

## Omo Prompts

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/8246543) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/8246543>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Ratchet &amp; Clank</a> , <a href="#">Log Horizon</a> , <a href="#">Star Fox Series</a> , <a href="#">Final Fantasy XIII-2</a> , <a href="#">Fire Emblem: If</a>   <a href="#">Fire Emblem: Fates</a> , <a href="#">Fire Emblem: Kakusei</a>   <a href="#">Fire Emblem: Awakening</a> , <a href="#">Bravely Default (Video Game)</a> & <a href="#">Related Fandoms</a> , <a href="#">Overwatch (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Sly Cooper (Video Games)</a> , <a href="#">Undertale (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Brave Frontier</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Ratchet (Ratchet &amp; Clank)</a> , <a href="#">Shoryu (Log Horizon)</a> , <a href="#">Hien (Log Horizon)</a> , <a href="#">Falco Lombardi</a> , <a href="#">Wolf O'Donnell</a> , <a href="#">Fox McCloud</a> , <a href="#">Noel Kreiss</a> , <a href="#">Guire</a>   <a href="#">Gaius</a> , <a href="#">Nishiki</a>   <a href="#">Kaden</a> , <a href="#">Tiz Arrior</a> , <a href="#">Jesse McCree</a> , <a href="#">Hanzo Shimada</a> , <a href="#">Sly Cooper</a> , <a href="#">Asgore Dreemurr</a> , <a href="#">Asriel Dreemurr</a> , <a href="#">I'll add them as they are requested</a> , <a href="#">Chambray</a>   <a href="#">Yarne</a> , <a href="#">Karl (Brave Frontier)</a> , <a href="#">Flannel</a>   <a href="#">Keaton</a> , <a href="#">Panther Caroso</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Omorashi</a> , <a href="#">Wetting</a> , <a href="#">Desperation</a> , <a href="#">One Shot</a> , <a href="#">No Smut</a> , <a href="#">Mild Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">male omorashi</a> , <a href="#">Platonic Male/Male Relationships</a> , <a href="#">Actual Male/Male Relationships</a> , <a href="#">it's so gay</a> , <a href="#">And I'm not sorry</a> , <a href="#">Bedwetting</a> , <a href="#">Scent Marking</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2016-10-09 Updated: 2016-10-18 Words: 16,661 Chapters: 9/?

# Omo Prompts

by [orphan\\_account](#)

## Summary

A series of male omo-related requests from tumblr. Feel free to request any characters you want to see.

# Meeting the Rangers

## Chapter Summary

Request from Tumblr: "Ratchet desperate during a mission?"

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ratchet was a talented fighter. He had managed to stop the Blargian menace with only his wrench, his trusty friend Clank, and a metric shit-ton of firepower. So it was no surprise to anyone when he was made a true member of the Galactic Rangers. In fact, the only real surprise was that Quark had gotten out of a life sentence.

Again.

After everything was done, Ratchet had sworn to help whenever he was needed, which he was really hoping would be in a few months. He could use a vacation...

Ratchet awoke with a start, cursing the ringing noise coming from the other side of the garage's door. He also heard Grim yelling something, but he had long since learned to just ignore that. He stumbled to the door, still not fully awake, as the ringing became more urgent. "Probably just left Clank out by accident," he mumbled, remembering the last time that had happened. In his defense, Ratchet had managed to make the apology sincere.

He finally reached the door, yawning widely as he pressed the button to open it. A loud creak filled the room as the doors rumbled open, revealing a small hovering infobot. There was a brief moment of silence as Ratchet noticed the Ranger's mark on the bot, before the message began:

"Ratchet, I'm afraid you're needed. This infobot will transport you to our location. This will happen in: Ten...nine...eight..."

Ratchet's eyes widened as he scrambled to grab his omniwrench and throw on his outfit. He barely had time to feel a weak throb from his bladder before the bot finished:

"...two...one...have a nice day~!"

There was a brilliant flash of blue, and Ratchet's world went dark.

"It's good to see you again, Ratchet," a strange woman's voice was the first thing the young lombax heard. "I apologize for the abruptness, but we're afraid there is an imminent threat to the wellbeing of the galaxy. Shall we get started?"

Ratched nodded, still in a daze. The area surrounding him seemed to be heavily wooded, but he didn't recognize any of the plants. Ignoring his bladder's demands, he followed the new woman deeper into the forest.

"You see, there has been a great deal of deforestation throughout this planet. While that in itself would not pose a threat, the flora of this world has an interesting defensive mechanism. Whenever they are threatened, they explode violently," the woman explained as she walked. "However, it appears a group of pirates from Ardolis seem to have found a way to safely harvest these plants, and weaponize them."

"Yeah, I could see that being a problem," Ratchet said, eyeing the trees warily. "Is there anything else?"

"Yes," the woman continued. "These pirates seem to have gathered a large following. Due to their large scale, there have been reports throughout the planet. The Rangers have all been called to separate areas, so you will be going in with only one partner, who is already at the drop point. And, due to how unstable many of these plants are, we're afraid any form of firepower would be a major threat to both your life and the lives of civilians. This is going to be a stealth operation."

"Understood," Ratchet said, silently cursing himself for not bringing Clank. The small robot would have been a perfect fit for this job.

"There's one last thing," the woman said. "We would like to question the ringleaders of this operation as to how they found a way to safely harvest these plants. So if you could keep him alive for questioning, it would be greatly appreciated."

"Don't shoot, don't kill, don't get caught," Ratchet recited. "Seems easy enough."

The woman beamed. "I knew I could count on you. Continue along this path, and you will reach the factory's main gate in no time. From there, I leave it up to you." There was another flash of blue, and the woman vanished on the spot.

With no more distractions, Ratchet's urge came back full force, as it fully occurred to him that he hadn't used the bathroom since the night before. But it wouldn't be an issue. He wouldn't let it be an issue. Pushing the thought to the back of his mind, he soldiered on through the forest, at last seeing the effects the pirates were having: entire sections of the ground ripped out, leaving only a barren husk of dirt. Steeling his resolve further, he continued on.

The closer he got to the factory, the more he noticed the trial and error-starbursts of ash made from explosions, trees and bodies darkened with ash. It was clear they had only recently found their methods. This, compounded with his defiantly painful bladder, was giving Ratchet second thoughts on joining the Rangers. Nefarious and Drek were dangerous indeed, but these pirates were willing to sacrifice their own lives in order to build these new

weapons. The quickly approaching metal gates only served to imprint this further into his mind: these were no ordinary pirates.

"You must be Ratchet," a soft male voice made the Lombax jump. "I will be your partner for this mission."

Ratchet turned to look at what appeared to be a humanoid plant grow from the ground behind him. Flowers and leaves grew from the being's limbs, which themselves seemed to be made of a bundle of vines. In fact, the only thing that set the man apart from a very humanoid looking bundle of plants were the two beady green eyes that popped out from the two openings in the man's head. "I am Lichianthus. Call me Lich."

Ratchet nodded, the sudden shock doing nothing to help his desperation. "You know who I am?" he asked. Lich merely nodded. "We should get going." Another nod.

"Would you like to take point, or shall I?" Lich asked, his tone empty. "Choose quickly, we must move as fast as possible."

Ratchet nearly stumbled at the forwardness, but responded instinctively. "You take point, I'll follow." Lich nodded again, and began rising from the ground. The vine that trailed seemed endless, but eventually came to a very lethal-looking metal point. Ratchet gazed, awestruck, as Lich began slithering along the ground like a very large, very dangerous-looking snake. Thanking the support team for pairing him with someone who looked extraordinarily well-suited for this problem, he followed behind the plant monster, praying the mission would end quickly with this new ally.

After all, what was the worst that could possibly happen?

This. This was the worst that could happen. They had him pinned behind a quickly disintegrating barrier, with nowhere to run and nowhere left to hide. Ratchet reached for his bomb glove, before remembering the instructions he had been given. Groaning, he prepared to sprint to the door about a hundred to his side, but now rock-hard bladder had other ideas. Even attempting to stand was next to impossible, sprinting would be even worse. He could only sit here, waiting to die, all because he had to piss. A spasm ran through his chest, and he knew he was near the end, in more ways than one. That's obviously what that loud crunching and rustling was-death coming for him.

Wait. Rustling?

At that point, a lot of things happened at once. A massive crash sounded from the other side of the barrier, and all gunfire stopped dead. An alarm began blaring, and the door Ratchet had been looking at slammed to the ground. At Ratchet himself felt his pants grow warm. Ramming his hands into his crotch, he narrowly managed to stop the flow, which mercifully hadn't left any wet spots. But if it was that close, Ratchet shuddered to think what would happen if this mission went on for much longer. Lich slithered around the barrier, and Ratchet barely managed to move his hands away from his crotch in time. He didn't want to give any indicators of his problem.

Lich cocked his head, but didn't speak. Ratchet stood from his hiding spot, a sharp pain erupting from his abdomen. He guessed he had another fifteen minutes at max before he made a fool of himself in front of another Ranger. Not that Lich seemed like a really bad guy. Speaking of Lich, the serpentine creature was still standing there, awaiting orders.

"Thanks for the save there," Ratchet mumbled. Lich nodded, but remained silent, as usual. "The leader's office is just on the other side of that door," he gestured to the room the guards had run from. "You think you can handle him? Remember, non-lethal if you can manage it." Ratchet glanced at Lich's metal tail, which was now stained with a very suspicious-looking red liquid. Lich, though, didn't notice, or just didn't care, because he slithered away in the direction indicated.

Ratchet was really beginning to think things would be alright. Lich would obviously be able to take care of everything. All the Lombax had to do for the next few minutes was stay alive, and stay dry. Another painful jolt, though, told him that would be a lot harder than it would seem. But he would be fine. As long as he-

Another jolt, much more painful this time, served to prove how wrong Ratchet was. He had given himself fifteen minutes. That number had been wildly exaggerated, it seemed. A warm squirt forced its way out, as Ratchet rammed his hands into his crotch again, try futilely to stop the flow again. This time, though, there was no stopping it. Another squirt forced its way out, followed by a much more steady stream. Ratchet felt his hands grow wet, along with the insides of his thighs. As nice as the relief felt, it was overshadowed by the crippling embarrassment. Tears formed in the corners of his eyes, as he lost yet another battle to his body. Lich stopped dead as he heard a splattering on the ground, but mercifully didn't turn around.

