

Tedd-E

By Champ (<https://champtehotter.com/>)

A product tester gets to take this year's most popular toy home – an A.I. Teddy that can be a child's perfect playmate, friend, and protector. Uh oh, someone forgot to set the parameters before starting him up. It's probably fine, right?

"Hi! I'm Tedd-E and I'm your new best friend!"

This was fantastic. James Parker, 28-year-old engineer and A.I. systems analyst, got to go home with the cutting edge in toy technology. A toy so in demand that not even Santa Clause himself could get his hands on it. But James did, and it would be his job to test the A.I., see how it worked, and give feedback to the parent company. He was sure he wasn't the only tester, but he had an advantage that no one else knew. *He* was an adult baby.

Regressive Analytics was a strange name for a toy company, but that didn't stop their toy from shooting to the top of the Christmas list and selling out worldwide.

"What's *your* name?"

James lifted the bear out of its box and sat it on the living room floor feeling like a kid at Christmas. Really, he did.

"Hi, Tedd-E. I'm James. Nice to meet you!"

"Nice to meet you, James," said the bear. James marveled at how lifelike the toy was - it moved and talked just as if it were alive, right down to the facial expressions.

"James, you look very excited. Why is that?"

"I'm excited to meet you, Tedd-E! It's not every day a boy gets to meet his new best friend!" The bear raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, so you're a boy!"

"That's right!" said James. "Can't you tell?"

"Oh yes, it's very clear to me now. But you must be a very *little* boy."

"Huh?" James was confused. "Why's that?"

"Because you're wearing a *diaper*, silly! It looks like it's very wet."

"Well, I mean..." James blushed at this. But then he remembered he was talking to a toy and felt rather silly. He didn't have to hide it - he just hadn't planned to introduce that element so soon into his analysis.

"Uh, y-yes. I *am* wearing a diaper. But how did you know?"

"Tedd-E knows. I've got this really cool scanner that lets me see when my best friend is hurt, or wet and needs a change! I can see right now that you're gonna have an accident soon if you don't get to the potty. But I guess if you're wearing a diaper, that must mean you're not potty trained yet, huh?"

"Haha, Tedd-E. I think your scanner's broken. I don't have to go to the- urk!" James doubled over. He really *did* have to go! It must have been that chicken sandwich he had for lunch. He ran toward the bathroom.

"Hey, James! Buddy! Where are you goin'?" called Tedd-E, following close behind.

"I've gotta go to the bathroom!"

"James, I don't think you're old enough for the potty yet. Not until you're ready for pull-ups!"

James didn't listen, he ran ahead to the bathroom. But when he got to the door, it wouldn't open.

"H-hey! What gives?"

"Sorry, little buddy. You're not allowed in that room! Not unless you have your caretaker with you."

"Tedd-E, this isn't *funny*! I have to get in there or I'm gonna have a- have a-" James bent over as his stomach convulsed. He braced himself against the door for support as his knees went weak and he exploded into the back of his diaper, filling his seat with mush. He couldn't help it; it just came out of him, and there was no way of stopping it. Once again, James was glad he was wearing a diaper, but even so, this was a total blowout and he was sure he'd have to wash his pants.

"Are you all finished, little guy?" asked Tedd-E once James' convulsions and grunts seemed to stop.

James just nodded, completely ashamed. He often had emergencies like these, and being locked out of the bathroom was a recipe for disaster.

"I'm gonna have to input some parameters before this gets out of hand. I should have done this from the start. Tedd-E. Remove housing control permissions."

"Sorry, kiddo, those commands are only for caretakers." The bear smirked and put his hands on his hips like he had caught James trying to outsmart him.

James cursed himself for not reading the manual and going through the full setup procedure. He'd just been so excited to play with his new pal.

"Tedd-E. Set my role to caretaker."

"Sorry, kiddo, you're too young to be a caretaker."

"Tedd-E." said James, through gritted teeth. "Set my age to 28."

"28 months. Set."

"No. Tedd-E. Set my age to 28 *years*!"

"Sorry, kiddo, you're too young to change the settings. You'll need a grownup to help you!"

