

Finnicky Baby Chapters 1-5

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What the heck is up with little toot-toot? He's been moody lately. Barely gives Nick the time of day. And Nick is determined to get to the bottom of it. But once Nick discovers the truth, what is he going to do with that information? And how will Finnick react?

Chapter 1: Another Successful Scam

"Alright, another successful scam! Up top, lil toot toot."

Nick held his hand up in the air for a high five, though it was really more of a low five considering his partner in crime's short stature.

"Come on, buddy," said Nick, waving his hand. "Don't leave me hangin'!"

"Fuck off, Nick," said Finnick, Thumbing through his cut of the cash from their latest 'business venture'. "Job is done and so am I. I'll see ya Tuesday for the rest of the payout." He finished counting and looked up at Nick. "And if you *ever* try to high five me again, I'll bite your fucking hand off."

Finnick whipped out his shades and toddled back to his van, his little elephant sleeper crinkling with each step.

"Hey, c'mon," said Nick, catching up to the smaller fox and placing a paw on his shoulder. "Don't be—"

Finnick whipped around, looking like he was expecting a fight. Nick quickly jerked his paws away and raised them up to back off.

"Hey, hey, *chill out* partner. That's a mighty scary look you have..."

Finnick didn't move back but he remained weary. His eyes never left the fox in front of him. Nick spoke first.

"Hey, man, I know juvie was rough on you but we've known each other a *long time*. You know I'd never jump you."

"Yeah, well... you can never be too careful, Nick," said Finnick, knitting his brow. "People will hurt you the first chance they get."

"Believe me, I know," said Nick, touching his paw to his chest. "I learned that when I was your... uh... height," Nick paused for a second before recovering. "But, there's one thing I never understood. Why are you so *angry*, Finnick? I mean I'm not exactly singin' kumbaya myself, but you've got a real *chip* on your shoulder. So what is it? Napoleon complex? What?"

Finnick held Nick's gaze for a couple seconds longer before looking away and unclenching his fists.

"Tch. Fine. You wanna know why I'm so angry?"

Nick nodded, eager to hear the answer to his question.

"It's because I didn't get my milk and cheerios this morning. Now fuck off!" And with that, Finnick hopped into his van/home, slammed the door behind him, and drove off leaving behind a cloud of black smoke in the alley where Nick stood.

Nick squinted for a few seconds in the smoky air, and rubbed his chin.

"Hmmm... I'm pretty sure it wasn't those cheerios chafin' his ass. Maybe it's the diaper," he said, chuckling to himself.

Still, Nick couldn't get Finnick's reaction out of his mind as he put his hands in his pockets and walked down the alley after the van. He had an uneasy feeling he was missing something important.

"Was it the high five that set Finnick off like that?" he muttered, under his breath. "Calling him toot toot one too many times? Nah, that couldn't be it..."

Finnick didn't seem bothered when Nick suggested they 'do the baby thing' last month. Or the month before that. So why the attitude all of a sudden?

Until recently, the short stack had seemed pretty content to play baby for pay. Finnick rarely bothered to take his adorable outfits off after a heist anymore, at least not in front of Nick. He'd even started washing and caring for his own baby clothes instead of zipping them off and discarding them for Nick to take care of. Called 'em his *business* attire, like he was proud of it. Not like the *first* time Nick brought up the baby angle...

"NO WAY! No way am I gonna wear a... a... *diaper!*" Finnick had yelled, barely able to get past his own incredulity to sputter out the words. "And *baby* clothes? Come on Nick, really? Just how *badly* do you want your ass kicked right now?"

"Hey, bud, come *onnn!* It's the perfect cover! *Nobody* will suspect a single father with his baby. You got the short end of the stick with your height. So? Why not turn it to your *advantage* for a change?"

Finnick looked almost convinced until Nick the wiseass put his paw in his mouth pointing out the obvious.

"The little guy *downstairs* sure seems to like it."

Finnick's ears folded back and he quickly hunched forward, covering the tent in his cargo shorts with both hands.

"Hey! That's not fucking *funny*, Nick! Grrr... you know what? *Forget it*, asshole, this job ain't for me."

"5,000 dollars isn't for you?" asked Nick, regarding Finnick coolly. "Alright then... guess I'll be on my way." Nick turned to leave and quietly counted his steps as he walked away. *One. Two. Three.*

"Hold on," Finnick said, rubbing his temples like he was fighting off brainfreeze. "...Just what would I have to do for this 'baby act'?"

Nick grinned, turning around to face his little partner. *Got 'em*, he thought to himself.

Finnick had been reluctant to dress up in the humiliating outfit which Nick presented him, but 5,000 dollars could buy a lot of dignity. Even so, Finnick made sure to lay down a few ground rules as they hashed out the deal in the privacy of his van.

"I'll wear diapers, but I ain't gonna *use* 'em. I'll wear the outfit, but it comes *off* the moment the job is over. And you don't tell *anyone* about this. Not a word, got it? Or I swear to god you'll spend the rest of your life eating your lunch through a *straw*."

"Wouldn't dream of it," said Nick, completely unphased by the obligatory violent threat. "So we're good, baby boy?"

Finnick dropped his shades and looked Nick in the eye. "Goo fuckin' goo, motherfucker!"

They'd been doing the baby thing ever since.

But now, Finnick was just acting weird about the whole thing, and Nick didn't know why. He was going to find out, though. If there was one thing Nick couldn't stand it was a mystery that *he* wasn't in on.

Nick made double time down the alley, newly determined to tail the little anklebiter to see what he was getting up to. As the wily fox neared the street curb, he held out a paw to hail a cab.

"'Scuse me, comin' through. Oops, sorry little buddies," he said, narrowly avoiding a family of hamsters that was waving over their own cab. "Hey, taxi!"

A yellow cab with a black sheep behind the wheel screeched to a halt in front of Nick and he jumped right in.

"Where to?" the driver baaed.

"Follow that trail of black smoke!" said Nick, pointing to the traces of exhaust still lingering in the air. The path of pollution led them down through the Sheep and Goat district and ended at Savannah Central's largest Catholic church.

"What's the deal with that?" Nick wondered, aloud, "Did Finnick suddenly find Jesus or something?" Nick got out and told the driver to wait. He scanned the area and caught sight of the Fennec walking up the front steps, now in a regular outfit of loose jeans and a black shirt. Finnick's butt stuck out as he walked up the stairs.

"Man, Finnick. Cut down on the sweets, buddy," Nick murmured.

As Finnick continued up the steps, something fell out of his back pocket. Nick waited 'til the coast was clear and went to investigate. He picked up the plastic object and turned it over in his paw.

"It's... a pacifier?" That was weird. Finnick had already changed his outfit and they weren't about to do another scam, at least not until they were paid up for this one. Nick tucked the little soother into his own back pocket and followed the little fox into the massive cathedral. As Nick entered, Vaulted Masonry sharply rose up into the hazy firmament above him. He looked around the expansive sanctuary, passing tourists and worshippers alike as he cautiously peered around colossal columns of stone looking for his mark.

