

Chapter Ten

The Letter

Hunter spent the rest of the day walking around with little else on his mind other than the fact that he was in public with a wet pullup underneath his jeans. He only had one more class that day, a 6:00 P.M. coding course where he would be expected to keep his eyes glued on the monitor in front of him along with everyone else.

Still, keeping the thoughts at bay at just how much he was enjoying feeling the soft, absorbent material rubbing against him was a herculean challenge. With every slight shift of his body weight, he could feel the soaked material gently rubbing against the most sensitive part of his body.

Although he was not exactly fully aroused by the sensation, as a part of him continued to remind him that he was walking around with a sample of his own urine he was currently unable to dispose of, it did give him an odd sense of comfort.

It's like, a feeling of safety? Is that what I'm feeling?

His ruminations on the topic made it so that class period carried on to be wholly unproductive, and he left the classroom after shouldering his backpack cursing himself that he did not bring a bottle of water with him.

I think I need to soak this thing to capacity if I want to take it off, what other explanation could there be as to why it won't budge? Unless this thing starts to magically clean itself I'll hopefully be able to slip it off by this evening...

The thought of the item of clothing staying on him perpetually as a result of magical self-cleaning weighed down on him, and Hunter cursed himself for even thinking of such a thing. He hoped that his own inner thoughts had no tangible effect on the curse, but he was in no position to put that reality as out of the question.

After all, I can't seem to shake these diaper fantasies out of my head to begin with. How much of this is actually me and how much of this is the curse? I'm losing my mind here...

Deciding that further deliberation would yield nothing good other than edging closer to the brink of insanity, Hunter decided to act in as rational a manner as he could muster at the moment.

Striding over to a drinking fountain a flow beneath the classroom he departed, he leaned forward and drank for almost a minute on end. When at last he felt that he could not stomach another mouthful of water, he gasped for air and wiped his muzzle on a sleeve. Droplets of water lingered on his whiskers, but he ignored them for the moment as he made his way over to the nearest restroom.

Spotting a gender neutral bathroom around the corner, Hunter hurriedly walked into a stall and shut the door behind him. The fennec slowed his breathing, his tail, which had previously been swishing in a rather agitated manner to and fro, still at last as he did his best to calm himself down.

This time it was a little easier, but not by much, it took Hunter a few minutes to properly calm himself down whilst imagining the sounds of trickling water until he was able to release into the pullup once more.

Sighing as he felt the stream begin to pool in his already soggy underpants, Hunter felt himself marveling once more at the rather pleasant sensation of having the warmth of his accident radiate back against his fur. It was now a snug fit, and Hunter could feel the bulk of the pullup pressing up against him as well as the pressure exerted on it through his jeans.

As he finished up, allowing the last few dribbles to seep their way into the absorbent material, he undid his belt buckle and assessed the damage. The front of the pullup was now visibly discolored, as well as somewhat deformed into a significantly more plump shape. Twisting around, Hunter saw to his satisfaction that the accident had made its way up the back, making it so that the pullup appeared to be more or less fully saturated.

Now for the big reveal...

Hunter thought to himself, as he once more curled his thumbs underneath the waistband of his diaper and gave it a sharp tug.

To the fennec fox's immense relief, the pullup slid right off without any resistance. Hunter leaned back until his back collided with the stall door behind him, and let out a big sigh of relief.

"Thank... Goodness..."

He had been waiting for the pullup to remain stubbornly in place, forcing him to have to waddle out to his apartment to figure out an alternative solution. At least this way, he would be able to go commando as planned. It was only a few blocks to his apartment, and he would be back in his underwear within fifteen minutes.

And just in time too, that coding assignment is due tomorrow at noon...

He thought to himself, stepping out of the pullup and redoing the front of his pants. Feeling lighter than he had before, he stepped out of the stall with the pullup in his paws and headed over to the wet paper towel big.

Hunter was just about to toss the sodden item in when the door opened. Hunter froze, panicking for a second and then cursing himself for not simply finishing what he was doing. He looked up, and saw a petit brown mouse looking at him curiously. Her eyes drifted over to the pullup, and she tilted her head curiously at it.

Hunter regained his senses and dropped the pullup into the bin, his face turning red with a furious blush as he turned to wash his paws in the sink.

He was done. Done with everything. He had had it with the fact that he could not catch a single break no matter how on guard he remained to keep this ridiculous curse at bay.

The mouse appeared to pick up on Hunter's upset emotions, as she squeaked out an apology.

"My bad! I guess I should have knocked first... You know, my cousin is incontinent it's nothing to be asha-"

Hunter was already outside of the bathroom, his paws still wet from the faucet water which he hamboned hastily on his thighs as he stormed off in the direction of the exit. He probably should have at least acknowledged the mouse's words, and he knew he would feel guilty about it later but at the moment he was too overcome with the unfairness of it all.

It was only after a block of walking and exposure to the fresh air did he realize just how childish he was acting. Was it the curse? Or was it genuine frustration? Hunter brought a paw up to the bridge of his nose and squeezed it, closing his eyes for a moment as he tried to gather his thoughts.

No.

He decided.

