

Chapter Nineteen

In Public

Hunter was having trouble keeping himself awake. It was late afternoon, and he was sitting in his history class as Malissa was stubbornly trying to ignore the fact that he was nodding off right next to her. A week before finals, she had tried to nudge him awake at the beginning of the class as it was a review day right before they would have only four days left before their final paper would be due.

"You know, he's doing us a favor by telling us exactly what he wants on the paper right?"

Hunter had simply shrugged, unwilling to exert any more energy than he had to. He had been awake for the majority of last evening twisting and turning, unable to fall asleep. The poor fox had even taken more than the advised amount of melatonin gummies he kept by his bedside, but that had only resulted in him feeling tired for the rest of the night and well through the rest of the next day.

He was grateful that he had shown up to class at all, as he had considered skipping in hopes of getting some shut-eye, even if it was during review week.

Hunter knew that this was not a good time to be dozing off, especially with finals fast approaching next week. He had figured that at least his daytime wettings that he was now finding himself to be having would not be an issue during that, as even if he were distracted during an exam he would have time between them to change himself.

Still, it was not the issue of having surprise bathroom breaks he did not remember taking that he was worried about for his exams. It was the overwhelming amount of spouts of daydreaming he was having trouble wrestling with. They would happen when he would least expect it, his mind becoming awash with thoughts of stuffed animals or characters from the little shows he was now watching every day during his breakfast and late into the evenings.

The only saving grace was that both Malissa and Jack were busy with their own pre-finals week preparations, so there was no reason why the three had not been meeting up as frequently as they normally would.

Still, trouble was brewing, and the part of Hunter's mind that still retained his adult wariness was sure that something was going to disrupt the most critical part of his semester in a manner that he would surely not appreciate.

Currently, Hunter was staring blankly at his computer screen, as Malissa had given up trying to coax him into paying attention and had instead decided to herself the same favor and take dubious notes on what the professor was saying.

The fennec's mind wandered, drifting back to the familiar, soft feeling of being nothing more than a little fennec kit with no worries in the world other than ensuring that his toys were right in front of him where he could grab them and pull them along, giving them little voices and dances as he played with him.

Unbeknownst to the fox, his tail flagged behind him. Normally such a display would not be done in the middle row of seats of a busy classroom. Usually such an act meant that the fur in question was releasing gas, and although most furs would not prevent themselves from doing such a thing they would at least have the courtesy to not show any visible demonstration.

Hunter was not paying attention, and despite the fact that a few giggles and stares behind him were burning into the back of his head he paid them no notice. Quietly, so quietly that not even he heard the sound, his stomach churned and gurgled. He felt a pressure, and his forehead creased slightly from the cramping happening in his torso.

The fox ignored it, at the moment trying his best to keep his eyelids from shutting completely even as the thought of resting his head on his laptop's keyboard kept tugging at him from the back of his mind. How nice would it be to take a nap there and then, with no one to bother him and not having to worry about something like a final history paper.

Frankly, even if he were not being actively regressed by an Egyptian curse he would not have cared either way. He would have composed the paper the night before, have Malissa read it and then scold him for being lazy, and then have taken the B the generous professor would have no doubt given him given the fact that the hedgehog was not the type of teacher who wished to punish students for not being passionate about the same subject he had dedicated his whole life to.

But here he was, forcing himself to go through the movements of academics only to ensure that his participation grade would not falter and further hinder the average grade he was shooting for. Seriously, why did his seat have to feel so comfortable when wearing pull-ups? The lush, soft material that encased his shaven nether regions felt as if it were being nestled in a bed of clouds.

If there was a bed right in front of him at that moment, he would have happily fallen in without even bothering to cover himself with a blanket. He just wanted to rest, to relieve himself of the pressures of getting good grades, and simply pass the time comfortably in his messy, slightly smelly pull-up.

Hunter felt himself suddenly grow very cold as his sleepiness vanished in an instant. He had not been paying attention, and suddenly the furs in front of him had twisted round in their seats to stare at him.