He soon spotted Finnick sitting in a pew and praying. The priest passed by and held out an alms bowl and Finnick dropped a fat wad of cash in it. It looked like his entire cut, or damn near it.

"No way," said Nick, under his breath. The priest passed his paw over Finnick's hand as if blessing him, but Nick saw something else drop into Finnick's paw.

Nick's ears perked up. Whenever he saw money changing hands, Nick became very interested.

"God's work my ass..." mumbled Nick, ducking into the shadows behind a massive pillar as the fox turned to leave. This riddle was getting stranger and stranger by the second. No matter. Nick was confident he could tail his friend unseen for as long as he needed to. For starters, he could tell exactly when Finnick had left by the sound of the crinkle disappearing through the door.

"Well *that* makes it easy. I could pick out those diapers a mile away. Wait a second... *diapers?*" Why was Finnick still wearing diapers under his street clothes? What was going on?

Nick got back in the cab and tailed Finnick to the big toy store on Acacia Street where the little fox bought a cute - and very expensive - life-sized red fox plush with the remains of his take.

"More baby stuff? You are *really* dedicated to your craft, buddy," muttered Nick, who watched the transaction from behind a large display of Fuzzy Buddies.

Finnick somehow managed to carry the fluff filled thing - which was more than twice his size - all the way down to his van, refusing repeated offers for help from the confused staff. It was kind of adorable, and Nick fought hard to keep from giggling and alerting the fox to his presence.

Finally, Finnick seemed to be done with his errands. He parked his van off in its usual spot; the back alley behind a donut shop in Sahara Square. Nick got out a block away, thanked the cabbie with a big bill, and crept back to the van, listening for any sign of the fox. The alley was empty and the van was rocking slightly.

Nick went around to the front of the van and saw that the window was rolled slightly down. He put his ear against it and could just barely make out Finnick moaning.

"Yes, Daddy...." *crinkle crinkle*

If he didn't know any better he could swear those were the sounds of a little fox masturbating, along with *another* sound he knew...

Nick risked a peek through the gap in the dingy glass and he could just make out the little fox moving around... it looked like he had the big fox plush and he was trying - and failing badly - to climb it. He spotted a flash of white at Finnick's waist.

CRINKLE CRINKLE "Oh, Nick... fuck yes..." *CRINKLE* "make me your baby bitch..."

Nick brought his paws to his mouth, his eyes wide. He took a step back and accidentally kicked a beer can in the alley - probably left by Finnick. The rocking stopped. There was no way Finnick's acute hearing could have missed that.

"Hello? Anyone there?" came Finnick's deep voice from the van. By the time the little fox peeked his head out of the door - now fully clothed with a baseball bat in hand - Nick was nowhere to be seen.

As Finnick reluctantly closed the van doors, Nick sat there behind the alley dumpster piecing together everything he had seen. He was pretty sure he now knew what was going on with Finnick, and he was already planning just what to do about it.

Chapter 2: The Feeling's Mutual...

So that's what Finnick was being so weird about, Nick thought as he walked to the nearest bus stop. The pacifier. The diaper. Finnick's recent insistence on holding onto his outfit after scams, it all made sense! Finnick actually *enjoyed* his little Daddy-Son routine with Nick, he was probably just too embarrassed to admit it. *And more than that*, Nick thought with a smirk, "I think the little guy has a crush..."

Nick chuckled to himself as he hopped on the back of a bus for a free ride back to his low rent apartment in the skids. The whole ride back, he thought of what he should do. How he should feel. Flattered? Yes. Intrigued? Definitely. He thought of the pacifier, the diapers, Finnick whispering *yes, Daddy*, and felt a little shudder of pleasure run through him. Suddenly, 'the baby thing' they'd been doing was taking on a whole new meaning.

By the time Nick stepped off the service elevator and into the basement that served as his apartment, he had the start of a strategy in his mind. The only problem was, he needed an accomplice to help him out, and it had to be someone *other* than Finnick. *But who?*

Roaches scattered as he flipped on the basement lights. *Home sweet home.*

"Hey, roomies. Did ya miss me? No?" Nick shook his head. "Yeah, well, the feeling's mutual."

He looked around at the dingy, leaky, pipe-filled basement and sighed. It wasn't exactly the ritz, but it was something. For now, at least.

"Just for now..."

Finnick wasn't the only one who fantasized about another life. For all the scams they ran, neither of them was living their best life.

"Just for now," Nick repeated in a sing-song voice, shaking off the feeling. No time for all that doom and gloom. *Who the hell* did he know that wouldn't spill the beans about Finnick's little fantasy? All of his criminal contacts operated in the same circles as Finnick, and most lacked the wherewithal or motivation for subterfuge. If any of this got back to Finnick...

"Finnick would *kill* me." That's how it would go. Something like *that* would kill Finnick's reputation, then Finnick would turn *him* into a fox-skin rug. And Nick didn't want to end up as a rug. He needed someone with the smarts to help but the naivete not to ask too many questions, and at the moment, he was drawing a blank.

Nick thought best when he was moving so he decided now was a good time to empty the many buckets scattered around the basement to catch drips. He began to pick them up one by one and dump them into the sink before setting them back in their spots.

"If only Carrots could see you now," he said to himself. "What would she think of you then? Aw heck. What does it matter? Since when do I care what some carrot munching *cop* thinks?" Nick smirked and rolled his eyes. Judy wanted *him* to become one too, but he just wasn't part of that world. Then it hit him. *What about Carrots?* He grabbed his phone out of his pocket and hit the call button. "Hey, Carrots, you got a second?"

"Oh, Nick! I'm glad you called. Does this mean you're coming out after all?"

"Coming out?" asked Nick. "Look, Carrots, I told you, I'm bi. I thought everyone knew that by now."

"Very funny, Nick. Of course I know. I'm talking about coming out dancing tonight? I know you don't go out much, but everyone I know in the department is big enough to crush me. I need a dance buddy. So you're coming, right?"

"Oh yeahhh... That was tonight? Right, right. I knew that. Uh, ...yeah, no. I'm actually calling because I need a favor."

"Well, what a coincidence, so do I. Maybe if you come out tonight, I'll listen to your proposal."

"Carrots," said Nick, closing his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose. "I *really* don't have time to-"

"It's at the galloping gazelle, over in Sahara Square? We should be there around *eight* or so... and I'll feel a lot more charitable if you show up on *time* for once..."

Nick sighed. "Alright, alright, I'll come. Just... promise to keep an open mind when I ask you for that favor."

"Oh boy, where have I heard that before?"

"Now, Carrots, you *said*..."

"Alright, alright. Keep an open mind. Got it. Just show up, okay Nick?"