"You alright back there?" the plant asked, although he knew the truth. "Don't worry too much about it. Head back, and have an infobot bring you back. I'll take things from here." Ratchet, shocked at how understanding Lich was, turned, but the plant wasn't quite done. "Your secret is safe with me."

Ratchet didn't even stop to consider what Lich meant by that before running from the room. Lich grinned slightly, reflecting on everything he had learned. He could sense the boy's desperation since he had met him, but had to admit he was impressed the kid had held it for so long. As he smashed open the entrance to the boss's quarters, Lich broke into a full-on grin. His kind were especially good at reading emotions. And he had definitely felt a good deal of enjoyment from the Lombax at the end there...

## Chapter End Notes

Day 1 down, 30 to go. Next chapter is Log Horizon's furry bros.

# Virtual World, Real Body

## Chapter Summary

These guys really need more love. This show in general needs more love, but these two especially.

Request from Tumblr: "Log Horizon omo?"

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Madoka was probably the most excited person in the guild for this new update. It had been a few months since he had last logged on consistently, on account of schoolwork getting in the way. He checked the clock to his right. Only ten more minutes until the full midnight release of the Novasphere Pioneers expansion. Only ten more minutes until countless hours of new content. He was nearly jumping with anticipation. Of course, anticipation wasn't the only reason he couldn't quite sit still, but he assured himself he could go without the restroom for at least a few more hours. Long gaming sessions had taught him a thing or two about being able to hold it.

Six more minutes now, and Madoka could no longer sit still. Six minutes until he could be Hien again, and meet all the other members of the guild. He's heard from a friend there were new members now, and he couldn't wait to meet them. An entirely new batch of players to use his stupid jokes and lame puns on? It was like Madoka had died and gone to heaven.

Two minutes now, and another twinge from his bladder reminded Madoka of his problem. He furrowed his brow, looking to the bathroom only twenty feet away. Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea to go now, before the game updated and he wouldn't be able to pull himself away for a few hours. He glanced once more at the clock. Less than a minute now. The student gave a brief sigh, resigning himself to the fact that he would just have to hold it for the next few hours.

Only ten seconds left, and Madoka was shaking with excitement. He glanced once more at the bathroom, then shook his head. He'd be completely fine. Six seconds left until midnight. His leg was bouncing with a mixture of joy and mild desperation. Two seconds left until midnight. This was it-

Hien woke up in a world unfamiliar to him. No, that wasn't entirely accurate. It was a world he was extremely familiar with, just not like this. He looked around, his eyes widening with sudden realization-this was Elder Tales. He felt a small grin creep onto his face. The developers weren't lying when they said this would be a major update.

His first problem was the tail. He shakily got to his feet, trying to balance the new weight that hung from his back. It was surprisingly easy to get used to, though, and he quickly found himself performing acrobatic maneuvers, flying from overgrown building to overgrown building. This kind of physical freedom was something entirely new to him. Madoka wasn't a wimp, by any means, but he was definitely nothing compared to the fox-tail assassin he was now.

A second problem quickly made itself known, though: another throb from his bladder reminded him of his problem just moments ago. Bringing himself back to the reality of the situation, he started to realize all the problems this entailed--he wasn't even sure if he could fully remove his armor. In the original Elder Tales, you could strip your character down to their undergarments, but could go no further than that, on account of this being a "family-friendly" game.

With this thought weighing on his head, he opened the menu, eyes widening when he saw all of his notifications. Deciding his issue could wait for a few at least a few more minutes, Hien clicked on the top message:

"Not sure if you'll get this. Meet at the guild hall. Keep calm!"  
-Shoryuu

Hien, despite everything going on, broke into a grin. Even though he was in an entirely new world, with an entirely new body, and an entirely real bladder, he was glad Shoryuu was there with him. Quickly scrolling through the other messages, all from other members of the guild asking him where he was, the assassin jumped from the building he was on, and broke into a full sprint towards the guild hall.

"That is the situation at the current time," Henrietta concluded. "We're still working out exactly how much of this world still functions as a game, and how much can be treated as a real-world experience."

Hien nodded, making sure to stay behind the Bard. He remembered what happened when she had first seen his character, and now that everything was real, he was kind of worried about--

"H-Hien?" Henrietta turned suddenly, stopping dead as she spotted him. The guild hall fell dead silent, as the boy considered how he could get out of this situation. If he could just get to the door fast enough, he may be able to--

"SO CUTE!"

Avoid that. Hien suddenly found himself pretty much engulfed by Henrietta's hug, feeling especially odd as she began petting his ears and tail, especially because, less than an hour ago, there was nothing there to pet. Not to mention, the sudden pressure on his abdomen did nothing to help his quickly growing problem...

"Henrietta, you might want to let go before you crush him," Shoryuu came to the rescue, literally pulling the bard away from Hien. "We aren't sure if death is permanent yet..."



"Shoryuu has a point," Henrietta said, acting as though nothing had just happened. "For the time being, I'm going to ask that all guild members remain inside, unless given express permission. Would this be alright with you, Marielle?"

"Of course, Henrietta," the guildmaster spoke, unusually perky despite everything going on. "Hien, Shoryuu, I'm going to be relying on you two a lot in the upcoming days. If it turns out we truly are trapped in here, we need to come up with a plan of attack!"

Hien nodded, trying to ignore another twinge from his bladder. "And that plan of attack is...?"

"For now, I'm granting you two permission to leave the guild hall and search for new members. After all, there's strength in numbers. Look around, and see who you can find," Marielle said. She turned to Shoryuu. "While you're doing that, why not try out some of the game's commands? We'll see just how much of this world is still Elder Tales."

Shoryuu tried his best to look at the positives. After all, this probably meant he didn't have to take that test tomorrow. This also meant he didn't have to waste his time searching for a job. Honestly, he was kind of excited for what this new world could do. He finally had a place to get away from it all. Hien especially looked excited, Shoryuu noticed. He could barely hold still. Hopping from one foot to another, an odd look on his face which Shoryuu guessed was a mixture of shock and excitement.

The last two hours had been a bust, with neither of them finding any more members, nor being able to test their new abilities. Trying to do so ran the risk of alerting the Guards, and neither of them felt like doing that.

"Hey, Shoryuu?" Hien's voice surprised the wolf boy. He hadn't noticed how quiet the usually energetic Hien was. "You think we could pull over and find an alley somewhere? I've got something I need to take care of."

"What's that?" Shoryuu asked, rather suspicious. The last time Hien asked him to detour from his mission, it resulted in a one-way trip to the respawn point. "Let's head back to the guild hall, and tell Henrietta nobody was really interested."

"S-sounds good," Hien nodded, trying his hardest to not cross his legs and make a fool of himself. "Let's hurry, alright?"

Shoryuu, still suspicious, nodded, before turning to one of the stalls. "Just a minute, I need to grab something to drink. You want anything?" Hien turned pale, but nodded instinctively. Cursing his body's muscle memory, he acted grateful as Shoryuu handed him a full pack of water. He tried his best to look thankful as he downed the entire pack in a single go, but he knew better. He really, really needed to get back to the guild hall, and fast.

Shoryuu's face was hard to read as he turned in the direction of the hall. "Let's head out. Hopefully the others were more successful than we were."

Praying that Shoryuu was right, Hien nodded and began the seemingly endless track back to the guild hall.

He really tried to make it. Less than a hundred yards from the guild hall, though, things went wrong. By this point, Hien had given up any semblance of pride, stuffing both of his gloved hands into his crotch, wrapping his tail around his legs, and doing a little dance just to make sure he didn't wet himself. And it really seemed like it was working.

Shoryuu, by this point, was well aware of his friend's issue, but decided not to say anything, knowing very well that Hien was aware of the problem. Other players and People of the Land had caught on, too, and their gazes followed the two as they strolled down the lanes.

"So, what were you thinking about before all this happened?" Shoryuu asked, trying to divert Hien's attention away from his obviously full bladder. "I was looking forward to seeing all the others, and I suppose I did get that wish in a way."

Hien grinned a little, but it instantly turned into a grimace as the boy double over, pain covering his face. "S-Shou? I'm not going to make it, am I?" Tears appeared at the edge of the assassin's eyes. Shoryuu, blushing fiercely and annoyed at himself for how much he was enjoying this, tried to act encouraging.

"Yes, you are. Now stop being overdramatic, and let's keep going. It's only a little ways away..."

Shoryuu was cut off as he heard Hien let out a weak gasp as he stuffed his hands between his legs, trying (and failing) to stop the raging torrent as his body gave up the fight. His light brown trousers began to darken across his crotch, flowing down both legs and forming a puddle beneath the whimpering boy's feet. Shoryuu could do nothing but watch as the stream strengthened further, a loud hiss now noticeable to everyone nearby, who turned and gave either a grunt of sympathy or a quick laugh at the unfortunate state of his friend.

After what seemed like an eternity, the stream trickled to an end, but Hien stood rooted to the spot, the only indication he was more than a statue being the soft sobs that wracked his body. Shoryuu, not realizing he had let his ears and tail out due to sheer shock and embarrassment (and maybe just a little bit of enjoyment) took a few steps towards his friend, careful not to be hurtful.

"Hien?" Shoryuu asked, his voice soft and measured. When that didn't work, he tried a different approach. "Madoka? It's alright, man. It happens to us all. Let's just head back to the guild hall, and get cleaned up, okay?" Hien nodded weakly, tears still streaming from his eyes as he walked the last few yards to meet with the others.

Shoryuu laid awake in bed that night, thinking of everything that had happened in the last 24 hours. Going from least to most surprising, he had changed bodies, entered a world of a video game, and watched his best friend wet himself. Everything had happened so fast that he

barely had time to take it in, and he was extraordinarily glad he was lying in bed, where at least a few things seemed to make sense.

