

Judy Hopps stood silently, paw tapping on the floor, waiting for Nick to look away from the TV.

"Oh hey Carrots, what's up?"

"Nick. What is that?" Judy accused, crossing her lithe little arms.

"Popcorn. You want some?"

"No, *that!*" Judy pointed at the burning joint Nick had in his paw.

"Yeah, about that..." Nick grinned sheepishly, clearly a bit embarrassed about being caught in the act.

"You're smoking *marijuana* in the apartment?!"

"Sheesh, you wanna let the entire building know while you're at it?" Nick tried to inject some levity by following up with, "Because the neighbors are gonna demand that I share, and I don't have enou-"

"Where did you get it?" Judy took a step closer, not giving in to Nick's attempt to defuse the situation.

"Buyer-supplier confidentiality is a very important-"

Judy leaned right up in Nick's face, nose rankling a bit at the smell, and jabbed a finger in his chest for emphasis. "Where. Did. You. Get it?"

Nick sighed. "Finnick's cousin has a grow op—a perfectly legal one, might I add—up in Volemont, and sometimes I treat myself a bit and spice up my Friday nights. So what?"

"So what? *So what?!!*" A note of panic was creeping into Judy's voice as she began to pace around the living room. "Nick, marijuana's still *illegal* in Zootopia! And we work for the ZPD, in case you've forgotten! If they catch us, we'll-"

"I doubt they'll make us arrest ourselves, Carrots," Nick replied with a chuckle. "The last random drug screening was three days ago, so it'll be well out of my system by the time the next one rolls around. Besides, I only light up on celebratory occasions."

Judy raised an eyebrow quizzically, ready to call Nick's bluff. "And what exactly are you 'celebrating' today?"

"Passing the drug screening, of course."

"*UgggGGGGHHH...*" Judy let out a cry of exasperation as she began to pace again, before ultimately throwing up her hands and swiveling back around to glare at Nick. "Just finish that joint as soon as possible, then throw it out. And spray some air freshener when you're done, it smells like you invited Mrs. Mephitopolous from down the hall over for dinner."

Nick dejectedly took a puff from his joint, his buzz totally killed. But as he watched Judy walk away, the seed of an idea blossomed in his THC-addled mind. It was crazy, but it *might* just be a stroke of genius. Or he was too stoned to tell whether it was a terrible plan, either/or.

"Hey Carrots!" Nick caught Judy's attention just before she could close the door behind her. "I could throw it out after I finish this joint. *Or*, I could throw it away right now... if you take a hit from it."

Judy simply stared at Nick for a moment, taking a moment to process what she heard and wonder if he had just seriously suggested that. "No. *Nooooooooooooo*. No-no-no-no-no-no-no-no-nope! Not a chance!"

"C'mon, Carrots! I'll... I'll also never smoke weed again!"

"Not happening."

"I'll do all the laundry for the next week!"

"For the next *month*."

Nick paused, silently calculating whether this was a risk he could take. This would be a steep cost if this backfired, but if it worked... "Deal."

Judy sighed, hoping that her counter-offer would've been steep enough to dissuade Nick. "Fine, let's just get it over with. And you still have to clean up the room when you're done."

Nick held out the joint, and Judy gingerly pinched it in her paw. It was just one hit, it wouldn't stay in her system for long. How much harm could one little puff do?

Judy held the joint up to her mouth and breathed in...

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Judy took a deep hit from the joint, holding her breath for as long as possible before releasing a cloud of smoke with a wheeze.

"And I thought you said that this was only your second time trying it!" Nick said, barely suppressing a chuckle from his end of the couch.

"It is, it is, I swear! Guess I'm just a natural!"

"Good thing this is all-natural, then," Nick replied as he snatched the joint back from Judy's hand and flopped back onto his half of the couch.

She knew it was a terrible pun, but Judy couldn't help but giggle with Nick. Frankly, she wasn't so sure

why she was so uptight about using weed that first time last week. It wasn't really that bad (besides the smell, but she quickly got used to it), and it actually gave her the opportunity *relax*. Just sit back and not worry about ten billion other things running through her head for a moment.

The doorbell rang, and Judy bolted upright as if her lethargy had disappeared. "I got it!"

"Oh no you don't, Carrots! You're gonna eat two slices on your way back from the door and insist that it arrived like that!"

Her plan foiled, Judy grumpily crossed her arms as Nick slipped off the couch and sauntered to the door. A portly man was waiting outside, holding two cardboard boxes radiating steam and delicious odors.

"Here's your pizzas... and that'll be \$23.50. Sign here." He paused a moment to size up Nick. "You having a party or something?"

Nick feigned nonchalance and shrugged as he pulled out his wallet. "Nah, just got some friends visiting and one's a wolf, so... yeah. Keep the change."

He returned to the couch, balancing two very large pizzas that looked more fit for an animal twice his size, but this did little to deter Judy's excitement. Nick set them down on the coffee table, and before he could even say a word, she had already flipped open the top box and yanked out a slice, mouth watering as she gingerly touched it to her lips. The moment it was cool enough to not scald her mouth, she took a ravenous bite out of it.

"Okhurgh, puh uhn unughuh uhpisugh uh Suhh Puhhg," she spoke through a mouthful of cheese, sauce, and bell peppers.

"Fine, *South Pork* it is." Another benefit of being stoned: your standards of comedy are lowered enough

As soon as Judy swallowed the last bite of her first slice, she immediately opened the box and reached for a second one. Nick chuckled at the sight, before extending his leg and poking her stomach with a toe. "Ya'know, keep getting the munchies like this and you're gonna end up a bit of a South Porker yourself."

