

Chapter Eighteen

Sublime

The softest of beds always arrive in the morning when it is time to leave them, but Hunter had no reason that day to leave the confines of his guard-railed bed that day. Having finished up a busy week of academic obligations, and with finals just under three weeks away, Hunter had decided to schedule some time for himself and only for himself.

It was Saturday, and dawn had just broken as Hunter cracked open one eye to see whether the sun had broken through his shades yet.

Not quite, and given the circumstances of his underpants Hunter saw no reason to pull himself out from the comfort of his covers. He moved his thigh, attempting to half-heartedly gauge how full his night time diaper was from his wettings. The fennec felt the absorbent undergarment squish softly against him, his freshly shaven area feeling as if it were enveloped in a soft, warm sponge.

Despite the initial itching, Hunter had gone over his handiwork a few more times until he was as smooth as a well polished piece of sea glass. Given the fact that he was now wearing pull-ups every day and diapers at night, he had no concern about his regular underwear causing him discomfort against his exposed skin.

In fact, Hunter pondered to himself as he gave his legs another squeeze, feeling the warmth of his wet padding press up against him, he had not had to do a laundry for his underwear in several weeks.

The curse had continued to supply him with a generous amount of diapers, all displaying his favorite cutesy fuzzy characters in addition to becoming accustomed to a general theme.

His night time diapers were covered in sleepy bears, soft kittens, and snoozing puppy dogs. With several stars on the front leading all the way up to the back to serve

as wetness indicators, he had grown fond of their friendly visage when he finally retired for the night.

His pull-ups were significantly more dynamic. Illustrated with happy little kits heading out for a day at the beach, or sliding down a colorful slide, their diapers peeking out from their shorts or bulging slightly from their shortfalls. The curse was intent on continuously reminding him of his diapered state, but despite the occasional spell of anxiety that his reality would warp the brooch appeared content enough to leave him alone when he was properly diapered.

Although, there had been one episode where he had not avoided public embarrassment. Having taken the bus to visit the off-site area of his college campus for research purposes, he had woken up on the bus having missed his stop, and with several furs giving him odd glances.

At first he had stared back, unsure of why they were giving him so much attention. It had stressed him out a little, and it was only a minute later when he realized that he had been coping with the stress by suckling eagerly on the pacifier lodged in his muzzle.

His face had burned, he could still remember just how profoundly he had blushed. Never before was he so flustered and caught off guard than when he realized that he had been sleeping on a public transit system with a binky in his mouth. Of course, he had no idea how it had gotten there in the first place. Whether the curse had compelled him to reach inside of his backpack mid-sleep and pull the object out after manifesting it or if it had simply popped into existence where he found it was beyond him.

He had hastily departed the bus at the next stop, pulling out his phone and frantically opening up the GPS application to see where he was. Only a mile away, a short walk if anything. He had been lucky, as had he slept even fifteen minutes longer he would have had triple that length to traverse.

It was only half a mile walking back through the dim streets did he finally remember to yank the pacifier out of his mouth.

He had been caught off guard once more, as the moment the plastic rubber bulb left between his lips he had felt unreasonably upset. He had felt his eyes getting watery and his lips began to quiver. It passed after only a moment, but he still remembered viscerally how close he had been to bawling his eyes out because he no longer had that feeling of security.

He had managed to shrug it off, cramming the pacifier into his pocket and making it back to his place just before his bedtime.

It had taken all of his might to put on his diaper that evening and restrain himself from putting the pacifier back in. He had managed it in the end, but it was only upon recalling the confusion in the faces of the furs around him that kept him from replacing it back into his maw.

I really should be focusing on relaxing now...

Hunter chided himself internally, turning over to hug one his new and decidedly favorite stuffed animal. It was rather simple, a brown and beige paw with dark brown hearts on the ends of his paws. He had not known where the inspiration for his name came from exactly, but upon seeing him in a store front he had immediately named him, "Stitches."

Stitches was the best size for him to embrace in his arms, not too big that it felt awkward and soft enough that he could press him up against his chest without feeling uncomfortable.