Nick ended the conversation and walked over to the mirror to check that his tie was on straight. As annoyed as he might act, Nick was glad to have another reason to leave. The less time he spent in this nowhere space, the better.

"I should really get a second outfit," he said to himself. A moth flitted by. *Then again*, he thought, he'd rather not leave any of his clothing here unattended. What he really needed was a new place to live.

"Oh well, one thing at a time." Nick stashed his cash in its usual hiding spot and then headed back toward the service elevator, that much closer to his goal of getting his own *real* place. But that was for later.

For now, it was a lot easier to focus on others' problems in life than settle his own, and in this case, hopefully a lot more fun. He smiled to himself as he thought about how cute little Finnick sounded as he crinkled on his fox plush and mewled Nick's name. Nick felt a sudden tightness in his slacks and looked down. On second thought, maybe he'd stay just a few more minutes to take care of that tent beginning to form in his pants.

Later that night, Judy and Nick were talking at the bar.

"Thanks for coming out, Nick," said Judy. "I never knew you were such a good dancer! The only furson I usually get to dance with is Clawhauser, and he's got some moves, but he gets winded so quickly." She looked over to the cheetah, who had tapped out for the night and was now sitting off to the side of the dance floor and snacking on bar foods.

"What," said Nick, with a smirk. "You're telling me, you don't have *anyone* else in your department you can dance with?"

"Not if I want to preserve my livelihood. Believe me, I tried it once and I almost got trampled." Judy gestured over to the dance floor with her Bloody Mary. A rhino and an elephant from her department were grinding on the dance floor, and all of the smaller animals were keeping well away.

"I see what you mean," said Nick as he watched the elephant tilt her head back and swing her trunk around, nearly knocking one of the servers onto their butt along with a tray full of drinks. "Well, I'm glad I could help, carrots."

Nick grinned down at her as she nibbled the celery stalk sticking out of her cocktail. She may have been a dumb bunny, but she looked so dang cute nibbling her food like that.

"Thansh-" she said, before swallowing and wiping her mouth with the back of her paw. "Sorry, you'd think I grew up on a *farm*. Ahem. Thanks, Nick. Now, what was this about a favor you wanted?" Nick looked around, his ears swiveling as he made note of the people around them.

"Ehh, you know what? Why don't we talk about this outside?"

"Okayyyy," Judy said, cocking an eyebrow. "Should I be *worried*, or..."

"No, no, no. It's nothing like that," said Nick, smiling and holding up his hands. "Just... *personal stuff*. That's all."

She raised her other eyebrow for a moment and let them both drop, letting out her breath. Then, she picked up her Bloody Mary and downed it in one gulp. "*Alright*. Lead the way."

The two of them went out the side entrance, past all the smokers in the alleyway and found themselves a secluded spot to chat in.

"Okay, so what's with all the intrigue, mister sneaky? Did you sell the Don another skunk butt rug?"

"No, Carrots, this isn't about me. It's about..." he looked around once more and lowered his voice, "Finnick."

"Oh yeah, *that* little guy. How is mister grumpy butt, anyway?"

"Grumpy butt is right. He's been real moody lately, and he keeps running off before I can talk to him about it. Nearly bit my head off today, and I had no idea why until-"

"Ooh, a fight. Did you two have an argument? Well, you came to the right place. You can't have a hundred brothers and sisters without learning something about relationship troubles. Wait... is that what this is? Are you two a *thing*?"

Nick's ears burned bright red and he folded them back. "No, no, Judy. It's not like that. I was just *worried* about him is all. All that anger *can't* be good for his blood pressure. I just want to help, but I'm gonna need *your* help first..."

"Really." she said, putting her paws on her hips. "Well aren't you just the selfless little saint? And just how are we going to help your... what is he, your friend? Accomplice? Platonic significant other?"

"I prefer *business partner*," He said, quickly losing patience with her interruptions. "Anyway, I-"

"Are you *sure* you two aren't a thing? Because I always sensed some sort of..." Judy waved her hands around in front of her as she struggled to complete the thought.

"NO!" said Nick, raising his voice momentarily. "Ahem, sorry, no. We are *not* a thing," he repeated, hushing his voice again as several smokers looked their way.

"You're not listeni- Okay, you're obviously drunk," he said, rubbing his temples. "Look, are you willing to help me or not?"

"Ehh... I don't have to do anything *illegal*, do I?"

"No, no. Nothing like that. I just need you to run into us in public and... uh... say you've got your eye on us or something. Make it look real, you know? I just need an excuse to hang out with him. When we're *not* on the job. *Before* he runs off."

"And that's all I have to do?" she asked, eyeing him skeptically.

"That's all you have to do, Carrots," Nick said, smiling. She stared at him a second longer.

"Okay, fine. I'll help. But you owe me one."

"Oh, come on. I went *dancing* with you. That's gotta make us *at least* even."

"Dinner. At the Lettuce Leaf Cafe," she said.

"Are you asking me out on a *date*?" he asked. "Wow, you really *are* drunk."

"Am not!" she said. "Anyway, that's the deal. Take it or leave it." Nick stared at her, dubiously. She crossed her arms and stared right back with a superior smirk.

"Okay, fine. I'll take you to dinner."

"And you have to tell me *all* the details about how your little bromance is going," she said.

"Don't push your luck, carrot breath," Nick said.

"Who's helping *who* again?"

"Okay, okay. Just help me out, will ya?"

"Aww, Alright Nick, if it means that much to you, I'll help." She jerked her thumb back toward the club. "Now I'm gonna get me another drink. Do you want a drink?"

"Never touch the stuff," said Nick, shaking his head. "Gotta stay sharp, you know?" Not to mention what he'd seen alcohol do to others in his life. "You go on ahead, Carrots. I'll catch up in a bit."

"Suit yourself," she said with a shrug. "See you inside, Sly. And you'd better be back in time for the Capybara Shuffle," she added, poking Nick in the Chest.

"Sure thing, Carrots," said Nick, with a smirk. "Wouldn't miss it for the world." After she left he thought about it. "Are we a thing?" he asked himself. If he was completely honest with himself, he couldn't deny that he'd developed a certain familiarity around his routine with little Toot Toot. What was he supposed to do with his feelings about what he'd seen in the van?

"Well, I guess I'll make it up as I go along," he said to himself. Ad-libbing was nothing new to him; he just hoped he didn't end up pushing the little guy further away.

Chapter 3: Meltdown in Sahara Square

That next Tuesday was the day of the big payout. Nick and Finnick were scheduled to meet, and Nick told Finnick that the payer expected them to be in their *'business attire'*.

"What? Why?" asked Finnick, when Nick stopped by the van early to tell him about the added stipulations to their meeting. This was a change to the routine. Finnick didn't like last minute changes to the routine.

"Number one, because the cops have been breathin' down everyone's neck since little goody two-shoes got promoted and started cleaning up the department, and two, it protects us as well. He doesn't even know who you are in that getup. Or do you want your secret identity to be common knowledge? Cause if you do, then more power to ya, little man."

