Jack and the Real Andlat

by andlat

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Chapter 1

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Andlat sighed and rubbed at his eyes. It was bedtime. He had gotten enough writing done for one night. Getting up out of his bed, he put his underwear back on and turned off his laptop. He had written a good amount of a new Andlat story, but he had not been able to finish it. Maybe tomorrow, he thought as he padded off to the bathroom to give his tail a good brushing. It was essential to brush your tail every night. Every fox heard that a million times growing up. He smiled and admired his tail in the mirror, loving how the red fur looked against the white cotton of his underwear. He turned his attention to the mask of white fur across his face, smoothing it with his paws before setting to work brushing his tail.

Returning to his room with a properly brushed tail, Andlat pulled back the covers and turned off the lamp beside his bed. The fox lay in the dark, thinking about the story he had been writing about his fictional counterpart and the big wolf that was his daddy.

"I wonder what Jack would be like in real life..." Andlat whispered to himself. It was a silly thought, but one Andlat had had many times before. To be fair, he was bigger than the fictional Andlat so Jack would have to be massive to compensate. Andlat froze as he heard his bedroom door creak open. It had to be his imagination, right? He must not have closed it all the way or something. It creaked again and he

could see even in the twilight that it was opening. In a panic, he dove for the bedside lamp.

"There you are!" The warm voice came from the stranger standing in the doorway. Filling the doorway, perhaps. An enormous wolf stood there in jeans and a simple green t-shirt that showcased his arms, smiling at the startled fox.

"Who are you?" The wolf chuckled and stepped into the room, looking around it with bemusement. There was something familiar about him... "Jack?" The wolf nodded.

"That's right, princess." The fox blushed.

"Princess? Oh, you have me mistaken for, well, another Andlat."

"Another Andlat?" The wolf said incredulously. "There aren't that many Andlats in the world. It's not a very common name, is it?"

"Well, no." The fox admitted. "But I write stories about your Andlat. I'm the uh real Andlat."

"Oh, so my Andlat isn't real?" Jack said. He stepped toward the fox, studying him.

"Well, um... neither are you, technically?" The fox had figured it out. He had dozed off and this was just a very vivid dream. That must be it. The wolf stood right at the side of Andlat's bed, looking down at him curiously.

"Hm." The wolf said. Andlat stared back at him, marveling at how this was exactly how he had pictured Jake.

"Hm?"

"You sure look like my Andlat." The wolf said, tracing the fox's white mask of fur. "You sure sound like my Andlat."

"Well, I based Andlat off of myself." He explained. The wolf nodded.

"That would explain the resemblance. I wonder." He pulled back the covers and chuckled at what he found there. "Ah, and just like my Andlat, you think you can sleep in a big kit bed in big kit panties, hmm?" He looked at the fox, who looked away shyly. "And I noticed something else that's just like my Andlat." Andlat gasped as he felt the wolf's paw on his crotch. "Care to explain that?" Andlat remained silent. "Kit?"

"I'm not a kit." Andlat protested. "I'm nothing like the Andlat in my stories." The wolf pulled back his paw and, placing under the fox's chin, gently turned his face to meet his eyes.

"If it looks like a duck"

"Huh?"

"Well, you look like my Andlat, you sound like my Andlat, you act like my Andlat, so..." Andlat stammered.

“I’m not though. I’m completely different. Those are just” the sudden intrusion of a pacifier into his mouth cut him off. The wolf smiled at him.

“That’ll be enough out of you.” The wolf said. “It’s time for Daddy to get you dressed appropriately for beddy byes.” He

scooped up the fox and tsked. “First things first, we need to lose these big kit panties. Baby Emma doesn’t wear those!”

“Baby Emma?”

“Yes, sweetie.” The wolf said, yanking down the fox’s underwear and tossing it aside. “Emma Rose Vixenkit, the same name you’ve had for forever.”

“My name’s Andlat though!”

“Daddy doesn’t understand baby kit mumbles.” Jack replied, bringing the fox up to his chest. Andlat was about to argue when he felt a wave of scent wash over him. He took a deep breath, his nose twitching as the indescribable scent filled him completely. It was so wonderful, so warm, so inviting. But what was it? He tried to clear his head, trying to find its source. What had changed? He stared at the wolf and knew immediately. This, this was Jack’s scent, the scent that enamored Andlat in every story. The scent that told a baby kit that this was Daddy. He tried to fight it, but he kept sneaking sniffs, even as he tried his hardest to breathe solely through his mouth. “Now, let’s get you to your nursery.”

“I don’t have a nursery.” Andlat felt a bit of relief as the wolf carried him toward the door. All that there was beyond it was his apartment. No nursery to be found there.

“Wanna bet?” Andlat looked up at the wolf in confusion as he carried him out of Andlat’s bedroom and directly into a room Andlat had never been in in his life, but he had written about it countless times.

“Oh, my god.” He looked around in amazement at the frilly white curtains, the enormous crib, the closet stuffed full of frilly baby girl dresses, and the changing table where Jack was carrying him. Horror set in as the wolf set him down on the padded surface, right under the wall decal of the name Emma in large pink glittery letters.

