

Big Accidents at the Big Bear Casino

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

It was just a little vacation to get his mind off things, but a vacation is never just a vacation when it's with Wally the fox. Don't worry, Cody. Wally just wants to help you relax, honest!

"Oh crap, did you spill something in my bag, Wally?"

We had just gotten to Big Bear Casino and I was ready to get out of my grungy undies after the long drive only to discover my clothes were totally ruined by some inky black liquid.

"Tough luck, Codes, I guess you'll have to borrow some clothes from me..."

That was my best friend Wally, a fox, and I doubted he had anything in *my* size. Not to stereotype, but he was a typical fox, and that meant he was up to mischief. I was sure of it.

"How are you gonna have *anything* that fits me, Wally?"

"I know I'm a little bit bigger than you," he said, holding up his paws, "but it just so happens that I accidentally packed some of my little brother's stuff by mistake..." Wally gave a sly grin and held up a blue pair of shorts and a pair of underwear from his bag. I looked him in the eye to see if he was serious. It was like trying to read tea leaves - he gave nothing away.

"How *convenient*," I said, rolling my eyes and snatching the garments from his paws. "Careful there Wally, you almost forgot to sound surprised."

I shook my head and held up the shorts to get a closer look. Elastic waist. Extra space in the crotch. I cringed. They were a little juvenile. Or so I thought until I looked at the undies. A cartoon fox waved at me from the porthole of a spaceship on the pant leg.

"Seriously, man? Rocket ships? What am I, five?"

"Hey, it's either that or nothing," said Wally. "Unless you want me to go to the little convenience store they have downstairs. I think I saw some pull-ups that might fit a rabbit your size..."

"Shhhut up," I hissed, my face turning red. I knew that his whole family was in the other room separated by a paper thin wall and could easily overhear us if we weren't

careful. "I told you about my bedwetting in confidence. If you tell anyone I'm gonna kill ya."

"Oh, okay, little dude. I'm very scared." he said, smiling a gentle smile and patting my head. "Now get your butt in those clothes already. We're missing all the fun!"

"I'll show you missing something," I grumbled as I pulled the undies up over my waist. "You're about to be missing all your teeth."

"See? They fit you just fine. Almost as if they were made for you. Who knew my best buddy was fox-size five?"

The smug bastard was right. They felt snug but fit embarrassingly well. They felt a lot like the pull-ups I usually wore to bed. The ones I had conspicuously left at home so as not to out myself as a bedwetter to the whole fox family.

"I swear you did this on purpose," I growled as the two of us stepped out of the hotel room.

"Prove it, bunny buns," he said, looking back at me with a smug grin.

This was supposed to be a fun little getaway to see the redwoods and get some gambling in at the Native American casino nearby. This particular one was called the Big Bear casino, and it was an absolutely beautiful place. It was a perfect vacation, well, except for the problems that would inevitably arise from certain annoying fox friend and his hare-brained schemes.

As we got out of the elevator on the ground floor, Wally rubbed my shoulder and said, "You know you really need to relax. You're too tense! I saw that right by the front desk they have a masseur. I hear he's really good..." I might have believed his intentions were innocent except for the fact that Wally's smug grin hadn't left his face since I put on my undies.

"How would you know that?" I asked, suspicious already.

"I asked at check-in, of course," he said, throwing an affable arm around my shoulder. "I said, what can I do to help calm my overly tense bunny friend?"

Even as he spoke, he was leading me away from the casino doors and towards the lobby.

"Oh no," I said, trying, and failing, to dig in my heels and stop whatever he had planned in its tracks. "You're not going to get me into any of your schemes again. Not

this time. You remember when you tried to get me to be more *adventurous*? I'm still getting random calls from that stupid Thumpr profile you made that won't delete."

"Now don't be like that, Cody. That last time was only a fluke. This time it's nothing more than a massage. And besides, I already *paid*; It would be an insult not to take the masseur's services now! You know, Cody, you should have more respect for the *culture and customs* of our hosts..."

"Oh, you're so full of shit. You don't know the first thing about respect *or* culture. If it's such an insult then why don't *you* take the massage?"

"Me?! Oh, no. I'll have you know that foxes are notoriously relaxed and stretchy already. It simply won't work. But I guess if that's really how you feel, there's no helping it. Oh, they're going to be so disappointed..."

"You're still pushing me!" I said, as I realized where we were. He had been talking this whole time to distract me - a skill he was very good at - and we had ended up right in front of the Masseuse's door.

"Just... *why*?" I asked, exasperated. "Can't you just come out and tell me the *real* reason you set this up?"