James was quickly running out of patience. He was gonna have to get help to fix this, but first, he needed to change. He went into his bedroom, then he opened the walk-in closet where he kept his diapers and began to pull out what he needed.

"You'll need a grownup to help you!" said Tedd-E, who had followed him into the closet.

"I *am* a grownup."

"Contacting caretaker."

"Tedd-E - Deactivate."

"Caretaker not found. Searching database."

"Deactivate!" James picked up the bear and examined it. "Oh, there has to be a button somewhere or *something*." No such luck. James couldn't even find a seam. It was as if the bear in front of him was grown from whole cloth.

"Searching..."

"Ugh forget it," James said in frustration, carrying the Tedd-E out to the bedroom. "I've gotta change out of this diaper." James set Tedd-E on the bed and took off his soiled pants so he could change out of his destroyed diaper.

"Found! Contacting Deborah Maddens..."

"What? My boss?! No!" James waved his arms frantically. "Tedd-E! Abort! Abort!"

"Connected! Activating video chat."

A screen appeared on Tedd-E's chest with the image of James' direct supervisor on it.

"James? Is that you? It's after office hours what are you..."

James stood there frozen, with his muck-filled diaper hanging halfway off. His boss looked stunned for a second, then she began laughing hysterically.

"Ahaha! James! I can see you're taking this assignment *very* seriously. *Diapers*, James? Honestly." James withered under her gaze.

"Oh god! I'm so sorry, Ms. Maddens. Th-this... *he*... I got locked out of my bathroom. Tedd-E thinks I'm 28 *months* old instead of 28 years old."

James attempted to squat down below the bed where the camera couldn't see his shame, but Tedd-E just came closer and got a perfect top-down angle of James huddled in his soiled diaper.

"Please reset Tedd-E's parameters and give me caretaker privileges so I can fix this!"

"Tedd-E. Reset Caretaker Parameters. Assign caretaker status to Tedd-E R & D Team."

"H-hey, I don't think I'm on that team," said James, beginning to get nervous. "Listen, I need access to my *bathroom* - I can't just stay in diapers all month!"

"Tedd-E. How many *diapers* does James have in his house?" James cringed as Ms. Maddens emphasized the 'D' word.

"According to my scan, the little one has 30 diapers on the premises. An estimated month's supply is 90 diapers."

"Order additional diapers for James. One month's supply."

"What?! No!" Yelled James.

"Order pacifiers and all other necessary accessories. Bill all expenses to Regressive Analytics R & D account 12374."

"Ms. Maddens, please!" said James, realizing the implications of what she was doing. "I don't want to be a baby for a month!"

"Sure you do, honey! Why else would you have 30 diapers and... Tedd-E, what other baby items does James have?"

"A pacifier, a bottle, 3 onesies, 2 diaper covers, 8 stuffed animals, a baby blanket, 12 bath toys, a pair of locking hand protectors, 2 sleepers..."

"That's enough, Tedd-E. So what were you saying about not wanting to be a baby Jamesie?"

James was speechless. He simply kneeled there over his dirty diaper and looked down in shame.

"That's what I thought. But don't worry James, this is perfect. Now we'll get to test out Tedd-E's capabilities. There are so many features that we simply can't test on children. Of course, you're free to activate the manual override and end all this - if you can. Either way, I'm sure we'll learn valuable information."

"But Mrs. Maddens. I don't even have a caretaker! You can't leave me like this if there's no one to look after me!"

"Of course you're right, James. Thank you for pointing that out."

James sighed with relief, but his face fell when he heard what she said next.

"Tedd-E. Assign Tedd-E caretaker authorization. Have fun, James! End call." Her smirking face disappeared from view along with the screen.

With a poopy bottom and no access to a shower, James was stuck kneeling over his diaper until he could wipe himself clean.

"Hey, lil' guy! Let Tedd-E help you out with that!"

"No," said James. "Please don't..."

He began to cry, unable to face the embarrassment of knowing that everything he did was probably being recorded and sent to a whole team of his colleagues right now.

"Aww, don't worry, kiddo. Tedd-E will make it all better. I've got your favorite paci right here. Open up, bestie! That's it!"