"Hey!" said Finnick. "Watch it with the 'L' word. I just washed these threads and I'd hate to have to get 'em dirty with fox blood so soon." He patted his shirt and smirked up at Nick.

"Fine, fine, my bad. So do what you wanna do. It won't hurt *my* reputation."

Finnick let out a short bark of a laugh. "Ha! What reputation?"

"If it's too much trouble, I'm happy to go by myself. I *promise* I won't pocket an extra hundred or two." Nick batted his eyelashes at Finnick.

"Not on your life, asshole," said Finnick, with a wry grin, "I'll be ready." Then, he whipped out his shades and followed it up with his signature "Goo fuckin' goo, motherfucker!" sticking his thumb in his mouth. Nick nearly melted.

"Oh yeah, that's the stuff," he said, tapping the inside of his arm. "An injection of pure adorable straight to the *heart*. You're too good at that, man."

"Haha, I know, I know," he said. "Gets me all kinds of tail, too. Now get the fuck out of here. You're cutting into my whack-off time."

"Is that all you do in there?" asked Nick, sardonically.

"No, no," said Finnick. "I also do... *your mom*." Finnick broke down laughing, holding his belly, while Nick rolled his eyes.

"Good one," said Nick, stuffing his hands in his pockets and stepping away from the van. He called back over his shoulder as he walked off. "The local middle school

called. They want their insults back." He gave a lazy wave as he left the donut shop alley, a smile already on his muzzle. *Got 'em!*

It was late afternoon, and the sun slanted across the dusty street and its buildings. Old paper streamers hung off the balcony above the faded wooden door of the nondescript little establishment that Nick approached.

Inside, the humble establishment looked like a run-down party supply store, with cheerful piñatas, candies of all types, and watered down pawpsicles in little freezers by the register, where a little old Puma Lady enthusiastically greeted them.

"Are you here for a piñata as well? I'll have you know the price has just doubled." Nick politely declined. Of course they weren't there to throw a party. They were there on business.

Nick walked deeper into the store, past the front counter, past bags of caramel that had fossilized into rock, past dusty, long-forgotten paper streamers and hats, to a door at the back of the store. He knocked out a little tune on the door, and the door cracked open. A jade green eye with a vertical sliver of a pupil appeared.

"Who is it?" rumbled the creature on the other side of the door. Nick turned on his most disarming smile.

"Flim the Flan man, at your service," he said, with a little bow.

"Oh yeah? What kind of flan you got, fox?" Nick took a deep breath and recited his answer.

"I've got three thin flin flim flans, for fifty three slim flin flim flan fans, my man."

"Alright, come in," said the big cat, stepping aside. "What's with the kid?"

"Hey, it's part of the deal, okay? Your boss don't ask questions, I don't ask questions." The cat folded quicker than a hyena in a poker game at the mention of his boss.

"Okay, okay, true enough. When you're *right*, you're *right*."

Nick looked down at Finnick, who was sitting comfortably in his chest holster baby carrier. Quintessential dad gear. He smirked down at the little Fennec and nodded toward the henchman, guarding the entrance. "Can you believe this guy?"

Finnick looked back up at Nick, his face completely innocent and devoid of understanding. Of course, Nick knew that Finnick understood every word that was being

said, but he played the part so well, you'd never know it. And sometimes they got some choice intel that way too.

On the other side of the door was a large room with some card tables, a pool table, a small bar, and a large table at the far end with a large, muscular puma in a purple suit seated before a pile of cash and gold coins. This was the hideout of none other than the terror of Sahara Square himself. The big boss. Purple Puma. Boss Puma looked Nick up and down and flashed a predatory grin, his teeth glinting in the light of the room as he entered.

"Nicky, Nicky, Nicky." Came a rumble as deep as a train from the big cat's chest. "Right on time. Those pirated party favors you pinched have been selling like hot cakes thanks to a certain rumor about these so-called gold doubloons hidden in the candy. Granny puma said she hasn't seen this many customers in years. Here's your cut. Realer than these coins, I can promise you that." The cat tossed several stacks of green bills over to Nick.

Nick nodded respectfully and stuffed the money down the front of Finnick's sleeper as soon as he counted it. Purple Puma chuckled.

"Heh. That's a mighty *cool* look you got there, Daddy-o," said the big cat in a deep rumbly voice. What Nick was wearing was definitely *not* cool. Laughable was a better word, and the Puma's expression and tone definitely let him know it.

"Hey, say what you will about my dorky dad getup. No one's gonna be checking Junior's diapers for anything but his next accident."

"Hehe, yeah, you're right about that," said the boss, looking back and forth to the bodyguards on either side of him and laughing a deep laugh. Everyone else in the room chuckled too, because that's just what you did when the big boss laughed.

"Haha, yes," said Nick, edging toward the door. Pleasure doing business with you! Now if you'll excuse me, I've gotta get this little guy home and in bed. He's getting a little cranky..." Right on cue, Finnick squirmed and made little whining noises in the carrier.

"Why don't you stay for a drink and some milk for the little one before you go? We could get you whatever you like..." He looked over toward the bar and raised his voice. "Anything the cazador de conejos wants is on the house, got that?"

"You're too kind," said Nick, not wanting to stay in there a moment later than he had to, "But I really don't drink, and he's, uh, lactose intolerant."

"I *insist*," said the cat, flashing his teeth again. The body guards shifted and looked down at Nick, making it clear that it would not be wise to reject the boss's offer of hospitality. A shot of tequila and a bottle of milk later, Nick managed to extract himself and get back onto the street, walking away as fast as he could without breaking into a full run. He glanced down at Finnick.

"See, kiddo? Easy as pie. And I didn't even piss myself, though believe me, I was pretty damn close," he added, speaking out of the side of his mouth.

Finnick opened his mouth once he was certain they were out of earshot. "Yeah, yeah. He's a scary guy, I get it. But what the hell was that he said about cazador de conejos?"

"Oh, the 'rabbit hunter' thing? That's just because everyone thinks I'm dating Carrots, and that's why I'm one of the only crimin- er, I mean, one of the only *entrepreneurs* left in town. As if I'd need any special favors from a donut-munching co-ha- hiiii, Carrots! Didn't see ya there!"

It was Judy, in the fur, and Nick had nearly walked right into her. "You were saying?"

Nick was genuinely surprised to see Judy, as was Finnick, whose eyes were as big as dinner plates. They had, unfortunately, walked into the police-bunny with an incriminating amount of cash stuffed down the front of Finnick's adorable sleeper. Judy had insisted on her appearance being a surprise to *both* of them, and boy did she know how to pick her moment.

"How is it that everytime I go looking for trouble, *you* show up?" asked the officer, tapping her foot. "Now what was that about special favors?"