“See? I knew you were my Andlat.”

“I am not!” Andlat protested. “This is… it’s too much!” The wolf pulled out a large pink plastic rectangle and Andlat’s ears involuntarily twitched as he unfolded it. “Hey, stop! I don't need diapers!"

"These aren't diapers. They're puffy baby vixen panties!"

"I know that. I, I wrote that. A lot of times." The wolf smirked at the fox.

"Do you spend a lot of time writing about puffy baby vixen panties? I suppose you do. Especially since you're always ending up in them, aren't you?" The fox looked away.

"Dun always imagine myself as Andlat." He mumbled.

"What was that?"

"I, I sometimes imagine myself as you." The wolf looked at him and chuckled.

"My little Emma pretends to be daddy?" The fox blushed.

"Well, I gotta! How else am I supposed to write what you say?" The wolf shrugged.

"How about I focus on the Daddy talk and you focus on being the best little sissykit you can be?"

"I am not a sissykit!" Andlat protested.

"Little sissykit." He corrected. "Guess you need your pacifier back." Jack observed wryly. He looked around for it and Andlat seized his opportunity.

Jumping off the table, the naked fox ran for the door. They had just come through it, so it stood to reason his bedroom - his real bedroom - still stood beyond it. He skidded in confusion as he emerged not back into his bedroom, but into a carpeted hallway decorated with countless photos of him - no, the other Andlat - in all manner of baby girl outfits. There he was playing in just a pink t-shirt and diaper with his dolls. There he was taking ballet classes with Madame Rousseau. There he was contently sucking on a bottle in his frilly bassinet. Andlat was so startled and captivated by all this that he had no way to fight back as the wolf picked him up.

“You can play hide and seek tomorrow, Emma. It’s bedtime for sissy baby kits.”

“But” Andlat stammered.

“Sounds like you’re trying to start a car.” Jack teased.

“I, I” Andlat had to think and quickly. “Daddy…” he said in his best approximation of the other Andlat’s little voice. “Can’t I have a big boy night?” The wolf looked at him curiously.

“Well, for someone who claims to not be my Andlat, you certainly know just how to sound like him when you want something.” The wolf remarked. “But, as you should know, mister writer of my Andlat, you don’t get big boy nights. You spend each and every night in your crib, nestled all warm and cozy like baby girls should be.”

“No! You, you can’t do this!” The wolf frowned as he secured the fox on the changing table.

“Emmakit, I’ve had enough of your arguing with me. I put you in a diaper and nightie every night and it has never hurt you. Now, enough fussing and let Daddy do what daddy does best.” Andlat glared up at the wolf, which earned him a swat on the bottom. He stared up at the ceiling, terribly confused by all this. Was he really going through all this? It had to be a dream. Pink nurseries and giant wolves did not appear out of nowhere. His best hope was just to endure the dream and then he would wake up back in his own bed, in his own underwear.

Andlat whimpered as the wolf taped the diaper around his waist. Were they always so thick? It was fun to write about Andlat waddling everywhere like a babykit just learning how to walk, but to actually go through it himself? He found little solace in the realization that he would not do much walking. He would be carried across the room to that crib, his crib.

“Why are they so thick?” He muttered as he tried to close his thighs. He had seen, and worn, real diapers before and they were not nearly as thick as this. “It’s like wearing a fugging pillow.” He looked to see if the wolf, who had gone to find

him a nightgown, had heard his swear word. He could not remember if he had ever written about Jack catching Andlat, the fictional Andlat, swearing, but he knew it would not be pleasant to encounter it firsthand. “Of course.” He muttered as he saw the wolf return with a yellow nightgown very clearly modeled off of Belle’s from Beauty and the Beast. What else would the wolf make him wear in a dream?

“Would you prefer pink?”

“Baby Emmakits don’t get to choose.” Andlat said mockingly.

“That’s right, princess.” The wolf replied, sitting him up. It felt so weird to be dressed by someone who took your wrists and pulled them through the sleeves.

“Never thought I’d ever wear this.” The fox mused.

“See? Even if you aren’t my Andlat, you still like the same things.” The wolf cooed, leaning in to kiss the fox. “Like I know you love Daddy, don’t you, Emma?” He kissed the tip of the fox’s nose and smiled. “And I love my baby Emma, even if she’s being silly and saying she’s not my Emma.” He picked the fox up, overwhelming him once again with a wave of the wolf’s warm scent. It was like every good thing in the world rolled into one. Andlat wondered if this was what Amorentia would smell like to him. “And in you go.” The wolf gently set Andlat down in the crib, pulling the soft covers over him, although not before giving his tummy one last poke. He raised the side of the crib, trapping the fox, who was quickly growing drowsy, inside. “Dream your sweet baby girl dreams, little Emma.” The wolf whispered. “In the

morning, we'll have another day full of baby fox adventures." Andlat dozed off before he could even wonder if he would wake up to the wolf or back in his old life. Even if he had had time to wonder, it would have been hard to decide which he would have preferred.