Why are they looking at me... Did I fart or som-

Hunter shifted, suddenly noting the fact that his backside felt significantly more soft than it had before. His face paled, and then almost just as quickly it turned bright red as he realized the full extent of what must have happened while he had been blissfully zoned out.

His nostrils twitched, and the smell he had hoped he would never have to encounter in a public setting as the classroom he was in now met his olfactory senses. He froze, utterly at a loss for what to do next as he dared not turn to his left to see how Malissa was looking at him.

The professor had stopped writing on the chalkboard as well, and had his head tilted to the side with an expression of concern and slight confusion. Hunter looked down at his notes, a distant part of his mind noting that he had barely written anything throughout that entire class period.

He could feel himself shutting down, even as several people started giggling and a few people began whispering amongst themselves. The little fennec felt as if he were about to burst into tears when, mercifully, Malissa piped up.

"Professor, will you excuse us? Hunter's recently been having some issues due to a recent diagnosis and the physician said something like this would come up."

The professor, whose lip was just beginning to turn upwards at the corner, looked at Malissa and adjusted his spectacles, taking a moment to find his words.

"Erhm... What? Yes. Yes! By all means, I'll personally pass along my class agenda for today to you. Thank you, err, Malissa. Thank you."

Malissa placed a paw on the back of Hunter's shoulder, helping him up to his paws and quietly escorting him out of his chair and out of the classroom into the hallway. Hunter kept his gaze pointedly downwards, unable to meet the faces of any of his fellow classmates.

The otter, who could sense that Hunter was not feeling particularly happy at the moment, leaned in as they left the door behind them.

"I'll take your notes for the next class if you don't want to show up, don't worry about it. I'll work on your paper as well, you really don't have to worry about it."

Hunter wanted to say thank you to Malissa for trying to console him, but he was still feeling utterly mortified at the fact that he had just defecated himself in front of an entire classroom and had not remembered any of it.

The worst part of it was, the immense amount of self-consciousness that was whirling around in his mind at that moment was not entirely unpleasant. Some part of him reveled in the fact that so many people had seen him regress to a completely helpless kit filling his pull-ups. The fact that he had been so vulnerable and so helpless in such a public setting caused his gut to twist, so much so he was worried he was about to go again.

As they talked, Hunter felt his bladder let loose, but he hardly noticed the front of his pull-ups swelling with their newest addition. It increased the amount he was waddling, but he figured that Malissa would just figure that that was from him attempting to not further cake the fur into his fur. If only she knew that he had already been prepared for something like this, and at least the clean up he would have to do would not take too long.

“To your apartment?”

Malissa asked, as they exited the building.

Hunter nodded, still unable to formulate words as they turned towards the direction of his apartment. Hunter tried his best to figure out his next move, his next excuse, his next half-truth on how to cover this up. There was none, as Malissa had already basically stated to the public that the fennec was suffering from some sort of illness that caused bowel incontinence. It was the most empathetic option, even if it still did detail the fact that he could not control when he went to the bathroom.

“Do you... Do you want me to stick around?”

Hunter hesitated, wanting for all the world to send her away so he could nurse his pride in peace. But after looking up to see Malissa’s concerned, kind eyes, he figured that saying no would be rude. After all, she had left all of her stuff just to take care of him, so showing her some hospitality would probably be the right move.

They ventured up, taking the stairs due to the broken elevator as Malissa ensured to take point up the stairs so as not to get caught in the cloud that followed

Hunter's backside. Fumbling with his keys for a moment, he let her into his apartment and immediately headed towards the bathroom. He figured that she would not blame him, as she was already familiar with the layout of his place and given the fact that he had a very pressing matter to attend to.

The warm water tumbling down from his shower head had never felt as good as it did when he had finally extracted himself from his clothes and hopped into the rising cloud of steam softly enshrouding his entire bathroom.