

Nick and Doug
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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 buts, 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 helpin 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 viggel 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 vay 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. "Anyvay, it seems like your Daddy should have been keeping a shorter leash on you anyvay, 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 vorry 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. Vll 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.