

“You sure you’re old enough to be sitting at the bar with all the adults?” a gruff voice asked from your right. Already a bit inebriated, you turned your head, only to find yourself looking way up to see the ursaring whose comment had caught your attention. You blinked a few times as you looked up at him, making out the skeptical expression on his face. You scoffed and rolled your eyes, having gotten plenty of jokes about your height before, but something drew your gaze back to him, this time noticing the grin he wore on his face.

“Heh, what, never seen a real man at the bar before?” he joked, letting out a deep, rough chuckle that made you blush, as if the alcohol wasn’t already. Your eyes went wide as the ursaring’s heavy paw landed on your back, giving you a few pats, the strength in such a gentle movement making it clear just how easily he could knock the wind out of you if he were trying.

You weren’t quite sure how to respond as you finished up your drink, though he quickly took the next step for you, ordering another for the both of you. You were already feeling the drinks you’d had, though as you just nursed your new glass, you watched as the bear picked his up and chugged it, downing the entire thing in seconds like it was nothing. His paw hadn’t moved from its new spot, and he gently rubbed your back as he saw how slowly you were taking yours. “Aw, not the best at handling your alcohol? Maybe you’ll be able to take a little more when you’re older, tyke.”

You felt your blush only get stronger at the constant touch and teasing of the ursaring, not having expected anything like this tonight... but it certainly wasn’t unwelcome. You chuckled quietly and tried to deflect the teasing, only for the bear to double down on you. “I guess it’s best you don’t drink too fast, wouldn’t want the little tyke to walk home in wet pants, huh?” Nothing you could say or do could disguise the effect the comment had on you, your rapidly intensifying blush and quickly crossed ankles giving the full impression to your new flirtatious drinking buddy.

You could feel his eyes widen and an eyebrow raise even as you stared down into your drink the thoughts swirling in his head palpable even from a seat over. “Heh, aww... is someone embarrassed their little secret was that obvious?” he asked, and you looked entirely away and bit your lip at the teasing, trying to hide your face with another sip of your drink. But now that he’d found a trail to follow, it didn’t seem like the ursaring was planning on turning back.

“Well, I guess it’s up to the adults to make sure you’re not in danger of a leak, huh? So long as it’s not too forward of me... but I don’t see your Daddy around anywhere to ask for his permission.” He gently slid his paw down your back, moving to the side and stopping at your waistband. He waited for a moment like he was checking to see if you wanted him to stop, but one glance at your excited expression and he gently slid a finger under the waistband of your pants and underwear, giving a faux shocked expression at the lack of anything else there.

“Hm, now what irresponsible adult would leave a little tyke like you out here without any protection? I’d better have a word with your caretaker...” he paused for a moment as you felt his gaze on you, before he smirked. “That is, if you even have one...” Slowly, you worked up the courage to shake your head, a glance catching the grin on his face at your response.

“Then I suppose the responsibility falls to a real adult, huh? Come on, tyke. Let’s get you to the bathroom to fix that problem of yours.” He stood up from his bar seat and reached out for you, waiting for you to raise your arms for him to pick you up. You could feel your heart beating out of your chest at the idea... but you knew you couldn’t resist. Setting down your half-finished drink, already too full of liquid to finish the rest of it, you raised your arms for the bear to lift you up and carry you off.

“Feels good to listen to a real adult, huh? You seem like the naturally obedient type, must feel good for you to obey.” You shut your eyes tightly as you nodded, hearing the restroom door swing open as he took you inside. You peeked an eye open to see him opening up the baby changing station, quickly setting you onto it and helping you out of your clothes without any hesitation. It was difficult to even hear him over your heart pounding in your ears, and yet you held onto every word.

You helped him get off your clothes, raising your arms as your shirt was taken off and thrown aside, and lifting yourself up so your pants and underwear could go too, even if you had to resist covering your face as you were left naked on the table, the bear taking a moment to appreciate the sight. “Cute... but definitely missing something. I’m sure we can get that fixed later, but for now, I think we’d better get you into your new underwear, huh?” You nodded enthusiastically as the ursaring opened up his bag, pulling out a diaper to slide underneath you. Within moments it had been taped on with the paws of an expert, and the bear helped pick you back up, only to set you down on your knees on the floor.

You looked up... and *up* at him, eyes wide as you saw the bear fiddling with his belt buckle. “Now just hold open that waistband for me, tyke...” With a whimper, you complied, biting your lip as he pulled out his cock, pointing it down at you.

“You can call me Daddy, from now on.”