

## Nick and Doug

By Champ (<https://champtehatter.com/>)

Nick is back in diapers again. The puppyish canine is not in trouble, he just needs them, and older boyfriend Doug is there to help him through it all. (Furry)

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### Chapter 1: An Unfortunate Accident

"Shhh, honey, it's okay! These things happen sometimes."

The large border collie leaned against the frame of the bathroom door as his young boyfriend cried on the other side.

"No they don't! I'll never get off of the potty again!"

"You need to come out of there eventually, sprout. Or else I'll have to eat all your breakfast!"

"You wouldn't!"

"I would! I'm going downstairs right now! Here I go!" the big dog said as he walked away from the door, softening his steps to make it sound like he was leaving before creeping close to the door again and waiting.

"No!!! I'm coming!"

A young yellow lab flung open the door and rushed out only to be tackled onto the bed by his older and bigger boyfriend.

"Eeeep!"

"Gotcha!" Said the bigger dog, wagging his tail and smiling.

"NO!!! I've been tricked!" the lab giggled, eliciting a deep chuckle from his companion.

"There's my smiley pup! Are we going to have to do this every time you wet the bed?"

"No... I just hoped tonight would be the night I could ditch my training pants. I thought the training was helping..."

"I know sweetie," Said the older fur, getting off of him and bringing his overgrown pup of a boyfriend over onto his lap. "But for now, I think it's best if we go back to some more... reliable protection. You know what I mean..."

"No!" Said the lab, shaking his head. "Don't say it!"

He squirmed in his partner's lap.

"I'm saying- Yes. I have to say it. You need your diapers."

The older fur ran his hands through his boyfriend's fur and brought them down to the pup's crotch as he emphasized the last word.

"I hate that word," Said the younger pup.

"Well, you'll have to get used to it, Nicky. It's nothing to be ashamed of," said the collie. "You should get used to saying it too."

"Never!" Said Nick. "You'll never get me to say it, Doug!" He started to get up but was stopped by the bigger fur.

"Now who said you could call me that? Hmm?" said the older dog, grabbing Nick and swinging him back down onto the bed where he mounted him and grinned, wriggling his fingers. "You know what I want you to call me."

Nick struggled but to no avail. He wouldn't say it!

"Say... Daddy, I want my diapers back! Oh, you're gonna shake your head at me? Well, maybe this will change your tune!"

What ensued was less of a tickle fight and more of a tickle slaughter as the older fur stuck his fingers into just about every crevice and body part he could think of while Nick begged for mercy.

"You know what you have to say, Nicky! You'd better do it before I make you wet yourself, or you'll pay for it!"

"Okay okay, old man! I give! Mercy! I'll say it!" Nick choked out, wracked by spasms of laughter. "D-Daddy... I need... I need my... diapers..."

"What was that?" Said Doug, raising his hands again and wiggling his fingers "My hearing isn't what it used to be! Can you speak up?"

"Eeep! DADDY I NEED MY DIAPERS! DADDY I NEED MY DIAPERS! PLEASE!!!" yelled Nick, shying away from the possibility of more tickles.

"Yes, you do! And I think the neighbors know now too!" As if the whole neighborhood didn't know already, he thought, wryly. "Looks like you already got yourself a little wet there, pupper. I think we'd better get you padded up right away!"

Nick looked down in surprise to see that, indeed, a little finger of red was poking out of his sheath and there was a wet patch in his belly fur. He whined in

embarrassment at the proof of his failure to completely control his bladder like other grown dogs could.

"Don't worry, kiddo. Daddy will get you taken care of and then we'll be good as new."

Nick just huffed and let his boyfriend do all the work. If he was going to be in diapers, he certainly wasn't going to like it in any way. As the thick and crinkly garment was brought up in the front, his partner smiled.

"These are your favorites! All your pupper pals are on the front!" Doug blew a raspberry on Nicky's tummy, eliciting another giggle before carrying him down the stairs, kicking and giggling as the older fur continued to blow raspberries the whole way.

"There we go, kiddo. We got waffles for days!" Doug set Nick down in his seat at the dining table and served him a plate of waffles, which he made sure to cut up first.

"Aw, geez, Daddy. I could have done that myself!"

"I'm sure you could have, and you could also slip and hurt your paw like you did last week!"

Nick rolled his eyes and began to eat. Although he couldn't say he liked being talked down to, he loved the attention he got from his partner whenever Doug was in a more caretaker mood. That seemed to be a lot lately - ever since this wetting problem started up.

Doug was happy to see his partner cooperating more with the baby treatment today. He always saw the guy as something of an over-sized pup even before he started asking to be called Daddy. As far as he was concerned, the little guy's need for diapers only made him that much more adorable and lovable, and he wanted to baby him even more. It just felt like the natural thing to do.

"Okay, sprout. What are we gonna do today?"

"Well, I guess we should get to work on the back porch, huh? Might as well get as much done as we can before the sun's too high!"

"Hmm, you sure you're up for it? That's a lot of hard work. You know I was gonna have the guys come by after lunch and help out."

"I can do it!" Said the lab, in protest. "I'm plenty big and strong!"

The image of the lab sitting at the table in just a diaper and eating his cut-up waffle told a different story. Especially as what he was eating began to fall into his chest fur during that last outburst.

"Oh gosh, I think somebody needs his bib."

Nick blushed as his Daddy slipped a cookie demon bib over his neck and took away his fork. "Yeah, I don't think you're ready to help just yet, kiddo. Maybe I'll let you watch from the playpen."

"Heyy! I don't have a playpen, you big meanie!"

"You just might if you keep trying to prove what a big boy you are!"

"Aww geez, Daddy. Can't I help just a little?"

"Okay fine, but you will wait until the guys get here, and you will ONLY do what you're told, nothing more. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Papa." Said the lab, who happily dove into his waffles, tail wagging at his victory against the tyranny of Daddy.