"Whatever do you mean?" he asked, clutching his imaginary pearls. "I'm simply being a good friend."

"Well, friend or not, I'm not doing it."

Just then, an otter customer walked out looking very happy and relaxed, followed by a very large brown bear who looked around, then down and spotted me immediately. My heart skipped a beat.

"Alright, come on in," rumbled the Big Bear in his warm baritone voice. With a smile, he swept his paw out toward the room. I was too embarrassed to say no. I glared at Wally. Of course. He knew I wouldn't have the guts to walk away once Mr. Masseur showed up.

"I'll get you for this," I whispered to Wally before walking in.

"See you in an hour!" he called just before the door closed behind us.

"Listen," I said to the bear as I caught sight of the waiting massage table, "I don't really feel comfortable taking off my pants," It wasn't a lie, *per se*. I simply omitted the fact that I didn't want him seeing me in little kid underwear.

"That's fine," he said with a nod, "why don't we do a chair massage?"

He gestured over to a special chair that looked more like a piece of gym equipment.

"Th-thanks," I said. "That would be better."

The bear gave me a little help getting in and I blushed, feeling childish for needing it.

"You put your knees on this pad like you're kneeling. Good. And your tush goes right there, and you stick your face in the donut-shaped headrest. Perfect. Uh... you still have to take off your shirt, though," he added after a short pause.

"Oh. Uh... I mean, really though? Couldn't we just not do the massage and say we did? It's really just for my friend, you see. He comes up with all these wild ideas and..."

He raised a paw and I stopped talking. "Peace, friend. I've worked on every type of furson there is. Come on, now. Don't be shy. Let me show you what I can do." He gave me a reassuring smile and I reluctantly did as he asked and looked back at him, embarrassed at the space rockets on my waist band that would surely be peeking.

The Big Bear raised his eyebrows for just a moment, but then just shook his head and broke into a grin. "I guess I asked for it," he said with a chuckle, and immediately got to work on my shoulders. I quickly buried my face in the donut, hoping that my fiercely blushing face didn't melt the vinyl padding.

To be fair, his paws felt amazing. Warm. And from the first touch they seemed to press at just the right spots in just the right way to work at knots in my shoulders that I didn't even know were there. Still, I couldn't completely relax knowing that he had a front row view of my embarrassing underpants.

"Uh... so what's your name?" I asked the Big Bear, hoping to break the very awkward ice.

"Big Bear," he said, in a deep voice. The deep bass tones rumbled through me and were oh so relaxing.

"F-figures," I mumbled, feeling that tension start to dissipate.

He just chuckled and patted my back. His paws were so warm I could just...

"Oh, Whoa!" His surprised voice snapped me out of it. I must have zoned out.

"What? Is it over already...?"

"Uh, I think you had a little accident there, skipper,"

"What? Oh shit..." My eyes went wide as I followed his gaze downward. I must have been carrying more tension than I thought because I had just flooded - correction - was still flooding my shorts right there on the massage chair. I grabbed at my crotch to try and stop it, but it was too late.

"Hang on," he said calmly, and he went over to grab some towels as I apologized profusely. I stood up and made to move, but he stopped me with a paw on my shoulder and placed the towels on the seat beneath my butt.

"Sit back down," he said calmly but firmly. "We're not finished." I immediately complied, even as I protested.

"B-B-But I- ohhhhh..." I began to relax again as he massaged my shoulders and eased me back down on the chair. I was practically drooling as he worked all the tension out of my shoulders and moved down my back. Even the fact that I could still feel warmth trickling down over my thighs and yellowing the towels didn't bother me.

"Wow, little bunny, you have a lot of tension down there." He paused and corrected himself. "I'm sorry, I mean Cody."

"Little bunny's fine," I mumbled without thinking. Then, my ears perked up as I realized what he'd called me. I tried to look around but found my head pressed back down into the seat. "Oh, ok. I'll stay put. But how did you- wait. Let me guess. A certain blabbermouth told you," I growled. This had Wally's pawprints all over it.

The bear just chuckled as he pounded out some more tension. "Don't worry, there, bunny boy. He didn't tell me anything you wouldn't want your mother to know."

"Yeah, I'm sure he told you plenty. Listen, those undies... they're not even mine, ok? I had a spill on my pants... I m-mean not like *this*... a r-regular... spill..."

"Uh huh... mmm hmmm..." came his impassive rumble voice as I tangled myself up into knots trying to explain myself. "Hey, no worries, little man. Accidents happen. And hey, we're all done now. I think you let out all your... tension." He looked down as he helped me up and his mouth hung slightly open.