"Oh, no no, I was saying *flavors*. Special flavors. Of ice cream for my little toot!" Nick grinned, looking about as innocent as a fox in a henhouse. "We were just on our way to get some. You should really get your ears checked, Officer Hopps. I think you're hearing things."

"Uh... huh," she replied, gripping her elbow with one paw and holding up her chin with the other. "Isn't this little game of yours going a little *too* far. I mean I've already seen your little buddy out of his costume. You're not fooling me." She gestured to Finnick who looked up at her with the most innocent eyes he could muster.

"What two grown furs do in their free time is none of your business, Officer," said Nick. "Now if you'll excuse me, Junior and I have some quality father-son bonding time to get back to." He smiled and petted Finnick's head before looking back up. "Unless there was something else I could help you with?"

"Not at the moment," said Judy, looking miffed. "I *happen* to be in the middle of an important investigation about some piñata piracy in the area, so I don't really have *time* to chit chat, but if you two happen to have *anything* to do with it, I swear..."

"Why, Judy. I'm hurt. You know I don't do that sort of thing anymore. I'm a changed fox. Isn't that right, little guy?" he asked, tickling Finnick's chin. "Now how about we try that special new donut flavored ice cream I was talking about, kiddo?"

Finnick blew his trunk and Judy rolled her eyes.

"Whatever. I'm watching you, Nick. You better be telling the truth. It was nice working with you but if you step one *toe* out of line, I'm coming for you *and* your little friend. I'm cleaning up Zootopia with or without you."

"That's nice, Officer," said the fox. "Have fun with that. So we're free to go?"

"Yeah, you're free to go," she grumbled, crossing her arms and watching them walk off. Nick gave her a surreptitious thumbs up as they walked away.

"What the hell crawled up *her* tailpipe?" asked Finnick, once they were out of earshot. "I thought you two were friends?"

"Yeah, apparently not enough to overcome her sense of 'justice', whatever that means. She's got a huge carrot up her ass, and she ain't gonna bend for anyone."

"Yeah, well, is she gone yet? I need to piss like a racehorse after all that milk. Hurry up and get me back to the van so I can get outta this getup."

"Sure thing, bud-" Nick stopped mid-sentence as he looked over his shoulder to somewhere outside Finnick's line of vision. "Oh, no, she *didn't*, did she?"

"What? What is it?" asked Finnick, who couldn't really turn while he was stuck in the chest-mounted baby carrier.

"Shh, don't *look*. just play along," hissed Nick. "It looks like she sent cub services to tail us. I'm sure they'll leave if we just go about our business being a good Daddy and baby."

"What the fuck is this bullshit? Don't you dare lead them to my van, Nick," whispered Finnick.

"Trust me, I'm not *that* dumb. I have an idea." Nick made his way to a nearby park, where he sat with Finnick on a bench, bouncing him in his lap as he got out another bottle. "Sorry bud, I know you don't like all this baby stuff but looks like you're gonna have to be my little toot toot a little longer. Now drink up, and make it look good."

Finnick's eyes bugged out at the sight of the large bottle, and he shook his head, but Nick gave him a warning look and pressed it against his lips. Finnick reluctantly accepted it, sucking it down with apprehension at first, but then beginning to enjoy it. That is, until the urge to pee got too strong.

"Iff fe gone yet?" he asked, putting his little paw against the bottle and looking up at Nick. Nick looked around and pulled the bottle out of Finnick's mouth.

"Yeah, I think so. Let's just wait a few more minutes just to be safe," Nick said, looking around warily.

"You'd better hurry it up. I've gotta piss. Real bad."

"Well, heck," Nick murmured, "You've already got your potty on anyway. If you gotta go that bad, why not just use it?"

"This isn't *funny* Nick," said Finnick, blushing as he felt his maleness begin to poke out of its sheath. "Just go find me a place to take a leak."

Nick sighed and nodded. "Okay... let's get goin'."

He settled Finnick back into his chest-holster and started walking away from the park slowly.

"You're gonna have to direct me to wherever the bathrooms are, since I don't really live near here..."

"I don't know, man," whispered Finnick, the urgency in his voice apparent. "I usually just use the alleyway..."

"Okay, well that's gonna be pretty suspicious if we're being watched, little toot. Don't you get tired of doing this, living in your van?"

Finnick gritted his teeth. He squirmed and fussed but there was no way he was getting out without Nick's help. "Nick, please, I-"

"Daddy," said Nick, "call me *Daddy*, remember?" That did not help Finnick in the diaper department; the combination of being stuck as an infant, having to call Nick Daddy out loud, and the jostling of the baby carrier pressing into his padded front had him pitching a full tent in his diaper, and he was glad that the baby carrier was hiding it from Nick's sight. And on top of it all, he was about to have an honest to goodness accident. Finnick groaned, as he felt his bladder beginning to overflow.

"Daddy, I- I'm gonna... I'm gonna..." Finnick grunted as his bladder began to spasm, sending a few wild squirts, followed by a high pressure stream of piss shooting

into the front of his thirsty padding. He whimpered at the orgasmic feeling of relief he felt, mingled with the shame of doing this in front of *Nick* of all people. The feelings were just too much, and Finnick made a funny face as his bladder spasmed again and he began to shoot white sticky seed into the front of his diaper.

Of course, through all of this, Finnick was oblivious, unable to distinguish between the feeling of orgasm and the feeling of his body forcing him to relieve himself right in front of his partner-in-crime. Finnick wouldn't realize until later that he had filled his diaper with about as much spunk as he had piss. He just knew that it felt really, *really* good.

"Ffff- Ffffhhuhhhhuck, Nick," panted Finnick. Nick just popped a pacifier in the spent Fox's mouth and told him to hush.

"Sorry I can't change you, bud. Wouldn't want anyone seeing all that cash hidden in your little jammies. It looks like we're clear, though. I think that little accident did the trick. Let's get you back to your van so you can get outta this getup." Finnick just nodded, still catching his breath.

"T-that was so... fucking... embarrassing. If you ever tell.... Anyone..."

"I know, I know. I'll be eating my lunch out of a straw, yadda yadda yadda..."

"Damn... fucking... right..." Finnick panted back.

"You know," said Nick, as they approached the van. "I've almost got enough money saved to get my own place. If I got a roommate, I could do it right now... We wouldn't have to worry about situations like these as often," he said, lifting Finnick out of his holster and setting him down outside his van.

"Live with *you*?" Finnick asked, with a laugh. The laughter quickly died away and there followed an uncomfortable silence in which neither of them spoke. "Um. We can talk about it later," said Finnick hastily, looking away and hurrying to take the cash out of his jammies. "Right now, I want to get out of this soggy diaper and into a nice good shower after we split up the money. I oughtta get an extra 10% just for the headache... yeesh."

"Another thing you wouldn't have to wait for if you lived in an apartment or a house," said Nick.