Doug just chuckled at the sight, pulling out his phone and snapping a shot of his cute pup boyfriend.

When Doug's buddies came over later that day to help, Nick was there in a plain gray t-shirt and some old red basketball shorts that he had stolen from Daddy's wardrobe some months back. Despite how grown up Daddy's clothes made Nicky feel, they did little to hide the bulk and crinkle of his diapers, or give the impression that he was anything more than a juvenile pup, even though he was, in reality, in his twenties. Doug's buddies knew all about Nicky and his diapers by now, though, and they all greeted him with enthusiasm.

"Heyyy, there, Champ" Said Jim, a gruff bulldog in a tank top.

"Hey there Kiddo!" Said Dale the Doberman, ruffling Nick's headfur.

"Hi Nicky! You gonna help out the big dogs today?" Asked John, a long-haired collie who had until recently been known as Jennifer to the group.

"Sure am!" said Nick, wagging back, happy to be part of the team. The implication that he was *not* a big dog flew right over his head.

They got pretty much right to work on the enclosed porch room. It was a project they had started at the beginning of summer and was well near completion. This day was all about Drywall and insulation, and soon enough it would be time to paint. Nick was learning a lot about just what it took to make a house from watching everyone work on this project. He was really impressed by the whole process and thought maybe he could do construction too when he grew up. Then he remembered he *was* grown up and shook his head to clear his mind of such a silly thought.

Doug smiled at how eager his little pupper was to help out with the project. It's true that he couldn't do much more than carry the mud or sandpaper around as people needed it, and that everyone constantly had to watch out that he was not underfoot, but

still it was nice to see that the initial shyness his partner had when they first met had melted away, and he could let his puppyish nature shine through without fear of being judged.

"Oh-oh! Watch out Nicky!" He yelled, as the distractible lab bumped into a ladder, and a hammer sitting on one of the rungs fell down and onto his footpaw.

"Oweeee!!! Ow ow ow!!!"

All work stopped as the poor canine fell onto his tush and clutched his foot, crying.

"Oh my gosh!" Said Dale, who quickly had the poor pup's shoe off and was checking for injuries while John held the poor pupper close and shushed his crying. Doug was grateful for his friends, who flew into action before he could even make his way over to check on the lad. Jim had already run to grab ice as Doug muscled his way into the group.

"It hurrrrrtss" Nicky said, crying as the border collie did his best to calm the boy down.

Doug knew he should be mad at the pup, but that could come later. He was just mad at himself for letting the little guy go about unsupervised and told himself he really would have to get that playpen if they were ever going to finish this project safely.

"It doesn't seem broken," Said Dale, who had checked the foot for any deformity, or swelling. "But you better have him elevate it and ice it for a while. Only an X-ray will tell for sure."

"Got the little guy some ice," Said Jim, handing it over to Dale, and then patting the pup's butt. "Er... hey, Doug. You might wanna take care of your pup. I think he's due for a change!"

Nick hid his face in John's chest and cried harder as the shame of the situation added to the pain he was already feeling overwhelmed him. This was not how being 'one of the guys' was supposed to go!

"Oh gosh. Okay, guys, take five. I'll take it from here..."

Doug waved everyone off and bent down to lift up his boyfriend, but the pup just squeezed harder into John's chest, not willing to move or open his eyes. Whether it was the pain, or the embarrassment, he could see the pup was not going to let go easily. Doug gave John a pleading look, and he immediately got the hint. John stood up, Holding Nick under the rump and followed Doug up to the bedroom where they could take care of the miserable looking whelp.

"Thanks John. I don't know what it is, but he seems to be more comfortable around you... I hate to ask this, but do you think you could...?" He nodded toward the open closet, where Nick's changing supplies and diapers lay in full view.

"Oh! Sure, no problem..." Said the collie, striding over to grab what was needed.

"Okay, kiddo, these shorts are gonna have to come off..." Nick grasped at the shorts in a feeble attempt to stop his partner from undressing him.

"N-no...! N-not like this..."

"Honey... we need to get you cleaned up and ice that foot."

Doug could see the signs of a tantrum coming and knew the pup had probably been overworked as well as injured and embarrassed.

"I think you could use a nap as well, kiddo. Now take a deep breath and let Daddy take care of you..."

Doug enlisted John's help to help gently coax the clothing off of his petulant pupper. The collie had a gentle touch, and Doug didn't want to get physical with the boy to make him cooperate, not in the state he was in anyway. When it came time to take off the diaper, Nick made a request that surprised them both.

"N-no... please Daddy... C-can he do it?" He pointed his nose to indicate John and gave his Daddy the sad puppy dog eyes.

"W-well, that's.... Uh..." He looked over at John unsure of what to say, but John just returned a gentle smile and looked back at the pup.

"Sure I can, honey. You just lay back and let Uncle John take care of you."

"F-fanks..." Said the lab, visibly relaxing as he lay back and let the Collie untape his diaper.

"I got this Doug. I'll put him down for his nap, and I'll be right down. You go ahead and tell the boys not to worry. They're probably beside themselves right now."

"Okay," Said Doug, a bit reluctant to leave his injured boyfriend. But he could see that John had things well under control. The scene before him of his boyfriend being diapered by another fur was frankly adorable, and he had the presence of mind to snap yet another photo for the collection before slipping out the door and downstairs. John came down a few minutes later to see the three men pacing about and looking nervous.

"Well, the kid's sleeping it off now," said John, dusting his hands off. "You can relax now, you big ninnies."

"Ah, he'll be fine. That kid's one tough cookie." Said Jim, trying to look nonchalant but failing miserably.

"Well, are we gonna stand around all day fretting or are we gonna finish what we came here to do?" asked Dale, ever the efficient one.

And with that, they got back to work. By the end of the day, they were able to laugh about it a bit, and Doug said goodbye, personally thanking John for his help with the little guy.

