**Jimmy’s Babysitting Job**

**By Elfy**

Jimmy padded along the road cheerfully. He was on his way to a babysitting job that he had found a flyer for at college. He couldn’t exactly turn it down. College was turning out to be very expensive and although he had enough for tuition if he wanted food fancier than instant noodles, he needed to take on odd jobs. Babysitting was relatively easy, and it was something he didn’t mind doing, he tended to get on really well with the kids he looked after. He’d often been described as having a somewhat childish personality, but he thought he just knew how to have fun no matter who he was with. After all, there weren’t many “childish” people who could handle the Philosophy course he was doing!

The young wolf knew very little of the job he had accepted, only that it lasted for the entire weekend and paid a lot more than he was used to. He had only spoken to the mom on the phone. Sarah, the golden retriever mother, had sounded nice though she had been very inquisitive about him. It wasn’t often that people asked as many questions as she had done. The questions themselves had been strange as well.

“What are your hobbies? Do you watch cartoons? Do your friends consider you responsible?” And one and on the questions went. By the end of it Jimmy felt like Sarah knew more about him than he knew himself.

The questions Jimmy had received in his e-mail had made him think he was applying for a secret job with the government rather than a one-off babysitting gig. Still, Sarah was offering more than most jobs did so Jimmy answered as best he could. He’d barely sent the e-mail away when he received a reply telling him the address to go to and the time to be there.

It was a clear night. Warm but with a breeze. Jimmy was wearing a light jacket over his shirt and hummed along with the song playing on his headphones. It had been a short walk to the address Sarah had given them, though it was strange, it was close to home and yet he didn’t think he’d ever walked up that particular street before. He looked around, everything seemed normal and yet he couldn’t help getting the feeling that something was just a little off.

Soon the house was in sight. It stood alone at the end of the street and looked nice. The front lawn was perfectly cut with flowers bordering the edges. Jimmy opened the gate and removed his headphones, as he did so his right ear flopped over the way it aways did if something wasn’t holding it up. He had once been a little self-conscious of his folded over ear, but he had grown to like his little quirk.

Jimmy put his headphones in his bag and knocked on the door. He prepared himself to make a good impression, standing up straight and smiling as he saw the light inside the house come on through the window at the top of the front door. With the money being offered by Sarah for this job he hoped that if he made a good impression, it might become a regular gig.

When the door opened up Jimmy was greeted by a very pretty Golden Labrador who appeared to be in her mid-thirties. Sarah was a little taller than Jimmy with large green eyes and an equally big smile. She was wearing a flowery dress with an apron over the top, peeking up and over the top of the dress was evidence of a lighter shade of fur. Behind her, Jimmy could see a fluffy tail wagging slowly back and forth.

“You must be Jimmy.” Sarah said as she stepped aside, “Please, come in.”

“Thank you.” Jimmy replied as he stepped over the threshold, “You have a lovely place.”

“That’s nice of you to say.” Sarah chuckled, “I’m quite new to the neighbourhood. Here, let me help you with that.”

Jimmy was rather surprised when Sarah stood behind him and helped him take his bag and jacket off. Sarah hung them up on the hooks by the door and then, equally surprisingly, took his paw and led him further into the house. It all seemed a bit forward for someone who he had only just met for the first time. He had to admit the pretty older woman’s fur felt wonderfully fluffy and warm though.

“Erm, right… W-Where are we going?” Jimmy asked hesitantly.

“Just into the living room.” Sarah said.

The living room was exactly what Jimmy expected. A television in the corner was currently on but with the volume muted whilst a couch sat underneath a window on to the front garden. In the centre of the room was a large playpen with toys scattered around the edges though, somewhat surprisingly, Jimmy didn’t see the pup he was supposed to be looking after.

“Please, sit down.” Sarah said as she indicated the couch, “Did you walk here?”

“I did.” Jimmy replied.

“You must be hungry.” Sarah smiled warmly, “Wait right there and I’ll get you a snack.”

“I was actually wondering where…” Jimmy started but Sarah had left the room. He had turned to the doorway just intime to see the tip of her tail disappearing from view. He finished in a mutter to himself, “The baby was.”

Jimmy settled himself into the couch a little. He looked over to the television where he saw a cartoon on the screen, a young dog and a cat were working together to get a ball out of a tree, it was clearly a cartoon meant for the very young. Jimmy wondered if the kid he was going to look after was already in bed. Although it was still fairly early if the child was young enough, they may already be asleep.

“Here we are.” Sarah said as she walked back into the room a couple of minutes later, “I baked some cookies.”

“They look lovely.” Jimmy said as a plate of warm cookies was placed on the table just in front of the couch.

