**Daily Free-Write May 20, 2020: Big Accidents at the Big Bear Casino Pt. 2**

*Continuation of May 19, 2020 "Big Accidents at the Big Bear Casino Pt. 1"*

I must have been carrying more tension than I thought because I had just wet my shorts right there on the massage chair. I tried to get up and leave but Big Bear, my masseuse, stopped me with a paw on my shoulder and placed some towels on the seat.

“Sit back down,” he said. "We're not finished."

"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 flowing down over my thighs and yellowing the towels didn't bother me.

"Wow, rabbit, you have a lot of tension down there. I'm sorry," he added, "I mean Cody."

My ears perked up and 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- ohhhh, that *Wally*." I growled. This smelled of Wally's mischief again.

The bear just chuckled as he pounded out 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 hhmm..." came his impassive rumbly voice as I tangled myself up into knots trying to explain myself.

"Hey, no worries, little man," said the bear. "Accidents happen. And hey, we're all done. 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.

"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.

"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 to make it 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 said, blushing even harder.

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

"...225," 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 hands on my back.

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

The door shut behind me and I winced 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 for another 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. "We didn't *have sex,* okay? Although I got the feeling he wouldn't have minded..."

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

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

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"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 and blushing. "Laugh it up, jerk. His name is *Big Bear*. And it wasn't my fault. I was just so relaxed... I couldn't..."

"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 god, 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 my?"

"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 the towel over my shoulders. I stopped when I saw Wally holding up a new outfit for me and looking apologetic.

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

"Seriously?" I said, snatching the yellow shirt from his hands. "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. "Look, it's the only 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. "*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.

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

"Oh gods, Wally, *really*?"

"Sorry!"

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 that was 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 scrabbled 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."

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? Your masseuse! I think he *likes* you..."

"*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 snickered. "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 smouldered silently. "No, you... you've got to understand. It's 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 lowered my voice to a whisper for the p-word lest anyone hear us. "And 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. I could feel him leading me into another impossible situation and I decided if this was 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."

"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? 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.

-Written by ChampTehOtter