The door to his room creaked open, and Shoryuu looked up to see the outline of a very familiar looking fox-tail assassin. Neither of them said anything for a few seconds, before Hien shut the door behind him and crawled into bed next to Shoryuu. There was a brief second of noise as the bed's new occupant pulled the blankets around both of them, and Shoryuu, not used to sharing his bed with anyone (much less his best friend) and still surprised at Hien's appearance, curled up against his new bedmate's chest. Feeling two strong arms wrap around him, he allowed himself a grin. Here, in the arms of his best friend, he felt nothing but pure calm.

Despite everything he had lost in the last day, at least he had this.

## Chapter End Notes

Day 2 down, 29 to go. Next chapter is Fire Emblem: Awakening's candy loving thief.

# Sweet Relief

## Chapter Summary

Gaius does appreciate the celebration. He just really wished it could have been held at a better time..

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There are many ways to get recruited into an army. There's volunteering, getting enlisted, and joining on account of their leader offering you candy. Gaius chose the third option. And he was really starting to regret that decision.

Getting paired with Henry was not helping matters. The creepy dark mage was all too happy to mow down soldier after soldier, a creepy smile plastered on his face. After the third time he had nearly been caught in the crossfire, Gaius wisely decided to just hide behind a wall, trying his damndest not to attract any more attention than he already had.

It was actually a pretty funny sight: a scarlet-haired assassin cowering behind his shelter while the must smaller dark mage plowed down enemy after enemy with spells. Pulling a piece of candy from one of his outfit's many folds, Gaius allowed himself a brief moment of rest. The enemy's leader was on the far side of the plains, and that new dancer of theirs was proving to be less of an asset than they had hoped.

There was another issue plaguing the assassin's mind, but he tried his best to shut it out. He's been unfortunate enough to try a heist with a full bladder before, and he narrowly got out of there before things got out of hand. This, though, seemed like it would be a much closer call. While his desperation wasn't that bad yet, he could tell it would be a long battle, and one that he wouldn't exactly be able to duck away from.

Another explosion brought the assassin back to reality, and he noticed his hiding wall was little more than rubble now. Turning slowly, raising both hands above his head, he was face to face with an opposing mage.

"Well, what do we have here?" the mage asked, her voice smooth as silk. "What a handsome rogue. It seems a real shame to waste such a lovely face." Gaius felt his body go numb as a jolt of electricity wracked his chest. "And yet, orders are orders."

The bolt only lasted a second, but it was enough to bring Gaius to his knees. Carefully drawing the killing edge that Robin had so carefully chosen for him, he struck before the mage knew what hit her. There was a familiar rush as the blade did its job, and a dull thud as yet another soldier met her end. Smirking a little to himself, Gaius turned to an unconscious Henry and shook his head. "Some dark mage," he mumbled as he threw the boy over his

shoulders. Grinning as he realized taking Henry back to camp would give him a chance to relieve himself, the assassin began the long trek back to safety.

"Gaius!" A woman's shout made the thief stop dead. "Where do ya think yer going?"

"I'm taking Henry to safety," he called to Sully as she trotted over. "A mage knocked him out, and he's in no condition to stay on the battlefield."

The cavalier thought about it for a moment, then nodded. "Yer probably right. I'll take 'im, then. My horse can probably go faster than you ever could." Sully smirked a little at the not-so-subtle jab, but Gaius had other things on his mind.

"N-no, it's fine. You're probably better suited to this fight than I am, anyways. Besides, don't you like fighting?" Gaius asked, quietly begging her to let him make his retreat.

"Yeah, but when someone's in danger, it makes more sense to get 'em to safety as fast as possible. 'Sides, you're stronger offensively than I am. Makes sense to finish this as quickly as possible," Sully explained.

So, more than a little annoyed, Gaius threw Henry's body onto Sully's horse and ran back into the thick of battle.

"Gaius, pair up with Stahl!" Robin's order echoed across the battlefield. The assassin nodded and quickly carried out the command, his mind still on the noticeable throbs coming from his abdomen. "Cover Frederick and Virion's left flank, and head straight for the commander!"

Gaius hopped on the back of Stahl's horse, trying to keep his mind on the situation at hand. Drawing a killer bow, he dispatched as many soldiers as he could while Stahl ran the horse as hard as it would go, the jerkiness of the uneven terrain doing nothing to help Gaius's desperation. "On your left," the male cavalier's voice alerted Gaius to an arrow that narrowly missed his head. Gaius sent a volley of his own, not stopping to see if he hit his target.

"Thanks for that," he muttered, unconsciously crossing one leg over the other in an attempt to solve the quickly growing issue. Glancing to the front, he noticed their foe running to meet them. Drawing his killing edge once more, he jumped from his horse, preparing for the battle ahead.

"To victory!" Robin cried, hoisting a mug of mead high above his head. The cry was taken up by every member of the army as they raised their own glasses in a toast. All things considered, they had been rather lucky. Nobody from the Shepherds had been killed, and there had only been a few minor injuries that Lissa and Maribelle had quickly patched up.

Gaius sat at the table, his squirming attributed to the sheer excitement of victory. Having landed the final hit on his opponent, the others seemed to be under the impression he deserved a celebration. Which, to him, meant nearly three hours after the fight where he didn't have a moment to himself. It was ridiculous, really. The forest was just a few hundred

yards away, but every time he tried to stand, another Shepherd brought him another glass of mead, believing him to be out.

He did appreciate the attention, and he didn't want to seem rude, which lead to Gaius downing every glass that had been brought to him. As he downed the fifth glass brought to him, he seriously considered just giving up right there. His legs were completely under the table, the thought pointed out, so nobody would know unless he stood up.

Of course, he was sitting in front of everyone, the other side of him argued, so they would know if they so much as looked down. Not to mention, there was the noise it would make, as well as the possible smell. Did he really want to risk wetting himself like a child merely because he couldn't hold his mead?

Another sharp spasm from his bladder told him it wouldn't be long now until the decision was made for him. Rising once more, Stahl walked over with yet another foaming cup, an odd smile etched onto his face. As he set the glass down, Stahl leaned in close and whispered in Gaius's ear.

"This will be the last one. Finish this, and I'll let you go. Sound fair?" he asked, and Gaius realized he didn't have much choice. Stahl, the apparently normal guy, had been the one who kept bringing him drinks, Gaius realized. Stahl, who had lost the final hit to Gaius at the last moment. Stahl, who likely knew of Gaius's desperation hours ago from his horse.

Gaius nodded slightly, and Stahl shifted away from him a smirk still on his face. "One last thing," he muttered, before grabbing Gaius's chest, tighter than was probably necessary, and hoisting the assassin onto his shoulders. "Drink, drink, drink, drink!"

The chant was quickly taken up by the rest of the army, followed by an enormous cheer as Gaius downed what he prayed would be the final serving in a single breath. As he hit the ground, he realized it was too late. Already, a spurt of warmth shot into his mercifully dark trousers. The Shepherds laughed as they watched Gaius run to the woods, assuming he couldn't hold his liquor. Gaius, though, had a more pressing matter. What had started as a small spurt had quickly turned into a full stream running down both legs, darkening the fabric of his pants. He managed to cut it off about halfway through, when he realized it was too late. No matter what, he would have to head back to the celebration in his soiled pants.

His intoxicated state doing nothing to help the matter, Gaius leaned up against the tree and, deciding it was already noticeable and this wouldn't make it any worse, spread his legs slightly. There was a brief moment of hesitation before the stream started in full again, this time with the thief doing nothing to try and stop the flow. Still pissing himself, Gaius turned towards the camp and pulled a sucker from one of his hidden pouches. Popping it in, he considered his options. He could run to his tent and quickly change pants, or he could just head back and act like nothing had happened.

Shaking his head, and knowing exactly what the next few hours would entail, he began the trek back to camp.

## Chapter End Notes

Day 3 down, 28 to go. Tomorrow is Star Fox!

# Rainy Skies

## Chapter Summary

Request from Tumblr: "Star Fox holding contest?"

I was oh so happy to oblige.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Peppy sighed in exasperation at the four grown men acting like children in front of him. It had all started simply enough: the Star Fox team had decided it was high time they got a break from the whole saving the galaxy thing, and had all agreed to find a nice bar to relax at for a few hours.

Unfortunately, it seemed the Star Wolf team had the exact same idea. At the exact same bar. At the exact same time. If Peppy didn't know any better, he could have sworn they had been followed.

When the nice waitress had brought their drinks out, though, Falco had the bright idea to chug the entire glass in a single go. Not wanting to be outdone, Fox had done the same, which quickly escalated into a full-on battle between teams as to who could drink more in the shortest span of time. At least, that was the idea. According to Krystal, the only four dumb enough to try it were Fox, Falco, Wolf, and Panther.

The waitress walked over with three more glasses for each of the competitors, weaving her way through the crowd that had since gathered. Krystal glared at the four boys, but didn't say anything other than a quick warning that "They would regret it!" Peppy, though, couldn't care less either way; he didn't have to pay for drinks, that was Fox's job.

"You're going down," Falco's trash talk made a brief appearance between glasses, making Wolf's eyes narrow.

"Yeah, you just keep thinking that," the lupine said as he moved onto his sixth glass, still behind his avian competitor by nearly a full glass.

"Say what you will, Krystal," Slippy piped up from the blue fox's left. "This is actually pretty impressive to watch."

"Due to health concerns, my boss says these three are the last for both of you," the waitress said, her expression apologetic. "He's afraid of over hydration."



Fox and Wolf glared at each other for a full minute before returning to their competition with a passion, Fox quickly trying to make up for lost time. As the four grabbed their final cups, the crowd whipped itself into a frenzy.

Krystal and Peppy shared a glance, deciding not to go try and stop it anymore. After all, they would find out quickly enough the consequences of their actions, Krystal thought.

Considering the initial strangeness, the rest of the meal went amazingly well. Nobody from either team tried to kill each other, and by the time everything was over, they were talking like old friends. There was one moment of awkwardness, though.

"I guess none of us really won that drinking contest, since we got cut off," Fox had said, making the other three fall silent. There was a shared look amongst the competitors, and Peppy swore he saw a small nod, but it passed quickly enough to be passed off as an illusion.

When they left the restaurant, feeling surprisingly content, though, the two teams stopped, the four drinking buddies glaring at each other. Wolf was the first to speak.

