

You squirmed a bit on the changing table, whimpering as your stained pants were tossed into the nearby garbage pail, your thoroughly soaked underwear following just after. You'd been quietly whimpering apologies to your date the entire time since the accident, but he didn't seem to care all that much about your mewls, grumbling as the sylveon took you to the public bathroom and got you onto the changing table.

"Oh, quiet. Not like you need those big kid clothes for anything, nor can you be trusted to wear them anymore. I'm doing you a *favor* here... and I expect you to be thankful." You sniffled, trying to hold back the tantrum he'd already discouraged you from having. You... you were already thankful that he'd even given you the privilege of going on a date with him, something he'd made clear not just anybody could do. He was so charming, and handsome, and flirtatious... he was impossible to resist from the moment you first met him, like he'd charmed you on sight. When you finally got the courage to ask him out, he'd agreed, so long as you promised to be a great date... and to pay for everything, of course. And you couldn't be happier to have a chance with him.

"Now stop squirming and let me clean you up and get you into something more fitting for a tyke who can't hold it more than five minutes." You did your best to hold still as the sylveon opened his bag, his ribbons wrapping around your legs and moving them for you, spreading them apart and lifting them up. You sniffled at the sight of the diaper he pulled out, and he chuckled at your little reaction, lifting you up and dropping you back down onto the padded garment.

"Don't try to act like you're too big for these, the whole restaurant saw you pathetically wet yourself. And now I bet they think I go on dates with losers like you..." The sylveon grumbled as you tried to hide the blush on your face, the memory of everyone looking at your desperate potty dance as it quickly turned into an accident... and that charming demeanor quickly fading away as your disappointed date realized what you'd just done.

"Oh, I guess this little thing agrees, huh?" You snapped out of the memory as you realized just how those thoughts were affecting your body, your blush growing stronger as your date pointed it out. "Is that right? Do you like being all pathetic, wetting your pants in front of everyone and embarrassing your date? he asked in mocking, faux baby talk, and you quickly covered your face from the embarrassed blush covering it. "I guess I've got a few more things to fix then..."

You heard the sylveon fishing around in his bag once more, a shockingly cold wet-wipe suddenly being applied to your privates as you were cleaned up. You whimpered as you quickly shrank back down, though seeing that seemed to make your date happy. As the wet wipe was tossed away, he searched

through his bag again, eventually finding what he was looking for. Feeling his paws return to your privates, you pulled your own away from your eyes to glimpse what was happening, seeing the sylveon fitting a ring in place, followed by a short cage being slipped on, your date making sure you were watching before pushing the lock in place and turning the key.

You tried to summon the words to beg for him not to, but he was quick to shut that down, pulling out the key as he taped up your diaper. “Nope. You had your chance to prove you were an adult, and you failed. Pathetic little pants-wetters who flunk their chances with their date absolutely aren’t fit for any kind of mating. Not like you could use that tiny thing for anything in the first place... I sure hope you didn’t think you’d be able to do anything with me after this date with that thing. Maybe you’d get to hump my leg, if you really earned it.

The sylveon searched his bag for one more thing, pulling out a matching collar and leash. You didn’t resist as he snapped it around your neck, taking the leash in one paw, only looking up at him with a pleading expression. He let out a sigh and gave you a smile, with a pitying expression. “You can still come along on the date you’re paying for, tyke. I’ll see if they have any high chairs, alright?” That charm seemed to be coming back as the smile returned... only for you to watch as he tossed those little keys into the trash with everything else, finding them as worthless as the rest of it.

“Now, what do you say?” You froze for a moment, staring at the trash can, before he snapped his fingers and pulled your attention back to him. Sniffing... you gave him a thank you, earning that kind, happy, charming smile back in full. “There’s a good kid. Now let’s head back to our table, and finish up that date.” Tugging on your leash, the sylveon had you hop off of the changing table and follow him out of the bathroom, your old clothes and cage keys left behind in the trash where they belonged. Your blush returned in full force as everyone you’d wet yourself in front of saw you come back in just a shirt and diaper, led on a leash by your old date... he’d made it very clear just where you stood in the hierarchy.

As you walked past the other patrons, your... *former* date stopped at one in particular, a big garchomp who’d been sitting alone... he and the sylveon had been making eyes at each other the entire time the two of you had been sitting together. He gave a chuckle as he saw the state you were in, looking back at the sylveon, whose charm had fully returned. “Now that I’m down a date... think you’d like to fill the spot? It’ll be the tyke’s treat.”

You hoped you might still be lucky enough to go home with him after the date... maybe he’d still let you hump his leg, if nothing else.