"Thank you so much, I really mean it. I don't know what it is, but he always seems to be more calm around you."

"Oh, I've worked with kids before. Maybe I can come over some time and teach you a few tricks."

He gave Doug a little wink, which caused Doug's eyebrows to go up just a fraction.

"Yeah! That would be great, John. I might just take you up on that."

His tail wagged slightly as he saw John and the others out. Then he went to check on his pup, who he found lying in bed in a wet diaper, his foot elevated on a pillow, a damp towel and a packet of melted ice lying off to the side.

"Nick? Nick, honey... It's 6 o'clock. You've been asleep for a few hours."

He rubbed his boyfriend's belly as he began to come around.

"Honey...I've called the doctor. We're taking you in tomorrow for an X-Ray. Now, I know you don't like going to the Doctor, but this isn't an option. We're also going to have to talk about your punishment. You could have seriously hurt yourself or one of our friends. What were you thinking walking around like that and not looking where you were going?"

"I'm sowwy, Daddy..." said Nick, his ears drooping.

"We'll talk about it tomorrow. I don't want you getting out of this bed 'til we go to the hospital, so stay here while I make dinner. I'll bring it up to you, and we can eat in here. Then it's a change and bedtime for you! No, you don't get any cell phone or TV while you wait. You can think about what you did instead."

And with that, Doug went down to prepare dinner. It had been quite a day thanks to Nicky's antics. That pup was so accident-prone, he really was going to have to make good on his constant threat of baby-proofing the house.

And then there was John. He was such a big help, and that wink... did he? Doug shook his head. Maybe he was reading too much into it.

Tomorrow Nicky would get to see the doctor and find out about his poor paw. This was a new doctor who was recommended by a friend familiar with the kind of relationship he and Nicky had. Dr. Rückfall was the best, or so he was told, very good with big puppies like his Nicky, as well as patients' who had particular needs when it came to potty training. The pup might not like it, but even he had acknowledged early on that Daddy knew best.

Doug already had an idea of where this was going, as he felt his face finally relax into a smile and his sheath began to plump up. More to the point, he had an idea of where he wanted this to go, and he liked it very much.

## Chapter 2: Time to See the Doctor

"Come on, Nicky. Come out of the car."

"Don't wanna!"

The large border collie held the back door of the car open. Nicky, a smaller yellow lab sat in there with his arms crossed and refused to budge.

Doug sighed. Nicky had been stubborn all day. Doug had to fight just to get him to wear a diaper to the Doctor's office.

"Look, I know you don't like to go to the doctor's, but you need to see him. Both for your foot *and* your bladder problem."

The smaller yellow lab just scowled. "No! I don't want the doctor to see them."

"That's it, I'm coming in there. Don't think I won't punish you for this later, pup. You've already racked up quite a rap sheet."

The big dog crawled in and sat next to the yellow lab. Before his boyfriend could say a word, Doug had him unbuckled and over his lap.

"No, Daddy! No! I'll be good! I'll be good! No spankies, please!"

"You brought this on yourself, sprout," said the older dog, grimly. Nicky's shorts were then pulled down around his knees, and the back of his diaper came down as well. A volley of smacks across Nicky's rear end had him struggling and yelping as the older dog laid down the law.

"Now are we gonna have any more trouble, sprout?"

Nicky shook his head.

"Are you gonna be a good puppy and listen to Daddy and the doctor?"

Nicky nodded, sniffing.

"Alright, then. Hup we go!"

Doug helped his boyfriend out of the car and carried him to the hospital, where they found wheelchairs available for them near the entrance. Nicky was still too busy sniffing and feeling sorry for himself to be embarrassed as he was wheeled into the elevator with a prominent diaper bulge showing between his legs. By the time they got to the pediatric wing, he was returning to his normal self, and as he looked around, he slowly realized that he was the oldest patient in the waiting room by quite a few years.

"Uh... Da.. er... Doug... What are we doing here?"

"You really gonna test me now, Sprout? You know what you're allowed to call me. If you want to ask, you ask properly."

Nick bowed his head and blushed, the top of his muzzle growing hot.

"Um... Da.. Daddy..." he squeaked out in a way that almost made Doug's heart melt and soften his resolve. "Why are we in... \*the baby hospital\*?" He whispered this last part with his hands around his snout and his Daddy couldn't stifle a grin. He leaned in and spoke, whispering the last word.

"I think you can answer that for yourself, \*baby\*."

Nick's eyes went wide and his blush increased tenfold. The big dog ruffled his headfur and gave it a kiss before turning to the front desk to sign in.

"Yes. I'm here for Dr. Rückfall. Yes, first time. Okay, thank you."

He grabbed hold of Nicky's wheelchair and wheeled him over to the play area in the corner.

"I have to fill out some paperwork, sprout. Why don't you keep yourself occupied and play here."

"I'd rather play with my phone," Nicky muttered.

"Yeah, you're not getting that back for quite some time, little guy, so you'd better get used to playing with toys like these. Daddy isn't happy with your behavior these past twenty four hours."

Nicky's ears flattened and he reached out toward the table in front of him to grab some blocks and guide them around their wire track."

"Atta boy," said Doug with a satisfied grin, putting his paw on the younger fur's head and rubbing it. Nick tried to jerk away, and looked up at his boyfriend in annoyance, but Doug, seemingly unperturbed, just did it anyway and walked off looking pleased with himself.

A young fur nearby giggled. "Is that your papa?" he asked.

Nick crossed his arms and rolled his eyes. "Hhhhh... yes. He's my *papa*," he growled through his teeth.

"Hehehe, that's so funny!" said the fox kit. "You look like a big dog, but you must be a baby cause you're in a *diaper*!"

Nick's ears stiffened and his eyebrows flew up. He'd forgotten about it in his anger, and when he looked down he could see just how obvious the outline of his diaper

was under his shorts. His paws quickly dove down to cover the front of his shorts and he hunched over and looked around to see who was paying attention.