"Since we were cut off last time, what do you say we have another competition?" The other three glanced at each other, and nodded. "We've all taken in the same amount of fluids, so it only seems fair, right?" Another group of nods. "Last person to tap out wins."

And the four stalked off, leaving their teammates behind, more than a little confused.

"Alright, everyone understand the rules?" Falco asked. "You can tap out at any time to use the bathroom, but you lose if you do. Last man holding wins. Wetting yourself also counts as a loss."

The teams glared at each other, nodding. There, in an abandoned factory, four chairs had been set in a semi-circle, all facing the lone restroom. Taking their seats, Panther was the first to begin the trash-talk.

"Really, this is such a waste of time. If we're going to win, what's the point of playing? Although, I will enjoy watching the two of you squirm," the feline said, face victorious. Wolf smirked, but oddly didn't join in on the hazing.

"Yeah, you just keep thinking that," Fox said, his tone confident. "I've held on during some pretty long missions before. This is going to be a walk in the park for me."

The insults volleyed back and forth for a few minutes, before all four members fell silent, their bladders at last beginning to make themselves known. Using this new silence, Falco glanced curiously at the outfit his opponents had chosen for him: his normal flight suit. The same decision had been made for Fox, who already seemed to be mildly put off by his quickly growing desperation.

Wolf and Panther had been put in their own outfits: Wolf in a plain black shirt and leather pants and Panther wearing pretty much the same, save for a red color scheme. The two kept sharing glances, desperation quickly appearing on the feline's face, despite his previous boasts. Whenever Wolf saw this, though, he shook his head ever so slightly, almost like he was trying not to have the others notice. Whenever this happened, Panther would allow himself a look of annoyance before returning to his stoic face.

As the minutes turned into the first hour, all four were having trouble sitting still. Both of Fox's legs bounced nonstop, occasionally crossing over each other, before the vulpine realized what he was doing and quickly uncrossed them. Falco, though, was much more obvious with his desperation, with both hands stuffed between his legs, sitting as still as he could. Both of them had since realized why their flight suits had been chosen: there were no zippers at the crotch, so there was no way for them to put their hands directly on their dicks to try and help their desperation.

Wolf and Panther, though, were having other problems. Every movement of their legs made their leather pants alert their opponents to their issue. Wolf had since given up on sitting, and was leaning over his chair, one hand shoved down the front of his pants to try and keep everything in. Panther was the worst of the four, though. Doubled over in his chair, hands stuffed down his pants, eyes squeezed shut as though opening them would be to let go. He glared at Wolf, and once again the lupine shook his head, though this time with a good deal of hesitation. Panther let a small growl out, but remained seated, squirming more than ever.

Fox, trying to think of literally anything other than his bladder, was having more difficulties than he was letting on. The flight suit wasn't helping by any means, especially with all the flashes of what had happened last time he was this desperate.

It had been in the middle of a massive firefight in some uncharted sector of the galaxy. Fox had been called on hours ago, with no time to prepare. Desperately trying to hold on while still avoiding blast after blast from faceless mooks, he realized, with no small amount of malcontent, that he wouldn't be able to do both for much longer.

Spreading his legs, a loud hiss quickly filled the cockpit Arwing. The red crotch of his suit darkened, showing the wetness quite obviously. The urine quickly pooled under the pilot, dripping down to his feet and saturating both his suit's legs and his fur. When the fight ended, he had been sure to fly around a bit longer than necessary, trying his best to dry his suit and seat before he landed. Back at home base, he had offered a little too quickly to do the laundry that day. While he had managed to avoid detection from the rest of the team, that battle still stuck in his mind.

Falco, too, was having some flashbacks to desperation during a battle. He had needed to go, badly, since before the dogfight had begun. Somehow, though, he managed to hold on long enough to clear out the enemies and get to his objective. It had seemed like he was going to make it, when Star Wolf suddenly decided to make an appearance. His desperation nearly cost him dearly when a blast rocked the wing of his plane. The sudden jolt had been all it took for the avian to completely lose control, flooding his flight suit and soaking into the seat. He hadn't been overly ashamed of it; it wasn't the first time he wet himself during a mission, and it likely wouldn't be the last. But it had been the first real accident he had, and with the

people who had caused it sitting right across from him, and threatening to make it happen again, that particular moment was at the forefront of his mind.

The two pilots were shaken from their memories by a loud and sudden whimper from Panther. The feline had tears in his eyes, but he was somehow still managing to hold on. Jumping from foot to foot, he sprinted as fast as his bladder would let him to the restroom, before stopping dead just outside the door. Shooting an apologetic look at his commander, who finally nodded, he slammed the door shut, ran to the toilet, and began fumbling with his zipper. A zipper which, he quickly found, didn't exist. After a brief moment of confusion, realization crossed his face. There had been a reason the Star Fox team had chosen such tight leather. With his now bulging bladder, trying to slide his pants down would be nearly impossible. Resigning himself to his fate, and willing to do anything to stop the pain in his abdomen, Panther sat down on the toilet, locking his legs in an attempt to minimize the damage. A second which felt like an eternity to the poor feline passed, before a warm spurt shot out into his underwear. This spurt was followed by another, much longer, which leaked into the material of his pants.

Taking a deep breath and bracing himself, Panther let go completely, a loud hiss bursting to life from his waist. The pants did their best to hold the liquid before giving up, a steady stream leaking from the rear and into the toilet. Gasping with relief, Panther began to piss more forcefully, the red leather at last beginning to show signs of wetness. As the stream tapered off, Panther stood, surveying the damage.

It was obvious to anyone who looked at him what had happened. The front of his waist was a much darker shade of red than the rest, and Panther didn't even want to know what his backside looked like. Sighing with embarrassment and disgust, but feeling extremely relieved it was over, he walked to the door and braced himself against it, doing exactly what Wolf had told him to do.

"Panther's taking a long time," Falco said nearly forty minutes later. By some miracle, all three of the remaining pilots had held on, though their desperation was growing worse by the second. "You think he wet himself?"

"Probably," Wolf said, his voice strained. "He's always been one to care too much about beauty, so something like that would really hurt his confidence." Despite the situation, Wolf grinned. 'They're playing right into my hands,' he thought. 'Panther's doing his job perfectly. Now I just need to hold on longer than these idiots.'

Fox and Falco shared a look, but said nothing as they turned their minds, once more to their issues. Another occasion had entered Fox's mind, one much more recently. That time, though, he didn't even allow himself to become desperate. The second he started feeling desperate, he just went right there in his flight suit, thinking it was better to just let go than risk issues later on. By the time that fight had ended, he had peed himself four times, each time more easily than the last. Honestly speaking, he didn't care if he wet himself as much as the others did. He just really did not want to lose to Wolf.

Wolf was having his own problems, too. The competition had started nearly two hours ago, and he would be lying if he said he hadn't considered giving up and letting the others win. Only the thought of his plan succeeding kept him going. He was willing to put up with a little bit of desperation if it meant watching his rivals embarrass themselves.

Falco was the next to stand, heaving a great sigh. "Sorry, Fox, but I'm out too. Just hold out a little longer, captain." He turned to the bathroom, before remembering Panther was still in there. He knocked politely, trying to keep his cool. When that didn't work, a less kind knock quickly followed.

"Hey, Panther, hurry up, man! It's fine if you wet yourself, we really couldn't care less. Just open the door, I'm bursting here!" That last part wasn't even slightly exaggerated. Falco reasoned he had a few more minutes before his body gave up on him. When there was still no response, though, he started getting annoyed. "Listen, just open up the door! I swear, I'm not going to make fun of you for wetting yourself!" A sudden spurt of wetness appeared in Falco's pants, and his knocking became more insistent.

"Seriously, Panther, I'm about to piss myself! Now open the damn door!" Still no response, although the avian swore he heard snickering on the other side. Realizing what was happening, he returned to his chair and calmly sat down. "You told Panther to wait in the restroom so we wouldn't be able to use it, didn't you?" he asked Wolf, who sneered in response. Falco, accepting this, heaved a massive sigh. "Well, there's no helping it then."

The pilot spread his legs, a small dark spot quickly appearing at the tip of his dick. The spot quickly began growing, flowing down his crotch and onto the chair, where it spilled over onto the floor. Fox and Wolf, were forced to try harder than ever to hold their bladders, the sudden sound of Falco's wetting doing nothing to help their own desperation. "That was a dirty trick, Wolf," Falco muttered, still not done peeing. "Although, did you make sure to specify to Panther to let you in? Or, more likely, did you tell him not to let anyone in, regardless of what you said after the game started?"

Wolf blushed furiously under his fur. He had told Panther that. Almost word for word. "H-he knows what I meant," he yelled, more to himself than anyone. One of his previous incidents flashed into his mind, having just taken place last week. Star Wolf had been working on flight maneuvers, when all of a sudden Wolf's bladder decided to make itself known. Not wanting to ruin his Wolfen, the lupine had done his best to keep it in, only for the dam to break right before they landed. Mercifully, the others hadn't noticed, but Wolf still felt the embarrassment as freshly as ever. A brief spray from his dick didn't help, and he heard the dripping before he felt it.

It had only been a small leak, but Fox still looked victorious. "Seems you've just lost. You set the rules yourself, wetting yourself means you lose. And, judging from the drops that just fell from your chair, I'm going to say you just lost." Wolf sprung to his feet, running to the bathroom as fast as he could, ignoring his bladder's cries or annoyance.

"Panther, let me in, damn it! That's a direct order!"

"But you also ordered me not to open the door for anyone," Panther's voice said, surprisingly hoarse. It was with no small amount of guilt Wolf realized the poor feline had been crying

recently, and he made a note to make it up to Panther at the next opportunity.

"That was to keep Fox and Falco out, Panther! Now open this door before I punish you for treason!" Instantly the door burst open, and Wolf sprinted to the vacant toilet, ignoring the spurts that shot into his pants as he did so. Even as he reached it, though, he knew it was too late. Embracing that it was his idea in the first place, and his seemed like a fitting punishment, Wolf leaned against a wall, spreading his legs as far as he comfortably could.

