

Chapter Nine

Radio Silence

Hunter hit the refresh key on his keyboard for what must have been the hundredth time that day. Two days had passed since he sent out his message and the tab open to the website had remained pinned in his browser throughout that entire time. Each time, he grew a little bit more anxious as he saw that his inbox remained empty.

They'll probably get around to answering this week... If they still check the website that is...

His mood feeling a little grim, Hunter typed out a new bullet point in his notes.

- Romans did Roman things in Gaul currently known as France, Caesar took credit while writing two letters at the same time.

He sighed, using his paw pad to mouse over on his track pad and open up a messenger program. Hunter already had a direct message from Jack waiting to be read.

Bored in history class again?

Hunter smirked, responding in a few keystrokes.

How'd you guess?

The fennec watched as a small text box popped up indicating that Jack was typing up a response. A second later, the message came.

For the past six weeks you have always sent me a message at around 10:30 A.M. on Mondays.

It made sense, after all History was his least favorite subject in school. It was not that he was not interested in what happened in the past, it was that he always found its

presentation to be rather dry. What kind of entertaining personality Malissa saw in their professor was beyond him. Hunter typed out another text.

Figures. What are you currently procrastinating on?

Today's class felt even more lugubrious after his voluntary Egyptology research that weekend. He felt like he had already paid his dues for the week to the history gods, whoever they may be. Hunter felt something nudge him in his side, glancing down he noted that Malissa had just lightly elbowed him.

That's odd... She normally doesn't care when I'm clearly not paying attention.

His sour mood caused him to simply ignore her, as he returned his attention to what Jack had responded with.

I'm on a 3 game win streak right now in Dota2, I'm on fire baby!

Hunter opened a new tab in his browser, staring blankly at a moment before deciding to click on the online shopping bookmark. As he waited for the page to load, he glanced up at the professor to maintain some semblance of looking like he was paying attention.

After reading the blackboard's notes for a minute, he glanced back on his computer monitor and felt his heart skip a beat.

The product recommendations were flooded with various brands of diapers. Diapers for kits, puppies, kittens, and just about every species of fur-specific diaper available on the market. Hunter panicked, his mind racing as he realized that the people behind him and next to him might have already seen what was displayed.

It took him only a few seconds to close the tab, tab back over to his notes, and actually start to pay attention to what he was doing. He even closed his messenger app, leaving Jack on read which knew he would later get asked about.

Hunter could feel his face burning, as he pointedly kept his gaze straight forward trying his best to maintain his composure.

Of course, not a single word that came out of the professor's muzzle actually processed in the fennec's mind. He was too busy trying to parse whether the brand advertisements were based on his recent search history or whether it was the curse's doing.

Shit... I think that was totally my fault for looking up pictures of diapers of all things...

He typed out another bullet point, slyly peeking over at Malissa's own notes to see whether they were relevant. She let him of course, rolling her eyes at him as she slid her monitor at an angle that would be easier for him to glean off of.

Okay, that at least confirms that she did not see what was on my monitor.

Hunter's mind went into overdrive as he thought up possible excuses: he had been previously shopping for a non-existence infant nephew, feigning ignorance and mild puzzlement, or even just saying that he had been doing research for a health class in the middle of an infant nursing section.

He would be fine, he would figure out a way to wriggle out of any scrutiny if any came. The fennec bit his lower lip, realizing just how much energy he had been dedicating lately to pure and simple fabrication to keep the curse hidden from view. He already had had a few strange episodes, and Jack and Malissa had both been clueless as to why his beer had miraculously transformed into apple juice. Jack had even called him the non-alcoholic-cider-Jesus which he had actually found amusing.

The week had only just started, and Hunter had a needling suspicion that somehow with his discovery and steps taken to undo the curse, it was only going to get worse from there.

Hunter was staring off into space. They were at their usual haunt in the library, and the three had actually managed to keep themselves from reclining into casual conversation as they worked on assignments.

The fennec's mind, however, was far from focus on his schoolwork.

The memory of the brands of diapers seemed seared into the front of his mind, and with the late hours of the afternoon trickling in on the clock his resolve and focus had waned.

It was the little characters on them, what's what he found so endearing. The fact that they too were wearing little diapers of their own and seemed so happy and care-free. That was one of the big factors that he imagined that he would like about wearing, the fact that even a thing such as needing to go to the bathroom was something he would not have to worry about.

Truly a state of being completely carefree and taken care of, even in the most intimate of needs.

And what would it feel like to nurse from a bottle in a diaper? Nothing to worry about except the sweet taste of warm milk.

The yellow fox smiled to himself, his eyelids half closed staring aimlessly at the monitor in front of him. It sounded nice, honestly. Complete comfort lost in his own world and in time the warmth of a release he was barely even aware of.

Hunter snapped out of his reverie. He knew where that would lead him, even now he could feel his bladder burning and needing to be released. As Hunter excused himself from the study table and made his way over to the bathroom, he cursed himself for letting his guard down.

