

Rima couldn't feel her bladder dribbling as she bounced her knees. Watching as the black SUV that her mother drives pulls up to the scene. Well aware of how she'll look, all dressed up like an oversized infant, to her mother. A part of her even wishes she had the pacifier right now. Instead, she just hugs her plushy tighter as the older panther gets out of the driver's side and strides over, her face unreadable and still dressed in her work clothes. The clean white business suit is a stark contrast to her daughter's infantile garb.

Rima didn't look up as her mother got over to her, "I'm sorry mommy, please don't be mad."

Ryder was keeping quiet, knowing better than to interrupt unless spoken too. Also not wanting to draw attention to himself.

The older panther sighs and rubs her face after taking a good look at her daughter, keeping her voice soft, "Sweetie, I'm not angry, I'm just disappointed you let Ryder talk you into something foolish again. I was worried sick when Officer Helger called me. This is the 4th time in as many months that something has happened. You know you're lucky you haven't been sent to jail yet?"

Rima nods her head, "I know mommy."

Then the older panther realizes that's the second time her daughter called her mommy. She relaxes and lifts Rima up into her arms. Thankful her daughter is still a bit smaller than most typical adults, "You know I'm going to have to punish you, right sweetie?" She asks, rubbing her daughters back while also checking the state of her diaper by poking a finger in the leak guard. Not entirely surprised to find it damp.

Rima just nods her head, blushing from feeling her diaper get checked. She just snuggles into her mothers arms as much as she can.

The older panther rubs her daughters back some more and turns towards her car. Turning just in time to see a red sedan pull up. A male wolf anthro older than Ryder steps out of the car and walks over to him.

That's the last thing Rima is really aware of before she falls asleep in her mothers arms. Knowing when she wakes up, she's definitely getting punished somehow.

The next morning when Rima wakes up, she looks around and sees her room. Not noticing anything off right away. She almost thinks last night was a dream, almost. Because as she sits up she feels a soggy squish. And upon pulling her blankets to the side she sees she's still wearing the same outfit from last night. She reaches to remove the onesie and diaper to take a shower then stops herself. If she was still dressed like this, that likely meant her mom wanted it this way. So, she sighs, takes a deep breath and makes her way out of her room. Waddling due to the bloated state of her diaper.

Blushing as she enters the kitchen and seeing her mother, Rima fiddles with her fingers, worried about the punishment she's going to face. "G-good morning mommy," she says, avoiding eye contact.

The older panther turns around and smiles softly then takes notice of how much more the onesie is bulging from the diaper within. "Good morning sweetie," She says back, knowing she should go easy on Rima, "So, you're worried about how I'm going to punish you this time, right?" She asks, picking her daughter up and carrying her towards the bathroom.

Rima nods her head, her tail tucked between her legs, "Y-yes mommy."

"Well, don't worry, I'm not going to spank you. You weren't the one that came up with the idea of going into the mall in the first place. Ryder's parents called me and had him apologize to me for putting you in potential serious danger," She begins as they enter the bathroom

Rima wanted to ask how Ryder sounded, but knew better than to interrupt her mother.

"However, You still need to be punished. So, I'm going to be limiting your internet access, what you're allowed to watch, wear, and play. As well as keeping you in diapers for now on. I'm also having your room redone to be like it was when you were younger. On top of all that, you're not allowed to go anywhere without a trusted caregiver. Those would be me, your brother, your father, Ryder's parents, and his sister."

"So basically you're going to treat me like I'm a helpless toddler?"

Rimas mother sets her down, seating her on the tiled floor, "Sweetie, you're wearing a diaper that you soaked in your sleep and didn't protest when i was holding you in my arms like a one. That's saying a lot," She says while turning on the water to fill the tub and putting the stopper in the drain.

Rima continues to avoid eye contact, "So, I take it you expect me to use my diaper for everything?"

"Yes sweetie, I do," She says, popping the buttons on her daughters onesie before tugging it off her, "Why do you ask? Do you need to go potty? Well don't worry, your brother and father should be home soon with more diapers and everything else, but for now, I have your old Pull-Ups I can put you in."

Rima blushes and squirms, letting go and flooding her already soaked diaper. Watching it swell even more as it works to contain her accident.

"Good girl," Her mother praises, waiting until her daughter is done before stripping the diaper off her, "Now, let's get you in the tub and all cleaned up. Because after bath time, we're going grocery shopping while the men of the house get your room all set up,"

"W-what?" Rima asks, not really wanting to be exposed in public, "I can't go out in public wearing a diaper,"

"Sweetie, don't be ridiculous, of course you can't go out in a diaper. That's why I'm putting your onesie back on you too," She says with a sly smile as she lifts her daughter up and puts her in the filling tub.

Rima whines softly as she's seated in the tub. "W-what if I need to go poopy while we're out and all I'm wearing is a pull up?"

Rima's mother chuckles softly, "Oh, that's why the diaper section of the store is the first stop. And besides, I doubt you'll need to make a stinky any time soon based on what Ryder told me what happened," She says as she begins to shampoo her daughter's fur.

"How is Ryder?" Rima asks, trying not to purr as the lavender fills her nostrils.

"Well, let's just say the severity of his punishment is fitting for the danger he put you in sweetie. But you'll be able to talk with him soon enough. His parents and I have set up a playdate at the park on the weekend," She explains, smiling from the way she can feel her daughter's tension draining from her body as the lavender soap does it's work.

Rima just nods her head in understanding, knowing it will be pointless to protest. So she just lets her mother finish bathing her before drying her off and laying her on the floor on a towel.

"Alright, Pull-Up time," Rimas mother says as she opens the bathroom cabinet under the sink and pulls out an unopened pack of Disney princess Pull-Ups from when her daughter was still potty training.

Ripping open the packaging, Rima's mother pulls out a pink Pull-Up with Cinderella on it. She fluffs it out a bit before taking out a bottle of baby powder and powdering Rima. Swiftly following that by pulling the Pull-Up up her daughter's legs. Smiling as it fit almost perfectly.

"You know, it's a good thing you've always been so petite, otherwise we'd be in trouble," Rimas mother says, then putting the onesie back on her daughter, "Now, I'll bring an extra pull up with me just in case you pee pee yourself like a good girl,"

With that, Rimas mother lifted her daughter up, grabbed a spare pull up from the pack. Putting it and a bottle of milk from the fridge in her purse and carried her daughter out of the house and right to the car. Thankfully for Rimas sake, the street was empty, everyone either gone for the day or stayed inside.

To Rima's dismay her mom opened the back door where her car seat from when she was younger was waiting. Worse yet, she found she actually still fit in it. For the most part anyway. It was a bit tight, but regardless, the five point harness easily buckled her into the seat snugly.

Noticing her daughters dismay, Rimas mother passed her daughter the plush unicorn before passing her daughter the bottle of milk, "Now, be a good girl and have that all finished by the time we get to the store," She says before shutting the door and getting in the driver's seat.

Rima started sucking on the bottle, a large part of her enjoying how she was being treated by her mother.