The dam broke immediately, piss flooding into Wolf's leather pants and pooling on the floor. Panther watched his boss wet himself, ashamed as he felt his own pants grow tighter. Wolf turned to glare at Fox, only to let out a weak laugh as he noticed the vulpine in a similar situation: crouched low to the ground, pee cascading down his thighs. A look of relief appeared on both of the canine's faces, and Wolf turned his attention to Panther. "Sorry for dragging you into this. It's my fault your fur is wet."

"Honestly speaking, it's not that bad," Falco said from the doorway, making Panther and Wolf jump. "In fact, I've already talked to Fox about it. How does same time next week sound?"

## Chapter End Notes

Day 4 down, 27 to go. Tomorrow is Kaden and Keaton from Fire Emblem: Fates!

# "Mine"

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: "Scent marking Kaden & Keaton?"

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Corrin woke up in probably the best position possible: between two shapeshifts, with Kaden being the littlest spoon, and Keaton hugging him from behind. Between the two, in the middle of winter, under the fluffiest covers in the army, leaving bed seemed like the worst idea in the world.

Kaden was the next to wake up, turning over and nuzzling up against the prince's chest. Two arms wrapped around his chest, essentially sandwiching their commander between the fox and the wolf. Soft fur tickled his chin, making the idea of getting up even worse than before. Keaton muttered something in his sleep, then adjusted himself so he was using Corrin's head as a pillow.

After a good deal of adjustment, Corrin managed to make even this comfortable, having Keaton almost completely on top of him. Kaden, not wanting to be outdone, somehow managed to pull himself even tighter against his "beloved prince," wrapping his tail instinctively around his bedmates.

Yawning loudly, the prince burrowed into the pillow, and fell back asleep, content for the first time since the war had begun.

Kaden, now the only awake person in the bed, stretched himself out, getting comfortable in his leader's arms, noticing an uncomfortable throb coming from his bladder. Not wanting to disturb the others, and not worried it would be a real problem for a long time, Kaden contented himself to his lovers' arms and felt himself drift off to sleep once more.

Keaton woke up last, not bothering to be gentle as he stretched out across the bed, now lying on top of the others. Honestly, this was the happiest he had been for a long time. Shooting Kaden's sleeping form a dirty look, he planted the softest of licks on Corrin's cheek. The prince gave a small laugh in his sleep, hand shooting up to scratch the affected area.

A victorious look crossed the werewolf's face, remembering how Corrin had let it slip last night that he thought Kaden's fur was softer and cuter. While the prince had apologized immediately, it had still stung, and all lovemaking last night had been cut short. Keaton had gotten over it enough to allow some cuddling, but had been sure to rub his fur against Corrin as much as possible.

Now, though, something else forced its way into his thoughts. That something was the throbbing from his abdomen. Normally, he would have just gone then and there. Mount Garou was not known for its warm winters by any means, and bedwetting became a common tactic by many wolfskins, either due to not wanting to leave the warmth of their bed or trying to add to it. But, with the two beneath him, that seemed like a bad idea. At least, with Corrin underneath him, that is. He couldn't care less about the kitsune chieftain. In fact, messing up his fur did seem very appealing, before he shook the idea from his mind. He couldn't risk upsetting his captain.

Pulling the covers tightly around himself he tried to occupy his thoughts with memories of his home. The last thought he had before drifting off to sleep once more was the only time he had unintentionally wet himself.

It had been about two years ago, while Keaton was little more than a teenager. Already he had been appointed chief, but that came with a problem: he had no idea what a chief was supposed to do. He tried his best to introduce himself to everyone on the mountain, despite the fact that many either knew him already or just didn't care.

So, when he walked into the village, only to find it burning, he panicked a bit. Alright, he panicked a lot. Running around, searching for anyone who had been killed or injured, he tried his best to shut out just how scared he really was. When the blaze had finally been put out two hours ago, Keaton was relieved to find nobody had been seriously wounded, save for the stupid human who had lit the fire in the first place.

The feast that night was incredible, with every Wolfskin congratulating Keaton on his demeanor during the threat. This, it seemed, was exactly what the tribe had been looking for, and they at last accepted Keaton as their chief. Of course, they didn't realize exactly how long it had been since Keaton had gotten a moment to himself.

By the time the celebration wound to a close, Keaton was truly desperate, rushing into the woods in an attempt to get some privacy. Unfortunately for him, though, it was far too late, and when he finally slouched back into the village a few minutes later with soaked trousers, the best he could hope for was that nobody would see him. But a wolf's nose is sharp, and by the time morning came around, it seemed like everyone knew exactly what had happened to the boy whose praises they had been singing last night.

It had taken nearly a year to gain their respect back after that incident. While pissing one's pants was a fairly common occurrence, often used to mark territory or show ownership, wetting yourself out of desperation was nothing less than a sign of weakness. That moment still lived fresh in Keaton's mind, and he swore to never let his body get that far again.

Which is why the sudden warmth spreading into his pants came as such a shock. Keaton's eyes shot open and he stopped the flow immediately, but the damage was done. A sizeable wet spot had appeared on his trousers, large enough to be recognizable. Blushing furiously, Keaton glanced under the covers to see if any had gotten on his bedmates, heart sinking as he saw a spot about the size of softball on the side of Corrin's pants.

Wondering how he was going to explain this, he felt another spurt force its way out. Shoving his hands between his legs, Keaton realized he had two options: lay in bed and piss himself,

or get out of bed and piss himself. A sudden rush of calm overcame him as he realized this. It WAS warm under the covers, and Corrin had forgiven him for much worse. Besides, that comment last night did sting a good deal. This could be his form of payback.

Positioning himself so he was almost directly on top of the prince, Keaton wrapped his arms and legs around him, holding the smaller boy tight. "Mornin'," he muttered, feeling the familiar flow as his bladder released its contents, flooding into his trousers and pooling onto the bed, the hiss growing stronger as he gained more confidence. When at last he was finished, he tucked his head under Corrin's chin, an evil grin on his face. Surely he'd be reprimanded when the prince woke up, but this would be all the indication he would have to give to Kaden. The message was clear: MINE.

With that thought in mind, Keaton cuddled up to his newest possession and dozed off, glad there was nothing scheduled for that day.

Kaden, though, woke up less than pleased. The smell assaulted his nostrils immediately, and he knew what had happened. Glaring daggers at his rival, he pressed himself closer to Corrin, ignoring the scent marking. Well, he thought, two can play at that game.

The Kitsune youth spread his legs slightly, but sighed when he couldn't force it. He'd wet himself once before, and it was a memory he tried hard to forget.

It had been nearly five years ago, and Kaden had been meeting with various other leaders from the community. Gift giving was a custom that went far back, and still applied today. However, giving the gifts was only half of it; one must accept their associates' gifts graciously, so as not to offend them. However, Kaden had seriously considered breaking this rule on account of his associates being cheating bastards.

After the sixth offering of fresh spring water, Kaden started catching on to what was happening. It was no small secret the others didn't fully respect Kaden quite yet, but something so juvenile was their solution. Meetings were not to end until all matters were discussed, forcing Kaden to squirm under the careful eyes of his subordinates, who seemed to want nothing more than to draw out discussions as much as possible.

When Kaden felt the first leak, he instinctively wrapped his tail around his waist, praying it would cover any signs of leakage. This, though, only tipped off the others to the sheer desperation the Kitsune was feeling. By the time the meeting ended, Kaden's robes were nearly saturated at the crotch as leak after leak escaped. At last giving up and releasing his bladder once the others had left, Kaden was surprised at how little he cared. The sheer relief was an amazing feeling, matched only by the feeling of piss flowing down his legs.

Returning to the present, Kaden smirked at the memory. Try as he might, he had never been able to recreate the pleasure of release. Perhaps, then, this would be enough...

Positioning himself so he was straddling Corrin and Keaton, Kaden lowered himself so he made sure it would flood over both of them. A sigh broke through his lips, followed by a hiss as the Kitsune's pants grew dark. Keaton muttered in his sleep, his nose picking up an entirely new scent, but he mercifully didn't wake up. As Kaden finished his marking, he pulled the blankets around the bed's contents once more. Loving the loud squish as he plopped down



next to the others, and thanking every god he knew that Corrin was a heavy sleeper, he at last rose from the bed, sliding his soaked pants to the floor.

Glancing at Keaton and Corrin one last time, Kaden smirked playfully. Being sure to close the door quietly, he ran to the river next to their shelter. Perhaps, if he was lucky, Keaton would be blamed entirely, and the fox would escape detection. Thinking of the tongue lashing the Wolfskin was in for, Kaden couldn't contain his laughter. All things considered, this was one of the better mornings he had in a long time.

## Chapter End Notes

Day 5 down, 26 to go! Up next, Omowatch. I mean, Overwatch.

# Lesson Learned

## Chapter Summary

Request: "Overwatch omo?"

I thought long and hard, and eventually came to the decision that utilizing my OC as a plot motivator would be pointless, and would not add anything to the plot.

Then I said fuck it and added Reuben.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jesse McCree was one of those people you didn't mess with. Get on his good side, and you'd have a loyal friend for life. Get on his bad side, and get pumped full of lead.

Hanzo Shimada was somewhere in the middle. He'd worked with McCree before, but hadn't stood out in the cowboy's mind. He just sort of showed up, did his job quietly and efficiently, and left. McCree wasn't one for covert stealth operations. McCree was a showman.

Which probably led to this situation in the first place. Hiding behind a barrier, Widowmaker's sights set on him, and a very angry Japanese man yelling at him. In his defense, it was only mostly his fault. He did admit, though, that the explosion was entirely on him, and he would take the blame for the assassination. Widowmaker's appearance, though, could be attributed to Hanzo's yelling giving away their position.

Even Reuben was pissed. The defensive hero's screamed insults only stopped when Jesse turned off his earpiece. Which had just made Hanzo yell at him more. Sheepishly rubbing the back of his head, McCree did the best to tune everything out. He'd been stuck with a worse team in worse situations before. All he had to do was wait for Ana and Reuben to handle the enemies, and everything would be settled over a drink or ten.