"Caleb, you stop that!" called a heavy-set woman seated nearby. "You know better than to comment on other peoples' differences. He can't help it if he needs diapers."

Any fur that was paying the slightest attention to their surroundings turned to see what the source of the commotion was.

*Oh god. Oh god. Please Shut up. Just please shut up,* thought Nick. The well-intentioned mother was just making this humiliating situation worse.

"Apologize to the poor puppy right this instant."

"Sorry..." said the fox kit, casting his eyes down and flattening his ears.

"That's better," said Momma fox. "Now play nice or you won't be playing with anything at all."

"Okay, mama. I'll play nice!" he said, his ears popping back up. Then he looked up at Nick and said "Baby" just loud enough for him to hear.

Nicky whimpered as he felt a little bit of liquid trickle into his diaper. He really did feel like a baby. What was wrong with him?

"H-hey, don't cry, puppy," said Caleb, his face going from a mischievous smile to one of open concern. "I didn't mean it. Look, let me teach you a game. Check this out."

The fox kit took a crayon and a blank piece of paper and made a bunch of dots. Then he drew a line connecting two of them.

"You gotta try and make boxes, and if you finish a box, you get to put the first letter of your name. Mine is C for Caleb. Do you know what yours is?"

"Course I do! N for Nicky," said the lab with a superior grin. "That's easy."

"Well, I bet you can't beat me!" said Caleb with a grin.

The distractible pup was soon engrossed in the game the little kit was teaching him, and in no time at all he was wagging his tail as they took turns trying to close the most boxes and put their initials inside.

Doug smiled to himself as he watched the scene unfold, Nicky's intake paperwork all but forgotten. That pup sure knew how to make friends. It didn't seem like there was anyone in the world who didn't take a liking to Nicky almost immediately. Seeing the two of them made him think. Maybe he should get Nicky some friends his own age. At least mentally. Other littles who could connect with him on the same level.

Nick and Doug were both engrossed in their own imaginations, so it took a few times of hearing Nicky's name called before they realized it was their turn.

"Oh! Right here. Coming!" Doug hustled to grab Nicky's wheelchair and wheel him through the door to the doctor's office.

A bunny Nurse led them to a scale outside the doctor's office. "Let's check his height and weight."

"Come on, up we go kiddo," said Doug, helping Nicky up out of his seat. "Careful now!"

Nicky seemed a bit panicked, with his ears folded back and fear in his eyes as he was helped up.

"Daddy," he whined as quietly as he could, "she'll see!"

Doug knew that Nicky still wasn't used to going out of the house in a diaper, but he wasn't about to encourage Nicky's worries.

"Nicky, the nurse sees patients in diapers all the time. It's nothing to be ashamed of, especially not here."

"He's right, sweetie," said the bunny. "Don't you worry about a thing. It's just another kind of underwear to us."

Nicky looked to the two adults and nodded his understanding, getting up with Daddy's help. He kept his eyes locked on the ground as he stood there on the scale, blushing under his fur, his weight fully resting on his un-injured foot.

"Okay, 5'5" 120 lbs. My, a bit skinny for his age, isn't he?"

"I try, but with the way the little fella is always runnin' around, he burns it up faster than I can feed him!"

"Well, Dr. Rückfall might have some advice to help you put some pounds on your pup."

"A little belly might make him even *cuter* than he already is," said Doug. "If that's even possible."

He tickled Nicky's tummy making him giggle. Suddenly, Nick's eyes went wide as he realized they were beginning to tease and baby him.

*"Daaad! Stopppp!"*

Doug gave him a sly look.

"Now are you really gonna tell me what to do after all the trouble you caused, puppy?"

"But. I-"

"No more butts, kiddo or I'm going to get you a pacifier to make you wear when you whine. Don't test me!"

Nicky shut up at that. He couldn't imagine stepping out of the house with such an infantile accessory in his maw.

"I'm sorry," Doug said to the nurse. "He's a little cranky today."

"Don't worry, happens all the time," she said, laughing it off.

"Now let's get you two into the doctor's office. We'll have a little more privacy there. Would you like that, Nicky?"

Nick nodded and allowed Doug to pick him up and carry him over to the padded exam table where he was plopped down on the crinkly, pupper-themed paper.

The nurse took his temperature and blood pressure and recorded the numbers down.

"Alright, we're all set. Nicky can strip down to his underwear. The doctor will be here soon." The nurse turned and left.

"Thank you," called Doug, and he immediately had Nicky's shirt up and over his head.

"Heyyy!"

Nicky's shorts were pulled off while he was distracted, and then his shirt came the rest of the way off. Doug chuckled, holding up the proof of his victory.

"Not giving you a chance to fight this time, sprout!"

"You think you're sooo smart," said Nicky, crossing his arms and huffing.

"I know I am. You can't outsmart your Daddy, sprout."

Nicky looked down at the babyish diaper covered in cute pups. The bones had all disappeared from view and were replaced by yellow. It was obviously swollen, much to his embarrassment. The worst thing was, he didn't even remember wetting it!

"Daddy, can't I at least change?"

"No, Nicky. The doctor is going to take off your diaper anyway, so you just hang tight."

"Okay," Nicky said, sighing in defeat.

Doug smirked. "I don't know why you're so upset. Yesterday you begged for diapers!"

"You *made* me!" Nicky whined. "With your... tickle attacks!"

"You *still* said it," said Doug. "And I can always make you say it *again* if you forget!" He gave his boyfriend a little tickle and a kiss on the temple, and Nick began to wag despite himself.

"Don't you ever feel embarrassed for being the way you are, kiddo. You got that?"

Doug booped Nicky on the nose, and Nicky went cross-eyed, blinking in surprise.

"Yeah..." he said, quietly. "I got it, Daddy."

