

Finnicky Baby Chapters 6-10

By Champ (<https://champthehotter.com/>)

Artwork By Kuneho (<https://subscribestar.adult/kunehobun>)



Nick is on the straight and narrow, and pursuing relationships with two other furs, but how long can he maintain the separation?

Chapter 6: Dreaming of Wonderful Things

Nick woke up with a lap full of warm plastic. At first he was confused but then he remembered where he was, and who he was with. He carefully peeled back the covers to reveal that Finnick had completely soaked his garment in the night.

So he really does need diapers, thought Nick, storing that information in his brain for later use. Nick gently slipped out of bed and started a pot of coffee in the kitchenette before returning and quietly laying out a fresh diaper for Finnick. Before he attempted to move Finnick, he grabbed the pacifier which Finnick had left on the nightstand and put it up to the smaller fox's lips. The sleeping Finnick immediately accepted it into his mouth and began to suckle, smiling in his sleep.

"Dreaming of wonderful things, no doubt," murmured Nick, nodding to himself. *Just as it should be.*

Gently, ever so gently, Nick nudged the little Fennec onto his back and untaped the diaper as gently as he could. Finnick stirred a bit, but did not wake. Nick smiled to himself. *You've still got it, you sly fox.* He wiped the little one down with some wet wipes, and gently lifted up his little legs so that he could slide a fresh diaper under his bum. Finnick was beginning to stir but Nick was past the point of no return now. Next came the powder, which Nick rubbed gently into Finnick's fur, scenting him with its familiar and relaxing smell. And then, the tapes. By the time Finnick sleepily opened up his eyes, the final tape was already being fastened.

"Unh... w-wha? Nick?! What the fu-" Finnick backed up against the headboard, looking confused and frightened, barely intelligible as his speech was stifled by the pacifier still in his mouth.

"Shh, calm down, lil buddy," said Nick, holding out his paws like he was calming a frightened animal. "We're staying at a hotel, remember? You're my baby fox while we're here, or did you forget?"

"Oh, shit, Nick. You scared the living shit out of me," said Finnick. "I thought I was in my room and... and... I... you..." He looked down to see that he was in a clean diaper, then looked over to the rolled up soggy diaper sitting on the bed nearby as if realizing for the first time what had just transpired. "Oh geez! I can't believe this. Did I...? While we were laying... Oh my god...!"

Finnick hid his head under a pillow, along with half of his upper body as he blushed red hot in embarrassment under his fur.

"Hey, buddy, it's okay. That's what it's there for. To be honest, it was kind of nice having my own little lap warmer this morning..."

"Oh my god!" said Finnick, immediately pulling the pillow down to reveal his face and hide the embarrassing erection that suddenly tented his diaper. "Nick, I'm gonna need you to go over there for a minute," he said, nodding toward the other end of the suite.

"Okay," said Nick, shrugging nonchalantly with half-lidded eyes, "happy to oblige. He began padding back over to the room with the coffee pot before turning to look over his shoulder. "You know, you don't have to be embarrassed if you use them. Or even if you *like* using them. It certainly doesn't bother me."

Finnick's eyebrows went up and he opened his mouth like he was going to say something but only a squeak came out. Then, he hurried off to the shower leaving Nick alone in the suite to sip his coffee. Nick's ears twitched as he heard the water start running. A little later, his nose twitched as the faint scent of male fox musk wafted his way. Finnick had just unloaded in the shower, he was sure of it. When Finnick finally came out a few minutes later, Nick was waiting with Finnick's next change in paw.

"Okay, champ. You ready for Daddy to put you back in a nice comfy *diaper*?"

Finnick's eyes went wide again and he squeaked before turning around and heading right back into the bathroom, and turning on the water. When he came out the second time, Nick had the diaper laid out and picked Finnick up before he could protest.

"We can keep doing this all day but then we'll never get to raid the free buffet! How about we talk about all this *after* we're safe and sound at home, eh?" Finnick didn't have anything to say, so he just nodded, his face still twisted with embarrassment.

"You want a coffee, kiddo? We don't have to tell anyone I gave it to you."

"Yeah-" Finnick squeaked, before clearing his throat and continuing in his usual deep baritone, "yeah, sure. Why the hell not."

"Coming right up, kiddo." Nick darted out of the bedroom, his tail trailing behind as he rounded the corner into the main living area where the coffee pot awaited. Finnick just sat there, completely confused about what was going on. Nick and him had been doing the 'baby' thing for ages, but it had never felt this intimate. He hadn't blushed this much since the first time they'd run this scam. So why was he so shy all of the sudden? What was wrong with him?

Nick came back bright-eyed and bushy tailed with a cup of coffee for Finnick.

"Drink up, sleepyhead," said Nick. "We got a lot of buffet raidin' to do."

"Who's payin' for all this?" asked Finnick, grabbing the mug and bringing it up to his lips.

"J.T. McRichbeak."

"Who?"

"Some rich asshole that keeps this suite reserved year-round on the company account. It's already paid for, so don't worry about it."

Finnick just nodded, eyes open and carefully trained on Nick. Something strange was going on, he could tell. But for the moment, he just enjoyed the coffee. Having a little getaway with Nick wasn't the worst thing in the world.

Finnick sipped his coffee again, a little smile playing at his lips. What Nick wouldn't give to know what the little fox was thinking right then, but he was pretty sure he already knew.

Soon, they were headed out into the hallway, Nick wearing the khaki-laden outfit of a dorky dad, and holding the paw of the equally dorkily dressed son. They passed a fox couple on the way to the elevator. Nick and Finnick immediately marked them as newlyweds as the guy nudged his wife and nodded over Finnick's way before wagging his eyebrows and making her blush and giggle. Finnick and Nick grinned at each other and they decided to help the guy - and themselves - along a little.

"Oh, criminy, would you believe I've forgotten my wallet. And your mommy is waiting... oh I'd leave my tail if it weren't attached to my behind. Excuse me, would you two mind looking after my little one, it'll be just a sec. I know I can trust my fellow foxes to keep an eye on the critter..."

"Well, I don't-"

"Of *course* we would," said the lady fox, interrupting her husband. Evidently, he had been more interested in *making* the baby before having to look after them, but he had opened *that* can of worms on his own.

The couple fawned over Finnick as Nick ran the length of the hall and back, just long enough for Finnick to charm the tails off of them. Then, Nick came back and thanked them profusely. He chatted with the husband on their way to the buffet while Mrs. Fox carried Finnick the whole way down, cooing and fawning over him.