I followed his gaze to see that the towels he had put under me had a lot more yellow than they did when I sat down, and the wet spot on my shorts had expanded to cover the entire middle of the garment. In fact, both the towels *and* my shorts were actually dripping. I was speechless.

"...how?!" was all I managed to squeak out. Once again he calmly grabbed some more towels and sopped up the mess while I stood there like an idiot.

"You know, we have some pull-ups that should fit a rabbit your size at the convenience store..."

"NO... thank you," I said, my face burning red-hot under my white fur. "I'll just t-take a towel and..."

"Here," he said, handing me another towel from the cabinet to save me a humiliating search through the piss-soaked towels at my feet. I looked down at the sodden towels and felt a guilty knot form in my stomach.

"Don't worry," he said, in his deep rumble. "I'll just throw them all in the bin for laundry. Go ahead and give me the shorts too. There's no way you're going upstairs in those. They're dripping wet."

My mouth opened and snapped shut. I wanted the dignity of keeping my shorts but he was right, of course. They were beyond hope.

"O-okay," I said. "Um... c-could you please... turn around, Big Bear?"

He smirked and rolled his eyes, clearly amused, but he humored me and turned around. "Okay, little bunny. Go ahead."

It was only after I took off my shorts and wrapped the towel around myself that I realized he had a mirrored surface right in front of him.

"Not bad," he muttered, and I realized he could see me.

"Aww, hell."

"What's your room number?"

"W-what?" I asked, blushing even harder.

"So I can send back your shorts after they're laundered."

"...t-two twenty five," I said. I tried to help put all the towels in the bin but he held up a paw and gently guided me to the door, his pawss on my back.

"Don't worry, kid. I got this."

The door shut behind me and I winced at the word kid before my eyes went wide again. I was in the lobby in just a towel. I hadn't even thought to grab my shirt.

"You're lucky you're cute," I heard the bear mutter from the other side of the door and I blinked, my eyes going wide and my blush returning for a whole new reason.

"Okay..." I began, trying to process the bizarre turn the day had taken.

"Cody what happened?" said a concerned looking Wally walking up to me. "Did you... did you *seduce the masseuse*?... you sly rabbit you... I know they say you rabbits breed fast but..."

"Shut up, you goof." I said, punching him in the arm. Then I lowered my voice to a harsh whisper as I pulled him aside. "He can *hear* us."

"Oh yeah? How was it?" he called out.

"Are you out of your mind?!" I said, grabbing his shirt and tugging so he came down to my level. "We didn't *have sex*, okay? ...Although I got the feeling he wouldn't have minded..."

"If not sex, then what? Your clothes are all gone!"

"Shh... Wally." I looked around nervously. Everyone was looking our way. "I-I'll tell you in the room, you loudmouth. Come on."

"You pissed yourself?" he exclaimed, smiling like Christmas had come early and then breaking out into laughter. "What did Bear Dude say?"

"Ha-ha," I said, rolling my eyes but still blushing. "Laugh it up, jerk. His name is *Big Bear*. And it wasn't my fault. I was just so relaxed, I couldn't...um..." I trailed off, unable to really explain what happened.

"Well, where are your clothes now?"

"They're being laundered... along with about half a dozen towels he set down beneath me to finish the massage...."

"Oh my gods, really?!" This seemed to tickle him even more, and I didn't doubt he just might piss himself as well if he kept on laughing like that.

"I had to undress with him right there. And I'm pretty sure he saw me naked. It was so embarrassing..."

"Come on, Codes, you peed your pants in front of him and you're embarrassed about showing off a little bit of *fur*?"

"He... complimented me."

"See? There you go. You're a cute bun. Deal with it."

"Yeah, well, I'm gonna take a shower and wash the shame out of my fur. You better find me something to wear by the time I'm out."

"What? Why me?"

"I'm blaming *you* for this," I said, poking him in the chest.

I stomped into the bathroom and started up the water. The shower actually made me feel a lot better, and I was actually able to appreciate the results of his excellent massage.

"Hmm... I should do this more often... minus the whole pissing myself thing."

I was actually able to relax and chuckle a bit about it as I walked out into the hotel room with my borrowed bath towel over my shoulders. I stopped when I saw Wally holding up a new outfit for me with his ears folded back, looking apologetic as all heck.

"I got this from next door... uh... s-sorry..."

"Seriously?" I said, snatching the yellow shirt from his paws. "Curious Jordan?"

I stuck my tongue out in disgust as the friendly monkey character smiled back at me.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, It's all I could *find!*" he said, wincing. "Look, it's the only one Mikey was willing to give up, okay? It's just temporary. We can get you some clothes at the convenience store... they've even got the fun bear logo on them. Come on..."

