

Chapter Two

Class is in Session

Hunter's eyes moved to the bottom right of the computer screen for what must have been the tenth time in the last few minutes. He was in his Calculus 204 class, which despite only being a forty-five minute class felt like it was dragging on forever. The fennec really needed to pee, an urgency that had beset him only a few minutes into the hour and with complete suddenness.

He thought he was going to be able to ignore it at first, as he knew his professor's attitude towards students who interrupted his 'teaching flow'. The intensity of the need to relieve himself had grown steadily, until he was beginning to squirm in his seat.

The fox's tail twitched, an outward sign of his increasing discomfort as he typed out a note on his word document and checked the time once more.

Just fourteen more minutes... Only fourteen more minutes... You can wait fourteen more minutes...

In the corner of his screen, Hunter saw a chat message pop up the name of which he recognized as the weasel that sat next to him, Jack. Although Hunter had always suspected that the mustelid was only friends with him because of his willingness to share his notes, the wily mammal had more than made up for this fact by having a tolerable sense of humor.

Are there ants in your pants dude?

Hunter grimaced, then quickly changed his facial expression to that of a blank one as he made eye contact with the professor. His teacher, a polar bear who took a special enjoyment in utilizing his intimidating visage to keep students in line, held it for a second too long before he diverted his attention back to the blackboard.

Yeesh... You'd think we're a bunch of high school students the way he treats us...

Putting his thoughts on his professor aside, Hunter typed out a quick response before alt-tabbing back to his notes document.

Gotta pee. Bad. Dunno what's up.

Hunter checked the clock, noting that there were twelve minutes left until he could gather up his belongings and make a beeline for the bathroom. There were two flights separating him from the nearest gentleman's room, and he was seriously beginning to feel the ache in his bladder get to him.

The fennec was even considering whether to risk the wrath of the Calculus professor and just getting up and leaving. He was barely able to pay attention to the tired voice of the bear to begin with.

What's wrong with me?

Hunter was perplexed, as he did not recall drinking enough coffee that morning to constitute such an urgency. Bottom right of his screen, another message popped up.

Pee out the window, quick while no one's looking.

Hunter rolled his eyes, and then immediately regretted it.

"Mr. Sully, is there something about today's lesson that you are finding particularly lugubrious?"

The polar bear was now staring at him, and the eyes of everyone in the class had moved over to the little fennec as well. Some of the furs, knowing they were out of eyesight of the surly bear, snickered at the fox's misfortune. The bear did like to pick on people at random, and it was partially done in good sport but nevertheless the overwhelming presence of the bear was a little intimidating.

"Uhh..."

Hunter said, intelligently, glancing down to see another message pop up, this time from his other friend in class.

Busted.

Malissa, an otter, caught his eye at the other end of the room and made a face at him. This relieved the tension somewhat, giving Hunter enough willpower to formulate a proper response. Realizing that this might be his only chance to avoid disaster, Hunter decided to be straight forward.

"No, I'm sorry professor. I know how much you hate interruptions but to be completely frank my bladder is about to explode on me, excuse me."

The bear sighed, bringing his forepaw up to the bridge of his nose and squeezing it.

"Have you absorbed anything I said in the past few minutes?"

Hunter froze, in the middle of getting up, and then sheepishly shook his head no. The bear sighed again, but not unkindly.

"See me after class and I'll fill in the holes in your notes. Now go, go!"

Hunter bolted, the laughter of the class behind him receding as he made his way towards the stairwell. The last thing he could make out was the bear beginning a speech on the importance of relieving oneself *before* the start of class which was greeted by even more laughter.

Normally, Hunter would have been embarrassed, but in that moment he was so determined to make it that even being the temporary butt of the joke in his class was not something he cared about.

Come on... Almost there...

Hunter was now desperate, panting; he burst through the doors of the men's room and rushed into the first open stall. His paws fumbled over his belt buckle as he hastily undid the front zipper of his pants. He was already peeing, as a wet mark had grown on the front of his boxers, but he was just able to direct the stream into the bowl before he completely soiled the front of his pants.

The fennec fox sighed in relief, leaning one paw against the side of the stall as he caught his breath.

"What... On earth... Did I drink..."

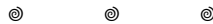
He spoke aloud, the overwhelming sense of relief from the dire situation washing over him.

“Dunno mate but if I’m being totally honest I don’t care man.”

A voice from several stalls over jarred him out of his relieved reverie.

“Uh, sorry?”

Hunter posed, and there was a grunt of acknowledgement from the other fur that had spoken. Hunter redid the front of his pants, washed his paws, and slinked back down to class.



Hunter returned to class as only a couple of minutes remained, the professor had finished up the point he was trying to illustrate early and had excused the class early.

The fennec picked up his laptop, shouldering his book bag and padded over to the side of the polar bear’s desk.

“First off, are you okay?”

The bear asked, his demeanor somewhat softened as his brown eyes met Hunter’s blue ones.

“Yeah, fine. Sorry, bit stressed I guess.”

The polar bear gave him a look that told him that he did not fully believe the fox but he was not going to press further. The bear continued unabashed.

“Look, you’re one of my brighter students and you clearly understand the material. I understand that people make mistakes but please, you’ve got to get this information in your brain as smoothly as possible. Please don’t let this happen again.”

Hunter was silent, but he nodded quickly in response. He was surprised to hear this, as he had never seen this side of his professor. Something about him told him that the bear was much nicer than he portrayed himself to be.

"Okay, this is what we covered in a nutshell..."

The bear changed the topic back to mathematics, which Hunter was relieved to be able to contemplate without distraction.



"Dude, what happened? Did he try to eat you?"

Hunter snorted as he took a seat next to Jack, who had pieces of tuna fish sandwich stuck in his whiskers and was chewing loudly. Malissa chimed in, appearing more sympathetic to Hunter's plight than the ruthless weasel.

"Please wipe your muzzle, you're an awful sight."

She quipped, handing the weasel a napkin which the mustelid accepted, only to blow his nose into it instead of what it's proffered use was.

"Gross."

Hunter commented, taking a seat and reaching over to take Jack's bag of chips.

"Oi!"

Jack, playing up the drama as much as he could, gaped at Hunter and motioned with his paw at the stolen bag of goods. Hunter, who was feeling uncannily churlish at that moment, stuck his tongue at him before opening the bag and taking a deep sniff of its contents.

"You get my math notes, I get your food. It's only fair."

Malissa widened her eyes at him as well, but was unable to suppress the chortle that came out of his muzzle as she watched Hunter take a pawful of potato crisps and cram them into his muzzle.

"Excuse me! This is daylight robbery!"

Jack exclaimed, crossing his arms and giving Hunter the stink eye. He continued, sounding a little cross as he did so.

"I offer you endless entertaining commentary in exchange for your well-written notes and this is how you respect our deal, the nerve!"

Hunter mumbled between a mouthful of salted chips.

"I feel sorry for you is the only point of reality in this entire exchange."

"Well, I'm glad you're feeling better after a special time with Daddy mathematics after you almost had your accident."

Hunter gave him a look, looking over to see Malissa's judgment of the statement. She appeared neutral, too neutral, clearly she was entertained by the exchange but didn't want to interfere.

The fennec was used to Jack's antics, he was a little immature after all. Raising his eyebrows at the weasel he pronounced as quietly and nonchalantly as he could after he swallowed his mouthful.

"No Calc notes today then I'm afraid, we're all out of stock."

"Oh come on!"

Jack exclaimed, and this time it was both Malissa and Hunter that burst out laughing at the weasel's incredulous expression.