Another minute of that and I would have probably peed all over a chair in the library... Now how would that look?

Really feeling the need to go now, he quickly darted into a stall and undid his belt buckle, sliding down his jeans before he froze.

He had expected his boxer shorts, fresh from the laundry he had picked up that morning. But even as his heart began to beat faster, he knew almost immediately what he was looking at.

Instead of regular underwear, he was looking at what appeared to be an adult-sized pull-up. And not just any kind, pastel yellows, pinks, and blues decorated it with almost *exactly* the same diapered babyfurs he had been reminiscing about mere seconds earlier. He even recognized the little baby kangaroo he thought had been the most adorable of the bunch balancing on his tail.

His bladder's needs momentarily forgotten, Hunter poked at the undergarment as if it were a coiled snake. How had he not noticed that he was wearing it? When had he started to wear it? Did it just magically appear instead of his boxers while he was day-dreaming?

The comfort factor was the second item he noticed, and it caused his stomach to flip upside down. He had to admit it, even as the sense of helplessness and anger at the bothersome nature of the curse, he liked wearing it. It comforted him somewhat, knowing that if he had started to wet himself back at the table it would have likely been not too much trouble at all.

Deciding that now would be the best time for inspection of any, he pulled his pants down until they were around his ankles and examined the pullup from behind. There was a tape just above his tail, allowing the absorbent article of clothing to hug his midsection quite comfortably. Unlike a diaper, this was the only tape present. Hunter wondered whether it would be visible while he was wearing pants, and hoped that nothing had seemed particularly strange about his buttocks.

Not that Malissa or Jack would have any reason to be looking there anyway...

Hunter thought to himself, probing with a paw at his padded front and giving it a light squeeze. It was thicker than he had anticipated, nothing like the cloth of his normal underwear. The fox realized that this should be obvious enough, given how it was designed to hold an accident but still it mystified him just how much cushioning there was between him and the outside world.

It's like I'm wearing a pillow.

Hunter realized that he should best dispose of the pullup once he was sure nobody else was in the bathroom and go commando for the rest of the day. He would make sure that his belt buckle and zipper were properly done up until he got home for the evening.

As the fox added this point to the growing list of annoyances that came with his curse, Hunter slipped his thumbs underneath the elastic waistband around his hips and tugged downwards.

The pullup did not move.

Hunter frowned, and he tried against this time with greater force. After a third try, it dawned on him why it was not moving.

I can't take it off! It's actually making me use it before I take it off!

Sighing, Hunter grimaced to himself as he turned around and sat down on the toilet bowl's lid. He concentrated, grumbling to himself at whatever forces were present causing him to wet his underwear like nothing more than a 2-year-old fox kit.

It took longer than he would have wished, but finally he was able to coax his unwilling bladder to release despite his mind knowing that he was still wearing clothes.

Hunter sighed, the relief finally came as he felt the front of the pullup grow and expand to accommodate the urine it received. Glibly, he glanced down and watched the process unfold as the front began mildly discolored, filling out until it adopted a present round shape. It was visually apparent that the pullup had been used, but to his

surprise he could tell just by feeling it on the outside that it had not reached its saturation point.

What kind of adult pullup even is this? Do they even sell these commercially?

Hunter wondered, as he stood up and tried once more to slip the pullup off.

It continued to stubbornly remain where it was, hugging his hips and now with an additional weight around the front. Just as Hunter was beginning to consider his options, he heard the door to the bathroom open.

"Hunter? Dude are you alright?"

Shit!

It was Jack, Hunter had completely forgotten about his friends and realized with a jolt that he had spent way too long for something as mundane as a quick pee break. Freezing, he thought for a moment before responding. He groaned, mentally preparing himself to fabricate yet another lie.

"Yeah... I think lunch didn't agree with me... I'll be out in a few..."

He tried sounding as bedraggled yet casual as he could, hoping that Jack would simply accept the answer and leave him alone. To his relief, the weasel's short attention span came in handy as he replied back.

"Kay, figured something like that happened. Malissa just worries too much."

Hunter heard the door shut, and he let out a sigh of relief. He realized that he had been hunching his shoulders, and with a release of breath he slumped backwards against the toilet sink.

"How on earth am I going to get this over and done with..."

He spoke aloud to himself, and then almost leaped out of his stall in shock as he heard a voice from his left respond.

“You and me both, kid. You and me both.”

Hunter yelped, and he heard someone chuckling between his words.

“Tacos for me, I’m still waiting for the ball to drop.”

Deciding that in that moment idle small talk about unresponsive internal plumbing was by far worse than anything he was dealing with now, Hunter hastily pulled up his pants and buckled them on again. After a quick check in the mirror to ensure nothing was peaking, he made his way outside.

Despite his best efforts, Hunter could not dismiss the odd, pleasant sense of self-consciousness he felt knowing that he was now walking around the library in a soggy pull-up.

And to add to it, he was finding the sensation remarkably pleasant.T