"One's enough for me, my man," said Nick. "Now I have my secret weapon that makes sure I don't sire another one for now. But the missus doesn't need to know about that. We just *keep on tryin'* if you get my drift," he said, laughing and elbowing the newlywed fox.

"Hehe, yeah, heh... uh... say... what exactly... *is* your secret weapon?" said the fellow fox, whose name was Martin, out the side of his mouth.

"Oh, it's not available in Zootopia. I have my own supply, you see. You won't find it in any shop."

"Really? Would you, uh... be willing to part with some? For a friend?" The fox flashed his wallet.

"Oh, I really couldn't charge you what it's worth..." said Nick, licking his lips. "It's much too costly."

"Oh, I can't wait to have one of my own, sweetie," said the fox's wife. "No, really. I think we should get our breakfast in the room." Martin looked back to Nick.

"Try me," said the fox, pulling out a wad of cash as his pants tented. Nick smiled.

Finnick and Nick entered the buffet considerably richer than they had been and helped themselves to a huge breakfast on Mr. Richbutt's account. Once they were stuffed, they retired to the room again to hang out in bed and watch some TV, then nap, once again with Finnick nestled in Nick's lap, and once again waking with Finnick as Nick's soggy little lap warmer. This time Finnick woke up before Nick.

At first, Finnick was too embarrassed to move. Then, he was too comfortable. Finally, once his heart rate began to slow, he settled down and enjoyed it. After all, Nick didn't seem to mind it. If only he didn't have a certain pokey problem in front. Finnick snuck a paw around front to slowly try and 'adjust' himself, and he was still 'adjusting' himself when Nick stirred, yawned, and pulled him in for a hug. Finnick immediately ceased all movement, lest he be caught. Nick stirred awake and sat up, smacking his mouth, and hugging Finnick.

Sleep was no longer an excuse. Nick was very much awake, and now that Finnick was there in his arms, the little fox didn't want to leave. He liked being cuddled. It wasn't something he'd ever been allowed to enjoy for fear of being taken advantage of, but here with Nick, it felt safe. Nick had been as crooked as him for as long as him, and didn't seem to have any judgment or scruples about his special underwear, or what he did in them. He didn't know how far that truly extended, but he decided that for now, he wouldn't worry about it.

"Hey, Nick, you get any word back from the bug guys when we can get back home?" asked Finnick after a good 20 minutes warming Nick's lap.

"Uh..." Nick opened up his phone and saw a message from the night before.

TXT: Got em all cleared out boss. Money's on the counter just like you asked for. Key's under the mat. Cheers. -Buggy

"...Nope, looks like they're gonna be a few days..."

"Darn. Oh well," said Finnick, smiling to himself as he snuggled back into Nick's arms. "I guess it can't be helped..." Finnick could disguise the happiness in his voice, but his little wagging tail seemed to have a mind of its own. Nick gave him another little squeeze and looked down at him.

"Hey, kiddo..." said Nick, softly. "Why don't you try calling me 'Daddy' while we're here...?"

One by one, they enjoyed the amenities of the hotel, from the massage parlor, to the jacuzzi, to the steak dinner in the restaurant. All courtesy of Mr. McRichface Beakbutt, and his company account.

Eventually, though, even Nick couldn't string it along any further. It was time to go home, and besides, they were running out of diapers. So, when finally it was time to go back home, Nick and Finnick checked out using the room's wi-fi and the two of them made one last charge to the account to have the bellhop bring down their luggage, which had gotten considerably heavier with the complimentary bathrobes, towels, coffee-maker, and other keepsakes stuffed inside.

I'm gonna have a hard time giving this up, thought Nick, as he looked at the card reader and tossed it in the trash on his way out of the lobby. But it was okay. When he looked down at the smiling little fox in his arms, he knew he had everything he needed right there.

Chapter 7: An Unspoken Understanding

"So how does it feel to be on the straight and narrow?" asked Judy, holding a forkful of salad in her hand.

"Not so bad," said Nick, resting his chin on his palm with a faraway expression in his eyes.

In fact, things were going pretty well. After Nick & Finnick's time at the hotel, there had been an unspoken understanding. Nick had begun finding excuses to baby Finnick a little bit more each day, and Finnick had kept finding excuses to go along with it - like how he should just stay diapered all the time to throw off any nosy neighbors.

Now, they didn't have to go to a hotel or concoct another con to enjoy quality Daddy-Son time together. In fact, Nick passed his favorite moments quietly in front of the TV, smiling a satisfied smile as he sat there with his arm around the little guy, patting his cute little crinkly tush, as comfortable as could be. Finnick seemed happy for once. And Nick, well, he *felt* happy. Nick grinned a goofy grin as he thought about it. He just couldn't help it. He was so happy that everything was coming together like he'd planned.

It took Nick a second to register that Judy was grinning back at him.

"Whatcha thinkin' about, slick Nick?" asked Judy, pointing her fork at Nick.

Nick spoke up with mild annoyance. "Would you quit pointing that thing at me? Who even orders a salad at a Bugburga? Geez..."

"Wait a second..." said Judy, rubbing her chin. "I think / know what that dopey expression you always get is about... Aww, Nicky's in *love*!"

"Okay, first of all, never call me that again," said Nick, holding up a finger. "Second, I'm not in *love* okay?"

"You *are* in love. I can see it in your face!" said Judy, tilting her head and batting her eyes.

"Oh, *come on* Judy, knock it off. That's so redic- I mean, for starters, I'm not a one fox kinda guy..."

"Oh, so he's a *fox* huh?"

"I never said that," said Nick. "And you can't *prove* I did."

"Uh huh. So who's the lucky guy?"

"I'm not telling," said Nick, taking a bite out of his bug-burga burger.

"Is it your cute lil' roomie?"

"No." said Nick, practically choking on his sandwich as his ears turned red. "I told you. Finnick just needs a helping paw, and I'm helping him out. Cause I'm a good *friend*."

"You're such a bad liar."

"Oh, shut it. You're just jealous."

"Hey, it's fine, nothing wrong with a little puppy love." Judy brought up her paws and shrugged. "We do it all the time in the burrows, and it doesn't tie *us* down... unless that's what you're into. We call it *bunny love*, and sometimes we can be in bunny love with two, three, gosh, even fou-"

"Yes, yes, we've *all* heard the stories about you rabbits and your amorous exploits," said Nick. "And yet us *foxes* always get painted as the sluts..." Nick gave a sigh of lament and looked at his nails.

"In your case it's well deserved," said Judy, smirking.

