

## Chapter Twenty-One

### **Finals**

Hunter was wearing a 'Blue's Clues' diaper that morning of the Calculus final. A had a stuffed animal in his backpack, a pacifier in the front pocket of the bag, and in his jean pocket he had decided to stuff a tiny teddy bear keychain that had miraculously appeared on his bedside table that very morning. The fennec had spent a lot of thought trying to figure out how to game the system that the brooch had established. He noted that when he resisted the pull towards regression it would always bite on him on his crinkly bottom.

This time he would play the magic's game, if only to keep his GPA at the level he had desired. There was a lot riding on this final exam. He had visited the polar bear during his office hours and gotten the impression that his professor would not be playing nice on this particular test. He had given the fennec a stern look, informing him that while it was wise to visit him during office hours for a tip, he should very much have a comprehensive understanding of the material they had covered that semester.

This had caused a lump to form in the fennec's throat as he suddenly became very conscious of the pull-up he was wearing in the bear's office. He had nodded curtly, clearing his throat before replying that he had compiled a study guide for the polar bear to review. His professor had, and with a reluctantly admiring nod he had handed the paper back and told the fennec that he was on the right track. Hunter had been pulling long hours in the library, in between having to sneak off to the bathroom to wipe himself down and change himself. He could concentrate for long periods of time, but they were usually interrupted by his tail lifting up and depositing an accident into the seat of his pants.

He could work with it, even if it meant looking around nervously and making sure that he was truly alone when he invariably filled his pants.

This morning he had been sure to relieve himself as much as possible after waking up, refrained from consuming liquids, and had a few bites of toast to give his

stomach something to work with while he took his exam. He would pay whatever cost the brooch would imbue on him later, but he had sent up a silent prayer to whatever Egyptian gods or goddesses might have been listening for him to just get through this exam uneventfully. He had studied, he had done his due diligence, and he had made sure to get enough sleep despite having spent long hours pouring over mathematical formulae.

“Nervous?”

Malissa sat down next to him, giving the fennec a warm smile. They had not spoken much since Hunter had shown his particular brand of underwear to her, and he was still unsure where they stood on the subject matter. There had been a particular sensual tension between them that night, and the fennec had not had time to properly sort his feelings on the subject due to the exam week looming over his head.

He nodded, smiling back and taking the otter’s apparent friendliness as a good sign.

“Yup.”

A moment later, Jack slumped down in the seat next to the fennec. He looked utterly worn out, as if he had not caught a wink of sleep the night before. The two looked at him curiously, tilting their heads in synchrony as the weasel tossed a forlorn look towards the two of them.

“Doomsday.”

He stated flatly, to which Malissa shrugged as she took out a pencil and eraser.

“For you maybe.”

She stated, the corner of her lip twitching as Jack turned his attention forwards as he adopted a thousand yard stare. Hunter stifled a chuckle at just how pathetic the weasel looked. He had a sneaking suspicion that the weasel might be casting the

occasional glance towards his paper, but he did not mind. No amount of cheating would fix the fact that the weasel simply was not made out to excel at Calculus like Hunter could. All the fennec wanted that day was just to get through the test uneventfully, and he crossed his fingers in his lap that his wish would come through.

The door opened, and their professor lumbered inside holding an envelope which was undoubtedly full of their exams. Opening the packet, he set his briefcase down on his desk before he began to distribute the exams. Hunter silently accepted his, noting that the cover page was blank. He fingered the packet with his paws, noting that there appeared to be ten packages contained within the stapled stack. Within a minute, the bear had finished before meandering his way back up to the front of the room. He faced the class, speaking in a bored tone as he warbled out the specifics of taking the exam.

“You have sixty minutes, please circle final answers... Good luck.”

He nodded respectfully towards the class, the end of his statement sounding kinder than his regular stern voice. The class quickly bowed their heads, and the sound of shuffling papers ensued as the furs set about getting as much of a headstart as they could with the time they had.

