**Daily Freewrite September 8, 2021: Finnicky Baby Pt. 5**

*Continuation of September 7, 2021: Finnicky Baby Pt. 4*

Nick looked surprised to see Judy, as did Finnick, whose eyes were as big as saucers as they walked into the police-bunny while he was carrying an incriminating amount of cash stuffed down the front of his adorable outfit.

"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 a recent string of muffler thefts 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," he said, giving her a surreptitious thumbs up as he walked away.

"What the hell crawled up *her* tail pipe?" 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. 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 speaking around the nipple. Nick looked around and pulled the bottle out of Finnick's mouth.

"Yeah, I think so. Let's just wait 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.

"Don't you get tired of doing this living in your van? Oh, 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."

Finnick was 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 completely 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. He 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- Ffffhhhuhhhhuck, 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. There followed an uncomfortable silence in which neither of them spoke. "We can talk about it later," said Finnick. "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, looking down at his gooey paw, dazed. Finnick then grabbed his fox plush out of the compartment under the bench seating 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.

*-Written by ChampTehOtter*