

Chapter Twenty

Just Chilling

Malissa waited patiently in the living room as Hunter worked on cleaning himself up in the shower. She browsed on her phone, relaxing on his plush couch as she listened to the faint sounds of water cascading from the shower head behind the closed door of his bathroom. She figured that he would likely take his time, as getting his fur properly cleaned out would likely be an unpleasant process. Unaware of the fact that he had a freshly shaven nether region, she felt some level of sympathy for the incontinence troubles her friend was having.

While peeing himself in the library was somewhat entertaining, she had grown more concerned for her friend's health as he continued to have such troubles. She figured that he had acquired some kind of incontinence products at this point, and wanted to respect his privacy as much as she could while still showing him that he had her support.

Poor thing... And right around finals to boot, yeesh... He definitely is going to need to chill during winter break, that's for sure.

She thought to herself, looking up from her phone to gaze at the bathroom door, a thoughtful expression on her muzzle. Her whiskers twitched as she thought, wondering whether she would be stepping over the line to make the offer she was currently considering. She felt her cheeks growing a little warm at the thought.

He'd probably be too embarrassed to say yes... No... Maybe some other time, not now.

To her surprise, she heard the water cut in its cascade and the sound of a shower curtain being brushed aside. A minute later, Hunter had stepped into the living room wearing a fresh set of clothes, his headfur still slightly damp and a sheepish expression on his muzzle.

"Th-thanks for waiting... I really appreciate it."

He stuttered out, twisting his paws in front of him as he smiled at her. Marissa beamed back, his lips closed as she nodded an affirmation. There was an awkward silence for a moment, before Malissa nodded over to the television with a questioning eyebrow.

“You wanna... Like... Take a break?”

Hunter thought for a moment, before nodding as well and taking a seat next to her on the couch. Malissa heard a muffled crinkle as he moved, and her suspicions were confirmed. He was taking steps to treat his incontinence. An image formed in her mind of Hunter wearing nothing but a diaper around his waist, and she felt her cheeks growing red once more at the thought of it. Given Hunter’s small size and relatively cheerful nature, the thought of him dressed up as a baby would tickled a part of Malissa’s mind. It was adorable, a cute idea, a reality that she realized was now something that Hunter’s self-esteem was likely wrestling with.

She knew she should not comment on it, and she refrained. Still, the thought of the fennec prancing about with nothing but a thick, crinkly diaper on his butt made her stomach twist.

It’s... Really cute...

She thought, turning her attention to the program that Hunter had switched onto the television screen. They said little for about half an hour, watching in silence as the sun made its slow descent towards the horizon and casting long shadows in Hunter’s living room.

Malissa could not stop thinking about the fact that Hunter was wearing a diaper. She figured that he was hoping that it was discrete enough for her not to notice, and she did not want to embarrass him. But still, she could not figure out why she could not take her mind off of it. She never before had thought so much about adults having to wear diapers, even when her cousin shared with her his own incontinence troubles.

It was somehow different when it came to Hunter, something about it stuck in her head and caused butterflies to spring to the air inside of her stomach and flap about madly. She liked the idea of Hunter wearing diapers, her eyes grew wide as she zoned out of the television program and sunk deeper into her thoughts.

I like it...

She thought to herself, and before she could stop herself her gaze drifted down and settled on the front of Hunter's pants. It took a second for the fennec to notice where the otter's attention was now directed, and she glanced up quickly just in time to see his face grow slack and then slightly red from embarrassment. They spoke at the same time, stopping as they realized they were interrupting each other.

"I'm no--"

"It's coo--"

They looked at each other, then grinned. Malissa could tell that Hunter was okay with talking about it, so she looked down at her paws in her lap and did her best to appear a little embarrassed herself. She thought for a moment, before gathering up her bravery and asking Hunter directly.

"What's it like? Wearing them..."

"Uhhh..."

Hunter reached back to scratch the back of his neck with a paw, taking a moment to respond as he chose his words.

"Com...fy? They're comfy, but a little bulky."

Malissa nodded several times, as if she were eagerly absorbing information imparted to her by a most highly educated professor. Hunter continued, taking her silence as a cue to explain further.

"I like them better in bed, to be honest. Waking up dry is nice, but wearing them out and about makes me a little nervous. I get a little paranoid that people might know what I'm wearing under my pants."

Before Malissa could interject, Hunter continued.

"And yes I know, people don't notice and even if they do they don't care. It's still something I get a little in my head about, you know?"

Malissa replied, her voice soft and understanding.

"No, I get it. But you can't help it, this isn't something that you've been cursed with or whatever. It's just biology."

Hunter looked a little past Malissa for a second, the corner of his muzzle twitching downwards. He looked like he was about to say something, but then turned his face away and faced the television screen once more.

"Yeah... Biology..."

He said flatly, appearing a little crestfallen. Malissa was not sure why he had this reaction, but figured that talking about a relatively intimate part of his personal health was just something that he was not used to. The idea that she had before sprang back into her head, and she bit her bottom lip as she too faced the TV screen once more.

