

Nick and Doug
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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.

"Oweee!!! 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.