"Point taken," Finnick said. "Like I said, I'll think about it. Now take your money and get outta my fur."

"Alright, alright," said Nick, holding up his palms. "It was just an idea. I sure as hell don't want to stay in that drippy dump of a basement any longer, and I *know* living

out of a van ain't your highest aspiration. Anyway, it'd shut old Carrots up if we were roommates, as nosy as she is..."

"Alright, alright, I'll do it," said Finnick, his ears flattening. "Just shut up about it already and get outta here. I need to get changed."

"Okay, buddy. You go do that," said Nick, with a grin. "You won't regret this!" he added, as he walked off with a nice payday and Finnick's agreement to boot.

Finnick would have said anything to get rid of Nick right then. He couldn't wait to be rid of the fox, but only because of just how horny he was. The moment his van doors were closed, he reached down into the front of his diaper and adjusted himself, only to have his paws come back sticky.

"Fuhhhh," he said, dazed at the sight of all that cum dripping off of his gooey paw. Finnick then grabbed his fox plush out of the passenger bench compartment and went to town, humping in his squishy wet diaper. "Fuck yes, Daddy. Change my soggy diaper... yes..."

Nick grinned as he listened from outside the van. *Guess I pressed a few buttons*, he thought to himself. He didn't stay long, though. He had a tent of his own to take care of and none of the privacy. He was going to have fun picking out a place and getting out of his current living situation, but at that moment, all he was interested in was finding the nearest bathroom to tug his knot and relieve himself in. Finnick's words echoed in his mind as he walked off.

"Change me, Daddy... Change me..."

"Can't wait to do just that," murmured Nick, smiling to himself.

Chapter 4: Are You Sure You Two Aren't A Thing...?

"Are you *sure* you two aren't a thing?" asked Judy, as she munched away at a salad on their much anticipated dinner date.

"Listen, Carrots, I don't know how many ways I can tell you the thing we've got going is strictly *platonic*."

"Well, congratulations, to you and your *platonic* boyfriend." She said, smirking and pointing a lettuce leaf at him with her fork. "In any case. Getting that apartment is a... It's a big step. I mean, heck, I just barely moved out of my parents' place myself and I'm still living in a single room occupancy - which I *love* by the way," she added, her signature brand of optimism surfacing again. "It's good to see you finally going legitimate."

"Hey! Not so loud," said Nick, looking around. "I've got a rep to protect."

Judy giggled, spitting chunks of salad onto the table. "Not while I'm eating, Nick!" she said.

"Well, I'm glad *someone* gets my humor," said Nick with a grin. He really did enjoy spending time with Judy, and even though she sometimes made some insensitive boneheaded remarks, he knew she enjoyed his company too.

"What?" asked Judy.

"What do you mean what?" asked Nick. "I didn't say anything."

"You've got that dumb look on your face again."

"This is how I *always* look, thank you very much." said Nick, taking mock offense.

"No, you were daydreaming again, weren't you? Where is it that your mind goes when you get that look, Nick? I've always been curious."

"One mystery at a time," Nick said, straightening his collar. "You've already reached your allotment for tonight. You'll just have to wait 'til next time."

Judy smirked. "Are you asking me on *another* date?"

"No, but it's interesting that your mind went there," countered Nick, raising his eyebrows.

Judy giggled. "Tch. *Shut* up, you big goof. Alright. I'll bite. But next time we do this, I'm going to expect an answer."

"Sure," said Nick. "But can we pick somewhere else?" he asked, picking up his fork and looking at the tomato on the end of it with mild distaste.

"Oh, you want something a little more lively, eh? How about a stake-out?" asked Judy. "I could use a stake-out buddy." Nick thought about making a steak joke but he didn't want to spook all the preyfolk in the restaurant.

"Hmm... Staying awake all night in a cop car and not moving for hours on end? Sounds greeeat..."

"That's the spirit!" said Judy. "The excitement. The suspense. I'll get you on the force yet, buddy."

"Don't bet on it, bunny," said Nick, chuckling. Judy was just so adorably naive.

Late that night, Nick stumbled into his building, tired and sleepy. He groggily made his way to the service elevator, and down to his basement dwelling.

"Home sweet home," he said, as once again he flipped on the light to reveal the dingy waterlogged space where he *sometimes* slept. It *kind* of looked like an apartment - enough to charge rent for, anyway. "Heck, in Zootopia, you could rent out a cardboard box for a few hundred a month... Hey, I'd better write that down," said Nick, loosening his tie and unbuttoning his shirt.

Nick looked around himself. As much as he was eager to get moving into his new place, he also felt like he would be leaving behind some part of himself. This had been the first place he lived on his own, and he was still proud of that achievement. But he wasn't going to dwell on it too long. He had been planning on moving out for years. Before Finnick even said yes, he'd already had a place in mind. A little apartment in a pretty nice area downtown.

"Weird to think this is going to be one of the last times I sleep here. Ah well. C'est la vie!"

Nick opened his desk drawer/bed and fluffed up the blanket within. Tomorrow, he would kiss this apartment goodbye - only figuratively of course, as he'd never put his mouth on any surface here. Nick cozied into his makeshift bed and drifted off into a comfortable sleep thinking about Judy and Finnick and how nice things really did come in small packages.

"Oh boy," said Nick as he spotted a roach in the kitchenette. "Buddy boy, pack your bag we got roaches."

"What?" called Finnick, his large ears preceding his head as he peered out of his room. "Roaches? Lemme see..."

He rolled his eyes as he closed the bedroom door behind him and waddled out in his little elephant suit.

"Come on, Nick, you little pussy. don't tell me you're scared of a little... HOLY FUCK!!!"

Finnick screeched and jumped into Nick's arms, as his fur stood on end. The bug was huge and clearly not shy.

"Don't tell me you're scared of a little..." began Nick.

"Don't you dare tell anyone you heard that," said Finnick, blushing under his fur.

"What, that high pitched squeal I heard? I've already forgotten about it."

The two had been roommates living in their new apartment for a week at this point. Finnick had been very secretive about moving into his room and would always keep the door shut. He made his boundaries very clear when they moved in.

"If I ever catch you going into my room, you're dead, Nick. Got it?"

Slowly but surely, though, Finnick began to get a little more comfortable. At first he was always dressed up in his 'big boy' clothes, at least when Nick saw him. And for the first few days he spent most of his time in his room, peering out the door like a little meerkat and quickly closing it behind him when he scurried into the kitchen to get a quick snack. On the third night, Nick had caught him sneaking around in his cubby pajamas.

"You know, you can wear your pajamas in the house. There's no rules against it," said Nick, yawning with his paw over his mouth as he walked, bleary eyed, to the restroom.

Finnick had just stood there frozen as the taller red fox walked by, and when Nick came back out there was no trace of his little furry friend. But after that, Finnick stopped wearing his big boy clothes at home, interacted with Nick more, and spent more time in the common areas. Well, area, really. The apartment really had only two rooms - Finnick's room, and Nick's room/kitchen/common area. Three, if you counted the bathroom.