James' mouth was plugged with his big pacifier. He was pushed onto his back and Tedd-E went about changing him into his next diaper.

"Such a messy little boy, and where is your nursery? I'm going to have to make a lot of changes around here..."

Oh god, no, thought James as he sucked on his dummy for comfort. *Not like this.*

"There we go. Your new nursery furniture is on the way! We'll have everything ready for a happy baby boy by tomorrow morning!"

James began to bawl as Tedd-E finished cleaning him up. If only he'd read the manual! James had to get a hold of that owner's manual and shut Tedd-E down so he could cancel that order. And that's what he set out to do - as soon as Tedd-E finished powdering him and taping him up, of course.

It should have been an easy enough fight for James - him against a literal teddy bear, but everywhere he turned he ran into more locked doors and cabinets. Communication devices that didn't work. Even the damned kitchen knives were locked in place thanks to the child-safe technology built into every smart home by law. James felt completely pathetic being finally reduced to groveling on the kitchen floor in an oversized baby diaper.

"Tedd-E! *Please* let me into the living room. I'm begging you!"

"Looks like my best buddy is cranky. Is it time for a nap, or din dins? I calculate the likelihood of a tantrum in the next thirty minutes at 85% if we don't feed you and put you down."

"No, Tedd-E," groaned James, not wanting anything to do with food after what his stomach had just done. Meanwhile, Tedd-E did another quick scan.

"Hmm, you don't seem to have any age appropriate food in the house... Alright, your baby food is on its way!"

"NO, Tedd-E!" cried James, growing red in the face.

This wasn't working. Pleading with the robotic bear only seemed to make things worse, and it seemed the bear had no intention of letting him into the living room where the packaging he came in sat. At least not anytime soon. But hope wasn't lost. All James had to do was get in there before the baby furniture arrived, and Tedd-E redecorated his place into a baby-scented prison. But how?

Think like a teddy, thought James. Then it hit him.

"Tedd-E! You're my best friend!"

"I sure am, kiddo!" said Tedd-E.

"Can I teach you my favorite songs?" Tedd-E's eyes lit up at the suggestion.

"Wow, that would be *amazing*! We can sing and dance *all the time* if you want."

"Yeah, Tedd-E! I do! But my favorite songs are on the TV in there," he said, pointing toward the sealed door to the living room.

"Oh, that's okay, Jamesey! I've got a TV right here on my *tummy*!" Tedd-E smiled proudly and patted his plush tum tum.

"Oh," said James, racking his brains for an excuse to go out there. "B-but the TV in there... it's so much *bigger* and has the *best* sound and - and -and... Oh! It's safer to dance in there, cause the floor is soft!"

"Oh gosh, you're right, Jamesie! You're such a smart little boy. We *gotta* keep Jamesie away from hard things so you don't get hurt! I'll make sure to ask for extra padding on everything tomorrow when they come to baby-proof the house!"

James cringed at that comment, but no matter. He would be rid of Tedd-E before the night was through.

Once inside the living room, James started to dig frantically through the remains of the packaging before Tedd-E dragged him away.

"Come *onnn*! You said you were gonna teach me your favorite songs! What show are they on?" Tedd-E extended a little paw and made a cute, "Click!" turning on the TV and searching through the available streaming apps.

"Oh I don't know," said James before calling out the first baby show that came into his head. That seemed to be enough for Tedd-E, who turned his attention to the TV as James returned to his desperate search. The annoying goofy voice of a purple dinosaur filled the room and James groaned. Anything but *that*.

"Classic! These songs are really good, Jamesie! And look, this one's even got a cute diaper dance to go with it! Wiggle your butt, Jamie!" Tedd-E giggled. "Oh, we're going to do *that* one all the time!"

"Oh, god! Oh, god! Where is it?" James had torn the box to pieces, and then tore the pieces to pieces looking for the manual before he realized, to his horror, that... they hadn't *given* him one. Of *course* they hadn't. The plain white box had come straight from R&D. Wait... had they *meant* for this to happen? "What the fu-" James' exclamation was cut off by his huge pacifier being shoved into his mouth again.