"And if anyone ever gives you a hard time, they'll have me to answer to!" declared Doug, pointing a thumb at his chest.

"That's good, Daddy, but-" Nicky was looking over Doug's shoulder now and gesturing, but Doug was too excited to notice.

"I'll bop 'em on the nose and put 'em in Pawpers. *That'll* teach 'em to mess with my little boy! And, and-"

He was interrupted by someone clearing their throat behind him.

"Well, it sounds like zey'd better vatch out zen, doesn't it?"

Now it was Doug's turn to blush.

"Oh... geez, you scared me, Doc. Er... how long have you been there?"

The doctor, a portly tiger, just chuckled.

"Don't vorry about it. Your little pup is kvite adorable. I'd probably jump in und pop 'em myself if I had the chance. Forgiff me, I haven't introduced myself. I am Dr. Rückfall, pleased to meet you."

He shook the two dogs' paws before going to the sink and washing his own.

"I see ve haff another big pup patient today. How *exciting*. The big vons are my favorite!"

Doug and Nick looked at each other and back to the doctor as he spoke. They both smiled.

“So, I understand ze puppy had a little accident?” asked the tiger Doctor, with a sympathetic frown.

“Yes,” said Doug, before Nicky could respond. “In more ways than one.”

This got a chuckle from the doctor and Nicky cast his eyes downward in shame.

“So let’s start mit the paw. Tell me precisely vat happened, little von.”

Nicky whimpered, remembering the events of the day before. He held up his foot paw which looked swollen.

“I was helping Daddy and our friends build us a porch room, and I bumped into a ladder, and a hammer fell, and it hit me on the foot, and it hurt *really bad*.”

“I’m sorry zat happened to you, little von. May I please examine your tootsie?” the doctor asked nicely, extending a paw.

“Go on, Nicky,” said Doug, putting his hand on the reluctant pup’s shoulder. Nicky acquiesced and lifted his paw, his ears drooping.

“Zenk you, munchkin. Let’s see. Oh my, it looks like a bad von. I bet it *really hurt* didn’t it?”

Nicky nodded and whined. It was one of the worst pains he’d ever had.

“Can you wiggle your big toe for me, Nicky?” asked the Doctor.

Nicky nodded and wiggled the toe, wincing and drawing in breath through his teeth when he did so.

“Good. Sehr good,” said the Doctor, focusing intently on the problem at paw. “Now does it hurt when I touch it here?”

Nicky let out a loud yelp as the doctor’s hand came in contact with the top of his paw.

“Oh dear, I’m sorry Liebchen. Let’s try something else, shall ve? I’ll start at the ankle, and vork my way up. You just tell me ven it starts to hurt, ja?”

Nicky bit his lip and nodded. Doug held his paw and squeezed it tight. In this way the doctor was able to determine the location of the injury as well as confirming that there wasn’t any apparent nerve damage. Meanwhile, Doug kept up a constant stream of encouragement and physical contact that let his little puppy know he was right there with him. Finally, the doctor released the paw and stepped back.

“How does it look, doctor?” asked Doug, petting his boyfriend and scratching him behind the ears..

“Vell, it *looks* like your little boy’s tootsie vas hurt pretty bad, but I’m sure zat it’ll be good as new vonce ve are done mit ze treatment.” The doctor ended this statement with a warm smile.

“How long will that be?” asked Doug.

“Ve can’t know until ve’ve seen an X-ray. It could take anyvere from... two to six weeks to heal.”

“Six weeks?!” cried Nick, aghast.

“I’m sure it von’t be easy for a rambunctious little pup like you to stay still, but zat may be ze situation,” the portly feline replied, raising his eyebrows and pursing his lips as he adjusted his glasses. “Anyway, it seems like your Daddy should have been keeping a shorter leash on you anvay, hmm?”

Nicky blushed and Doug just nodded. “I’m ordering it first thing when we get home,” said Doug, eliciting a surprised yelp from Nicky. “This *isn’t* going to happen again.”

Nicky looked up to see Papa staring at him sternly.

“I’ll schedule you for an X-ray, and zen send you down to Radiology, but first, ve haff another kind of accident to discuss.” The feline doctor nodded to Nicky’s soggy diaper leaving no doubt what he meant. “Let’s hear it from Daddy’s perspective first. Vat exactly haff you noticed und for how long haff these accidents been happenink?”

“It’s been an issue for a few years,” Doug began. He paused a second when his little puppy began to whimper and whine in embarrassment.

“It’s not **that** bad, Daddy!”

“Shh, it’s okay honey. Dr. Rückfall is a professional. He needs to know the facts.” He turned back to the doctor. “It’s gotten worse since I first met him. He’s had to wear at night time on and off since we met, but two nights ago I gave him his chance to get through the night dry and he had a big accident in the bed-”

“By accident do you mean he urinated in his sleep only, or did he defecate as well?” asked the doctor.

“No, no, just urine,” said Doug over Nicky’s objections to the very idea. “He’s had to wear diapers all the time. It seems every time I turn around this little puppy has soaked his pampers. To be honest, I think it just makes him cuter, but of course I want to make sure my little sprout is healthy too.”

“Yes, of course,” said the doctor, nodding. “That’s vat ve all vant, isn’t that right Nicky?”

Nicky nodded.

“Vell, don’t worry my little schnuckelschneke. Bedvetting is a pretty common condition. Ve’ll get to the bottom of this, und you von’t have to vonder vhy you’re makin’ little piddles in your pants anymore. Is that okay mit you?”

Nicky nodded and the Doctor smiled and walked over to the cabinet.

Though he was nervous still, Nicky felt comfortable with this physician doing his exam. The older man had a gentle way about him, and what’s more, he always asked Nicky what he was okay with. Everyone in the baby hospital was really nice. They didn’t even give Nicky’s diaper a second glance. Nicky felt completely normal here, and he liked that feeling. It was too bad he couldn’t extend that courtesy to himself in his own daily life.