"Hey, I resemble that!" said Nick, returning the grin. "Haven't you got your fill of gossip for the day?"

"Never!" said Judy, lifting up her notepad and pen with a grin. "But I forgot to take notes. Go ahead and repeat everything you said today."

"You're not funny," said Nick, unable to suppress a chuckle.

"There goes that goofy grin again..."

"That's just my regular *face*," said Nick, grabbing a fry and pointing it at Judy. "And I'll *thank* you not to point out how goofy it looks."

Nick wasn't really angry. The truth was, Nick was enjoying his time with Judy as much as he was enjoying Finnick's company. Now Nick and Judy had finally gotten together for that third date, and Nick couldn't deny that Carrots had grown on him. It was too bad that he couldn't bring her home sometime. Finnick would kill him.

"Say Carrots..."

"What's up, goof-snoot?"

"This is - what - our third date?"

"Technically, if you count the club, yes."

Nick looked at her for a moment, his tail swishing.

"Whaddya say we go back to your place after... You know, for *coffee*, or something."

Judy's eyebrows went up. "Oh really?" She looked Nick up and down, clearly surprised by his offer.

"Uh, I mean, only if you want to," said Nick, putting on a confident grin as best he could. His heart was beating so hard he feared Judy might hear it. What was wrong with him? He almost never let himself get this flustered. "Or we could just go on a walk, or... Uh..."

Judy patted Nick's knee.

"Yes. We can go back to my place. I'm always down for 'coffee, or something'."

"Oh, good," said Nick, letting out an audible sigh of relief.

"Took you long enough, though. I thought you'd never ask."

Judy couldn't help but smile at how cute Nick looked when he was flustered. Then she noticed the bulge in his pants, and felt her own heart beating a little harder as her own excitement grew. Judy held up a finger.

"Check please!"

"We, uh... paid at the front," said Nick in a stage whisper as he held his paw up to the side of his muzzle.

"Oh, right," said Judy. "Then no reason to hang here any longer, is there? Let's go!"

They were both so intent on dessert, neither of them cared that they weren't even half-way finished with their meal.

They wasted little time once they stepped into Judy's shoebox of an apartment. "This is it," she said.

"Wow, it's even smaller than mine," said Nick. "I mean, it's perfect! Look at that view."

"It suffices," said Judy. "I've got my desk, and... my bed.... That's all I need."

"I'll bet," said Nick, grinning as he loosened his tie.

"Oh, by all means, make yourself comfortable. I'm sure I have that coffee maker around here somewhere," said Judy, bending over and looking under her covers... "Darn. Not here." She grabbed Nick's tie and pulled him toward the bed. "I guess we'll just have to make our own..."

The two of them moved backward and began to undress. That's when two voices started screaming at each other from just behind the wall. They both hesitated.

"Ugh, sorry," said Judy. "Those are just the neighbors..."

"It's fine," said Nick, grinning. "We'll just have to be louder than them."

"Oh, you're bad," said Judy.

"Wait until you sample the goods before you tell me how bad I am," said Nick, grinning as he unbuttoned his pants to let his rapidly expanding knot spring free.

Judy pressed a finger to his chest, sending Nick sprawling on his butt, legs open as he looked back at her in confusion.

"Safety first, big boy," she said, picking up a condom from a bowl on her nightstand and tossing it to him.

"Of *course*," said Nick, grinning back and tearing open the package.

"I always come prepared."

Nick came home later than usual that night. He often ended the night watching cartoons with Finnick snuggled under his arm before bedtime, and Finnick was waiting right there on the couch watching his cartoons when Nick got home.

"Hi Daddy!" said Finnick sitting up. "Missed ya."

"Hey, sport," said Nick, ruffling Finnick's headfur. "Sorry I'm home later than usual. I got tied up with a friend..."

Finnick's nose twitched as he looked up into Nick's eyes, and his ears turned slightly red.

"Now what's with that look, kiddo?" asked Nick as he watched Finnick's brow furrow. "It looks like you're thinkin *adult* thoughts, when you should be thinking about thoughts for someone your own age. Like whether you've been good today, and why you're up past your bedtime."

The little fox couldn't help it though. With his sensitive sniffer, he could easily smell the familiar smell of sex coming off of his roomie. Finnick's ears got more red and he fidgeted in his diaper, which was getting progressively more pokey as he imagined what Nick might have been doing to make him late.

"I was just... hoping you would tuck me in and read me a story is all," mumbled Finnick, looking down at his feet.

Nick smiled. What a difference from the short-tempered tough guy act that Finnick usually put on when he was playing grown-up. "I see. Well, have you had your shower yet?"

Finnick shook his head.

"Hmm. I guess I could make an exception *just this once*... you can shower with Daddy tonight. Then, it's time for bed right away, okay?"

Finnick's tail wagged hard. "Kay!"

"Hehe, that's my good boy," said Nick, rubbing Finnick's head. It hadn't escaped him that Finnick had reacted to his scent, and he wondered if he couldn't have a little fun with his boy tonight.

Chapter 8: Defining the Relationship

"Okay, kiddo. Let's get that diaper off for your shower."

Nick was in the bathroom with Finnick, who stood with his paws on Nick's shoulders while Nick knelt down to untape his diaper.

"You did a number on these, buddy boy," said Nick. "How much did you drink today? You oughtta save some for the rest of Zootopia."

Finnick inhaled sharply as Nick undid the tapes one by one. His heart was beating as fast as a hummingbird's as he tried to get that damned smell out of his head. That smell of Nick's sex. It was making him horny... He couldn't. He shouldn't... He cringed as the diaper came off.

"Oh my!" said Nick, opening the last tape and pulling down the diaper. "What have we here?"

A little fox knot had popped up, almost whacking Nick in the nose as the diaper came down.

"Somebody's happy to see me, I guess!"

"N-nuh uh!" said Finnick, covering his face in embarrassment.

"It's okay, buddy," said Nick, ruffling Finnick's headfur. "These things happen to boys."

Nick's comments weren't particularly helping, except to make Finnick feel even more flustered. Nick didn't mind, though. He led the poor flustered little fox toward the shower/tub and sat him on the edge.

"You just wait here while the water warms up. It's Daddy's turn." Finnick was practically drooling as Nick removed his shirt almost as if he was purposely showing off. He unbuttoned his shirt not too quickly, letting the fabric tumble off his shoulders, and opening it to reveal the creamy belly fur that led into his pants toward his...

"D-daddy... Can I please use the bathroom?" asked Finnick. Nick tossed his shirt over his shoulder and gestured toward the toilet.