Hunter set to work, working his way through the first four pages without too much trouble. He glanced up at the clock, and noted that he had about forty-five minutes left. The fox was making good time, and hoped that the rest of the examination would not prove too difficult. Jack was mumbling underneath his breath next to him, and Malissa had a slight frown on forming on her brow as she worked on her own problems.

An intrusive needled at the back of Hunter's brain. The padding between his legs seemed to grow tighter as he tried his best to shrug off the idea. He noted that his front appeared to be slightly damp, undoubtedly an accident he had noticed while he was working. The hunter drew a paw back, scratching his headfur as he tried to refocus. He turned the page, and found to his satisfaction that the problem featured was one he had

had on a homework assignment a few weeks ago. He worked through it quickly, flipping the page again and finding himself almost halfway done.

The fennec tried his best to ignore the pleasant warmth that was emanating from the front of his diaper, comfortably squishing against him with every small movement of his thighs. It was distracting, but bearable. The fennec glanced at the clock as he had only three more problems to go. Twenty minutes remain, he could do this. He might even have some time to check his work as well.

Hunter turned the page, and then felt a wave of softness and warmth wash over his mind. Vivid as day, a strange expression came over the polar bear's muzzle. Hunter looked up, watching with a sense of confusion and dread as he saw his professor rise shakily to his footpaws. He gazed towards the fennec's direction, his eyes glassy behind the spectacles perched on his long, broad muzzle as he took a step forward towards the fennec. Only Hunter had noticed the bear's movements, as his classmates around him were too engrossed with their exam to look up. The fennec swallowed, a prick of sweat forming on the back of his neck as he watched the large mammal approach him.

In a rumbling tone, the bear spoke softly, in a manner that was much more affectionate and understanding than he had ever heard before. This drew the attention of his classmates, and Hunter felt himself grow red in the face as he heard the words warble out of the beast's muzzle.

"Hunter, do you need a diaper check? It's been a minute since I took a look."

The fennec's jaw was now wide open, slack and disbelieving as his eyes bulged towards the approaching polar mammal. He was frozen, unable to move or speak as his mind raced to figure out a way to escape this situation. Hunter was rooted, three problems remaining with the minutes quickly passing away as the polar bear now stood next to the fennec. Gently, the polar bear reached down and wrapped his claw paw around the fennec's bicep. The fennec was lifted to his feet, his tail tucked tightly between his legs as the bear smiled down sleepily at the small fox.

"Come on kiddo, let's see what's going on down there."

Hunter's heart pounded in his chest as the bear used his other free paw to deftly loop a claw through a belt loop, teasing his pants down until they were wrapped around his thighs, revealing his padding to the entire class which was now gawking at the spectacle before them, test forgotten.

The fennec had wet himself profusely at that point, undoubtedly in part as a reaction to the nightmare that was unfolding in the calculus classroom. The bear let go of his forearm, placing it authoritatively on his crinkly bottom before giving it a few affectionate pats, the plastic crinkling underneath him. Hunter felt a shiver run down his spine as one of the bear's claws reached inside between the leak guards of his diaper and thigh as he assessed the soggy contents of his padding. The bear nodded approvingly, as if his suspicions had been confirmed as he turned his attention to the fennec's burning red face.

"I think we can take a little break kiddo, let's get you changed before you get back to drawing."

As if in slow motion, Hunter looked down at his exam only to see that the numbers and figures had vanished to be replaced by a box of crayons, spilling its contents out onto a drawing. A polar bear and fennec, who was clearly wearing a thick diaper, were holding hands in a green field filled with flowers, a sun shining down in the corner of the image. The class remained as silent as a church as Hunter felt the bear's strong paws scoop him up underneath the armpits, lifting him up before depositing him on his hip.

"My little artist drew me such a splendid picture too."

The bear cooed, placing a claw tip gently on the tip of the fennec's nose as he booped him softly, squeezing him tightly towards his large body for a moment as he moved him over to his desk. Hunter cast a glance at his friends, who both appeared stricken, in the midst of execution dysfunction of whether they should laugh, stop the polar bear, or join in the teasing. The class watched, a few stifled snickers breaking the silence occasionally as they watched aghast and disbelieving while Hunter was made to lay down on the surface of the polar bear's desk.