"Oh, alright," I said finally. "But *you're* paying. ...Well, did you grab any pants?"

"Well," he said, looking up and away with a guilty little smile.

"Wally..." I said, crossing my arms and tapping my foot.

He brought out a matching pair of yellow shorts with the monkey's tail printed in the back.

"Oh gods, Wally. *Really?*"

"Sorry!" He *sounded* sorry but he sure didn't look it.

I got dressed, making sure to voice my displeasure with the outfit at every step. The clothes, annoyingly, fit pretty well. The pants were just a little snug in the crotch, and he hadn't managed to nab me any underwear so it was a bit chafey, but those were the least of my problems with the outfit.

"You look cute as a button, dude!" he said, pulling out his phone.

"Really?" I said, doubtfully as I turned my tush to get a good look at myself. Then I heard the click. "Hey! No pictures!"

"Come on! It's priceless!" he said, holding the phone out of my reach as I hopped up and scrambled to grab it.

"Hey hey hey! We can play monkey in the middle later. Let's go downstairs already and get to the gaming."

"And my new clothes?"

"Yeah, sure, that too," he said, offhandedly. Knowing him, he'd already forgotten about it.

When we opened the room door, we found a neatly tied shopping bag waiting for us with a note on it. Wally grabbed it and read it aloud.

"Sorry about the mishap... Thought you might be needing these... Come back for another massage *on me*... aww, and then he drew a little *smiling bear face*!"

"Who?"

"Who do you think, silly? Your masseur! I think he *likes* you..." He batted his eyes at me and hopped back and forth in glee.

"*Shut up*, Wally." I said, feeling my face get red again. "What's inside the bag?"

"I don't know," he said, opening it up and poking his nose inside. He immediately drew his face back and smirked. Then snickered. "I, uh... I th-think he's right. You should use these right away."

He handed me the bag and I looked inside. It was *pull-ups*.

"Pawsome Squad!" he said, breaking out into laughter. "He knows your *style*!"

I handed them back to him in disgust and started to walk off.

"Wait. No! You *have* to *wear* them, Cody!" He said, grabbing my shoulder.

I pulled away. "Why, so you can make fun of me?"

"No, you... you've got to understand. Around these parts it's like a big insult to reject a gift, man. You... Oh my gods, how do I explain. Listen. I'm part Native-American. I know-"

"I'm not listening, and I'm not wearing the dang, *pull ups*," I said, lowering my voice to a whisper for the p-word lest anyone hear us. "And don't think for a minute I buy

your 'cultural competence' schtick. If you're part Native-American, I'll eat my shoe, you big phony."

"I'm going to let that insult to my heritage slide this time, bunny boy, but seriously dude. It's really bad luck to insult your hosts. And I'm *not* letting you screw up my lucky streak at the tables with *your* bad manners. Besides, he's gonna give you another massage soon and you *don't* want to have to explain to him why you decided to free-ball it when you spray down his massage room again, do you?"

"I won't go then," I muttered, crossing my arms and pouting. I didn't care how childish I might have looked right then. If this was really happening, I would have to be dragged kicking and screaming.

"You really think you can avoid him down there?"

"I'll stay in my room."

"Don't be ridiculous." he said, grabbing me by the elbow and gently leading me back into the room. "Just wear the pull-ups. No one will see 'em. Worst case, you don't need them."

I could feel him leading me into another impossible situation, but despite all that I was actually beginning to feel a little bit guilty. He pressed on as I allowed him to drag me back to the room despite my better judgment.

"Come on, Codes. Show some gratitude. You *did* just piss all over his room. And he didn't even yell at you or make you clean it up. He said he'd wash the towels, wash your clothes, *and* he got you protection. That's pretty damn gracious if you ask me."

"Alright. Fine." I said, finally. "I'm so done with this. Just... You know... t-turn around..." I said. The fox rolled his eyes and turned around, looking toward the bathroom as I dropped my yellow shorts and stepped into the pull-ups, popping my tail through the tail-hole. They felt like underwear, maybe a *little* thicker, but not as bad as I thought. I checked myself out, wiggling my fluffy tail as I looked at my butt. They *were* kind of cute. I actually had a bit of a thing for pull-ups and diapers. Why I ever told Wally that, I had no idea. Then, I heard the click. "Hey!"

"What? I'm looking the other way!"

"There's a mirror there! You can *totally* see me!"

"Yeah ,and you're darn cute! He sees you in those and you'll have a date for sure! I can set you two *uuuup*..."

"*Shut up*, Wally! Oh my gods," I said, pulling up my shorts and buttoning them. "Why are you always trying to set me up with someone? No one is gonna want to date a bunny that wets his pants..."