"Sure, buddy. It's right here. Go ahead."

"N-no, I mean... I'd like some privacy, please..." What Finnick really wanted to do was pound one out, but Nick wasn't having it.

"No, no, little guy, you got it all wrong. Little ones don't get privacy in the bathroom. Why, the bathroom is a very dangerous place for little guys like you. We wouldn't want you falling in, would we?"

"H-heyyy... *stopppp*," whined Finnick. Nick smiled and patted the little fox's head. The fact he could tease Finnick like this without any threats on his life really showed how far they had come.

Finnick's complaints died down, though, and he stared mesmerized as Nick unbuckled his belt and slid down his pants to reveal a knot of his own. Finnick gulped. Now he really *was* drooling as the spicy scent hit his nose all the more heavily.

"Well," said Nick, "didn't you say you needed to use the potty?"

"Uhh... f-false alarm," said Finnick, folding his ears back. He wasn't about to jack off in front of Nick. That would be crossing a line he couldn't cross again.

Nick smiled, looking down at his little guy as he felt the water hit the right temperature with his paw.

"Aww. Too little to even know when he has to go potty. That's pretty adorable, lil' guy. Now come on, let's take you into the shower. There we go!" Finnick loved how easily he slipped into his little persona around Nick. As Nick braced his arms and helped him into the shower, Finnick truly felt as if he couldn't do it on his own. It was a good feeling. And for some reason, it turned him on immensely.

"Oh my," said Nick, looking down to see Finnick's tiny knot overflowing with seed. "Somebody's really excited for his shower! I may have to teach you about the birds and the bees soon, kiddo!"

Finnick's tail tucked between his legs. He was so turned on but so bashful and the two feelings were competing for space in his head.

"Shh, calm down, now. Just close your eyes, little toot toot, and we'll wash all those big boy thoughts away..."

As Nick wetted down himself and Finnick, he looked closely at Finnick's face. The most common expression his good buddy wore was a furrowed brow - the look of someone trying to suss out ulterior motives or remembering something bad. Now, though, there wasn't a hint of worry in Finnick's happy face. Nick washed his boy down with water and lathered up the soap, happy to see that his little fuzzy buddy was furrow free today. Nick reached for the shampoo.

"Keep those eyes closed. It's time to soap you up, munchkin. *There's* a good boy." There was no denying that Nick enjoyed taking care of Finnick. Finnick liked it too.

They both knew what to do - they'd done it for years. At what point had it become more than an act?

"Daddy's turn too," said Nick, lathering himself up until they were both masses of matted fur and soap.

"Okay, bud. Time to rinse!"

Nick finished rinsing Finnick from nose to toes, and then he began washing himself while Finnick stood aside and waited patiently for Nick to finish.

"Such a well behaved boy," said Nick, noting how happy and calm Finnick always seemed to be when he was little. Okay, buddy," said Nick, once the last of the soap had left his fur. He reached for the 'complimentary' bath towels from their hotel trip, smiling down at Finnick. "Let's get dried and floofed!"

Finnick had almost forgotten about how horny he had been when Nick took him to his room to get diapered and tucked in. *Almost*. Here was another change in their relationship - Finnick actually let Nick go into his room now. When Nick had first seen it, Finnick's room was pretty bare bones. Mostly just his giant fox plush, a computer setup to monitor police channels and frequencies and communicate with the dark web about happenings in the city's underworld, and a closet full of diapers. But no desk. No chair. Not even a bed.

"Where does all that money go, Finnick?" Nick had asked, but Finnick didn't have an answer. The most Nick had ever managed to get from Finnick on the topic was a shrug and a suckle of his Binky. But the moment he saw how Finnick was living, Nick proclaimed that his little boy needed a real bedroom - and that's when he had learned that poor Finnick had never even *had* a bedroom of his own. Finnick had no clue where to start assembling one. And so together they went shopping... and Finnick's empty room was now a full-blown nursery complete with changing table, crib, and adorable mobile to help lull the fussy Finnick to sleep.

And as Nick lifted up Finnick and deposited him on the table, tickling his little belly, Finnick felt a warm feeling in his tummy. That only grew as Nick plopped his butt down on a fresh diaper.

"Oh gods, not again," muttered Finnick, ears burning and folding back as he felt his sheath begin to swell. He shouldn't have been surprised. Finnick always got a little excited when Nick changed him. This time, however, something was different. Nick looked at Finnick with a smirk.

"You sure were cute in there with your little stiffy in the shower. Did you like how Daddy smelled?"

Finnick squeezed his eyes shut and nodded. Nick smiled. *Good.* Finnick was ready to admit that much.

"Maybe next time I'll have my little boy clean me off himself," said Nick, pushing further. "What do you think of that?"

Finnick just blushed. He wasn't used to doing 'sex stuff' with anyone. In fact, despite his tough guy demeanor, he was basically a virgin whose only sexual partner had been the soggy diapers he humped regularly. His heart thundered in his ears. A moment of doubt. Maybe he had heard Nick wrong. But Nick persisted, clearing all doubt from Finnick's mind.

"Does that sound good to you, lil buddy? Cleaning off Daddy's meat?"

Finnick didn't even have to answer. Even as he scrunched up his face and hid it in his little paws, his erection shot to full mast at lightning speed.

"Huh. Thought so," said Nick, putting some special strawberry lotion on his hand. Finnick was still embarrassed, but Nick cooed and encouraged him to calm him down about it, until finally, he could begin to touch Finnick down there. If Nick ever had any doubt that finnick was enjoying things, he need only reference the cutie's wagging tail, which was going bananas at the moment.

Nick rubbed the lotion into Finnick's sheath and knot, causing the little pup to moan. "Well, well, well, we can't have this little thing getting in the way of my little buddy's secure and comfy astronaut pants, now can we?"

Finnick bit his little clawed forefinger and shook his head. "Uh-uh."

"So Daddy's just going to have to take care of this, isn't he?"

Finnick, whined into his finger, and nodded, squeezing his eyes shut as tight as he could.

"Use your words, toot toot. I want to hear that you want it. Say, 'Daddy, help my little pee-pee make stickies'"

"D... D-D-Daddy, help my little puh- pee-pee make stickies," said Finnick, who had to fight to keep his words from turning into horny moans of desire.

"Good boy," said Nick. "You did a good job telling Daddy what you want. Now, just lay back and relax and let Daddy make it *a////* better."

Nick then leaned forward and engulfed Finnick's member. At first Finnick was shocked, but that only lasted half a second before Nick's expert muzzle got to work, his long hot tongue swirling over Finnick's little malehood as he bobbed up and down.