As Jimmy picked one of the snacks up Sarah sat down at the opposite end of the seat, she didn’t take one of the snacks for herself. She watched with a smile as Jimmy bit into the cookie. He quickly found that the biscuits tasted even better than they looked and took a second one. They were deliciously moreish with a taste unlike any cookie Jimmy had tried before.

During all this time Sarah had been simply smiling warmly at Jimmy. He looked again to the empty playpen and thought it was a little weird that the child, wherever he or she was, seemed to be unsupervised. It didn’t even look like Sarah was ready to go out. She was supposed to be leaving for the weekend and yet there were no packed suitcases or anything.

Jimmy was just about to ask about the pup he was supposed to be looking after when he felt a sudden warning signal in his bladder. He leaned forwards slightly as his eyes went as wide as the cookies he had been eating. The need for the bathroom had come on suddenly and was growing. Some of the crumbs from his snack fell from his muzzle to the floor.

“S-Sorry.” Jimmy quickly said as he put down a half-eaten cookie, “May I use your restroom?”

“Of course.” Sarah replied with that same easy smile.

Jimmy had been expecting his employer for the weekend to tell him where the bathroom was but she didn’t say anything else. He put a hand over his bladder and bent forwards slightly. A small high-pitched whine escaped him before he regained his composure, he blushed as he realised what he must look like. He didn’t have time to ask more questions, he had to go right away.

Hurrying through the living room door Jimmy looked around. He was panting slightly as he started going up the stairs. He felt like he was about to burst but he couldn’t let it happen, not right there in this nice lady’s house. He never had accidents and he couldn’t start then. As if to prove him wrong, Jimmy’s bladder spasmed again and he felt a small trickle of urine stain his underwear.

Once on the landing Jimmy looked at a row of doors. He started desperately pushing on them with one hand whilst the other was clamped over his crotch, pinching things closed and doing anything he could think of to avoid a full-blown accident, something he hadn’t experienced since he was a small child. Every movement felt like it was testing his control to the maximum.

Finally, a door swung open to reveal a toilet. Jimmy had heard it called a throne before but he wouldn’t have been happier seeing this potty if it had been made of solid gold. He pushed the door closed behind him and hurriedly started lowering his trousers and underwear. He dropped on to the toilet seat not a moment too soon as the urine started to flow. He relaxed his muscles and the stream became stronger whilst he closed his eyes and smiled in relief. His tongue lulled out the side of his muscle as he took a deep sigh of relief.

It had been close but Jimmy had made it. He didn’t know why he had suddenly needed to urinate like that, he’d never had bladder problems before, but at least it hadn’t been a disaster. Once he was done Jimmy pulled up his clothes and felt the wet spot he had left on his underwear. It was bigger than he thought it had been and much cooler now, very uncomfortable. He just needed to keep everything normal until Sarah left, then he could go commando or something.

Whilst Jimmy washed his paws in the sink, he felt his trousers slip slightly. That was odd, they had fit perfectly when he had left the house. He pulled up his shirt and saw that his pants were a little bit looser than he was used to. Without any other explanation he assumed they must have somehow got messed up in the washing, it wasn’t a big deal and he pulled them up a little more. Each time they slipped a little he would hike them back up.

Jimmy left the bathroom and was making his way back towards the stairs when he came to a stop. One of the doors he had pushed open in his frantic search for the bathroom was now ajar and inside he saw a little boy’s nursery. He knew he shouldn’t snoop but since he was supposed to be looking after the kid anyway, he assumed he would see this room sooner or later. He slowly leaned around the door to look inside.

“Huh?” Jimmy frowned in confusion.

There was no child in the nursery. The bed in the crib had been fully made, the changing table was stocked with nappies and everything else needed for a change and yet there was still no sign of a child. The only thing he could think was that the child he was supposed to look after was going to be dropped back at home soon. It felt strange, he hadn’t even seen any photos of this kid.

Jimmy pulled the door closed quietly and made his way back downstairs. When he walked back into the living room, he saw that Sarah hadn’t moved from her spot on the couch, she smiled up at him as he entered.

“Did you find everything OK?” Sarah asked.

“Yes, thanks.” Jimmy replied as he sat back down.

“No little accidents?” Sarah asked casually.

Jimmy dropped the cookie he had been picking up and it fell to the floor scattering crumbs. His tail stood upright behind him in surprise. He must’ve heard her wrong. Why would she ask if he had an accident? Did she somehow know about the wet spot in his underwear? He tried to innocently look down to make sure there was no stain on his trousers but they looked clean.

“Oops.” Sarah said as she reacted to the cookie falling. She leaned down to pick up the bigger bits of the biscuit, “How clumsy of you.”

“S-Sorry…” Jimmy said slowly, “I’ll clean it up later.”

