

## Chapter Fifteen

### *Jack in the Box*

It had become a morning ritual to check DaringTare.com in hopes of seeing a notification waiting to be read in his inbox. And every morning, with unyielding regularity there was nothing for Hunter to read.

Except today, however, Hunter did a double take at her phone screen. He was still in bed, having woken up before his alarm and had been enjoying wallowing in his sodden night time diaper. Since he had started to wear regularly at night, it was as if his bladder had given up completely. Waking up in a diaper that had grown cold and damp was still something that sent his heart thumping in the mornings.

Despite the necessity of his mattress protecting measures, he still found the experience of *needing* the diapers a thought that made his heart flutter.

This morning his circulatory system was racing for other reasons, as he hastily tapped the inbox icon and waited for the page to load. The message he opened had no subject, and was rather short and to the point.

Wait for a follow-up message in one week.

The fennec let out a sigh. It was not much, but at least it was something that could keep him in the loop. Hunter pulled the covers off of him and looked down at the swollen pamp between his legs. He had tried to make sure not to drink too much water before bed, but he had no doubt that the curse had something to do with how full his nighttime diapers were in the morning.

Every morning started with him waddling to the bathroom, the droop from his padding reaching down to the middle of his thighs. As much as he wanted to dislike this part of the curse, the flips his stomach performed when he realized that he woke up after another soggy night were a thrill he was becoming addicted to.

If it wasn't for his real life getting in the way, he would have probably welcomed this change after some consideration. The feeling of safety and comfort going to bed every night with the knowledge that he had nothing to worry about was euphoric. The softness of the padding between his legs, the cutesy designs running up the front to pack, the cuddly characters cheering him on on the diaper's landing zone.

Hunter was slowly but surely coming to look forward to falling asleep, as it was after the day's assignments and obligations that he could finally have some time to himself and his new favorite article of clothing.

Once or twice, he had even woken up feeling rather stiff in his soggy diaper. The excitement and potential of such squishy softness hugging him from all directions had been a little too much excitement for the little fox. After all, the practice of imagining just how much enjoyment he could derive from getting off in his soggy diapers was just a little too much like staring into the abyss for Hunter.

It was in the mornings when he would put on his regular underwear that he would remind himself that he was trying to break the curse, not indulge himself in it.

Still, he would always breathe a sigh of relief that following evening when he was finally able to snugly tape himself up into his favorite type of underwear.



It was one of the underwear transformation days, Hunter came to realize shortly after lunch with his friends. It was in the middle of one of his classes that he had shifted his weight in his seat, only to have a muffled crinkle reach his ears.

He had not reacted of course, judging from such a sound he figured that anyone who might have heard it would have just assumed he had a candy wrapper or something in his pocket. The fennec had continued to type away at his notes, occasionally glancing up to make eye contact with his professor.

As was his habit, he checked the clock on his laptop to see how much time was left in class. Only a few minutes, and afterward he would get ahead on his assignments at the library.

Even given his recent infantilizing circumstances, he had not been lying to Malissa and Jack about wanting to double down on school. He had been putting in the hours, and his grades were looking like they were on the uptick. Especially Calculus, which after managing to ace a pop quiz he had gotten a boost in confidence for.

“Alright, I think that should wrap up today’s agenda. Class dismissed.”

The dire wolf nodded towards the door nonchalantly, putting down his piece of chalk and striding over to his briefcase.

*Maybe he’s not in the mood to lecture today either...*

Hunter thought to himself, unplugging the charger to his laptop and gathering up his items. Within a minute, he was outside and making his way towards the central university grounds.

The air was beginning to grow a little chilly, as with the approach of finals in a month came the onset of late autumn. This was one of Hunter’s favorite times of the year, and the sight of the many multi-colored leaves litter the border of the sidewalk ahead of him.

Unbeknownst to Hunter, his tail began to flag reflexively behind him as he was lost in his reverie. He thought nothing was amiss, other than a momentary pressure in his lower abdomen he had cringed at slightly.

*Think I’ll visit the men’s room before getting down to it...*

Scanning his student ID at the front door of the library, he made his way up the stairs to the second floor when his mind wandered to the pullups he was wearing.

It was really comfortable when it came to cushioning his rear end. His mind half distracted, he wondered if it had been that cushy around his bottom when it had first manifested itself. The fact that spontaneous transmutations of matter occurred to him on a daily basis was something he should be used to, but for some reason the way it was pressing up against him with an added firmness seemed off.

Glancing over his shoulder to check that no fur was behind him, Hunter reached back with a paw and gave his posterior a squeeze.

*It is squishy... But how...*

Hunter twitched his nose. There it was, the faint whiff of what he had been fearing for several weeks now violating his nostrils.

*Shit.. Shit shit shit...*

Hunter's mind raced, as he hastily made his way up the stairs and darted for the closest bathroom. Once inside a stall, he leaned against the door and considered his options. He had no spare underwear, and nothing to properly clean himself up with. Nothing but toilet paper, and he had a feeling that would serve as a poor substitute to the shower he would need to properly clean his fur.

Not to mention, even if he did make it back to his apartment without anyone noticing the fact that he had just pooped his pants it would be another hour until he would be finished properly cleaning himself up.

*Which means I'm going to miss Calculus again...*

Hunter sighed, having come to the conclusion that something like this would be inevitable. His life had been too uneventful, besides the nightly wet accidents. But this of all things, having a messy accident during the day while he was.

The fennec realized that he was not sure *when* he had messed himself, meaning that he could have been walking out of class with a particularly plump behind.

*Not productive, think about now.*

Hunter grimaced to himself, his ear twitching in irritation as he mentally traced the shortest path he could take to his apartment. He would have to be brisk, but moving around would only further embed the mess into the fur of his butt. Hunter wondered briefly how actual mammalian mothers put up with this, having to deep clean their pup's or kitten's bottom every time they had a bowel movement.

*They probably have special wipes for it or something...*

Having decided his course of action, Hunter tried not to think about what this would mean going forward if he would have to be on the lookout for unanticipated messy pull-ups.

*Maybe I should be grateful that I'm at least wearing a pullup...*

Taking in a breath, Hunter opened the stall door to come face to face with none-other than Jack.

Hunter felt the front of his pullup grow warm as he wet himself, the surprise of seeing his friend at such an awkward moment a little too much for his weakened bladder.