Should I? I want to... It'll just be a joke, just for fun... But...

"Hey."

She said, and Hunter turned towards her once more. She continued, feeling her heartrate escalate as she asked him the question that she had told herself would be totally rude for her to prompt him with.

"Can I see it?"

Hunter stared at her, his muzzle a mixture of confusion for a second before he understood her query. He looked down, his cheeks blushing profusely as his paws twisted in his lap once more. The fennec appeared unsure of what to do, but then he shook his head and closed his eyes. A stupid grin spread across his muzzle, and he laughed softly to himself before nodding and standing up.

“Yeah, whatever.”

He said, his shoulders relaxing as he reached down to unbuckle the front of his jeans. Malissa watched with bated breath as he unzipped his fly, shimmying his hips as he pulled his pants down the thick undergarment. Malissa did her best not to gape open mouthed as she watched, her eyes alighting on the little cartoon baby animals wearing their own diapers springing out at her.

Oh my god that's the cutest thing I've ever seen...

She thought to herself, as Hunter's face grew even redder. He stood up, placing his hands on his hips and did his best impression of pride as she showed off his crinkly underpants. Before she could stop herself, Malissa reached forward and gently touched her paw pads against the front of his padding. Hunter did not move, and she could only guess at what thoughts were racing through his head as she examined his diaper more intently. She looked up, deciding that since he had been vulnerable with her, she would return the favor.

“Hunter... I think they're really cute.”

“Ha, you think so?”

Hunter's voice was tight, and appeared to be struggling to maintain his composure. Malissa nodded, her voice imploring as she continued.

“No, I'm serious. I actually think they look super cute on you. Like, your body type totally matches them. It's kind of hot.”

Hunter's mouth fell open, and Malissa quickly looked down as her face burned. She could feel her blood pooling in the vessels in her face from the embarrassment of her statement.

Did I really just admit to Hunter that I think he looks hot in diapers? He's going to think I'm a total dweeb for this...

"Hey, thanks! Honestly not the reaction I was expecting but definitely the best one I could have received."

The otter looked up, and saw that Hunter was grinning at her. He appeared pleased, the initial nervousness was now gone as he laughed with a note of incredulousness in his voice. Malissa could tell that his mood had lightened somewhat as he continued, her voice tinged with humor as he teased her.

"Honestly, Malissa, I would have never guessed that you'd be into this. You know how annoying it is to try to act as cool as I do while wearing baby pants? I wish *everyone* had the same opinion as you about diapers."

Malissa laughed once, more of an exhalation of breath than a genuine sound of amusement. She was still feeling anxious about just how much she had revealed to Hunter, but was happy that he was taking it in stride. She shook her head, reaching forward to poke the front of his padding once more with a finger.

"Yeah diaper butt, and now I know you wear them every day and can remind you about them too if you get too cheeky. In *public*."

Hunter appeared to falter at this, and Malissa giggled at his reaction. She shook her head, her mouth closed as she gave him a mock disapproving look.

"Wow, you really bought that one huh?"

Hunter nodded sheepishly, scratching the back of his ears once more before replying.

"I mean... Don't?"

"I won't. Jack will notice though eventually."

"Yeah... That's going to suck..."

Malissa raised her eyebrows in a knowing fashion, looking at him from the side as she continued.

"Don't worry, I'll punch him if he gets too mean."

"Can I punch him too? Like both of us from one side, at the same time?"

"Honestly I'd just like to do that just for fun."

Hunter laughed, reaching down to bring his pants back up once more with some effort. He was about to pull his belt buckle into place, when Malissa reached forward and gently grasped his paw.

"Don't. Just keep your pants off. It's cool."

Hunter looked up at her, unsure. Slowly, he undid his fly once more, pulling his jeans down until they were gathered around his fuzzy ankles. He stepped out of them, his knees brought together as his tail reflexively moved from behind him to cover his padding. Malissa nodded approvingly, patting the spot next to her on the couch and indicating towards the TV with a lazy finger.

"Yeah, that's more comfy. I want to be able to see that padded tush of yours during the commercial breaks."

The otter could tell that she was now properly flustering the fennec, but he appeared to keep his cool as he sat down next to her once more. The padding forced his legs apart just far enough to make it noticeable, a detail that Malissa found particularly enjoyable. They resigned to a welcome silence as they continued to watch, with the otter occasionally stealing glances down at Hunter's diaper. He noticed of course, but was far too overwhelmed by the fact that his friend had hinted at finding him attractive, and in diapers no less.

He tried to keep his thoughts focused on the TV to no avail, as his mind was too busy going over what Malissa had said to him. Hunter could not bring himself to fully accept what Malissa had told him, as there was still one factor he had not entirely ruled out.

Was this Malissa talking, or was the effects of the curse that was causing her to further encourage him into wearing infantile clothing. He had no clue.