Nick wasn't exactly wrong. Judy glanced down at her belly, which was now a slight dome after being stuffed full of pizza. Sure, this wasn't the healthiest of diets, but this was an infrequent habit of hers at best. She was active and on the rest enough of the time to burn off all the calories! And Nick was *hardly* one to talk about healthy eating, judging by how he was holding pizza in one hand and the joint in the other.

But rather than waste precious brain cells articulating his hypocrisy, she just shot back with a muffled "Guh fugh yuhshughf."

"Love you too."

A few minutes later, the episode ended, as did Judy's third slice of pizza. She took another hit from the dwindling joint, annoyed at how she had to get up and reach across the couch to pass it to Nick. Then, she remembered that joints weren't the only option.

"Hey, you think Finnick could get us some edibles?"

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Judy peeled the lid off of the Tapirware box and began voraciously shoving brownies into her mouth, not caring enough to chew thoroughly or mind the cascade of crumbs tumbling down her chest.

"You know that those are edibles, right Carrots? You eat that many in one sitting, and you're gonna get stoned out of your gourd," Nick pointed out as he strolled into the living room.

"I know, that's my plan," Judy answered sharply.

Nick turned around and stepped in closer, a worried expression on his face. Judy had been smoking (and snacking) every weekend with an almost religious devotion for months, but getting high on a *Tuesday*? Something had to be terribly wrong with her.

"What's wrong, Carrots?" Nick sat next to Judy on the couch, prompting her to scoot away from him. "You can tell me, it's okay."

She sniffled and turned to face him, her eyes red for a reason other than intoxication. "...it's Bogo. He's put me on fucking desk duty!"

"Desk duty, what for?"

Judy sighed. "Incomplete reports, not responding to calls, lack of motivation, and... 'insufficient field gear.'"

"What does that me- ...oh." Nick looked down at Judy's burgeoning stomach, which took up most of her lap. Two of the buttons on her uniform shirt were missing. Even though neither of them wanted to admit it, they knew the hyperactive rabbit who flew through the ZPD training course was long gone. In her place sat a doughball of a bunny who couldn't go faster than a light jog and got winded walking from the patrol car to her desk.

"Hey Judy, it's okay. Desk duty isn't the end of the-"

"Yes it *fucking* is!" Tears were starting to well up in her bloodshot eyes. "The only cops on desk duty are those who couldn't cut it in the field, the old farts about to retire, and fat fucks like Clawhauser who can't make it! You know what Higgins said when I was leaving Bogo's office? Do you?!"

"No..." Nick replied.

"He told me 'Once your ass hits the swivel chair, it never gets up again!' I hit a dead end, Nick! I'm through..."

Judy broke down sobbing, and Nick reached in to hug her, cooing, "There there, Carrots" in her ear. He leaned back on the couch and let Judy rest her head on his stomach (which had admittedly grown into a bit of a paunch due to his participation in Judy's weekly smoke sessions) as she continued to cry it out.

Several minutes passed, and Judy's sobs eventually diminished before fading entirely. She was still clearly upset, but as the edibles started to kick in, she took on more of a relaxed demeanor.

"Hey Nick?" she looked up at him blearily. "Mind ordering a few pizzas and putting on *Family Guiara*?"

"Anything for you, Carrots."

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Nick slammed the door behind him as he stormed into the apartment, ripping the tie off his neck and tossing it on the floor.

"Desk duty. Fucking *DESK DUTY*?! If that bastard didn't have seven feet on me, I'd kick his ass!"

"Lemme guess, Bogo finally wised up and called you in for a chat?" Judy nonchalantly asked from the couch, glazed eyes hardly moving from the television as she stuffed chips into her chubby cheeks with one hand and scratched a love handle with the other. "What tipped him off, that fact that you were wearing two belts?"

"Nope, he saw me asking McHorn for advice on a tailor. At least I'll get first dibs on the donuts in the breakroom." Nick plopped into his usual spot on the couch next to his girlfriend, ignoring the ominously loud creak emanating from below. "Wait, don't you have work tonight?"

Judy polished off a rolled-up slice of leftover pizza and replied, "Nope. They bumped me back to tomorrow at noon. And even then, I'll only be manning the info desk."

Nick high-fived his girlfriend as he grabbed a handful of edible candies from a bowl on the coffee table and ate them with a loud *\*crunch\**. "Nice going, Carrot Cake! You've gotta hook me up with your curator or boss or whoever if I ever leave the ZPD."

"If? More like *when*. One of these days Bogo's gonna ask what's in the brownies you bring to lunch, ya'know."

"At least I won't give my two weeks' notice fifteen days before the next drug screening."

"Fuck you."

"I've been waiting to all week," Nick guffawed, failing to avoid laughing at his own joke as he pulled something from his back pocket. "But how about we unwind a little first?"

Judy stared at the plastic bag in Nick's pudgy paw, eyes growing wide. The weed in there was some *strong* stuff—she could smell it while the bag was hardly even open.

"How about some of the good shit, eh?" Nick chuckled as he dangled the bag and watched the buds shake around inside. "Swiped this bad boy from the evidence locker. Just 'cause I've grown a spare tire doesn't mean I don't have fast fingers."

"Spare tire? More like half a station wagon!" Judy shifted her bulk over and slapped a paw against Nick's side, watching his gut undulate for a few seconds until it settled again. He'd become undeniably obese, the second-fattest cop on the force behind Clawhauser, who regained the title after Officer Hopps' sudden retirement.

"I'll ignore that for now. So, how about we see whether this is shit worth getting arrested for? I'll grab the bong."

"Get everything in the fridge too, let's try and clear that fucker *OUT* tonight!"

"I like how you think, Carrot Cake."