Hanzo huffed next to the cowboy, at last stopping his screaming. "Your stupidity is matched only by your arrogance." McCree chuckled a bit at that, knowing how true the statement was. Pulling a cigar out, he heard a grunt of disgust from his archer teammate. "The smoke from that will only alert even more foes to our presence. Did this not occur to you?"

"Yeah, it occurred to me, but then it occurred to me that your yelling's probably already told 'em where we are," McCree said, smirking ever so slightly. He did as he was told, though, and put the cigar back, leaving against the only thing protecting him from a sniper's bullet. Just to drive in that point, a bullet hit the ground mere feet away from McCree's feet, as Widowmaker's way of saying she was still there.

Sighing, and realizing he would probably be there for a while longer, McCree did his best to get comfortable, which was made difficult by a single fact: he had to piss. Badly.

He'd done everything he could to prepare for this: he'd gone before leaving, on the transit to their present location, and even right before the battle. But it didn't change anything. He tried to play off crossing his legs as a way of getting comfortable, when it was really his way of trying to relieve at least a bit of the pressure.

As the minutes rolled by, and bullet after bullet reminded the two heroes of the ever-present threat, McCree went from slightly uncomfortable to full-on desperate. He only remembered one other time he'd had to piss this badly during the middle of a fight, and he didn't remember it ending well for him. He'd barely managed to pull away from the others long enough to find an abandoned building with a working restroom, but by then the damage was done; a wet spot had appeared on his pants, not large enough to be noticeable unless it was looked for, but it was still enough to make McCree feel extremely awkward around his teammates until he had a chance to change clothes.

A large twinge from his bladder pulled McCree back to the present, where he noticed Hanzo shooting him an odd look.

"Is something the matter? You're sweating fiercely," the archer observed, with a pretty good idea of what was going on.

"Nah, I'm fine," McCree muttered, absently resting his hands on crotch. "Just didn't think it would take this long for the others to get Widow."

"Indeed, it does seem as though something is holding them up," Hanzo said, trying to repress the evil smile trying to force its way out. He pulled out his communication device, grinning at the conversation he'd been having with the others over the past few minutes.

Sandman: I'm heading your direction now. Ana's already driven BlueBitch away, so I'm not sure why you still need backup...

BadassGranny: Reuben, watch your language!

DragonDude1: Just listen to what I'm about to tell you. I need you to go to about the area where Widowmaker was, and use that weird sword of yours to shoot in our general direction.

Sandman: Alright, first of all, Avalon is not a weird sword. It's a weird gunsword. Secondly, and more importantly, why exactly do you want me to do that?

DragonDude1: I'm going to teach Jesse McCree a lesson and make him piss his pants.

BadassGranny: What now?

Sandman: ...

DragonDude: It's alright if you say no.

Sandman: I'm on my way. Be sure to take pictures. And a video.

Sandman: And if he moans, try to record that, too. For...research.

Smirking to himself at how eager the young vagabond had been to let this happen, he turned to glare once more at McCree, extremely glad the cowboy's own communication device had been destroyed so he couldn't look at the conversation. Now, his only worry was Ana coming in to put a stop to things before they got too far, but it seemed that she, too, felt McCree was in need of some punishment.

Reuben himself was doing his best to put himself in a sniper's position. Avalon was not meant for long-ranged attacks, so every shot he fired was shot with no small degree of hesitation. All it would take is a single bad shot for the entire plan to go south. He had his own reasons for going along with Hanzo's plan, but it had nothing to do with teaching the offensive hero a lesson.

Taking careful aim, Reuben pointed Avalon's tip towards the barrier, already feeling himself getting excited. Immediately, he shook the thoughts from his head, refocusing and firing yet another risky shot. However, just as he pulled the trigger, McCree stood up, and the bullet narrowly grazed the top of his ally's hat. Blushing furiously, and thanking God neither Mercy nor D.Va could see him now, Reuben sent a quick apology to Hanzo before returning his attention to the barrier that McCree had returned to cowering behind.

McCree was seriously considering just whipping it out and just letting go. Already, another fifty minutes had passed, and the cowboy was starting to catch on that something wasn't entirely right. His first clue had been when Hanzo refused to show him his com device. The second clue had been when said com device showed a message from Reuben, reading "Sorry!" immediately after a bullet narrowly missed the archer's foot. The bullets themselves were odd, too. Widowmaker's usually didn't have any trail following them, in an attempt to mask her presence. These, though, had a small but noticeable green particle effect following them, and the bullets themselves rarely lasted longer than a few seconds after they made impact.

However, last time he tried to stand up, a shot had nearly knocked his hat off, so McCree decided to play it safe.

Not bothering to be subtle anymore, McCree was in full "keep it in" mode, legs squirming, hands stuffed down his pants, breathing labored. Hanzo, bless his soul, was doing everything in his power to make sure his ally was alright:

"Stop moving, you'll just make it worse for yourself!"

"Thanks, genius," McCree virtually spat, eyes watering from the sheer effort of not pissing his pants. A battle that he was very close to losing. "Any other sagely advice?"

Hanzo smirked, but didn't respond, resting up against the wall. Pulling out his com device to alert Reuben to how close things were, he jumped a little when a gloved hand suddenly snatched it away. A brief pause followed, broken at last by the cowboy yelling a stream of curses that would have made Ana have a heart attack.

"Teach me a lesson?" McCree roared, alerting Reuben that the gig was up. The teen hesitated for less than a second before sending a message:

Sandman: Hey, SaveAHorse, how's it going? So, you WON'T BELIEVE what Hanzo told me to do. He, Hanzo, told me to shoot at the barrier you were hiding behind to make you wet yourself! Like, it's so disgusting that he would even consider doing something like that. You are a grown man, entitled to your own pride, liberty, and I'm going to leave now bye.

With that, Reuben sprinted as fast as his legs would carry him, ignoring the bullets flying wildly around him. If he survived this ordeal, he decided, he'd make sure Hanzo paid. For now, though, avoiding those bullets was the first of his worries.

The man firing the bullets could have easily killed the brat under most conditions, but nearly wetting himself was not classified under most conditions. Hanzo had already made a break for it, jumping to the nearest rooftop and scuttling away, leaving McCree alone in the middle of the clearing, alone at last. Which left him free to do exactly what he'd wanted to do for the last hour.

Squatting down as far as he could with his bulging bladder, there was a pause as McCree considered the dangers: Ana was still unaccounted for, and could easily spot him. Reuben and Hanzo could still see him possibly, and they'd never let him live it down. Not to mention, there was still a long ride home to the main base.

Then McCree decided that it didn't matter, and emptied his bladder on the spot. A brief wet spot quickly blossomed into a quickly growing dark patch that flowed, uninhibited, into his chaps and onto the ground below.

When the flow ended, McCree snatched up Hanzo's com device he'd left on the ground, looking at a more recent conversation.

Sandman: I'm not sure I'm entirely comfortable going along with this. That last shot nearly took off McCree's head.

DragonDude1: Alternatively, you get to see him wet himself.

Sandman: You make a great argument.

BadassGranny: You two need help. Have you considered a church?

Sandman: Last time I tried that, I burst into flames when I crossed the threshold.

Chuckled to himself at the sheer ridiculousness of his companions and the absurdity of his situation, he switched to his main account.

SaveAHorse: Did I put on a good show?

The response was immediate.

Sandman: Hell yes.

## Chapter End Notes

Day 6 down, 25 to go! Next in line is Bravely Default's Tiz!

# Aste-risky

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: "Bravely Default ranger omorashi? Maybe some intentional?"

For those of you who haven't played this game, I would highly recommend it.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tiz double checked to make sure the door was locked and that the curtains were drawn. There, in his quarters, he was finally alone. It wasn't that he disliked being around the others; on the contrary, he found their constant companionship rather endearing. But that didn't mean he wasn't relieved to find their new airship had private quarters for each of them.

Pulling out the bag that held the asterisks, he thought long and hard about which one would best suit his needs. He'd already tried this with the Knight and Vampire jobs, and was extremely happy to find his own clothes unaffected when he returned to his Freelancer job. But that still left a large decision in front of him: which one to try this time?

Pulling out the asterisks for the Red Mage, the Thief, and the Ranger jobs, Tiz juggled the pros and cons of each class in his mind. While he was willing to admit he looked good as a Red Mage, it was also likely it wouldn't show as well as it would in the Ranger class.

Feeling the now-familiar rush as his clothes and physical capabilities changed, Tiz all too quickly found himself standing in his room, his vision impaired by the wolf mask covering his face. Removing his new headwear and laughing a bit at the ridiculousness of it. Although, the ears were a bit hard to get used to the first time.

Two fluffy gray wolf ears popped up from the farm boy's mess of hair, his normal ears vanishing along with his normal clothes. These were more than just cool looking, though. They amplified his hearing to that of what a seasoned predator would experience at all times.

Thankful a tail didn't come with the deal, and turning his attention to the seemingly countless glasses of water on his footboard. Tiz allowed himself a grin, now that he was finally in private and could allow himself to divulge in his little game. He'd only had a couple chances since his journey had begun, which made him want to savor this opportunity all the more.

Decided it was better to get started now than explore his new outfit a little, Tiz grabbed the glass closest to him and began chugging it immediately, not stopping to breath until the cup was empty. Three more glasses followed in quick succession before he decided that would be enough for now.

Using the waiting period to plop over onto the bed, Tiz tried something new. Reaching up, he grabbed hold of a wolf-y ear, and began rubbing ever so lightly. Immediately, his tension began melting away, replaced instead by the incredible feeling of flesh on fur. A strange a feeling as it was, he was incredibly happy with it. The ranger couldn't help but smirk.

If everything he did over the next hour went as well as that did, he'd couldn't wait for the big finale.

As the minutes ticked by and glass after glass was drained of its contents, Tiz at last started to feel the pressure from his lower abdomen. Immediately setting down the cup he had just drained, Tiz once more jumped onto his bed, this time exploring the material his outfit was made of.

The mask and jacket both seemed to be made out of leather with a good deal of fur lining the, making them both durable and incredibly fluffy. His pants, however, were a different story: what initially appeared to be simple gray trousers instead turned out to be thick, silky cloth over an inside that appeared to be padded quite heavily.