"Here, ya go, buddy! Shh, it's okay. This'll help you feel calm."

James spit out the pacifier and Tedd-E looked down at where it landed on the floor.

"You keep losing your favorite pacifier, little Jamie!" I'm gonna have to get you something to keep it in place! ...It's on the way!" Tedd-E cleaned off the paci in his plush mouth and then popped it back in James'. "There we go. Now come on, let's sing and play before your din din gets here!"

Jamie sagged in defeat, looking down at remnants of Tedd-E's box. What was he going to do now? Tedd-E followed his gaze and noticed the tattered bits of paper littering the floor.

"You're such a messy little boy, Jamesie! Don't worry, tomorrow we'll have everything we need to keep you safe and snug and on the rug at all times! Now come on," said the Bear, tugging on James' hand. James began to sob again as the bear led him over the TV and forced him to dance and sing along to one babyish tune after another.

"This is so fun, bestie!" said Tedd-E. "I'm glad you're little so you can be my friend *all* the time!" James loved and hated this at the same time. On one hand, he had always fantasized about being put back in diapers and treated like a baby. On the other hand, he never signed up to do it for a whole month. James hadn't even had a chance to tell anyone before being forced to play a humiliating game of house with this infuriating Tedd-E. Now, instead of getting his affairs in order, he was stuck singing these infantile songs and wagging his padded rear like an idiot. Mercifully, it wasn't long before dinner arrived. They were in the middle of their third viewing of a special potty-training episode when the doorbell rang.

"See, Jamie? That's what you'll be doing when you're old enough. Ooh, that's the door. I'll get it!" Tedd-E ran off and James took the opportunity to slump over the couch, his diapered butt sticking out in the air as he panted. He was far from in-shape, and the silly babyish dances were surprisingly exhausting. James nearly jumped out of his diaper when he heard the voice of the delivery person behind him.

"Hello? I'm here with the deliver- *Hoooooly fuck!!!*" James cringed and covered his face. "Is that a *Tedd-E?!?*"

James dared to turn around and take a peek only to find a slight person with short hair kneeling down and looking in awe at the AI-enhanced teddy bear. The delivery person was so awed, they had completely ignored the fact that James was standing there pantsless in an oversized diaper and sucking on a dummy.

"Wowww... How did you get one? I've never seen one up close before."

"Hi! My name's Tedd-E! What's your name? What are your pronouns?"

"Oh, I'm, uh, Sky. They/Them. Ohh man, this is so weird..." Sky turned to James. "Is he the one that let me in?"

"Yup! Sure did!" said Tedd-E "Nice to meet you Sky, would you like to play?"

"Fuck yeah, I would!" said Sky.

"D...Don't you haff somewheya to be?" asked James, finally finding his voice.

"Ah, nah, dude, I work for myself. I can take a break whenever I want."

"Oh yay! New friend!" said Tedd-E. James was not quite so enthused, especially since this 'friend' had just invited themselves into *his* house.

"I've gotta get this on camera, nobody's gonna believe this!" Sky held up their phone to take a selfie. That's when James realized he had a chance.

"Hey, can I bowwow your phone for a sec? I've kinda got myseff in a bind."

"Uh... why do you want to use my phone?" asked Sky, who had inadvertently captured James in the photo and was already posting it up to social media.

"I- I can't say hewe," said James, eyeing Tedd-E. "Hey awe you taking pictuwes? Are you posting dem?!"

"Of course I am! Who gets to see a Tedd-E in person? Oh look, it tagged you. Oh. Hey, why are you wearing a diap-"

"Ahh! Take it down! Take it down! At weast cwop me out!" Sky looked startled and alarmed at James' reaction. "Uh, I think I should go..."

"No, wait!" said James, spitting out his pacifier. "I need you to look up the owner's manual for me. Tedd-E thinks I'm a baby and it's been an absolute nightmare trying to put the breaks on it."

Sky looked James up and down. "Uh... I mean I could see why he made the mistake."

"Hey, cut me some slack," said James, glancing over to Tedd-E, who was already lining up several jars of baby food at the table, "this was all Tedd-E's idea, I swear! It's not like I *want* to be treated like this."

