

Chapter Seventeen

A Close Shave

God I hate my aunt...

Hunter thought to himself, as he pulled off the tapes of his night time diaper. It had taken a few weeks for him to realize, but the nightly necessity to pad up then to change, wash himself, and redress in the morning was beginning to cut into his schedule. He knew that it was only a matter of a few minutes a day, but he still had not realized what such a state of being required. The monotony of it was beginning to get to him, and despite the initial thrill of putting on a diaper in the evening, dealing with the aftermath the following day was not always fun.

If it was only a soggy diaper, that would have been enough for him to handle. But now, ever since his accident in the library, he was having the occasional night time mess that sometimes took up to an hour to properly take care of. He would think sparingly of the details of cleaning up his messy fur, but at this rate his bathroom was beginning to run out of shampoo.

He had thought about doing what most cubs had done when they were young, which was having shaven buttocks and nether regions.

There was something about that, however, that still caused him to feel a sense of revulsion. There was some pride in having glossy fur down there, and despite the fact that given his current problem he could not exactly be outside courting furs back to his bedroom, he still did not want to give up his pride.

Still, the fact that he had almost been late to a class because of his droopy drawers was something he knew he needed to do something about.

Hunter stood in his bathroom, the slight hint of his own accident beginning to waft up to his sensitive nostrils. He was going to shower, and take a good one at that,

but even as he thought about the ordeal he was about to suffer through his eyes wandered over to the pair of sheers he normally used on his chestfur.

Am I really going to do this...

It was not like Hunter was a frequent visitor at his local gym, nobody would likely find out that he was walking around with a completely bare bottom. The idea disgusted him still, however, as the thought of having his bare skin in contact with his voided bowels in the morning caused his stomach to lurch.

But then I wouldn't miss class...

Deciding that the best course of action would simply be to address the pressing matter at paw, Hunter reached through his shower curtains and turned the knob to turn on the water. Against the background of water colliding with ceramic, Hunter stripped off his pajama shirt and began the careful process of extracting himself from his soiled night-time padding.

He had started to keep garbage bags in his bathroom for this exact purpose, venturing out in the morning to stop by the dumpster near his apartment complex to deposit his double-bagged morning surprise.

He had done so as casually as he could the first few times, paranoid that someone might discover him in the middle of disposing of his diapers. It was silly, and he knew it, as nobody ever had any reason to inquire what it was exactly that they were throwing away in a black trash bag.

Still, he was always nervous about it.

Stepping into the shower, a breath of relief escaping his muzzle as he felt his fur being weighed down by the pleasantly warm water, he stepped awkwardly bow-legged to allow the stream to hit his backside. He grimaced, the smell becoming particularly pungent for a minute until it had all been washed away.

Lathering his paws, he set to work on his headfur before working his way down. As his thoughts drifted, he thought back to the first time he had accidentally pooped his pants.

Jack's nostrils had twitched, and he had glanced meaningfully down to the front of Hunter's pants. The fennec knew there was no hiding it, and had come clean immediately telling Jack that he was having a *shitty* day and needed to take care of something.

Jack had immediately taken off his coat, smiling ruefully and handed it to Hunter telling him to wrap it around his waist to stifle the smell. Hunter had felt relieved, grateful that his friend was helping him instead of taking this as an opportunity to humiliate him.

He knew what Jack was thinking, and was suspicious of Malissa's paw having a role in the weasel's newfound maturity. He was grinning the entire way back to Hunter's apartment, having decided to keep him company on the way back. Not once did he crack a joke, but he had been in a rather jolly mood. Undoubtedly he was simply working on material he would spring on Hunter if the two were ever having a platonic bickering session.

Hunter knew that this would eventually work its way back into Jack's mouth when it came to quips at the fennec's expense, but he was willing to suffer through if Jack had at least enough sense to not make the moment any worse.

Jack had shaken his head, bidding him farewell and waving cheerfully before Hunter had sprinted up the stairs of his apartment and practically leapt into the shower.

It had not been a good day, but at least his friends were being somewhat supportive. He knew that Jack would tell Malissa immediately, and was beginning to wonder when the two would inquire when he was considering seeking medical attention.

He had an anecdote ready, something about his particular family having an unlucky set of fennec genes that trended towards incontinence. Still, bowel incontinence was an entirely different beast compared to urinary.