Wondering if he could use this to his advantage, Tiz let out a hesitant spurt of piss, the padding instantly absorbing the liquid, leaving no mark on the outside of his trousers. The farm boy felt his heart skip a beat at this new information.

Unlocking his door and stepping out into the interior of the ship, Tiz couldn't help but get hard at the thought of doing something he'd fantasized about doing for the longest time. Glancing around, he smirked as he saw Agnes heading his direction.

Bracing himself, and hoping the padding would hold out as well as it did during his trial run, Tiz essentially sprinted to meet the Crystal Maiden.

"Hey, Agnes," he yelled to alert the woman to his presence, something he'd learned to do the hard way. In fact, they learned two things that day: Don't sneak up on Agnes, and don't trust Agnes with a bow. "Could I ask you something that's been on my mind for the last few days?"

"Of course, Tiz," Agnes said, the farm boy noticing a small blush working its way onto her face. Of course, he also felt himself blushing much more furiously, so perhaps it was for the best that neither of them said anything. "What is it you need?"

"What exactly was expected of you while you were being raised in the temple?" Tiz asked, knowing that question alone would probably give him enough time to do what he needed to do.

Just as predicted, Agnes began her explanation, starting from her birth and crawling, slowly, through the years. Nearly ten minutes later, she was still only halfway through when she noticed Tiz squirming slightly.

"Is something the matter, Tiz?" she asked. Then , at last noticing the ears, she added, "Is there a reason you're in your Ranger garb? I thought you liked being in your Freelancer appearance when we weren't on a quest?"

"Yeah, well, you never know when the airship might get attacked," Tiz stumbled out, cursing himself for not thinking of something so obvious. Hoping his explanation was enough, he stood as still as his bladder would allow him, trying to remain expressionless. Agnes, though, smiled very suddenly.

"Oh, I see. That's rather a good idea, actually, especially considering this would allow you to hit enemies before they would ever even reach the ship. Although, I must say I'm glad you removed that silly mask," the maiden chuckled, rubbing one of Tiz's ears.

The effect was immediate: Tiz felt his bladder let go, despite the fact he wasn't even that desperate yet. The padding did its job amazingly, absorbing everything as it flowed down the stunned boy's legs. The second Agnes removed her hand, though, the stream was cut short, and realization crossed Tiz's face.

"Well, sorry to disturb you with that, but I'll be heading off now," he stammered, rushing back to his room and leaving a very confused Agnes behind.

Slamming the door, Tiz still couldn't help but feel embarrassed, despite the fact he'd done exactly what he'd set out to do. Still, though, it had been incredible; he'd never fully lost control like that before, except in carefully monitored situations where he made sure nobody would see him. A full loss of control like that...it was amazing.

Lying down on his bed, Tiz let go once more, feeling the warmth spread across his crotch, the wetness at last appearing on the front of his trousers as the padding filled to the brim. Surely he'd end up having to scrub the sheets in just a few minutes, but for now, at least he had this time to just sit and relax.

## Chapter End Notes

Day 7 down, 24 to go! Up next, my first crush: Sly Cooper!



# Thief's Punishment

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: "Sly Cooper omo?"

I literally would have done this even if it hadn't been asked of me. This is just a bonus.

Note: Sly is wearing the outfit he's got on during the movie trailer (that's probably never going to come to fruition (I'm so salty)).

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sly Cooper, international thief and heartthrob, was in trouble. All means of communication had been taken from him, including the tracker he normally wore under his hat. This left Bentley and Murray completely in the dark as to where their companion was. Which happened to be only a few blocks from their current location.

Sly himself didn't know this, though. He had no idea what was going on, to be honest. He had felt the sharp prick as a dart punctured his neck a few hours ago, and the next thing he knew he was tied up to a chair, all his gadgets taken from him even. Even his precious cane was nowhere to be found.

With nothing else to do, the raccoon glanced around the room he was set up in; it was small, about the size of his main base. However, the similarities ended there. Whereas at the hideout there were tools and machines littered around the floor, plastered across the wall, and even hanging from the ceiling, here there were only cameras at all four corners of the room, ensuring whoever was keeping him there would be able to see him at all times.

Nothing else set the room apart. Simple brick painted an equally simple white lined the wall, a single steel door being the only entrance or exit. The chair itself was high-quality. Made of high-grade iron and bolted to the floor, it would make sure its occupant didn't go anywhere unless his bindings were undone. The bindings themselves were equally tough: they appeared to be the size of Sly's forearm, and appeared to be just as strong.

Sly gave an experimental wiggle, unsurprised to see the only parts of him capable of movement were his legs and his head. Grunting in annoyance, Sly tested his hands' range of movement; sure enough, they couldn't quite reach his pockets. Although, thinking about it, Sly admitted said pockets were probably empty.

"Greetings, thief," a pleasant female voice chirped to life from one of the cameras. "It seems you've awoken. Allow me to be the first to extend my most heartfelt of greetings! For now, call me 'Master,' alright?"

Sly snarled, but kept his mouth shut, refusing to say anything. The voice returned a second later, as cheery as before. "Not going to give up that easily, will you? Well, if nothing else, I can respect tenacity. But that won't do you any good for the remainder of your time here. You see, I am in a location several hundred miles away, and you are here, tied to a chair with no place to go. So, it seems you're at a bit of a disadvantage, Mr. Cooper."

Sly grimaced, annoyed (though not entirely surprised) this mysterious voice knew exactly who he was, not just his pseudonym. "So, what is it you want?"

"What is it I want, what?" the voice asked, tone innocent.

Sly sighed, figured cooperation would be his best chance of escape. "What is it you want, Master?"

"That's much better! What I want cannot be discussed without breaching my contract with my employer, but do understand that you're not the first target I've received, and I doubt you will be my last. You see, I am a bounty hunter, of sorts, although my services tend to lean towards the less deadly operations. My client has requested you to be his target. Don't worry, though. After you complete what is asked of you, you will be set free and I will cease all my tracking of you. Perhaps, if you are a good boy, there could even be some compensation in it for you."

"So what is it that's being asked of me?" Sly snarled, no buying into the idea he'd been kidnapped, only for some sick game.

"You see those bindings around you? On the back of your chair is a series of locks, each which hold up a single rope. There are seven ropes total. For every task you complete, a lock will be released, until you are completely free of them. Oh, and don't try simply breaking the ropes. Those vents on the walls are ready to pump sleeping gas into your room at a moment's notice. And then we start back at square one."

"So, let's get started on these challenges," Sly said. "I don't exactly have all day."

"Of course. You see, you've already completed the first challenge, which is simply waking up and talking like a civilized raccoon with me! Well done, only six to go!" A loud click filled the room, and Sly felt his restraints loosen, ever so slightly. "Now, onto challenge two! In a few seconds, a machine loaded with five liters of water will lower from the ceiling. You make take as long a time as you need, but when the tank is empty, the second challenge will be completed."

Sly's eyes widened in bewilderment as a section of the ceiling above him slid open, revealing what appeared to be a large water cooler with a very long metal tube, like those seen in a hamster cage. Sly, still shaking his head at the ridiculousness of the request, gave a weak sigh before setting to work on the tank.

Less than an hour later, Sly had finished, though he was aware he would regret it in the long run. He'd been on heists before where his bladder had been a bit uncooperative, and could only thank whatever higher power there was that he was already soaking wet from all the pools he'd had to water through.

Another click sounded, and the bindings loosened themselves further, this time one of the ropes falling to the floor with a loud bang.

"Excellent work, thief. Now, onto challenge three: answer the following questions as truthfully as possible. Alright, first of all: how desperate would you say you are feeling right now?"

"Excuse me?" Sly asked, hoping the voice didn't mean what he thought it meant. "Could you repeat the question?"

"Of course. How desperate would you say you are feeling right now?" the voice repeated, as cheerful as ever, and Sly felt his stomach sink.

"So, that's why you've got me locked up here? To make a fool out of me? Well, it won't work. I'm feeling just fine!" Sort of, he thought to himself. There was definitely something going on in his abdomen, but he was determined not to make a big deal out of it.

"Alright. Now, question two: Have you ever wet yourself before? Keep in mind, I have this on record, so lying will do you no good here."

"Y-yes," Sly stumbled out, the sheer forwardness of the question throwing him off.

"Follow-up to that question, then. Would you please describe the situation leading up to the accident, and describe the accident itself, in as much detail as possible. Please note, this is the final question of this round."

Sly pondered it for a minute, before caving in the end. "Fine. I was at a museum in Reykjavik. I don't remember exactly what it was I was trying to steal. If memory served me, I'm pretty sure it was a painting, but I could easily be wrong. I do remember it had a bad history, and I felt it would be a good idea to return it to its rightful owners. But things started going wrong almost right away. I thought I'd prepared myself for anything, but I'd forgotten to use the bathroom before I left, probably because I was really excited. I was my first real heist in nearly a month, and I was itching for some action.

Anyways, my need to piss became apparent pretty quickly, but I figured I could handle it, and even if I couldn't, there were plenty of bathrooms in the museum, so everything would be fine. That is, until a guard spotted me and pinned me behind an exhibit. Either out of shock, fear, or not realizing just how desperate I really was, I ended up just wetting myself there behind my makeshift barrier. I managed to escape undetected, but still..."

"Thank you for your compliance. The third challenge is complete," the voice said, yet another loud click alerting Sly that the voice spoke the truth. "Now, onto the fourth challenge. I will be bidding you adieu for the next ninety minutes. When exactly ninety minutes have passed, the fourth challenge will be considered completed."

With that, the room went silent, leaving Sly feeling very awkward. He'd just revealed a pretty personal story to a complete stranger, who was very likely recording him and distributing the recording to throngs of viewers. Still, if it meant finishing this silly challenge, Sly figured he's be able to handle nearly everything.

When the camera went back on-line ninety minutes later, it viewed a very different Sly Cooper than it had been only an hour and a half ago. While Sly then had been cocky, confident, and quick to spout off, this new Sly was silent, squirmy, and quite obviously desperate for release, in more ways than one. Behind a wall of screens, a client broke into a grin, but remained silent to let his newest asset do her job. She really was the best, just as they'd said.