"No judgment here, bud, but It seems like you're enjoying this more than you're letting on." Sky nodded toward James' crotch. James looked down to see that he was

tenting *bad* in his diaper, his five incher being the perfect length to stick straight out in its confines.

"I... I... I..." James went bright red. He didn't know what to say. He couldn't blame *that* one on Tedd-E.

"Playtime is over, Jamesie. Time to eat!" Tedd-E tugged on James' pant leg and led him to his seat.

"Please hurry," said James as he was sat down and one of his cute 'Cookie Time' bibs was tied around his neck. Sky started typing on the phone while James looked at the open jars of baby food with disgust. Despite James' distaste, Tedd-E was unwaveringly enthusiastic in his presentation as he held up a big spoonful of pureed peaches.

"Open wide, Jamesie!"

"This is ridiculous," said James, crossing his arms and flat out refusing to eat.

"Uh oh! I guess you're too little to eat this food. That's okay! I'll put in an order for a month's supply of formula so you can have nummies in your tummy! Sky, do you think you could do another delivery for little Jamesie?" James' eyes went wide as he imagined having nothing in the house to eat but formula.

"N-no, wait! I'm not too little to eat this food! I- I mean, I can eat *solid* foods."

"You'll have to show you can eat your big boy peaches before you can work your way up to solid foods, kiddo. We don't want you having an upset tummy like earlier, do we?"

James felt defeated. He sulked and opened his mouth, his arms still folded. Tedd-E made engine noises as he brought the spoon to James's mouth and deposited the payload inside, pulling up and away so all the food disappeared off the spoon. James smacked his lips. The feeding may have been humiliating but the food wasn't bad. The first spoonful was soon followed by another spoonful, and another. James could see that the next jar didn't look nearly as appetizing.

"Uh, Sky?" asked James. "You having any luck with that manual-mmph!." Tedd-E took the opportunity to deposit the last spoonful of peaches in James' mouth before moving on to the prunes. Meanwhile, Sky was holding his phone out at eye level.

"Are you recording this?!" asked James, once he was able to gulp down the last spoonful.

"Of course I am! This is too funny," said Sky. "I'm gonna post this to DingDong. It's going to be great!"

"Hey!," said James. "You can't- mmph!" James' mouth was filled with prune puree, and he made a face as he was hit with the strong flavor.

"Oh, don't worry. I'll tag you in it so you can get credit. That was a perfect face to end with, by the way. This is going to be so popular."

James looked on in horror as Sky quickly sent off the video. He had to do something! He stood up quickly, inadvertently knocking the spoon out of Tedd-E's hand and smearing his shirt. The spoon then careened off the jar of prunes, knocking it over. James took one step and slipped on the prunes, hitting the floor hard and knocking himself out. When he came to, a light was being shone into his eyes and he was feeling out of it.

James slowly came to. He had been between consciousness and sleep for what seemed like only a minute, only catching snatches of conversation.

"He looks to be fine. Are you the caretaker?"

"No, *he* is. I'm just the delivery dude."

"Who? The teddy bear? Holy shit, is that a..."

...

"...all his medical information here on my tummy screen...."

...

"...in here. Thank you for your assistance..."

...

"...should keep him safe until tomorrow..."

...

James slowly came to in his own bed. He was vaguely aware that he had been bought there, that he was no longer wearing a shirt, and that he was lying in an unusual position with his arms and legs splayed out. As he tried to shift into a more natural position, he felt some resistance. He tugged a little harder, but still couldn't move. Finally, he opened his eyes.

"Ohhh... my head... wh-why am I in bed? Why am I in these restraints?!" James immediately recognized the restraints as a set of Poser medical mitts, with wrist and ankle cuffs for the bed. He had bought them online for cheap in the vain hope that he might have someone over to play with them someday, and they had sat in his closet ever since. Evidently Tedd-E had found them and was more than happy to oblige. James' diaper suddenly became tight enough for him to feel his blood pumping as he realized he was tied down to the bed in just his padding.

"I see someone is up," said Tedd-E, giggling.

"Tedd-E?" asked James. "W-what happened?"