Dr Rückfall returned with an absorbent pad and set it down behind Nicky, then had the big puppy scoot back onto it.

“How would you like to be out of zat soggy diaper for a vwhile?”

Nicky nodded. This, at least, sounded good. He lay back obediently as the Doctor untaped the diaper. It was difficult not to look, but he opted to stare straight ahead and pretend another grown dog wasn’t taking off his soaked puppy pants.

The doctor gave his fur a perfunctory wipe-down, and then let Nicky sit up on the pad, instructing him to just stay on the pad just in case.

“I’m goink to ask you some yes und no kvestions. You or Daddy can answer as best you can. How much do you drink, Nicky, und how often?”

“Um...” Nicky looked up to Doug for help.

“He drinks about 12 glasses of water and juice a day, sometimes more. Two with every meal and two between each meal.

“Und how often do you leak, little von?”

Again Nicky couldn’t answer.

“I can’t say exactly, but he needs a change every 6-8 hours depending on the quality of the diaper.”

The doctor nodded sagely.

“Nicky. Can you *feel* it when you start to leak? Can you stop peeing ven zat happens?”

“N-no,” said Nicky to both. He at least knew that much.

"It always seems to take the little soaker by surprise," added Doug, smiling and ruffling his boyfriend's hair.

"Do you mind if I check ze testicles, Nicky? It would really help me understand vat is goink on and make sure it is not a *hernia*."

"H-h-hernia?" Nicky gulped. "Don't those require surgery?"

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves now, sprout. Just let the doctor check out your little potatoes. Okay?"

Nicky reluctantly nodded. He tried not to get too antsy as the doctor fondled his soft sac. He turned his head and coughed as asked. The doctor nodded and said it wasn't a hernia, which was a relief.

The last thing the doctor said he needed was a urine sample.

"Und it looks like ve've got plenty here," he said, pointing to the absorbent pad.

To Nicky's surprise the pad had turned completely yellow. Nicky had flooded it sometime during their conversation. The doctor quickly grabbed a cup to collect Nicky's urine.

"Ve'll haff to get thee last of it mit a single-use catheter. Then ve can get you into some proper protection and see how much that pad veighs. "

Nicky was made as comfortable as he could be before the thick elastic tube was slid down his peephole with the aid of lubricant and some local anesthetic.

The tube was pushed in inch by inch until suddenly there was a small bit of resistance. One more push and urine began to flow into the waiting cup. Nicky was mesmerized, as was Doug. Neither of them had really seen this kind of thing done before, or really thought of anything going up there in the first place.

"How does it fit in there?" asked Nicky, finally.

"Because puppies are *very stretchy* my little Schnuckiputz."

The doctor instructed Doug to keep the distractible pup occupied while he 'finished up'. Presumably, he didn't want the puppy to be too distraught by the tube coming back out. Doug started rubbing Nicky behind the ears and Nicky looked up only for Doug's muzzle to meet him in a prolonged kiss. As soon as they broke it, Doug piled on more affection and rubs to keep his boyfriend occupied.

"That's my good puppy. Such a good puppy. You're Daddy's boy, aren't you? Yes you are!"

With the two men working together, the sample was taken and Nicky was soon diapered without fuss in a fresh new adorable space diaper from the Doctor's special cabinet. Then, the pad was weighed.

"Vell, little von. Your papa is certainly correct; you *are* a super soaker! I'm going to recommend you stay in diapers, little von, und listen to vat your daddy tells you. Vill you be a gut boy so I can give you your treat?"

"Treat?" asked Nicky, his tail beginning to wag.

"That's right. If it's okay mit your vatti, that is."

Doug grinned and nodded. He wasn't going to say no to his smiley pup, not after he behaved so well for the doctor.

"Okay then, it's settled. A treat for the little puppy. But you have to promise to wear your diapers like a gut puppy until vee can determine the best course of action."

"Promise!" said Nicky.

Doug patted his boyfriend's back and squeezed his shoulder. He had been saying all that since the beginning, but maybe if he heard it from a doctor, Nicky would be more apt to listen.

Nicky was surprised and excited when the doctor brought out a toy treasure chest full of little candies and toys for him to pick from.

"It's best if you just close your little eyes und pick. It's luckier that vay."

Nicky did just that and he got a funny little mouse-man action figure. He liked it.

"See, kiddo? You got the best prize!" said Doug, kissing the excited pup on the head. "Thanks, Doctor. Oh, there is one more thing... the nurse mentioned some tips for helping me put a few extra pounds on my skinny pup...'

"Of course," said Dr. Rückfall. I haff just ze thing!"

The doctor gave Doug a sample of *enhance* weight gain beverage, and printed out a list of foods that might help.

"Und all little cubs like peanut butter," he added. "That's an easy vay to help him pack on three pounds. Und I should know," said the doctor, chuckling and patting his belly. "I'm a perfect example!"

Soon after, as the couple waited for the elevator to Radiology, Nicky noticed Doug texting furiously on his phone."

“Who ya talkin’ to, Daddy?” asked Nicky. “Is it Uncle John? Is he gonna come visit again and help take care of me?”

Doug smiled at the word ‘Uncle’ and ruffled the pup’s hair. “Silly pup. I can certainly ask. I was just texting him now... as well as Dale and Jim. I had to make a group chat since nobody will leave me alone about it.”

Nicky was surprised everyone was so concerned, but Doug explained it to him, emphasizing why it was important for Nicky to pay attention and follow directions. “You really gave us all a scare there, kiddo. I’m just glad you’re okay.”

Nicky was remorseful. “I’m so sorry, Daddy. I was just tryin’ to help.”

“I know you were, sweetie,” said Doug. The elevator dinged and he wheeled the boy inside.

“I promise it won’t ever happen again!”

“I know it won’t, sweetie. I’m going to make sure of it.”