"Well, you are going to wear these with *pride*, and you are going to *thank him* when you see him."

I rolled my eyes as he pushed me out the door and toward the elevators. "Yeah, right. Just let's go to the shop and get me some *real* clothes before we gamble our savings away.

"Okay. Good. They have some clothes in my size." held up a pair of sweats and a t-shirt that had the bear logo of the casino on them.

"Yeah, but would you look at the price tag?" asked Wally. "I don't think I have that kind of *money* right now..."

I looked at the price tag and it *was* pretty steep. "I mean... maybe if we split it..." That's when it hit me. "Oh shit! I don't have my wallet! ...damn..."

Wally seemed unworried. "Look, hey, it's no problem. I'll just *win* the money... at the casino!"

"Or you'll lose and I'll be stuck in these the rest of the trip."

"Hey, maybe all that stuff in your suitcase will wash off. You never know..."

Whatever was spilled on my clothes, it didn't look like it would come out easily. Even though we had sent it down to be washed earlier, I very much doubted they'd be able to get it clean. But there wasn't much I could do about that now. Wally looked very proud of himself for his quick thinking and ready to go play some games. I knew I wouldn't be able to hold his attention for long.

I finally acquiesced, but not before stopping at the front desk to check about my wallet. The front desk said it was either with Big Bear or my laundry and they'd get it to me as soon as they could. Unfortunately Big Bear was with another client and Wally was getting antsy so reluctantly, I allowed him to drag me toward the casino floor.

"Hold it, short stack," said an antelope security guard at the entrance. "I'm gonna need to see some I.D."

"I... left it in my other pants..." I said, realizing how ridiculous that sounded before I even finished saying it.

"Which ones," asked the guard, "The red Melmo shorts or the purple Blarney ones?"

I rolled my eyes as the guard and Wally both chuckled at me. I looked over to Wally for help.

"Nice try, kid. If I had a nickel for every time I heard *that* line, I'd have my *own* casino." I kneaded my temples and turned to my fox friend for support.

"Wally, *please* tell them I'm not a kid..."

"Sorry, kiddo, but rules are rules. You'll have to wait out here til I finish playing." He was already walking toward the double doors as he said this. "I promise I'll be riiiiight back..."

"Hold it," said the security guard, putting an arm out. "Didn't you read the signs? No unaccompanied children in the hotel."

"Oh, for crying out loud... I'm not a child!" I yelled.

"Hey, *indoor* voice, buddy," Wally began, but then we were both interrupted by a deep rumbling voice behind me and I felt a large heavy paw on my shoulder.

"The kid's with me. I'll look after him."

I turned and looked up to see Big Bear standing there.

"Oh, thank goodness," I said, "He's got... my..." My voice trailed off as I watched Wally and Big Bear bump fists. This was beginning to smell fishy and I didn't like it. "Uh... Do you two know each other?"

"Yeah," said Wally. "We went to high school together, actually."

"That's right, cuz'," said Big Bear. Turns out the fox had family roots in the area. I was surprised that for once he wasn't full of crap, but I still thought something was amiss.

"Hey, so you got my wallet? Can you show the nice security guard that I'm an adult?"

"Sorry, kid, haven't seen it." said Big bear. "As for the second part," he eyed my pants causing me to blush, "I think we need to have a little talk about that."

What could I say? It was true that Big Bear had never seen my ID and even when he first met me I was wearing kiddish clothes. For all he knew, I really *was* under 21.

"Great, so I'm gonna go insiiiiide," said Wally, sliding toward the door.

"Fine, fine, I'll be here, I guess..." I said, crossing my arms in a huff.

"Come on, kid, let's go find us a better place to hang out," said Big Bear, squeezing and kneading my shoulder with his warm paw. His deep voice was a rumble that rolled through my body and instantly put me at ease.

"Okay..." A dumb grin crossed my face and I nodded yes, allowing him to take my paw and lead me away.

"Cute outfit," he said, when we were out of earshot.

"Oh, this? I uh... I... kinda didn't have any clothes to wear, so I had to borrow some clothes from Wally's brother." I could feel my face starting to burn bright red as I began speaking faster to explain myself.

Big Bear lowered his paw to pat my butt, then he smiled, clearly pleased at what he felt. "I see you wore your new undies. Good bunny."

"Oh, uh..." My mind was racing a million miles an hour. He could tell I was wearing the pull-ups he bought me. He thought I needed them. He was happy I put them on. So many nervous and embarrassed thoughts and yet my tongue felt like it was stuck in my mouth. I remembered what Wally had said and managed to at least squeak out a, "Thank you."