Hunter tried to move his paws in front of his padding, the tip of his curled tail now pressing against the front of his padding in a vain attempt to conceal his humiliation. The bear clucked his tongue, softly grasping his paws and moving them away before opening his briefcase. Hunter glanced down to see to his astonishment that there were several diapers, in his size no less, waiting and folded inside. The bear removed one, unfolding it and fluffing it with apparent experience. The bear's somnolent experience never left, only to be slightly accented by a kind smile as he prompted the fennec.

"Lift that bottom up for me, kiddo."

Hunter found that the bear did not wait for him to obey, but instead gently grasped both of his ankles in one paw before lifting them up. The fennec wanted to run away, flee, go and hide his face away in a spot that nobody would ever find him. The sound of tapes being pulled up ripped through the air, cutting through the silence before being followed by the soft ruffling sounds of a diaper being pulled back.

"Good job kiddo, you really sogged this one up for me."

The bear exclaimed, reaching inside of his briefcase once more and withdrawing a package of puppy wipes. Hunter's thighs quivered, and tears formed in his eyes as he watched the bear softly bear down on his shaven spot, wiping it clean and taking great care around his bits. He could not help himself, a wave of nostalgia and pleasure coursed through him causing the fox to gasp as his voice caught in his throat. He stuttered for a moment, letting out a non-sensual sound of surprise that sounded like pathetic mewling than actual language.

The bear made quick work of cleaning him up, depositing the used wipes in Hunter's used diaper and balling them underneath his butt. The bear pulled his used padding out front underneath them, folding it up into a neat ball before turning his attention back to his fresh padding.

"Now for the puppy powder!"

He exclaimed, reaching forward and tickling the fennec underneath his chin. Hunter wanted to turn away, but he was so upset and torn at that point that he could hardly move. A sob caught in his throat, which he pushed down. The bear pulled the large, baby blue bottle of puppy powder out of his briefcase before uncapping it. He placed a little on paw, retracting his claws, before reaching down and applying it on Hunter's diaper area. He pawed between his checks, gently dabbing it on Hunter's member which to his horror was beginning to grow slightly erect in response to the stimulation.

"My my, a little excited today for our diaper change, are we?"

The bear commented, chuckling softly as he reached down to pull Hunter's diaper front over him. He worked on the tapes, taking his time to pull them over properly before placing them firmly and symmetrically into place. As a final touch, the bear looped a claw between Hunter's wings and his thighs and pulled the flaps backwards for a snug fit. The fennec looked down, finding that the bear had done an excellent job securing him in yet another, perceivably thicker, diaper.

"You can go back to playing now, sweetie."

The bear rumbled, picking the fennec up yet again before placing him down on his footpaws, facing the classroom and patting him on the bottom with enough force to cause him to take a step forward towards his seat.

Hunter gazed at the sea of faces, noting the varying expressions he saw. Some disgusted, some awestruck, some evidently very amused, while others appeared to have some other look on their muzzles, a mixture of desire and jealousy. This was simply too much for the fennec. He sniffled his nose, beginning to run as his vision grew blurry from the tears welling up in the corners of his eyes. He had just wanted to take his test and leave, but the curse had done its work once more. Far away from the building as the box containing the brooch was, its magic had extended and taken hold of his professor.

As if on command, behind him the bear's expression suddenly looked confused. He blinked, shaking his head as if clearing it of some befuddling fog. He cleared his throat, looking down for a moment at the diaper changing supplies clearly spewing out of his suitcase. He swallowed, concern growing on his face as he looked up and stared for a moment at the sight of Hunter's padded behind facing him, pictures of padded babyfurs smiling back at him.

"Ehrm... What... What's going on?"

He mumbled, appearing as if he had been caught off balance as he placed down a heavy paw on the surface of the desk to steady himself. Hunter hung his head, sobbing quietly to himself as the tears finally broke and streamed down his face.

Hunter did not know what he could possibly do, other than let the months of stress and dread finally break free and flow unrestricted down his fuzzy, ruddy cheeks.