"It's good to see you held on all this time, Sly," the voice made the raccoon jump, which didn't help his condition. "Continue at this rate, and you'll be out of here before you know it! Who knows, you may even make it out before you wet yourself! Now, onto challenge five! But first..."

Another click, another lock down.

"That should do it. Now, this challenge should be pretty familiar to you: How desperate would you describe yourself as being right now? A simple rating between one and ten would work, with one being 'just fine' and ten being 'I'm pissing myself as I speak.'"

Sly pondered it for a minute, before stumbling out his answer. "N-nine," he groaning, straining against the two remaining ropes before he remembered what would happen if he accidentally managed to snap one, as unlikely as it sounded. His right arm, which had been freed from its bindings, was stuffed down his pants, his desperation apparent for his audience.

"Marvelous. One more question, and then you're onto your final challenge! How highly would you say you valued your pride?"

Sly winced, a painful throb from his bladder alerting him to the exact reason for this question. "A good deal," he muttered, just loud enough for the camera's microphone to pick it up.

"Wonderful. Now, onto your last challenge, and this one is entirely reliant on you: exit the room without wetting yourself," the voice added a little chuckle at the end of the explanation, two clicks alerting Sly that he was completely free now.

"And if I fail?" Sly muttered, trying to buy as much time as he could to figure out how he was going to avoid doing just that.

"Doesn't matter to me, I've already been paid, and the door is unlocked. Now, it's just a matter of how far can you make it? And, you should know, there's a restroom just outside of this room."

The voice was cut short, and Sly realized it wouldn't be coming back. Shakily rising to his feet, and cursing loudly as the entire weight of his bladder made itself known, Sly slowly but steadily began the seemingly endless crawl to the door. Only when he reached the door did he realize the futility of his attempt. A warm spurt shot out, Sly's white slacks growing damp around the tip of his crotch.

Resigning himself to the fact he would be wetting himself one way or another, he figured he might as well give his viewers a show they'd remember. Returning shakily to the chair, Sly spread his legs and shut his eyes, thankful he'd at last end the pain shooting from his lower abdomen. The stream flowed to life instantly, shooting unstopped into Sly's trousers and dripping down the floor, where a puddle was quickly growing.

Still not entirely done, Sly shot the camera a bashful look, hoping that's what his captor wanted. The voice had mentioned something about possible compensation if he played along, and he'd already pissed himself, so he might as well play it up as much as he could.

Sly's hunch was rewarded when he finally stepped from the room, a bundle of bills sitting on the lone table that sat in the room. Chuckling a little as he saw more cameras yet and no bathroom he'd been promised, Sly realized he'd be duped quite expertly.

Stuffing the bills into one of the many pockets on his now-soaked pants, Sly marched from the building, praying Bentley and Murray would be asleep when he returned.

## Chapter End Notes

Day 8 down, 23 to go! Tomorrow is Asgore!

# King's Duty

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: "Asgore omo? pls?"

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Considering everything that had happened over the last few days, Asgore was not feeling up to celebrating. True, the barrier was broken, contact with humans had been made, and peace talks were already underway, there was still the little matter of Toriel. After all this time, she still refused to forgive the king for everything that had been done decades ago.

Which led to the king's current position: in the middle of an enormous room, sitting at the head of a table set for hundreds. Of those spots, only half were filled, but it was still a better turnout than Frisk had expected. All heads were turned expectantly towards the king, waiting for his speech to begin. The king, though, was preoccupied with several other thoughts on his mind. Namely: what was he going to say?

Toriel had always been the talker of the two, and anyone who knew anything about politics knew who really pulled the strings in the background. This left Asgore in an awkward position. While he certainly was not a terrible public speaker, he relied solely on his wife to provide the facts, while he gained the crowd's support with his good-natured jokes.

This audience, though, seemed like they wanted to hear anything but jokes. Grim and serious eyes glared at the king, all wondering what could possibly be taking so long? Frisk had held them off for a while, talking about their experience in the Underground and giving a brief overview of all the monsters they had encountered. Asgore had waited patiently, wracking his brain for anything that could sway the crowd to accept monsters.

The world had changed drastically since he had last seen it, but a few things remained the same. Humans were as wary as ever, the sun and moon still followed a set cycle, and, most importantly to the king at the moment, food and drink were not magical. They didn't just disappear when they entered your stomach. They needed out.

And all those drinks Asgore had before this meeting to make sure he could talk clearly needed out. Badly.

Asgore, like several monsters, had been slow to the adjustment with restrooms. He remembered having to use them long ago, but he'd since grown used to magic food and drink that didn't cause any issues. So, the first few days had been a rough transition. He, like many others monsters that were willing to admit it, had been forced to do several extra loads of laundry during the first two days alone.

This, though, was a very different situation. All the accidents Asgore had before were just that: accidents. They could easily be laughed off by everyone in the room and would be quickly forgotten as something more interesting happened. But, in front of several world leaders, wetting himself would be akin to a sign of weakness.

Drawing in a deep breath, and putting all thoughts other than his presentation from his mind, Asgore rose and began his speech, trying his best to remain on-topic and to the point. As the minutes ticked by and the presentation continued, Asgore began gaining confidence, and quickly, several of the attendants found themselves being drawn to the king's likeable personality.

Trouble quickly began brewing, though, as a sharp pang from his bladder made Asgore cut a sentence short, a look of pain quickly crossing his face. The audience glanced at each other in confusion, before the king continued and everyone went back to smiling and nodding. Asgore himself, though, was silently cursing his body for its weakness, and praying he could find a way to duck out of the conference room early and relieve himself. The clothes he chose, though, were his first worry.

He'd decided on his typical dress outfit: regal silk trousers and an equally elegant collared shirt, with his dress armor covering that, and his typical violet robes drawn over those. The armor was the part he was most worried about. They had been forged for him many years ago, when his figure had been...smaller. While he still managed to make them fit, they were definitely much tighter than he'd remembered, especially the shimmering belt that wrapped itself around his waist.

Seeing Frisk shoot him a supportive thumbs- up, Asgore took a deep breath and continued, glad his section was nearly finished.

The speech ended, and the room filled with whispers as leaders began discussing their thoughts on the matter. Asgore used this time to subtly squeeze his crotch under his robes, making sure to look as innocent as possible. Monsters' bodies were more varied in size than humans', and boss monsters were cursed with a large, but extremely weak, bladder. This meant they could hold on for a long time, but the very second they reached maximum capacity, they would often end up having accident.

From Asgore's estimation, his bladder was about four fifths full, and that was quickly approaching the max. He guessed he had roughly thirty minutes left. Confident the meeting wouldn't last that much longer, Asgore made himself comfortable on his chair, and tried his best to concentrate on the situation at hand.

As time crawled past, though, Asgore quickly realized just how much was left on the agenda. He'd estimated he'd make it to about 4:45 before things went wrong. At their current pace, though, they were projected to finish closer to 5:15. Praying the extra thirty minutes wouldn't be too bad, Asgore cursed himself when he noticed his legs instinctively trying to cross themselves.

Planting his feet firmly on the ground, and determined to appear strong before the council, Asgore braced himself for the long wait ahead.

At 5:10, Asgore felt yet another burst of pain shoot from his abdomen. Only five minutes, he kept muttering to himself. Only five minutes.

Another monster, he was pretty sure it was Mettaton, was going about his performance, but Asgore was having trouble concentrating on anything other than his bulging bladder. The armor had grown taut over his lower chest, and several small spurts had already shot their way into his pants. Mercifully, the pants didn't show any definite signs of wetness, but Asgore knew that wouldn't be the case a few minutes from now.

He'd already resigned himself to the fact he was going to wet his pants again. This was just a simple fact; even if he managed to make it to the end of the meeting, standing would likely put too much strain on him, and he'd end up letting go there. It became a matter, then, of how it would happen. The way he looked at it, there were two options: Make it to the end of the meeting and wait until everyone left, or just try letting out small squirts every few seconds to relieve the stress enough for him to reach a bathroom and not completely flood himself.

He knew the futility of the second option, though. If Asgore let out even a small spurt, he wasn't sure he'd be able to stop the flow until he was completely empty. With so little time left in the meeting, asking to go to the restroom would be met with jeers and questions of, "Can't you wait just a few more minutes?" So Asgore sat there, tears stinging at the edge of his eyes from the sheer force pressing on his dick, as the meeting began to wind down. "Now then, Asgore," Frisk's voice shook the king from his self-pitying. "Do you have any final remarks you would like to tell the council?"

Asgore's face flushed red (not that it would be seen under his fur), and he shakily got to his feet, doing his best to make sure his waist stayed below the table to block the other's sight of his squirming.

"I would just like to say-," Asgore started, and he felt a long spurt shoot out, darkening the fabric of his underwear and leaving a small mark on his trousers, "that it has been an honor to meet all of you." Another long spurt, this time large enough to begin rolling down his thighs. "I truly believe..." Another, much longer, spurt, leaving no doubt in Asgore's mind that he was currently wetting himself in front of everyone. "...That we can reach peace if we can only let go of the past."

'Let go' seemed to be the magic words, as his bladder gave up completely upon hearing it. Returning to his seat and being sure to slide it as far under the table as he possibly could, Asgore was very glad nobody could see anything under his robes and armor. There was no denying that his pants would be soaked by this point, and Asgore wasn't even halfway finished. Mercifully, the stream was silent, perhaps due to the thick material of his trousers. Whatever the care, the final two minutes of the meeting saw Asgore pissing nonstop, a relieved look covering his face, which everyone present attributed to him finishing his speeches.

When at last the meeting (and the stream) were finished, Asgore found himself sitting alone in the room. Leaning back in his chair, wincing a little as he felt exactly how large the puddle under him was, the king took several deep breaths to calm himself. Surely nobody could have seen, or they would have made a big deal out of it, right?



Drawing his robes tightly around himself, Asgore exited the room, but not before catching the eye of an emissary from Canada who shot him a knowing smile. Blushing furiously once more, the king ran from the room, leaving the smirking human behind.

## Chapter End Notes

Day 9 down, 21 to go! Tomorrow is: Yarne, from Fire Emblem: Awakening!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!