"Ohhh, gods!" grunted Finnick lapsing back into his signature baritone as he scrunched his eyes shut and put both paws on Finnick's head. If they didn't know any better, someone might think Finnick had banged his knee from the faces he was making, but it was a reaction to pure pleasure - overstimulation of his sensitive malehood, which had only ever seen the inside of a diaper.

Nick suckled and teased Finnick's member until he squealed, and no more than five minutes later Finnick released his load in Nick's mouth, giving the fox exactly what he had come for, but Nick wasn't through milking his little boy yet.

"I know you've got more than that, little buddy. No holding out on me, now. Daddy will always find it."

Finnick, whined, tail thumping hard on the changing table as Nick rubbed some special diaper gel into the crotch of his diaper. How had Nick found his secret stash? It didn't matter right then, because the moment the diaper came up, and he felt the slick wetness and tingly sensation on his member, he was panting and moaning all over again.

"Stay still for a second, kiddo. We have to get you taped up first." Nick put a paw on Finnick's belly to still him, before quickly bringing up the tapes before Finnick lost all control and started humping into his diaper.

"Alright, buddy. Let's show your diapers some appreciation for all they do for you, huh?" Nick squeezed the crotch of Finnick's diaper, causing a horny whine from the fox and a blushy nod. Finnick's hard-on was returning, now in the confines of his slick, gel-coated padding.

"That's it," said Nick, reaching down, and rubbing the front of Finnick's diaper. "You've been such a good boy, you deserve this treat... Yes, you do. Daddy is going to make you feel so good if you let him. Yes, you like being Daddy's baby boy, don't you kiddo?"

In his lusty haze, Finnick affirmed Nick's statements one after another, blowing past all the little unspoken barriers they'd adhered to. Nick was grinning from ear to ear, tail swishing from side to side and his own malehood peeking out of its sheath as he looked down at his cute panting friend. He could see that Finnick was almost close again and so he decided to go for one last push.

"Little guy... do you... do you want to be my baby boy for good? My little baby boyfriend?"

"Ohh, Nick," said Finnick, moaning as he humped his diapers. "Yes, damnit! Yes!!"

"Yes, Daddy," Nick corrected.

"Y-yes *Daddy!*" cried Finnick, his ears turning red again.

And just as Finnick's arousal reached its zenith, Nick said, "I love you, baby boy!"

Without thinking, Finnick whined and panted out the words, "I love you t-" But his words were cut off by Nick's own muzzle as he planted a kiss right on Finnick's lips. Finnick came so hard, he yelled a wordless howl into the kiss, spraying an incredible load of cum all across the inside of his diaper as he made out with his very first *boyfriend*.

As the orgasm died down, punctuated by a few surprise spurts, Finnick gradually came back down to earth and found his words again.

"Nick..." Finnick panted, "that was..."

"Shh," said Nick, putting a finger to Finnick's lips. "It's Daddy now. And time for beddy bye. Now close your eyes and drift off to slumberland..."

Chapter 9: We Can Always Use More Canines...

"You know we can always use more canines," said Judy, who was sitting across from Nick and munching her salad. They were at the lettuce leaf Cafe, as per usual when it was *her* turn to pick their date place.

"I get it, I get it," said Nick, rolling his eyes. "You want me in the ZPD. You can't lay it on much thicker than you have been."

"Yeah, well, maybe I wouldn't *have* to if you would get it through your thick skull that this is a good idea!" Judy had, in fact, been pestering Nick all week, about what he was gonna do for money now that he was no longer a professional 'entrepreneur', strongly hinting that he should join the ZPD. Nick was not particularly receptive.

"Yeah, well... good ideas and fun ideas don't always go hand in hand, Officer Hopps."

"Oh, boy. Here we go," said Judy, throwing her paws in the air.

"I like to live my life in *style*," said Nick, throwing his shades on and popping his collar. Then he got up to get a free refill from the soda fountain and ended up slipping on a wet spot because his glasses were too dark for the indoors. He came back to a giggling Judy with his glasses askew and one of the lenses missing.

"You looked *real* stylish out there, buddy boy. By the way, you're 32 years old. Might be time to retire the suave guy routine and just be a boring adult with the rest of us."

"Never!" said Nick, throwing up a finger. "Anyway, *you're* not boring."

"Aww, shucks," said Judy, the blood rushing to her ears as she smiled big. "You can just keep on complimenting me if you like."

Nick looked at Judy in the eyes and grinned back. "I only say it because it's true, Carrots." And it was true. The girl he'd mistaken for a small town hick had turned out to be very adventurous, in more ways than one, and she had taught Nick a thing or two he didn't know on several occasions. When they first met, for example, and she showed so much ingenuity on her first case. When they went to the bunny bathhouse, and Judy taught Nick a little bunny culture. Even in the bedroom, where Nick felt *quite* comfortable, Judy kept him on his toes with adventurous new (to him, anyway) ideas.

Judy scrunched up her nose and took another bite of her salad, in the cute little way she always did. Nick sighed, smiling and putting his hand on his chin.

"You're doing it again, loverboy," said Carrots, making Nick snap out of it. "If I didn't know any better I'd say you had a little crush."

"Ha! Never," said Nick, folding back his burning red ears. "And if you tell *anyone* I swear I'll start slipping extra change in the meters everywhere I go."

"Ooh, you're bad," said Judy, looking Nick in the eyes.

"You are," Nick said, staring back. It only took a few seconds of smoldering silence before they couldn't take it any longer.

"Check please!"

Soon they were back at Judy's apartment going at it like... well, foxes and rabbits. After burying his third load in her hot nethers, Nick rolled off the condom and flopped onto his back on Judy's bed, panting.

"Oh, that was great!" said Judy. "That oughtta hold me for about... I don't know... five more minutes..."

"Yeah," panted Nick. "You're really learning to take that knot!"

Nick was relieved that he had been able to change the subject to avoid talking about ZPD any more. Sex never failed to work to distract Judy from whatever Nick didn't want to talk about. In fact, it would have been a lot easier if they had started fucking sooner!

"SO about the ZPD," said Judy.

"Oh, here we go again," said Nick rolling his eyes as he rolled onto his side, placing his head on his paw.

"Look, I'm just saying it's a good idea."

"And I'm just saying I could never *live* with myself."

"Because of your principles?" asked Judy.

"No, because Finnick would *kill* me."

"Well, if you're really on the straight and narrow, you're going to have to tell him sooner or later. He's not stupid, you know. He's going to figure it out."