Something about the two sphincters being weak or something... Vestigial marking behaviors? Nah, they'll never buy that...

Satisfied with his headfur, Hunter set to work lathering up his nether regions. A few minutes later, he was cleaned and rinsed but even then he remained in the shower. He peaked through his shower curtain, staring out at the pair of clippers resting on top of his bathroom sink.

I can't believe I'm doing this...

Reaching out with a dripping paw, he clasped at the razor and set to work cleaning up his bottom and front as best as he could without nicking himself.

He walked out later that morning to his class, several pieces of toilet paper stuck to his ass that he tried his absolute best to push out of his mind.



Hunter thought about the message he had read on DaringTare.com that morning as he sat in class, replaying the single line over and over.

Postponed a week... Great... More time to crap myself while I sleep...

He was in a sour mood, having felt somewhat wary about the fact that his reality had not warped significantly aside from his smelly mornings.

Hunter had decided that interacting with the brooch as little as possible was likely the best course of action, after having taken a photo of it to study its hieroglyphs and putting it away. He had managed to make no sense of the inscriptions on the piece of jewelry, other than they appeared to be dedicated to protecting its wearer to some degree.

Something to do with life... But what?

He had no clue, and he was not too keen on reexamining the object. Still, maybe if he showed it to the bounty hunter when he decided it was time for them to meet again he could make heads or tails of it.

The fennec had a feeling that the investigation into what had happened to his aunt was not going well, mostly from how terse the messages from the badger had been.

Hunter glanced down at his laptop, and saw that a message from Malissa was pending. Opening it, he read through her message while doing his best to appear as if he were still taking notes on what the professor was saying.

So you gonna tell me what's up or are you trying to keep things discrete?

Hunter had been expecting this, and he replied a minute later after jotting down a few lines in his notes.

I'm seeing a doctor about it, he's running some genetic tests to see if it's hereditary.

Malissa replied almost immediately.

So like, has this happened before?

Do I lie?

Hunter considered, having felt awful about lying before even though he was given every indication from his friends that they could be trusted. He could not tell them the whole truth, they would think he was losing it. He had to come up with a half-lie, something that was believable but would keep them from thinking he needed to take a gap semester to regain his marbles.

I was late for potty-training even as a kid, but no this has been a recent development. Pissing me off tbh.

A bubble popped up indicating that Malissa was typing back, followed promptly by her message.

I think you meant 'me pissing' but go off sister.

Hunter was quick to reply.

Since when is your name Jack?

The fennec shook his head, not realizing that his movement was likely to be seen by his professor. He looked up to receive a steely eyed glint from the puma that was at the front of the classroom, and he felt his face redden.

He averted his gaze, switching back to his notes for a few minutes as he did his best to pay attention. After he felt like he could steal a glance back as his direct messenger, Malissa's response was waiting for him.

He's beginning to rub off on me isn't he? Still, figured I'd keep this light. My cousin is incontinent by the way, I could ask him if he has any advice without mentioning you if you like. I'll take the L if he thinks it's me, lol.

Hunter would have smiled gratefully if he were not trying to keep his muzzle as blank as possible. Still, his tail swished behind him once indicating his happiness. He felt grateful that Malissa was being supportive, he needed it more than he had initially realized.

It had been lonely having to deal with this issue on his own, if only she knew the truth that he was not suffering from a medical malady but an ancient Egyptian curse his aunt had so generously given to him to deal with.

Oh the words I would have to say to her if I ever met her...

He thought grimly, the corner of his muzzle tightening as he tabbed back to his notes. His mother had always seemed rather fond of her, even if there was always a hint of sadness to the fact that they rarely saw each other. Whatever this cheetah was, he was sure that she was not worth the time his mother spent missing her.

Hunter's nostrils flared, deciding that he should actually focus on the material for the class he was currently in. He set a reminder on his computer to ask Malissa to inquire with her cousin, as that might actually be useful. He did not feel like looking up any material on the internet to deal with his current problem, as he was sure that whatever the curse was it would be paying close attention to his internet history.

The last thing he needed to do was to give it any new ideas.

For what must have been the thirtieth time that day, Hunter stopped himself from reaching back and scratching his behind. He had not shaved well enough apparently, because he had been itching that entire day.