

Chapter Fourteen

Pee-Pants

“Hunter! Dude, wake up!”

There was a paw on his shoulder, shaking him as the fennec’s eyes shot up with a start. He yelled, looking around bewildered before raising a paw to clamp his mouth shut.

He was in the study room, the one they had reserved that evening, the one that he had called Malissa and Jack into because of his recent social withdrawal under the guise of a need to study.

It’s what, four in the afternoon?

Hunter blinked, swallowing the lump in his throat as he tried to calm himself down. He was fine, what he had just experienced was just a dream. Albeit, one that he would have sworn was actually happening to him.

That vixen’s fur, it had felt so real, so tangible, so soft and warm. Like water seeping between his paws he could hold onto the memory of what she had felt like, what it had been like to have his diaper changed, and how blissful it had all felt until he had seen the brooch pinned to her breast.

And then, like the darkness that had gripped him after he started screaming, a cold clamminess fell over him. Except this time, it wasn’t coming from all around him causing to feel like he was suffocating. It was coming from around his waist.

Hunter gaped, his eyes wandering downwards as if in slow motion as he beheld the sizable stain on the front of his jeans.

He had wet himself in his sleep, plain and simple. How he had fallen asleep in the first place was beyond him, but he suspected it might have been due to his previous

irregular sleeping patterns before he decided to bite the bullet and wear diapers at night.

This was completely different, of course, as he had nodded off in the middle of the day long enough for his somnial incontinence to strike with a fury. Not only that, but his two friends had noticed at just about the same time he had.

“Dude...”

Jack said flatly, aghast as he stared almost incomprehensible at the stream of dripping urine that was beginning to pool beneath Hunter’s chair. Malissa gave Jack a warning look, but Hunter barely noticed the exchange as he began to blubber.

“I... I didn’t... I didn’t mean... How... Why did...”

Malissa interjected softly.

“Hey, it’s okay. I think it’s just stress. You’ve been putting your mind after your needs for school and your body took record. It happens.”

Hunter shook his head, knowing that it was not the stress of school that was causing it.

Well, maybe a little bit. After all, he was keeping an eternal youth curse secret from everyone while trying to maintain a normal college life. He was sure that stress was certainly compounding the current situation, but detangling that element from the curse was a problem he really did not care to solve at the moment. Hunter’s voice was strained, he could feel the panic beginning to well up in his stomach as he had not seen something like this happening so unexpectedly.

“What-”

Malissa cut him off, her voice stable.

“Jack, head over to the gym and grab some sweats from your locker.”

Jack turned to her, the weasel still processing what she said as he stuttered out half of a question.

“What about-”

“Just do it, Jack. We’ll wait here.”

Malissa gave him a look, and he averted his gaze. Almost tripping over the legs of his chair as he got up, Jack grabbed his bookbag and left the room with some haste in his step.

The two were now alone, otter and fox. Hunter knew what she was about to ask him before she even opened her muzzle.

“Hunter, is everything okay? Is there something you’re not telling us?”

Oh if you only knew how much I would want to confide in someone like now.

Malissa was only a few inches from his own face, having scooped closer to put a paw on his shoulder. The movement was meant to be comforting, but Hunter felt himself growing hot in the face. They were at an intimate distance, and feelings began to well up inside of the fennec he certainly did not want to face while sitting in a puddle of his own making.

“Just... Look, it’s a species specific thing... Fennecs are known to have kind of a weak bladder and with my genes I’m no exception.”

Malissa nodded, the corner of her lip lifting as she nodded understandably. She appeared to be empathizing with his chagrin. She spoke up, her pearly white canines flashing as she spoke.

“You don’t want to hear me get started on the menstrual cycle of otters, I get it. There are a lot of things that other fursions don’t know about us. This really isn’t a big deal, you know.”

“Yeah, it’s having to deal with Jack’s snide comments over the next two weeks that I’m worried about.”

The response came out of Hunter before he even realized he said it, and he turned his face away as he felt himself blushing even more. To his surprise, Malissa laughed. She leaned back in her chair, for which Hunter was grateful for as he was beginning to feel more than just his brain react to her closeness.

“Ha... Yeah... You’re not going to hear the end of it, pee-pants.”

The comment caught Hunter by surprise. Sure, she was no stranger to joining in on the teasing when the two boys would start to verbally roughhouse but he had expected her to be gentle in this moment.