"You're welcome, kid." he said, ruffling my head fur. "Least I could do."

I scrunched up my face and stopped. "Okay, hold up. Let's get one thing clear. I'm over 21."

"I know," he said. "But anyone who wets their rocketship undies in my massage room is a kid to me."

I couldn't argue with that either. All I could do was cross my arms, huff, and try to pretend my heart wasn't beating a million miles an hour. "S-so where are we going?"

"Well," he said, kneading my shoulder with one paw. "You look like you're still carrying a little tension. We could go back to the massage room... Or..." he looked me up and down but I was already too relaxed and melty to even care. He never got to finish his thought, however, because the sound of water hitting the floor came to both our ears. We both looked down.

"Oh crap!" I exclaimed, before clapping both paws over my mouth and looking around. I was leaking! Somehow, I had peed enough to overflow my pull-ups and it was dribbling onto the floor.

"On second thought, why don't we take you to the pool area for a nice shower and some time in the jacuzzi?"

I let him lead me away, too embarrassed to argue.

"I-I-I c-can do it myself," I said, blushing red as Big Bear pulled my shirt up over my head. I held onto my shorts for dear life, not wanting him to see me in my soaked pull-ups, but he insisted.

"Come on, little bunny boy. Let go of those shorts and let's get you undressed."

"C-c-can't I have some privacy?" I asked.

"Well, we're about to get in the shower, so I don't really see the point in that. Hold on a sec," he said, then he tipped me off balance, and caught me with his other paw. I threw my arms out to balance myself and in that moment he pulled off my shorts in one swipe, leaving my drippy yellow pull-ups in plain sight.

"Hmm, no more bones," he said, inspecting the front of the pull-up for the fade-when-wet designs. He pulled out his phone and sent out a text.

I tried to cover myself, but there was no hiding the fact that I was in baby pants, and very wet ones at that. The few other people in the locker room looked over and I heard some chuckling and comments, but Big Bear looked over their way and they shut up real quick.

"W-who are you texting?" I asked, still afraid to let go of the front of my pull-ups.

"Just sending someone on an errand to get you thicker protection is all," he said, looking me up and down. "You know you're not hiding anything that way, don't you?"

I squeezed my eyes shut and nodded, but I still held my soggy 'big kid' undies.

The bear sighed and gave me a little smile, then he got down on one knee and gave my shoulder a squeeze with his warm, soft, massive paw.

"You're gonna be just fine, Cody," he said, squeezing my shoulder. I felt another wave of calmness wash over me and believed him. He tossed a couple towels over his shoulder as he led me toward the showers. I walked awkwardly as the soggy pull-ups sagged between my legs. It was almost a relief when he stopped by a trash can and

ripped them off me to toss them inside. He held my paw and led me over to the open shower room. I felt so small and confused that I was only too happy to be led around in this way, even if it was a little embarrassing.

In the showers, I rinsed myself off, wishing that I could wash away my shame as well. Big Bear at least allowed me a modicum of privacy by turning away while I soaped up my pissy bunny bits, which I appreciated. Once we were well-rinsed, he put his hand on my back and guided me out the door toward the Jacuzzi.

"But what about a bathing suit?" I asked, looking up at him.

"Don't need it," he said. "Swimwear is optional. And don't worry. I won't be wearing anything either."

He threw the towel over his shoulders, not even bothering to cover up, so I did too, and we walked to the jacuzzi, still holding paws. All the way there, I tried not to stare at his sheath, but of course I was curious. Was Big Bear really that big *everywhere*? My eyes snapped up toward his face, just as his body submerged into the bubbly water. I realized I must have been staring again and so did he, apparently, because he gave me a little smirk and a wink and said, "Come closer now. You can sit in my lap and we can finish what we started earlier."

I gulped and nodded as I stepped into the water. I let out a little yelp as he grabbed me with both paws around my waist and moved me onto his lap. As I settled down I could feel a hard nub poking out of his sheath nestled under my tail. "Comfy?" he asked.

I just nodded, looking straight ahead and pretending that nothing was happening down there and hoping no one else in the Jacuzzi scrutinized us too closely.

"So, tell me about yourself," he said, and I obliged, once I could work through my stuttering. A gentle touch from Big Bear was all it took, then the words flowed out. He worked his paws over my thighs, my tummy, my chest, my shoulders, even my head as I told him all about how I was from the city, how I was between jobs at the moment, and how I came with Wally for a little getaway from all the stress. I even told him I had recently resorted to couch-surfing to make ends meet and the fact that I didn't even know where I was going to live when I got back. The kind of stuff I didn't talk about with anyone. It was just so easy to tell him, and it was a lot better than talking about what had happened when I relaxed around him earlier. *Twice* now, actually.