He had had a dream the following night after purchasing Stitches where the plush had become animated. Not only that, but the little bear appeared very intent on taking care of the little Kit. He had patted him affectionately on his diapered bottom, held a bottle up to his lips, and lovingly placed a pacifier in his muzzle before coaxing him into his crib for an afternoon nap.

Hunter still remembered that scene, as of all of the regressive dreams he had been having lately that one was the most pleasant. There was no brooch, no worry of discovery, simply a state of mind where the only thing he cared about was having something warm and yummy in his tummy, and a soft place to lay his head alongside Stitches.

The fennec could feel himself slipping into that mindset now, only half away from the fact that he was peeing himself. His mind was only aware of the blissful ignorance of the outside world in that dream, where his favorite plush bear was responsible for everything that he needed.

Lost in his reverie, Hunter turned over once more before mumbling something unintelligible into his pillow. His stomach gurgled, but he hardly noticed as he rubbed his muzzle against Stitches' soft fur. He felt as if there was something that he had forgotten about, but was unsure exactly what it was.

Unnoticed by the fennec, his lower abdomen had relaxed, coinciding with his tail flagging underneath the covers. A moment later, the muffled sound of flatulence escaped his backside before being shortly followed by a much deeper, wetter sound. Suddenly, Hunter heaved a sigh of relief having felt a pressure lift off of him. The backside of his wet night-time diaper had expanded somewhat, bulging out slightly to accommodate the addition he had just made to his padded backseat.

Hunter rested for a few minutes longer, a small smile of pleasure spreading on his muzzle as his sense of comfort increased significantly.

It took his nose twitching twice at the hint of an offensive scent for his eyes to shoot wide open in realization.

He swore, his feelings of morning bliss forgotten as he tore the covers off of himself.

As he had suspected, he had just willingly relieved his bowels into his night-time padding, which now appeared in desperate need of a change. He cringed slightly, feeling the softness of his accident pressing up against his buttocks from having turned around on his back.

Sighing, Hunter gingerly heaved himself over the railing of his bed, imagining just how childish he must look with his sagging diaper swinging in the air for all to see. In that moment, the front of his sodden padding pressed against him as it was pushed upwards by the wooden rail underneath him, Hunter felt the initial state of bliss wash over him.

He toppled over onto the carpet of his bedroom, giggling to himself as he felt himself land on his messy bottom. He cooed to himself, his face spreading into an unworried smile as he rocked forwards and backwards gently, kneading the contents of his diaper against himself.

He had never felt something as comfortable and freeing before this sensation, utterly uncaring about the clean-up that was to follow shortly as he had simply forgotten about it. As the sunlight began to pour into his room, he opened his mouth in a soft gasp as the iridescent beauty of it.

The fennec was mesmerized, aware only of the warmth and squish of his night-time diaper beneath him and the dazzling array of light coming through his window to kiss him gently on the fur of his cheeks. Hunter was content, his eyelids half closed from the glare, but in part from the softness pressing up against his skin underneath him.

Hunter felt that one of his paws was in his muzzle, and he suckled contentedly on them. It was not as pleasant as the pacifier that had been in his mouth, but it would do.

The... Pacifier... Huh!

With a jolt, Hunter started having woken up from his waking dream. Having recalled his public incident a few nights prior, reality had come crashing back in. He looked around, confused as to why he was sitting on the ground.

He looked down, seeing that the stars on the front of his padding had completely disappeared. The front was swollen, with a yellowish tinge coming through the otherwise white covering. It took him a second to realize what he had done, shifting about, he felt that his accident had crept up to the front of his diaper as well.

He was utterly caked, and had been giddy as ever to sit about in a diaper that was now in desperate need of changing.

Instead of wallowing in his momentary lapse, the fox picked himself up and stood awkwardly. Shuffling bow-legged towards the doorway as not to make the situation any worse.

I'm going to shower for ten years...

He thought grimly to himself, arriving inside of his bathroom to reach through his shower curtain to turn the knob to its highest heat setting.