“W-what do you mean by that, Daddy?” Asked Nicky, cocking his head. “...Daddy?!”

“Just wait til we get home,” said Doug, smiling and patting his boy on the head as the elevator doors slid shut.

### Chapter 3: Puppy-Proofing the House

“Well his foot isn’t broken,” said Doug. He was on a conference call with John, Dale, and Jim, his friends from work. “He just needs to keep his weight off of it for a while. It was lucky we could see a pediatrician who understood his unique situation. I don’t know if anyone else could have gotten him to cooperate for a medical exam.”

Doug sighed and ran his paw over his forehead.

“So are you gonna baby proof the house now?” asked Jim the bulldog, half-joking. Doug always said he would baby proof the house so his clumsy pup of a boyfriend Nick would stop having accidents. At least the kind that led to booboos and bandaids.

“You know, funny you should mention that... I was wondering if one of you could stop by the Home Warehouse store and pick up a few things...”

Nicky awoke to the sound of drilling and hammering downstairs.

He sat up in bed. The guys weren’t supposed to come by until the weekend. How long had he been out?

He sat up and swung his legs over the bed. When he put his feet down on the floor, he winced. His left footpaw was still swollen and discolored.

“Owww... oww oww...”

He sat back down quickly with a squish and noticed that his diaper was already swollen and yellow. He thought back to the doctor visit and how comfortable he had been talking with the doctor. It seemed to him like the diapers could be a permanent part of his wardrobe.

He sighed. Doug had been so nice about his little problem. Never made him feel bad about it. And he liked the way he was cared for – Daddy and all his friends were super nice. He felt bad for how he behaved and promised himself he would do as Dr. Rückfall said and be a ‘gut boy’ for his papa. Even if it was annoying when he got treated like a kid.

After a little while and no noise, Nicky got curious. He tried hopping on one foot over to the door but found that it was much easier (and quieter) to crawl. Just as he reached the door, it swung open, causing Nicky to yelp, jump back, and land on his squishy bum.

“Ah-ha!” said Doug, “I thought I heard someone sneakin’ around up here! I- Oh gosh, you’re soaked! Look at you, puppy!”

Doug didn’t say this in a mean way, he was just surprised to see how quickly his puppy could piddle his padding to its limit.

The top of Nicky's muzzle turned pink, as he blushed under his fur. "I... I..."

"You what, little pup?" asked Doug, expecting another denial from Nicky. But what he heard was quite different.

"I need a new diaper, Daddy," Nicky said quietly, staring at the floor.

For a few seconds, Doug was speechless. Then, he held a paw up to his ear.

"Do my ears deceive me? Could you say that again, sprout?"

"I... I n-need a new diaper, Daddy." Nicky repeated, forcing the words out. "Will y-you please change me?"

Doug padded up to Nicky and got down to pick him up.

"Of course I will," he said, in a soft and gentle voice, lifting up the boy and depositing him back on the bed. Then he went to the closet to grab a fresh diaper and changing supplies.

Nicky could tell Doug was happy because of the big smile on his face and his rapidly wagging tail, and that made him feel good. When he came back, he set the supplies down and Nicky laid back, knowing what to expect. He breathed a sigh, his embarrassment dying down slightly. This wasn't so bad.

"I'm proud of you, sprout," said Doug, untaping Nicky's diaper. "You asked for your diapers all on your own, and you didn't put up any fuss."

Nicky immediately covered his face. Yup. This was embarrassing. So embarrassing. He couldn't even say the "D" word with a straight face, and when Doug used it, it would guaranteed make him blushy.

Doug just chuckled at his adorable boyfriend as he wiped off his diaper area and prepared for the switch-out.

"I know you don't like the D word, but you better get used to it, kiddo. Next time, I might not change you unless you say it out loud."

"Daddyyyyyy," whined Doug, looking away in embarrassment. "Come on..."

"Come on, nothin'," said the big border collie, fluffing the diaper and setting it down on the bed. "You'll be using that word and if you don't I'll just have to tickle it out of ya!"

He wiggled his fingers again, causing Nicky to giggle involuntarily. He was so ticklish even phantom tickles got him going. "Nooo... .stahapppp... no more tickles!"

“Then you know what you have to do,” said Doug, with a smile. “Butt up, sprout, I’m switching you out.”

Nicky sighed, unable to hide his smile or wagging tail as he lifted his bum for the diaper. As Doug taped him up, he remembered what he was doing before his boyfriend came in the room. He was investigating the mysterious noises.

“Daddy?”

“Yes, pumpkin?”

“What were those all noises downstairs? It sounded like the guys, but... I thought they weren’t coming til Saturday...”

Doug smiled a mischievous grin and gave him a wink. *Uh oh*, thought Nicky.

“They came over for a *special* project.”

“Special?” asked Nicky, getting excited. “I wanna see!”

“You do?” asked Doug. “Well, we’re not quite done, but I suppose if you promise to stay out of the way...”

“I will! I will!” Nicky said, bouncing on the bed in excitement.

“Hehe, slow down there, pup. Okay. Hold onto Daddy. I’m going to pick you up.”

Nicky held onto the bigger dog who began to carry him out of the room.

“Wait! Wait! I need pants first!”

"Oh, we're making conditions now are we? No way, kiddo! You're much easier to check *without* pants. Now, hold onto Daddy while we go down the stairs."

Nick didn't have time to protest because before he knew it, he was being carried to the living room where he saw just what the guys had been up to.

"You can look now, Nicky," said Daddy Doug to his cute boyfriend who had buried his face in Daddy Dog's chest. Nick couldn't resist peeking and when he did, he saw that all the sharp surfaces had been covered by soft bumpers, child gates had been put up, and last but not least, there was the long-promised waiting for Nicky in the middle of the living room. It was made of child gates linked together with colorful interlocking ABC foam padding on the floor

"Daddeeeeee!" squealed Nicky, his muzzle turning bright red as he saw the guys in the midst of baby proofing the house.