Big Bear then put his warm furry muzzle against my ear and told me about himself, working the last of the knots out of my shoulders as he did so. I was so relaxed

as I listened to his deep rumbling voice that I totally lost track of what he was saying, and only caught bits and pieces of it, nodding as he spoke.

"Good little bunny, aren't you...?" I nodded and said yes. Then I became a bit more self-aware for a second. "Wait, what did you say?"

The bear chuckled and patted my shoulder. "I said you're good to go. Do you want to get out now, or do you want to... spend a little more time in the warm water?"

I suddenly became aware of a very thick hardness snaking under my tail and between my legs. I'd been straddling a sizable bearcock this whole time, and I didn't even know it.

"I'm good here," I managed to stutter out, as I felt my own bunnyhood grow stiff. It didn't seem decent for either of us to leave at that moment.

Big Bear let out a soft chuckle and rumbled, "Good boy," into my ear. I melted on the spot. Then, when I was at my most relaxed, we came upon the subject I had been dreading. "We have to talk about what happened in the massage room... and the lobby... and probably right here as well..." said Big Bear.

I suddenly felt my bunnyhood deflate as the humiliation of wetting myself in front of this massive, handsome bear came crashing in again. "I-i-it never happens, I swear..." I said, in a hushed voice."

"Now, now, tell me the truth, little Cody. I've already spoken to Wally, but I want to hear it from you." I gasped as I felt his paws come around and pull me in closer, his big fingers rubbing my belly and inner thighs. I could feel his lips once again brushing against my ear "Come on, bunny boy," he rumbled. "It's so easy to just tell me the truth. Especially when you're feeling so nice and relaxed. You know you can just relax and let *everything* out..."

I relaxed a bit and found the words beginning to flow out of me. "I'm a bedwetter," I said, feeling a twinge of shame come and go as his paws relaxed me. "But I usually don't wet during the day... unless... it's on purpose..."

"Mm hmm, very good," he said. "And what else? What are you wearing when you do that?" he asked.

"D... diapers," I mumbled. My eyelids were drooping. Almost closed. "I like... diapers... I'm not used to holding it in... and... if I lose focus..." my voice trailed off as I became lost in the bliss of Big Bears huge paws running over my body.

"I see," he said, with a chuckle, running his fingers through my belly fur and calling me a good bunny for telling the truth. I leaned back into him, a big smile on my

face. "But tell me this, little Cody. What made you think you could wear underwear today?"

I let myself lie against his belly like a big pillow and closed my eyes as I spoke up at him. "I can't afford them," I began, but that wasn't enough for him. It was the truth, but not the whole truth.

"Try again, bunny boy," he said, giving me some belly scratches with his claws.

Despite my best instincts, I heard myself responding, almost as if it were someone else speaking. "I... Didn't want anyone to find out..." I said, finally.

"But I did find out, didn't I?" he asked.

I nodded, eyes still closed. "Yeah."

"So what does that tell you, buddy?"

"I can't hide it..."

"No, you can't. So what do you need to wear?"

"I n.... I need... I need to wear... diapers..." Even though I was relaxed, I could feel my breathing begin to pick up a bit. I couldn't tell if my face was warm from the temperature of the water or because I was admitting something so *personal* to a relative stranger. He hugged me with one arm and continued rubbing my belly with the other paw, speaking words of praise for being such a good little bunny and telling me it was alright until my breathing slowed again.

"I think I know just how to help you with all that tension," He said, finally. "Just relax and listen... This is what's going to happen..."

He began murmuring more words into my ears, but his voice was so rumbly, and his paws were so relaxing that I just couldn't follow them.

"It's alright. Let your thoughts fall away... I'm going to help you stay in cozy comfy diapers all the time... no more worries... no more thoughts... You're such a good... little..."

I must have zonked out again because when I came to he was stepping out of the water and I already had a towel around my waist. Even though I didn't remember what he said, I had the feeling that everything would be okay.

As Big Bear led me out toward the locker room he kept both paws on my shoulders so I was right in front of him the whole time. I could tell why; his trunk-thick

hard-on was poking my tail through the towel. I looked down and was relieved to see I didn't have the same problem.

Then, we got to the locker room and I saw a pack of diapers waiting there for me. They were baby Cutie Toons in bear-size three. I blushed. I'd never had the courage to buy these from the store.

"W-w-wait, are those for me?" I asked.

Big Bear looked down and smiled as he shucked on his pants. "You need them, bunny. Now lie down on the bench and let Papa Bear take care of everything." I gasped and looked around at the other guys in the room.

