Snuggems

Little Bear giggled. "Oh, silly cub, I know about all the boys and girls, even the big grownup ones like you, who dream about and wish they could be little bear cubs and romp around and have fun! That's why I'm here, to help you! And don't you worry about a thing, I've made sure it'll all be ok." He wiggled his cute little nose, eyes sparkling. And of course, I smiled a bit too, knowing I must be dreaming, or losing it. But a part of me wanted to believe, to be like him. So I nodded my head. "Sure, Little Bear! Turn me into a cub, I'm ready."

He looked back with a sly grin. "Are you *sure* you want this? You might find there's more to being a little bear than you think." I thought upon this, and still convinced I was dreaming, or this was a hoax left by a friend on tape, I nodded. "Yep, I'm sure." (If only I'd thought he was serious!)

A bright flash filled the room, with little glittery twinkling lights distracting my senses, making me shiver and jump back in surprise! "What the heck is this, some sort of joke!?" Little Bear just shook his head and grinned. "Nope, you're getting what you asked for, and thinking this was a joke and not taking me seriously, is part of why you're getting it!"

Other than an odd tickling feeling, I thought nothing had changed..I idly scratched at an itch on my arm, and when my gaze tracked-on, I gaped in shock at what I saw: Lots and lots of hair, beginning to sprout on my arms! The tickling and slight burning added together to make for the sensation that triggered the itch. My ears picked up the young cub's peals of laughter from what seemed a long ways off, too focused on what was now decidedly FUR covering my arms! Before I could comment further, I felt similar tickle-itches slowly rippling down my chest, tummy, and back, up my face too!

Soon enough I was covered from head to toe in a warm thick pelt. My clothing felt a bit snug, otherwise I was perfectly comfortable, oddly soothed by the warm, soft covering. I was soon brought back to reality, gasping in horror at my hands, shifting and splitting nails to form claws, thumb un-opposing and becoming inline, thick pads swelling past the furry covering, curved claws overhanging the pawdigits on what used to be hands and feet....now quite arguably paws! A shiver of warmth ran through me, and a soft bearish growl escaped my lips, much to the amusement of the cub on my TV.

"That's better isn't it? But...*giggle* Its only the beginning!" I shivered again, getting used to the body structure and added weight. Muscles shifted, became powerful and strong. I had to fight for words, loud guttural growlyips giving way to words. "Growlf! Little Bear, what have you done to me?" My surprise and what could be considered fear, was making me feel very defensive and vulnerable...My thoughts dulled, computer knowledge fading, replaced with berry lore and hunting skills. My face, ears, everything burned, ears ringing and eyes blinking as my skull turned to that of a bear's, looking almost entirely like a bear. The cub giggled and seemed to shift his speaking, I understood him perfectly well, my ursine ears hearing his little growls and yips. "That's better, I think you understand me now! I told you I could help you, but did you listen? Nooooooo! None of the grownups, except Mother and Father Bear, really understand

Baby Bear

By Snuggems

what us cubs need!" I giggled a bit, looking at my quite handsome form, GASPING loudly as one of the final transforms took place: My humanoid genitals shifted, burned, sprouted more fur, the foreskin stretching fully as a sheath!

Still unaware of the little cub's full powers, I looked down at him growling as a disapproving parent would their unruly child. "I'm much bigger than you are now, and almost a full bear!" I remained standing; though a more significant portion of my energy was demanded to keep that up. My body, already soft and pudgy from good food and not Too much exercise, completed the adult ursine look. I shifted back and forth on my hindpaws a bit, almost like a trained bear at a circus, I thought, with a wry grin.

Little bear blinked his little cubbie eyes up at me demurely. "Yes, you are lots bigger and stronger, for now!" he said with a grin. "You still don't get it. You need to be a cub too. I thought I would turn you into a bear first, then make you a cub, instead of letting a child cope with turning into a bear and not remembering properly!" He giggles again, and wiggles his nose, another burst of color filling the room.

What happened next was slow, and gradual. My breathing was quickened by new instincts instilling suspicion, a general all-over ticklywarm feeling hit me all at once, with a surprised Yip! The room seemed to enlarge at a frightening rate, a feeling of heaviness and entrapment rushing over me as my yips and growls seemed to grow higher-pitched. Looking down at myself I saw my clothing grossly oversizing me.... turning into a cub! My eyes grew wide with new fear and the realization of my new knowledge fading, regressing helplessly as the TV cub giggled and rolled on the ground in bemusement. Other instincts crowded in as well, some of them seeing Little Bear's antics as possibly fun to do, too!

The ticklywarm feeling ceased with my body a bit smaller than the young bear onscreen, standing wrapped in a pile of too-big clothing. My legs and arms had shrunk in proportion, my head much larger...as a cub's. Memories fast faded, innate ursine juvenile behavior taking its place. Fully able to understand Little Bear as he giggled and reverted to cubby-talk. "See, now you see what me mean, but you need be even widdler for a bit!" he lisps, grinning and watching me squirm helplessly, a sudden rush of warmth flooding my midsection and running down my lower body. At the same time, an equal flood of babyish helplessness hit me, whimpering and crying like a den-bound cub for his sow, soaking-wet in his own urine.

Little Bear's expression softened, seeing my pleasing crying eyes searching rapidly for "Mommy." Seeing the older cub on TV helped somewhat.... The screen pulled back to show Mother Bear running towards the camera..."My goodness, what a little baby he is, Little Bear!" She favored me with a warm smile. "Poor, poor Baby Bear....aww alone an scared...." I instantly felt better, staring fixedly at the screen, pouting only when my cubbish muzzle smudged against the glass, having made my way up in the bundle of wet things. "Uh oh.... No-no, Baby, Mommy on screen, she isn't in here...." Mother Bear says gently, smiling. "Perhaps your Father Bear will be home soon!"

Baby Bear

By Snuggems

The elation this news brought me resulted in another warm mess running down my front, squirming and whimpering, crying softly out loud for "Daddy!"

To my utter surprise, I heard an answer, and sensed motion from across the room. Staring carefully as my eyes focused, I saw who once had been a Daddy for me in my baby play as an adult human. His eyes were wide at seeing me, but Mother Bear's quick explanation brought a warm smile to his face, and he stepped over to lift my now-tiny body from the soiled clothing, cradling me into his arms and talking softly. I didn't understand a thing he said, but his tone made me feel SO much better.... Daddy turned the TV set off after we waved bye-bye, and took me to the bathroom to wash up, diapering me in toddler-bear-sized Pampers. Afterwards he took me back to the den, cuddling me in his arms, slipping a bottle into my muzzle, which I suckled greedily. My soft little warmfurred cub-body felt so safe to me, and until Little Bear sees fit to turn me back into an adult, I shall stay forever a Baby Bear.

(This written by Daddy Bear, helped by Baby Bear and Little Bear's views on my reactions.)