"Oh, hush, kiddo. We're doing this for your own good so you're nice and safe. Now you thank everyone for helping. Be a good pup and say thank you."

All work had stopped and everyone was watching the adorable Nicky as he looked around the room. Jim the bulldog was under the kitchen sink installing child locks. Dale the Doberman had his brush poised to finish a mural on the new playroom wall. And 'Uncle John' was hefting several packs of diapers to stock the changing station they had just finished constructing in the corner of the playroom. Nicky looked, stunned, and only remembered to speak when his Daddy Doug jostled him once more.

"Th-thank you," he said, not knowing what else to do. Everyone seemed very happy to hear that, and there were many smiles and a lot of tail wagging as everyone came to pet the good boy and tel him he was welcome. The positive reaction made Nick smile and wag his tail as well.

"Alright, buddy, alright!" laughed Doug, who was now getting whapped by his boyfriend's happy tail. "Let's put you down in the playpen where you can watch *safely*."

"But I can help-" began Nick.

"No," said everyone in unison. They looked at each other and laughed. Doug continued, gently lowering his boyfriend into the oversized playpen.

"No way, kiddo. You're not going to be hurting your *other* paw. It's safer for little pups to stay in their playpens. Leave the big boy stuff to the big boys."

"I'm a big boy," said Nicky, crossing his arms and pouting. Given that he was not wearing any pants and clearly in an adorable Pawsome Squad themed diaper, he wasn't exactly making a convincing case.

"Alright big boy," said Doug. "Then you gotta prove it. You're going to ask for a diaper change if you need it, alright?"

"Yes, Daddy," said Nicky, his ears folding back as he tried to avoid showing his embarrassment.

"Good boy."

It might sound strange at first, a full grown dog in a playpen, but when you met Nicky, it just made sense. He was as accident prone as he was adorable, and the safety precautions were long overdue. Nicky was still without a phone as punishment for his immature behavior, so he watched every step of them puppy-proofing the house from the playpen, drinking the juice from the Pawsome Squad sippy cup Daddy had handed him.

It was a little embarrassing. Okay, a lot embarrassing to watch all this being done just for him, but everyone seemed really happy to do it. There was a lot of smiling and wagging and laughing, and that made Nicky feel good. Also, everyone was super nice to Nicky, and that made him feel good too. Nobody was embarrassed about Nicky's treatment but Nicky, so maybe it was okay for him to be a little puppy after all. Maybe.

Nicky was so deep in thought as he contemplated the changes to his life happening before his eyes that he didn't notice the juice going through his body right into his diaper as he sipped it down.

"I thought I told you to tell me when I need a change, pup," said Daddy Doug, stopping his work to put his hands on his hips and look down at his babied boyfriend.

"What? I will tell you," said Nick, putting his hands on his own hips. "I don't need a- whaaaat?!" He looked down to see he was completely soaked and almost leaking. "But... but, but, but *how?!!*"

"Aww, pupper, you're getting *worse*," said Daddy Doug, reaching down to help his injured pup out of the playpen. "Come on, then. See, this is why you don't get pants. You would have leaked *a/////* over if I didn't come to check on ya!"

What could Nicky say? His Daddy had him dead to rights. It wasn't until he was being carried to the changing table that he realized his Daddy meant to change him then and there. His heart began to speed up and he panicked.

"NO! Daddy! You- you can't! We gotta go upstairs for a change!"

The boys all turn around during the change at Nicky's request, grinning and eye rolling.

"I'm not going to carry you upstairs for every change, sprout," said Daddy Doug, lowering his squirmy pup of a boyfriend onto the changing table. "That's what *this* is for."

"But Daddyyyyyy," whined Nicky, giving the boys a panicked look.

"Shhh," said Doug, pressing a pacifier gently into his boyfriend's mouth. "They already know, sweetie. There's nothing to hide from them. Now here, take your stuffy and give him a squeeze while Daddy takes care of that soggy ol' diaper. You'll be changed in a jiff! *If...* you stop wiggling around and let Daddy do what he needs to."

"Or I can help," said John, sauntering up and putting a paw on Doug's shoulder. Doug got a tingle of pleasure from that and had to fight off the shudders of pleasure as he smiled and wagged.

"Thanks, bud," said Doug, "but I think I got this one. Assuming my boy behaves."

Nicky had to give up and acquiesce or risk this turning into an 'all hands on deck' situation.

"Alright," said John with a smile, "but I got next one." He gave Nicky a wink that left the pup blushing. Nicky really liked John, whose amazing collie coat was so big and shiny, and who was always so kind to Nicky both before and after his transition. In a way, they had both changed since they met, but in another way, they were the same person they had always been - They were just getting to be more themselves than ever.

"And there's something else, Nicky," said Doug as he changed his boyfriend. "I'm not going to be home all the time and obviously with your booboo you can't do a lot of things on your own... so you're going to need a babysitter."

"Buh- buh- babysittow?!" squeaked Nicky around his pacifier.

"That's right, sprout," said Doug. "The boys will take turns looking after you while everyone else is working."

"Everyone?!"

Doug smiled and ruffled his Boyfriend's headfur.

"I know it's a bit complicated, but everybody wanted to do their part, so we had to do it that way to be fair. Oops! That's my phone! It's Doctor Ruckfall! Hey John, can you finish up with the pup? I gotta take this!"

"Sure thing, boss," said John, tagging in to take Doug's place. Nicky lay back and clutched his stuffie tight, glad that the other guys weren't staring but were going about their work as if everything was completely normal. They really were very good to him, even though it was a little embarrassing how everyone saw him as a kid. He wasn't *that* little was he?

His thoughts were interrupted as he got a big raspberry to the belly from John eliciting lots of puppyish giggles.

"Allll done, pupper!"