The comment did not sting exactly, in fact it mashed his buttons far more than he wished to admit. That combined with the fact that her muzzle was only a few inches away from the tip of his own was really beginning to cause his adrenaline glands to shift into gear.

He laughed as well, awkwardly at first. It was so audibly apparent that he did not find her comment amusing that Malissa laughed even harder. This caused Hunter’s feelings of stress to loosen up as well, and before he knew it he was starting to chortle at himself as well.

“You... Hahaha... I can’t... Oh, Hunter I’m so- HAHAHA!”

Malissa was now wiping tears from her eyes. He could see that some guilt was creeping into her mirth, as she raised her paws up and began to clear the air of invisible smoke as she spoke between breaths.

“Look I get it... It’s a medical condition... Haha... But still the look... the look on your face... Hunter, I’m an awful friend really... Hahaha!”

Hunter could not help it, he laughed along with her genuinely. He knew that she meant no harm by teasing him. In fact, he realized that he probably ought to be grateful that she dealt the first blow. He had been dreading listening to Jack's comments about it if something like this ever came to be. But now, hearing a friend who he knew had his best interests in mind and had a relative maturity to match it with, he really couldn't care less.

"I'm warning you..."

He said between laughs, holding his sides even as his bladder threatened to release once more due to the convulsions happening with his diaphragm.

"I'll do it during our next Calc test... I'll take... Hahaha! I'll take one for the team... Cause a distraction..."

"Yes!"

Malissa chimed in, holding her right side with one paw as her tail swung wildly behind her. She continued, shaking.

"Please! We'll make a group cheat sheet... Those'll... Hahaha... Those'll be the best marks that polar bear will have ever seen!"

Hunter chimed in as well, starting to breath in deeply as he tried to calm himself down.

"I'll write it... But... Hehehe... It's all going to be in purple crayon..."

Malissa lost it. At this point, she threw her head back and completely let loose. Had they been in the common area, and not in one of the private study rooms that were essentially soundproof, she would have likely disturbed the entire floor.

Malissa laughed, which turned into a squeak causing her face to freeze as before she clasped both paws over her muzzle. Hunter stared at her, now having completely

forgotten about his wet jeans as a wide grin spread across his muzzle after he recovered from the shock.

The otter cut him off with a finger pointed straight at him as she whispered.

“Don’t you dare tell Ja-”

“Tell me what?”

Jack stood in the doorway, appearing someone left out as he stared at the two of them in confusion. Hunter looked at Malissa. Malissa looked at Hunter. Both of them sported puffed up cheeks as they did their best to contain their mirth at Jack’s expense, appearing as two goldfish mirroring one another.

They could not hold it.

Once more they fell into fits of giggles, comments about Hunter’s pants and Malissa’s squeak passing through wheezing fits and strained voices. Jack appeared utterly perplexed, and more than a little upset as he tossed a gym bag onto the study room table.

“Here’s your new rags dude, now can you two tell me what the *hell* happened here while I was gone?”

This, once again, reignited the laughing fit. Hunter was beginning to feel a stitch growing in his side which he pressed a paw against, almost grateful now that his bladder had voided itself while he slept because he would have undoubtedly lost control then and there.

“I’m gonna pee!”

Malissa squeaked once more, standing up and attempting to push past Jack who stood stubbornly due to his annoyance at not getting the joke.

“Way ahead of you sis!”

Hunter yelled back after her, which only caused her to place both of her paws into her crotch.

“Stop it, you're a jerk!”

She yelled over her shoulder, still laughing uncontrollably, as Jack finally stepped aside and let her pass.

Jack crossed his arms as she departed, staring at Jack expectantly. Hunter ignored him, standing up and grabbing the gym bag before unzipping it. Taking out the sweatpants, he pulled his legs through it before picking up the bag and heading for the bathroom himself.

“Thanks Jack...”

He said, shouldering past him while still breathing deeply.

“I'm funny too you know!”

Jack yelled after him, which reignited Hunter's sense of humor. He continued to breathe, however, as he did not want to soak yet another pair of pants.

If Malissa were to find out that happened, it would undoubtedly spell the end of her. Hunter was sure that if the otter had laughed more, she would have ruptured something vital.

The thought amused him, and he continued to grin giddily as he padded inside of a bathroom stall.

Maybe this was not such a bad day after all, even if he did pee his pants.