"Listen, carrots. You let *me* worry about the telling of the truth to Finnick, okay? These things require a delicate touch."

Judy crossed her arms. "Does he even know about us?"

"Well... I don't see how that's any of his business, seeing as we're just *roommates*," said Nick, looking distinctly uncomfortable with the way the conversation was going.

Judy looked at him. "Oh, come on, Nick. Don't go pretending you and Finnick are just roommates. *I'm* not that dumb either."

"Our relationship is... a little different, carrots."

"Yeah, I noticed," said Judy, raising an eyebrow. "I'm still waiting for you to explain that one to me."

Nick patted Judy on the head and gave her a little smile.

"All in good time, Carrots, all in good time."

The sex with Judy was a particularly nice perk of their burgeoning relationship, but if Nick was enjoying his time with Judy, he was equally enjoying his time with his little toot toot. Every night he went to Judy's place, he'd come back, and scent up the apartment with the smell of their coupling, leading to some horny fun with his new baby boyfriend. This night was no exception.

"Fuck, Nick," said Finnick when Nick got home. "I-I mean... Frick. I don't know where you're pickin up all this tail but it's driving me up the wall!"

Finnick tried to sound casual, but Nick could tell from the way he was breathing and the way his nose was twitching that Finnick was having a hard time keeping his cool.

Nick smiled, petting Finnick on the head. "And here I just thought it was just my *bone* doing that..."

Finnick blushed hard as Nick shucked off his pants to let his boner swing free. Finnick could just imagine being driven up a wall by that thing, sure enough, and it was making him *hard*. Nick noticed Finnick's reaction, and the obvious tent it created in his little foxie's diaper.

"I think it's time for a diaper change, little buddy."

Finnick made no objection to this idea despite the fact that he was bone dry. They both knew that they weren't *really* going back to the nursery for a diaper change. But as excited as they were, Nick could tell something was wrong. Finnick looked a little

more anxious than usual, and Nick wanted to know exactly what was on his little boy's mind. No more mysteries. Once they were in the nursery proper, Nick let go of Finnick's paw and lifted him up.

"Okay, kiddo. Spill the beans. What's eatin' you?"

Finnick fidgeted a bit as he was set down on the changing table, looking at his paws and avoiding eye contact with Nick.

"W-well... you see.... Um...."

"Spit it out, buddy. What is it?"

"W-well, actually, it's not about eatin'!... I was thinking more along the lines of... s-swallowing..." said Finnick, quickly folding his ears back and covering his muzzle with his paws after he said it. Not at all the cool delivery he had planned for that line.

Nick blinked a few times before it hit him what Finnick meant. Then, he broke into a big grin and brought a paw up to his mouth to hide his chuckle at Finnick's attempt at flirtation.

"O-ohhh... I see." Nick put his hands on his knees and brought his face down to eye level with the little fox. "Does the little one want to try doing what Daddy does so well?" Finnick just squeezed his eyes shut and nodded, thinking of all the times that Nick had swallowed *his* load in recent weeks.

"Hehe, well, alright then," said Nick. "Alley oop!"

Nick jumped up, plopping his butt on the colorful vinyl surface and causing Finnick to yelp in surprise. As Nick sat astride the changing table, Finnick got a front row view of his whopping boner, up close and personal.

"Well, get to work," said Nick, grinning down at the astounded Finnick. Finnick tentatively reached out a paw, as if he was about to handle fine china, and Nick chuckled.

"Aww, does the little guy need Daddy to show him what to do?"

Finnick whimpered, and nodded. This was so embarrassing, and he was really out of his element, but he was too horny to turn back now. Luckily, Nick was ready to teach him the ropes.

"It's okay, lil buddy. Go ahead, just reach out your paw like this. There you go." Nick guided Finnick's paw down to his meat to wrap around it, and then began a few light tugs, which Finnick continued once Nick let go.

"Does that feel good, Daddy?" asked Finnick in his deep baritone made a little higher by his submissive baby mindset.

"Nnnf! Yeah," rumbled Nick, practically purring. "Now why don't you do what you've been wanting to do and give Daddy's meat a little taste?"

Finnick's breath caught in his throat as he looked down at Nick's pointed cocktip. The bead of cum that had built up was just sitting there, inviting him to come take a taste. Finnick could practically pass out from the wonderful smell as he leaned forward, sticking his tongue out tentatively as he brought his muzzle to Daddy's cock. With a hesitant glance up to Nick and back down to Nick's cock, Finnick gave one long lick to Nick's cockhead, collecting all the savory cum with his tongue.

"Mmmm..."

Finnick smacked his lips. The taste was delicious. Warm. Salty. Musky. Completely invading Finnick's mouth and nostrils the moment it touched his tongue. Finnick paused to really take in the flavor.

"Don't stop now, Kiddo," grunted Nick. "It was just getting good"

Finnick leaned forward, crinkling loudly. He blushed as he was suddenly reminded that he was still in his diaper while he was servicing Daddy. That was so hot to him, and instantly, his self consciousness fled as his horny thoughts went into overdrive.

"Whoa!" yelped Nick as Finnick went to town on his cock, now bobbing his muzzle up and down as he humped the padded table. "Somebody found his sea legs."

"Mmm hmmm," said Finnick, nodding as he bobbed his head up and down with a muzzle full of cock.

"You- gahh... you're p-pretty good at this," said Nick. Finnick didn't answer. He was too busy sucking. It wasn't exactly his first time - he had, after all, been an easy target in juvie until he had figured out how to outsmart the bigger furs, but this was definitely his first time really doing it because *he* wanted to. That made all the difference.

"Such a good crinkler," purred Nick, as he ran his fingers through Finnick's headfur. "That's it, baby. Get Daddy's milk..."

Finnick just grunted in response, redoubling his efforts to get Nick to unload his seed into his maw. Soon enough, Nick found himself on the edge as his little toot toot tooted on Daddy's trunk.

"Finnick, buddy, I'm... gonna... hnnnnngh!" Nick gritted his teeth as Finnick kept up the pace regardless of his warning. He had no chance of holding back now. With a roar, Nick unloaded into Finnick's hungry maw, painting the fennec's tonsils with fresh fox seed.

Finnick mewled, sucking Daddy's precious fox milk down as fast as his little throat would allow. Despite his thirsty efforts, the hot seed began to spill down Finnick's chin, as Finnick's lips bumped up against the knot, not quite able to take it all in.

"That's my good boy," panted Nick, as he came down from the high of his orgasm. "Whew, I didn't know I had any left in me."