Back in the present, Nick gently set a frazzled Finnick down on the ground as the roach just sat that, regarding them both.

"Looks like we have a third roommate, huh?" asked Nick, with a weak chuckle.

"Get... that thing... the fuck... out of here," said Finnick in a trembly voice.

"Ahh... sorry, kiddo," said Nick, once he had disposed of the offending insect, "I musta carried the little guy here with my stuff when I moved in. But I'm sure it's not *that* bad," he added, grabbing the cupboard handle to check inside. "I mean how many roachers can there b-"

When he opened the door, they saw a cupboard positively bursting with roaches, some of which began to scurry out into the kitchenette. Nick quickly slammed the cupboard doors closed again, but not before another high pitched squeal erupted from the little fox behind him.

"Okay, bud, pack your stuff. We're going to a hotel." Finnick rushed off to pack his stuff. "And wear something cute so we don't have to pay for two occupants," Nick called out, as he began packing his own bug-out bag.

Finnick came back with a small bag, wearing an adorable pair of toddler shorts and rainbow suspenders over his little button up shirt.

"Aww, don't you look adorable, kiddo? Is that a new outfit?"

"Fuck off, Nick," muttered Finnick, his ears flattening as he looked straight ahead. Nick had taken to calling Finnick by baby names around the house, and Finnick's responses were becoming less and less explosive. Compared to a couple weeks ago, this was positively Rosy.

The diminutive fox skirted the wall as far away from the kitchenette as possible as he walked toward the door.

"Hold up," said Nick, stiff-arming Finnick before he could leave the apartment. "Isn't your outfit missing something?"

Finnick followed Nick's gaze to his unusually flat looking behind and blushed fiercely under his fur. "Oh, COME ON, Nick! This isn't a full fledged caper..."

"Oh really? So are you just gonna, what, not sleep tonight?" Finnick's mouth fell open..

"W-what are you talkin' about," said Finnick in a quavering voice that tried to sound confident. "I don't need any of that baby stuff to sleep." Nick was having none of it.

"I know you use them, so I figured you must need them. It's nothing to be ashamed of. Just bring 'em with." *Checkmate*, thought Nick. Denying that he needed diapers now would only lead to more questions. Finnick stood there blinking for a few seconds and Nick knew he had him.

"...ffffine," Finnick muttered in a mildly annoyed voice. Finnick dropped his bag by the door and trudged off to his room, his tail wagging a bit despite his outward disappointment. He soon came back from his room, crinkling and dragging a huge duffel bag.

"Can I help ya with that?" asked Nick, watching Finnick struggle with the weight.

"Nah, I got this," said Finnick.

"Yeah, that's what you said when you moved in," said Nick. "And you almost gave yourself a hernia before I stepped in. There's no shame in getting a little help from your friends," said Nick, taking the bag from Finnick's arms again and handing him back his small bag.

"Agh, whatever," said Finnick. "Let's just get out of here. These creepy crawlies are giving me the heebie jeebies."

"I'm with you on that one, kiddo. Good lord, how many diapers have you got in here?" Finnick's ears and tail jumped up like he'd been burned.

"You're seriously pushing it, Nick," said Finnick, baring his teeth.

"Alright alright. Let's get going."

On their way to the elevator, Nick put in a call to Bug-Burga. "Hey, guys. I've got a treasure trove of premium product for you. All you have to do is collect it from my apartment. Yep. Uhh, say, a hundred bucks? That's like... five cents a bug. Deal. Yup, the super will let you in. Just leave the money in a burger box on the kitchen counter. Perfect."

"Disgusting," said Finnick, making a face at Nick as they went down in the elevator.

"Didn't I always tell you not to eat there? Now you know why."

"Nick, I'd be scared of you if I weren't your partner. I-in crime, I mean. Partner in crime."

"I prefer the term *entrepreneur*," said Nick.

"Tomato, tomato," said Finnick, smirking.

"Wait, you just said the same- y'know what, never mind." Nick shook his head as the elevator reached the ground floor and they exited. Finnick sure was a cutie, even when he wasn't trying to be.

As they walked out to the van, Nick felt thankful that the elevator now stopped for him at the ground floor and not the basement. He was getting flashbacks from his old 'apartment'. Sure the new place was a shoebox, but it was a place. And it was *his* - and hopefully Finnick's - for the foreseeable future. He just had to work the baby angle a little differently this time, and he had just the plan to test the waters. Or the diapers, as the case may be.

Chapter 5: And There Was Only One Bed...

"Are you sure you checked for roaches?" asked Finnick, as Nick loaded up the van with their bags.

"Yes, I double triple checked for roaches this time," said Nick. "They're all partying up in our apartment. Will ya get in the van already?"

"You're paying for the hotel," said Finnick, crossing his arms.

"Yeah, yeah, just get in the van. And no more talking. You're supposed to be getting into character." Finnick rolled his eyes, popped a paci in his mouth, and padded off to the front.

"Get outta here ya little bugger," said Nick, as he flicked a roach off the bag. He looked around to see if Finnick had noticed, but he was already out of sight. "Listen, to any of you roaches out there. It's been real, but I'm kinda trying to start a new thing with my little buddy here, so *please* go find some other nice furson to bug."

He slammed the van doors closed, and knocked on them for good luck, then walked around front to the driver's seat and did a one-arm lean into the window to talk to Finnick.

"So... How many cubs do you know that can drive a van?"

"Alright, alright," said Finnick, scooting over and dropping his paci in the cup holder. "Just be careful. You drive like a maniac."

"Calm your tush, diaper butt and don't make Daddy spank you for that big boy talk," said Nick.

Finnick's ears went back and he shot Nick a look.

"Kidding! Kidding. Geez, lil guy. You're so *tense*." He made to pat Finnick's knee, but Finnick quickly drew back and covered up his lap, hiding what Nick imagined was a growing boner. Thanks to his adorable attire and the fact that he was blushing so hard under his fur, it was easy to forget the threatening aura Finnick was known for and overdo it on the teasing. Nick mentally slapped himself.

"So, rapidly changing the subject... where do you wanna sleep tonight, kiddo?"

"Somewhere where we won't get eaten alive by bedbugs," said Finnick, knowing how thrifty his roommate tended to be.

"What about the Ram-Mada or the Double-Tweet Inn?" said Nick, trying to think of some hotels he *hadn't* been blacklisted from. Finnick nodded and leaned the seat back, putting his paws up behind the back of his head and yawning.

"Yeah, sure. That sounds good." He startled a bit when Nick popped his pacifier back in, like he hadn't realized his eyes were closed. But a few suckles on the paci seemed to relax him and he leaned back again, allowing his eyes to slowly drift shut.