"B-b-b-but I..."

"Be a good bunny now," he rumbled.

"Yes, Papa Bear," I murmured, laying down on my back. I had no idea where that came from; I just felt compelled to listen. And now that I was laying down, I just didn't seem to have the will to get back up. I began to whine, looking around as he opened the pack. "Please... not here... they'll see..."

"I don't think anyone has an issue with me changing my baby bunny in the locker room. Do they?" He looked around and all the guys who had been leering and chuckling quickly coughed, looked away, or shook their heads and went about their business.

One gryphon who had practically been drooling as he watched said, "no problem here," and quickly headed towards the restrooms to deal with the tent in his towel.

"See?" said Papa Bear, looking down at me and smiling. "It's fine."

I squeaked as he gathered my ankles up in one paw and lifted me up by the legs so he could slide a diaper under my tail. Just then, the smell from the freshly opened pack hit me, and I could feel my bunnyhood beginning to peek out from its sheath. Luckily, he had the diaper up and around my waist before my baby carrot had time to make an appearance. He taped me up and sat me up with a loud crinkle.

"B-b-but I can't let anyone see..." I whispered, looking around frantically for my towel.

"Relax," he said, and I felt myself begin to relax. "Arms up."

I put them up and the shirt came on. The shorts, unfortunately, would have to go to the wash, so I was left in nothing but a Curious Jordan T-shirt and baby diapers. I tried to complain but he countered with an undeniable fact.

"But you need these, Cody. besides, you know that **diapers feel so good.**" Suddenly I realized that they really did feel very good, and I didn't want to have to take them off.

"I... I want to keep them on."

Papa Bear picked me up and cradled me in one arm, smiling down at me. "That's a **good baby bunny**... no more playing pretend..."

I smiled and found my thumb brushing against my lips. I was good because I was listening to Papa Bear and wearing my proper undies. I didn't have to pretend anymore.

Papa Bear carried me out to the lobby where we were immediately approached by Wally, who was holding up a pair of sweats and a shirt from the gift shop. "Hey, Codes. I won big! I got you those clothes... for... you...?" His voice trailed off into a question as his eyebrows went up.

"He won't be needing those now," said Papa Bear. "Huh, lil' guy?"

I shook my head and said around my thumb, "I won't be needing dose now."

Wally looked at Papa Bear and chuckled, shaking his head. "I told you he was easy. I didn't expect you to send him right to toddler-town. Is he actually wearing a...?"

"Yep," said Papa Bear, letting his arm down a little so Wally could get a good frontal view of the thick cute padding between my legs. I didn't think much about it. It was what I *a/ways* wore.

"Damn," said Wally with a grin. The two bumped fists. "I can't believe it. Look at the cute little guy bein' all cute and adorable. No pants, and he's not even nervous about it."

"Well," said Papa Bear, "he *is* just a **good little bunny** after all."

I curled into Papa Bear's chest and stuck my thumb back in my mouth, smiling.

"Aww..." I heard Wally say. "Well, is he gonna be back to normal by Friday? We've still gotta take him home..."

"I think this *is* his normal," said a deep rumbling voice above me. "And maybe... maybe home for him is right here. Little guy was looking for work, and I have the perfect position for him."

"Is that true Codes?" came Wally's voice.

I just smiled and nodded, adjusting myself to nuzzle even more closely into the Papa Bear's body. I didn't have any other thoughts in my head except how good I felt, how cozy and protected in Papa Bear's arms. Especially with my cozy comfy padding hugging me tight.

"You know," said Wally, "he's gonna need a *lot* of diapers if you keep him little like this. I can see them turning yellow already..."

"I think it's cute," came the voice above me, and that was that.

These days, I'm much more relaxed. I help Papa Bear as his assistant in the hotel spa fetching towels, water, whatever he and the clients need. I get regular massages from him - diapered of course - and I get in plenty of cuddle time too. I even got to get a closer look at Papa Bear's '*bunny buster*' when he taught me this new game called 'horsey ride'. It's my favorite game now, and I ask to play it all the time. He says I must have played it a lot before he adopted me because I'm the stretchiest bun he ever met. I just giggle and nod. Then I moan as the horsie bucks my bunny tail harder.

Sometimes I look down at my colorful shorts poofing out from the thick diaper underneath and the awesome cartoon shirts like the ones that Wally's brother let me keep, and I begin to feel anxious, like something is wrong. I try to remember what it is, but then I hear Papa Bear's relaxing voice and all those bad thoughts go away. Papa always reminds me I'm exactly where I need to be. **I'm a good little bunny for Papa Bear.**