"You'd better make sure you do," said Finnick, panting as well. "That was delicious!"

Nick grinned and ruffled Finnick's headfur before placing a paw on Finnick's tented diaper, earning a whimper from the eager pup.

"I'm glad you liked it, baby boy. Now it's your turn..."

After a very satisfying pamper creaming, Finnick cuddled with Nick in bed and fell asleep like that. Nick and Finnick were very happy. It seemed like, finally, things in their lives were going all right.

Chapter 10: The Right Place

"Nick... are you *sure* this is the right place?" asked Finnick, looking around as Nick led him by the hand into the huge apartment. "It looks like just a normal daycare to me."

"Trust me, Toot-Toot," whispered Nick, bending down and cupping a hand so nobody would hear. "There's *big money* going through here. It's a front for sure. So I want you to keep your eyes open and look for any sign of something amiss. But you really gotta sell that you're just a sweet little guy having fun, okay?"

Finnick crossed his arms and mumbled, frowning his eyebrows. "Well... Alright, but I'm not sure this is..."

"Well, hello there," said the vixen receptionist, having taken note of the newbies. "First day?"

"Sure is!" said Nick, approaching the desk with his winningest grin and the shorty in tow. "Wilde's the name. And *Finnick* here is ready for his first day of Daycare, arentcha little buddy?"

Finnick threw his arms up and blew a toot with his little elephant trunk. Nick smiled and shook his head.

"Can you believe it? They grow up so fast..."

"Aww! What a cutie he is!" cried the vixen, putting her hands to her cheeks. "I'm Claire. Oh, we talked on the phone before. Yes, that was me. I've been looking forward to *meeting* the little guy, but nobody told me he'd be such a *cutie!*"

"Aw, shucks," said Nick, as Claire pinched Finnick's cheek. "You're sweet. He's gonna be a real lady killer when he grows up, I'd bet on it..."

"Just like his Daddy, huh?" asked Claire, giving Nick a wink.

Nick's mouth fell open. "Darn. You stole my line!"

The vixen smirked, looking Nick up and down. "Trust me, I've heard it all before. Go ahead and sign here, big Daddy, and don't worry. We'll take good care of your little boy."

Nick chuckled. He may have been smooth, but Claire knew what she was doing. "Okay, little guy," he said, getting down on one knee and putting a hand on the little one's shoulder. "You be good for Claire and the other grownups at daycare, okay?"

"Daddy," said Finnick, hamming up the clueless kid act. "Aren't you gonna stay and play with me?"

Nick chuckled. "No can do, sweet pea. I would if I could, but Daddy has to do *grownup* stuff, and you wouldn't have any fun watching him do that. Be a good boy and have lots of fun with your new friends here. You can tell Daddy all about it when he picks you up later, okay?"

Finnick looked down at the ground, dejected, and sniffed. "Okay..."

"Good boy," said Nick, ruffling Finnick's headfur. He looked up at Claire. "Treat him with care, okay? It's his first time away from Daddy..."

"Aww, I understand," said Claire. "Don't worry, your little guy is in good hands. And we got the note about his incontinence too, so no worries about that. His cubby is stocked full of the diapers you sent over..."

"Wha?" began Finnick, before being cut off by Nick with a kiss on the head.

"Incontinence," said Nick, with a big smile. "That's just a big word for 'you're my special boy!' See ya later, lil' guy!"

Claire waved bye and encouraged Finnick to do so too as Nick left.

"Real funny, Nick," grumbled Finnick as he realized that Nick had told them he wasn't potty trained. It looked like he was stuck in diapers while he was in daycare. At least he was clothed, he thought looking down at his waist. His overalls did a pretty good job of hiding the diaper, though you could still make out the puffy outline around his butt.

"Alright, kiddo," said Claire, getting down to eye level with the tiny Fennec. "What do you say we get you to your cubby?" Claire took Finnick's hand and guided him gently to where the noise and laughter of other little ones was loudest.

The daycare was an entire floor of an apartment building made for caretaking use. Each floor had a different age group and size range, and this was one of many throughout the city. These services were free to all paid for by the taxes of the fair citizens of Zootopia - at least the ones that *paid* taxes. Finnick felt just a little guilty for not contributing more himself, but then he contributed in his own way, his money just went to a very specific cause.

"Here we are, little one." said Claire as they stopped in front of a colorful wall of cubbies. "Let's get you out of those overalls so you can run free, huh?"

"W-wha?" asked Finnick in a small voice. "B-but I like my overalls..."

"Aww, don't be silly, lil' guy!" said Claire, unbuckling Finnick's overalls. "All little ones like running around free without their pants on! Besides, it's *much* easier to see when you need a change..."

Finnick blushed and his ears went back at hearing that. He glanced over noting that they were in full view of everyone in the free play area. Most of the other preschoolers were out of diapers already and wearing their pants - and he was *way* older than *them*.

"I don't need diapers," he said, ears flat against his head. "I can use the potty."

Claire giggled and shook her head.

"No, silly. *You* don't use the potty! Your Daddy explained everything so you can't fool me! Now step on out of these ol' things. We'll put them in the cubby with the rest of your stuff!"

"Okay," said Finnick, his cheeks and ears feeling like they were on fire as he stepped out of the overalls. Nick sure knew how to embarrass him, and there was nothing he could do about it without causing a scene and potentially blowing the whole operation.

"Okay, little one. It's time to put your overalls into your cubby. Can you do that for me?" Finnick stared at Claire, his mouth hanging open as she pressed the folded up garment into his arms.. Being made to strip down to his diaper was embarrassing enough as it was and now she was going to make him an active participant?

"What's the matter, lil one? Don't know which one is yours? Maybe once you learn your alphabet it'll be easier! Here," she said, patting a cubby stuffed full of thick cutesy diapers. "It's this one!"

Of course it would be the one with the *diapers*.

"*Eyes on the prize*," he said to himself as he placed his overalls into the cubby. It wasn't until Finnick turned around and saw the changing tables and the training potties over in the corner that the reality of the situation hit him. Nick had some crazy schemes, but this one took the cake. Finnick did not relish the idea of being changed by total strangers in the middle of daycare. "Um... if I have to use the potty... can I tell someone?" he asked, with a hopeful glance at the caretaker.

"All you have to do is have some fun while you're here, and let the grownups worry about all that, Okay?" Clair booped his nose, clearly convinced that that would *never* happen.

"Okay," sighed Finnick, dejected but also getting a little tingle of forbidden pleasure at the fact that he had no choice. He was *actually* going to be stuck as a baby in the open for the whole day. He couldn't believe he was going along with this. *This had better be worth it*, he thought. Claire smiled brightly.