Nick smiled. The little Fennec's face always seemed so innocent when he was little. No furrowed brow. No hint of the deep mistrust he held toward everything in this world. Just happiness, sadness, laughter... exhaustion. Simple emotions untainted by demons of the past. Nick could hardly take his eyes off the cutie. He glanced back to the road.

Red light, *red light!*

Alarm bells were going off in Nick's head as he swerved and narrowly avoided a collision.

"Geez, Nick! What the hell?!" yelled Finnick, spitting out his pacifier. Nick's eyes were glued to the road, not wavering for even a second as he gripped the steering wheel tight enough to draw water.

"It's okay... haha, just... puttin' the ol' beaut through her paces... go back to sleep, buddy..."

"Yeah, right," said Finnick, stifling another yawn. "No way I'm going to leave you unsupervised."

"That's kind of funny given what you're wearing. I should be the one supervising *you* don't you think?"

"Yeah, well, you're the one who clearly needs it," said Finnick, reaching down as far as he could with his toe to grab at the ring of his downed pacifier.

"We can continue this in the room. It looks like we're just about there. Game face on," said Nick, as they entered the parking lot. Nick parked the Van and looked to Finnick. "You ready to rock and roll?"

Finnick looked back at Nick with a blank stare and sucked his paci.

"Oh, right. You can't talk. Good job, kiddo. Just keep that up and we'll be golden."

Before going into the hotel, Nick made sure to muss up his fur and clothes a bit to give himself a slightly disheveled appearance. Inside, Nick walked right up to the hippo at the front desk holding Finnick on one arm.

"Hello there, ma'am I need to get a room for a few days"

"That'll be no problem... Say, is everything okay? You're looking a bit... uh..." Nick looked down at himself and acted surprised.

"Oh! Yeah, I'm fine. Everything's fine..." Nick leaned over the desk and whispered, "Listen, I just got flooded out of my apartment and I need a cheap room for tonight... just, you know... don't want to alarm the little one." The hippo gave him a knowing nod. In his regular voice, Nick continued, "Yes, I'm just here to rent a regular ol' room for me and my little one. Just a fun little staycation. Just for tonight. Do you have anything available?"

"Oh! Uh, let me... let me see..." The hippo quickly began clacking on her keyboard. Finnick squirmed and whined a bit in Nick's arms.

"Shh, I know you're hungry kiddo. I'm going to get groceries as soon as the nice lady helps us with our room." He gave the hippo a pleading look. "You don't have any *special rates*, do you?"

Soon, they were outside their room. Nick had managed to nab a vacant room for basically nothing, but this wasn't it. With a little whistle, he set down the bags as well as Finnick, who had been riding on his shoulders. He rummaged through his bag and pulled out a small device which he held up to his keycard and then to the door. One tap and the door was green.

"Welcome to the Hotel du Fox," said Nick, with a sweeping gesture. The space on the other side of the door was massive, with a full living room and a bedroom with double doors, currently open.

"Okay, where are we?" asked Finnick, looking up at Nick.

"The Presidential Suite. What? Did you think I was gonna take you to some flop house? No way, bud."

"A suite? Sweet!" said Finnick, zooming through the sitting area and jumping onto the big bed with pure, unadulterated glee. Then he paused for a second, frozen as Nick carried the bags in after him. "Wait a second... there's only one bed."

"Sorry, kiddo. This is the best I could do. Don't worry, there's plenty of room to share." Finnick's ears were plastered to the back of his head. He plopped back onto his butt with a crinkly **paff** looking distinctly uncomfortable.

"I don't... Uh..." Finnick struggled to voice what was on his mind. "Listen... I'm not used to anyone seeing me... you know... uh... sleep." Finnick's hands were instinctively covering his smart little shorts, and Nick was beginning to see the problem.

"Don't worry," said Nick, unzipping Finnick's bag and placing an open pack of diapers prominently on the dresser by the bed. "I'm sure we can figure it out. It's all part of the act, right?"

"Yeah... part of the act," said Finnick. "And who's watching, exactly?"

"Hey, you never know who might come knocking. Better safe than sorry, don't you think? Now either help me out or zip it. You know you're not supposed to be able to talk."

In this way, Finnick was obliged to help Nick unpack the little they had brought, including an embarrassing amount of changing supplies from both their bags.

"Looks like we're set up for a whole *army* of tots, eh little toot-toot?"

"Aw geez," said Finnick, running his hand over his head until his ears sprang back up.

Nick grinned as he looked toward the bed. He was so looking forward to bedtime. Yeah, he was using a trope he had seen on internet fanfiction stories. Not the best reference source, but it was all he had to go on for an unusual situation like this. He covered a loud yawn with his paw.

"Oh man, I am *bushed*. How about you? You ready for bed? Need a change first?"

Finnick's ears went back and his paws went to cover the front of his shorts once more. "No. I'm perfectly capable of using a bathroom, Nick."

"That's not the point," said the fox with a smirk. "And it's not what I asked."

"I'm... I'm fine." Nick sighed.

"Okay. Come here and let me check you, buddy." Nick sat on the bed and stuck out his arms. Finnick reluctantly inched toward Nick, who grabbed him as soon as he was within reach and pulled down his shorts to check for himself. "All dry," said Nick, giving the diaper a squeeze.

Finnick bit his lip and held back a moan. Nick then patted the front of the diaper a couple times and let him go, pretending not to notice the tent that had very clearly formed there.

"Ah ah ah, the shorts come all the way off, along with the rest of your business attire. You don't want to get it wrinkled in bed."

Finnick regretted not having dressed in pajamas for the trip. It would have been so much easier. Nick insisted on helping the little guy get undressed, grinning at how adorably bashful the fox seemed with his ears down and his tail tucked between his legs.

"Nick, I-"

"Ah ah ah, no talking, lil buddy, remember? Show me what it is you need."

Finnick, now clad in nothing but a diaper, quickly padded over to his bag and pulled out a baby blue sleeper.

"Aww, that sure is cute, but it's gonna get awful hot in the bed tonight. Why don't we just keep you like that for now?"

Finnick's ears went back and he shook his head.

"Yeah, that's what we're gonna do. Come on, buddy. Up we go."

Finnick meeped in surprise as Nick picked him up and brought him over to the bed. He might act like he didn't like Nick treating him like a baby outside of work, but his wagging tail and his tented diaper told a very different story. Finnick was glad to have his arousal hidden from view under the covers as Nick climbed in with him.

"Sure beats the van, doesn't it, kiddo?"

Nervous at first, Finnick began to relax as Nick curled himself around the smaller fox, diaper to lap and paws holding him secure. Soon, Nick was fast asleep and Finnick was left to ponder this unexpected situation. This wasn't half bad. In fact, this was pretty nice. He could get used to this. He willed his paw not to touch the front of his diaper. As much as he wanted to, he didn't want to risk waking Nick with that. Instead, he sank back into Nick's warm fur, and soon, he too was drifting off to sleep.