Sarah sat back up and placed the broken remains of the cookie on the table in front of her. She seemed non-plussed, the smile still on her face. It became silent and the only sound Jimmy could hear was the old grandfather clock against the far wall ticking slowly. He was feeling awkward as he let his legs swing back and forth beneath the couch. He thought he remembered his feet touching the floor when he first sat down. He must’ve been sitting in a different way.

“So, erm, about your child…” Jimmy swallowed nervously, “I’m, erm, anxious to meet them.”

“They’ll be along soon.” Sarah replied, “In the meantime, how about I make us some dinner? Those cookies can’t have filled you up.”

“Well, I’m actually…” Jimmy started.

“Splendid.” Sarah stood up, “You just stay there and watch the television. I’ll whip something right up.”

Jimmy watched Sarah leave and felt confused. No babysitting job he had ever done before had been like this. The fact he still hadn’t met the person he was looking after was strange and he didn’t remember ever having someone make him dinner. Wasn’t the whole point of this that Sarah was going out?

The remote for the television had been left on the couch and Jimmy turned the volume up on the television. The channel that came on was showing a cartoon. He pressed the button to change the channel only to find the next one was also showing something for small children. The more he flicked the more cartoons, puppets and early learning shows he saw. He assumed there must’ve been a package that gave just the children’s channels but surely there was stuff Sarah liked to watch as well. Even more confusing was why she had told him to watch the TV if kids’ shows was all she had on it.

Jimmy was about to turn the television back off but as he changed the channel one last time, he came across something that seemed to transfix him. It was yet another cartoon but the voices were strange, it sounded like they were speaking backwards and it kept speeding up and slowing down. For some reason Jimmy couldn’t look away. The pretty colours and strange words seemed to draw him further in. His tail wagged slowly behind him as he leaned forwards, his red eyes half-lidded as he let the sounds and sights wash over him.

All sense of time was lost. Jimmy might’ve been sat there for a minute or an hour and he wouldn’t have been able to tell the difference. Nothing existed except for himself and the cartoon. The twisty backwards words feeling like they were going in through his ears and wrapping around his brain drawing him closer and closer…

“Oops, looks like you’ve got a bit of drool there.” Sarah’s voice felt like it was a mile away.

Jimmy felt a napkin getting pressed against his muzzle and the television was turned off. He was instantly back in the room. Sarah was standing next to him and leaning over as she dabbed at his mouth with a smile. Her golden furred breasts were almost on full display underneath her dress as she bent over.

“S-Sorry…” Jimmy quickly said. He reached up to take the napkin from Sarah but she held on to it.

“It’s quite alright.” Sarah replied, “Dinner’s ready.”

Already? How long had Jimmy been staring at the TV? Jimmy stood up and wobbled slightly on his legs. When he looked down, he could indeed see that he had drooled down the front of his shirt. He felt the warmth of embarrassment. He felt disorientated and stumbled slightly on his legs. It was kind of like waking up from a very vivid dream but he hadn’t been asleep. As he followed Sarah, he started to notice that she was taller than he remembered. He had thought there wasn’t too much difference in height between them but now the top of his head seemed only to reach her chest. Weird.

The kitchen was very clean and modern. The only things that didn’t match the aesthetic of everything else was the table and chairs which were wooden. Jimmy saw there were two normal chairs and one highchair, for the kid he still hadn’t seen or heard. As he thought about that he realised he hadn’t even seen any pictures of this child or anything that proved he even existed, that was unusual when he compared to other places he had babysat.

“Have a seat.” Sarah said, “I’ll just dish up.”

Jimmy walked round the table to the highchair. He had put his foot on a horizontal bar at the bottom to step up before he stopped himself. He frowned. That was wrong. Why was he about to climb into the highchair of all things? He looked around and saw that, thankfully, it didn’t seem Sarah had seen what he was doing. He hurriedly got back down and walked around to a proper grown-up chair.

“It’s just some soup.” Sarah said as she started filling a couple of bowls, “I hope you don’t mind.”

“That’s fine.” Jimmy said. He wasn’t actually very hungry so anything more substantial might’ve been a struggle for him.

Sarah brought the bowls to the table and sat them down. Jimmy didn’t know how they would taste but they certainly smelled nice. A small blue plastic spoon was placed in front of him and he frowned at it before looking at Sarah.

“I’m afraid that’s all I’ve got for you to use.” Sarah said.

“It’s fine. It’s just a spoon.” Jimmy replied as he picked up the plastic utensil, “It doesn’t mean anything…”

Jimmy was finding that the paw holding the spoon felt… off. He clutched it as tightly as possible but it just felt wrong in his hand as if he was using the wrong technique. He tried to adjust his grip a few times but nothing felt right. It felt like an alien implement, like something he had never held before in his life.

“Everything Ok?” Sarah asked as she blew on some of her own soup and put the spoon in her mouth.

“Y-Yeah…” Jimmy tried to say with a confidence he didn’t feel.