"Good! It'll be story time in a little bit, then lunch and nap time after that. And a lot more fun activities for you as well, you'll see! Now go out there and make some friends, little one."

Claire ruffled Finnick's headfur, and he had to fight back a snarl at the unsolicited contact as she scooted him toward the play area and patted his crinkly tush. Finnick was left to his own devices, which was good, pantsless, which was a bit nerve wracking, but he would have to deal. It was time to get down to business....

Meanwhile, Nick chuckled to himself as he strolled down the street, away from the daycare. If Finnick had one weakness, it was money, and he'd led Finnick to believe that there was a lot of money to be made by sussing out the secrets of this completely legitimate nursery. He wondered how long it would take for Finnick to figure out that it was just a completely normal preschool. It would be fun to see, and he had a bet with himself that he could probably string it along for at least three days if not a week. His phone buzzed.

"Oh, hey, Carrots. What's up? No, I'm not doing anything. A ride along?" Nick sighed. "Alright, but you better make it interesting. I don't exactly make hangin' out with cops a part of my 'free time'. What's that? Consulting fee? Now you have my interest... Alright, Carrots. I'm here by Hill Street Station. I can be there in- hello?" Nick looked at his phone. She had hung up. "See you in a few, I guess."

Nick flicked his tail as he looked down at the reflection on his black phone screen. He felt lucky to have little Finnick AND Judy in his life, even if their worlds had to stay completely compartmentalized. He took one look back toward the daycare and wished Finnick a pleasant stay, knowing the little guy would soon win everyone over with his irresistible cuteness.

"Knock 'em dead, kid. And have fun." He said, with a soft smile. Finnick would be just fine. As for Judy - well, she might just give Nick a run for his money, but he enjoyed the game. Maybe she *would* get him to join the ZPD after all. He chuckled to himself and shook his head as he put his hands in his pockets. "Good luck, sister. As if I would ever be a cop..."

Still, he was a Daddy now after all, and he had Finnick to think of. What would he do to take care of the little stinker? His tail swished harder as conflicting feelings welled up inside him. Then he heard a siren approaching.

"Oh no," he said, his ears going back.

Finnick furrowed his brow, crinkling with each step as he waddled forward to look around the daycare. He could already feel warmth dribbling into the front of his diaper as his tiny bladder let go of its contents. He'd gotten very good at allowing that to happen, and it felt so good, but now was not the time to focus on that. He had to focus on his surroundings. Get the lay of the land. See if he could-

"Hey! New kid!"

"Wha?" asked Finnick, looking around and spotting a big friendly hippo calf in a pink tutu and leggings. She giggled.

"Hey, didn't mean to startle you. Do you wanna play with us?"

Finnick looked over to see several other cubs sitting around a giant pile of Brickos building what looked like a miniature version of zootopia. Several of them were watching and waved at him to join them with big friendly smiles.

"No, I don't have time for that," said Finnick, scanning the room for anything of interest.

"Sure ya do! You just got here! Come on!"

"I- whoa!"

Even as a Juvenile, the hippo easily exceeded Finnick in size and strength. Soon, he was being introduced to the other cubs, and it was clear that he was expected to play with them. He settled down and muttered to himself as he began to 'play' with the Brickos. This job was going to be a lot harder than he expected.

"Get in, buddy!" said Judy, as she screeched to a halt at the pedestrian pickup zone of the metro station, her lights still flashing.

"Oh gods. Did ya have to pick me up in that thing?" asked Nick, looking around.

"You better believe it, bad boy. Now get in, already. We've got places to be!"

Nick shook his head and jumped in. "You know, we keep this up and people might get the wrong idea..."

"Oh really?" asked Judy, smirking. "And what idea is that? That you worked with me to help solve one of Zootopia's greatest crimes ever? Or that you've been taking me out to dates and *coffee* back at my place?"

Nick grinned. "The part where I'm dating a cop, yes. *That* part."

Judy's eyes went wide for a second as her ears dropped, but she quickly recovered. "Oh, so you *admit* it now, do you? Don't worry, I won't tell if you don't." She grinned as she put the car into drive.

If her arrival had been energetic, Finnick's little admission seemed to energize her even more. Nick had barely gotten his seatbelt on when the car sped away, zooming down the street to their next stop by the big church that Finnick seemed to visit after every job.

"So you hear about what's been going on downtown?" asked Judy.

"I got my contacts," said Nick, "But I haven't really followed up on anyone since, you know, I'm on the '*straight and narrow*' now."

"Right, well let me fill you in," she said, flipping on her flashers as she gunned it through a red light. "There's some kind of corporate level mafia stuff going down. It's not like the Shrews in tundra town, or even the Purple Puma Gang in Sahara Square. These guys are all white collar, only... well, it's looking more like red collar lately. You ever heard of a hostile takeover? Seems like someone's taking it a little too literally... Oh, this is us!" she said, coming up to a road that was blocked off with police tape and throwing the car into park at the barricades. "First stop, Tusk Tower. Keep an eye out, bud, and a nose. We're really gonna need your help on this one."

"You got it, carrots," said Nick. "As long as ZPD is payin'." Nick didn't know much about corporate life, but he knew enough to bullshit with the best of 'em.

"Oh, and, one more thing... you need to change into these..." Judy tossed Nick a pile of folded up clothes. "Sorry, but it's part of the job."

Nick looked at the neatly pressed pants and shirt - if he was meant to be disguised as a paper pushing dork, it was perfect.

"This is fine, but where are the glasses and pocket protector?"

"Ha ha, very funny. Now get dressed," said Judy, watching Nick intently.

"Oh. *I* see. *You* just wanted to see me *naked*. All you had to do was ask," said Nick, with a grin.

"Shut up, dork," said Judy, her mouth twisting up in a grin despite her best efforts. Of course he was just having fun with Judy and quickly donned his new clothes.

"Gosh, these look an awful lot like *uniform* pants. If I didn't know any better, I'd say..."

"I see they got your size right," said Judy with a smirk. "How are the sleeves? Long enough for ya?"

Nick chuckled. "I knew it. You never give up, do you?"

"Nope," said Judy. "And I'm still waiting for you to fill out that application. You have until the uniform is done or I'm doing it for you." Judy seemed confident that Nick would make the leap from consultant to officer before long. Nick wasn't so sure, but he was already wearing the pants, and taking the paycheck...

A job's a job, thought Nick. And diapers aren't free...