This is very much as anyone in my current helpless situation would react with frustration. That's normal. You're normal. You're fine.

As he did his best to calm himself down, he rounded the corner and leapt up the stairs leading to the apartment lobby. Out of the corner of his eye, he spotted a brown box by the mailbox. Walking over, he read the address line and to his surprise saw his name on it.

Might be cookies from Mom or something...

He thought to himself, hoisting the box underneath his arm and grunting with effort as it was significantly heavier than he had expected. With some effort, he

managed to hoist it up a few flights of stairs before fumbling for his keys and letting himself into his apartment.

His underwear situation currently on the back burner, the fennec let out a grunt of effort as he deposited the cardboard box on his coffee table. It took him less than a minute to find an exacto-knife, and before long he opened the lid of the box to reveal a mountain of paperwork.

Great... The law office got back to us...

Deciding that he'd skim the highlights that evening, Hunter started to unload stack after stack of binders and folders until only one final piece remained at the moment.

The fox glanced at it, noting that it was addressed directly to him in cursive writing. A manilla envelope, likely containing little more than a single piece of paper. Untying the string that kept it closed, he reached inside and took out a folded letter.

Hunter's heart skipped a beat as he noticed the signature at the bottom when he unfolded it.

It's from Aunt Tare!

His breath catching in his throat, his eyes slid upwards as he started to read.

Dear nephew,

If you are reading this letter, I have likely suffered an incident that has forced me to leave this life for the second or go into hiding for such a long period that the corrupt forces that rule what we call 'countries' have become convinced that I am dead. As it was written in my will that no one read this letter other than you, I assure you it is far more likely that I have been forced to go into hiding. Regardless of the circumstances, it is at a time such as this I give you the one artifact that may be the most valuable Egyptian remnant left to the mortals that stride this Earth today.

This is the brooch that the Goddess Isis bestowed upon Osirus himself upon his resurrection, which enabled him to continue living as an immortal even after his death. It is an item that gives eternal youth, though its effects may have somewhat diminished since it sustained the damage to the central opal that you might have noticed. I shall be frank with you, Hunter, in that since I have no children of my own you are the only continuation of my legacy. I am far too old to have my age preserved by this precious gem, but you are at an age where to live in the peak of your prime perpetually or even for a very long time may benefit you significantly.

I shall also admit that you are somewhat of an experiment. Until now no mortal hand has touched this brooch since the age of the pharaohs, so what effects it may have on you are somewhat unknown. Fear not, however, as if you are receiving this letter in the event of me going into hiding I will eventually make my way back to you to see what miraculous powers this item has bestowed on you.

As you may have noticed as well, the box will remain stubbornly shut to all who attempt to open it other than you. This is for their protection, as the magical abilities of this artifact are to be reserved for one person only. You are a fur of the desert like myself, which is why it is only appropriate that the newest pharaoh be one of our kind. Use this gift wisely, Hunter, and tell no one. There are many on this Earth who would not think twice about taking your life if it meant that theirs would span into centuries forward.

I am looking forward to meeting you, my dear child, as I recall you were quite the charming little kit when I first met you. I hope you have retained some of that charm into your young adult years.

With love,

Auntie Tare

Hunter reread the letter three times in a row before placing the letter down on his coffee table. His legs felt shaky, shuffling over to his couch he collapsed down on it and allowed his head to loll backwards against a cushion.

It made sense. It finally made sense to him why what was happening was happening. Hunter had already accepted the existence of magic in his universe, however science and reason aligned with it he could not make heads or tails of but at least he knew that there must be some kind of logic that this supernatural force abided by.

Still, the most important piece of information he had been wondering about had been presented to him in written form. It was a talisman of youth, of course it was. Except now because of whatever damage had happened to the brooch instead of preserving his youth it was causing him to return to it. Just why it was trying to make him believe, and for some reason even enjoy, the speculations of behaving just like a little kid was still beyond him.

But at least now he had a better idea of what was happening.

Hunter thought that he might have felt relieved at such an enlightenment, but as he thought about it further he realized that it only increased his sense of doom. His only hope would now be if Auntie Tare was actually alive and trying to make her way to him, and knowing her incredible knack at being hard to find let alone contact he would not know until she found him.

From his research the previous Saturday, Hunter knew that according to Egyptian mythology the god Osiris had been slain by Set and his body parts scattered across the red desert. It was only through the effort of his wife Isis and her son Horus that they were able to bring him back together again.

But, if what was said about this brooch was true, did it really belong to an actual Egyptian god? Did they really exist?

Hunter tried not to think about it too much, as the fact that he had written evidence from another person who knew about the existence of supernatural forces was already enough of a revelation to him.

She knew. She gave that thing to me knowing it was likely faulty... I guess it's not her fault but still it kind of is... What am I going to do?

The fennec was at a complete loss, stuck now waiting for the return of an individual that very well might already be dead. Either way, it was his only hope at reversing the curse, and even then it was not guaranteed that his aunt would know how.

He sighed, reaching for his report and turning on his television. At that moment he wanted nothing more than to throw on an episode of Blue's Clues, and let his mind clear of his adult worries. Hunter wanted nothing more at that moment than to return to a simpler state of mind.