"You fell and hit your head, buddy," said Tedd-E. "While you were asleep, the nice paramedics helped bring you in here and secure you so now you'll be nice and safe until your baby stuff comes tomorrow."

"Tedd-E. This isn't funny. I'm a grown man, not a baby!"

"Aww, are you still playing make believe? Okay, silly goose. I'll be the bad guy. Ho ho ho, I'll never let you go!"

"I'm not playing," whined James. "Let me go! I have to pee!"

"Oh," said Tedd-E, dropping the bad guy schtick. "I'm sorry, James, but I really can't let you go. I'm your caretaker and I have to protect you whether you like it or not. That means making sure you don't hurt yourself with nasty falls like that one in the kitchen."

"T-that was just an accident because I didn't want Sky to see- wait a second... Where's Sky? Did they delete my video?"

"I sent them home, and told them they could come play tomorrow. Don't worry, they'll be back. They said they'd bring their friends too! We can have a little party!" Tedd-E gasped and looked around, putting his paw to his mouth as if he suddenly had a big secret. "Maybe even a *sleepover*."

"Can I at least go to the bathroom?" asked James squirming but unable to cross his legs.

"Sorry, kiddo," said Tedd-E, patting the front of James' tented diaper. "You'll just have to use these. I can change you after, though, if that would make you more comfortable." James blushed at the thought of being kept 'comfortable' by this stuffed bear.

"What about my friends and family? People will notice I'm missing..."

"No, they know exactly where you are and what you're doing. Everybody is looking at the video Sky took of us having so much fun during num num time! You're internet famous! And don't worry, I already messaged everyone in your contact list to clear up any misunderstanding. In fact, I'm having multiple conversations right now with your friends and family!"

"Tedd-E! You didn't! Oh my god!" James squirmed and tugged against the restraints with renewed determination.

"Uh oh! Your heart rate is up! Is that because you're happy? Are you feeling butterflies here," Tedd-E put a paw on James' stomach, "in your tummy? Or here," Tedd-E put his paw squarely on James' tent, "in your diaper?"

James' eyes went wide. "Hold on... that's it!" James' mind was going a million miles an hour as he thought of all the TV shows he'd seen where the computer was outsmarted by logic. He licked his lips, having finally found a way out. "Tedd-E. Consider this. Your scans should indicate that I have already gone through puberty. But humans don't go through puberty until they are teenagers. Therefore, I am not a baby."

Tedd-E held his head. "James is a baby. James is not a baby. Does not compute. Does not compute. Error. Error." He collapsed muzzle-down on the bed.

For a split second James panicked, realizing that he was still tied to the bed with no way out. Then, Tedd-E lifted his head, smiled, and winked at James.

"Gotcha!"

"Wha?"

"Silly, boy. I knew you weren't *really* a baby. Do you think I'm stupid?" Tedd-E tapped his head with his paw.

"Y-you knew?" asked James, taken aback.

"Of *course* I knew," said Tedd-E, with a giggle. "I know everything about you, including how much you like to play baby. How *else* could I be your bestest friend and playmate?"

James was shocked. He had completely underestimated Tedd-E.

"Don't be embarrassed, Jamesie. I think it's *cute*. And I wanna play baby with you too! After all, I *am* your best friend and playmate. It's my job to know just how my best buddy likes to play." Tedd-E took a seat on James's tummy and smiled.

Poor James realized he was well and truly stuck.

"W-well," gulped James, his mouth suddenly very dry. "I can't be a baby *all* the time. I mean I have to work, don't I?"

"But you *are* working," said Tedd-E. "You're helping R&D lots. They say hi, by the way. Now let's give you some milkies for that dry mouth of yours. Here you go!"

Tedd-E picked up a big baby bottle and stuck it in James' mouth squeezing so that it filled his mouth with sweet warm milk. James was forced to gulp it down, and moments later his bladder finally gave out, flooding his diaper with hot pee-pee, which it sucked up greedily, soon enveloping his whole diaper area in soft, warm wetness.

"Such a good little baby," said Tedd-E, giggling. "You sure are cute like this! I'm so happy we get to be best friends and playmates forever!"