

Finnicky Baby Part 2

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Chapter 11: Tusk Tower

The crime scene was nothing short of horrific.

"My gods. The things you can do with a paperweight," said Nick, trying not to lose his lunch, as he stepped out of the vice president's office to vomit in a waste bin nearby.

"It's okay, Nick," said Judy patting Nick's back. "It happens to everyone their first... Uh..." She looked up as a large elephant with gold tipped tusks barged onto the floor. "Whoa, sir!" said Judy, standing up and stepping in front of the door. "You don't want to go in there."

"That's ridiculous! You're both fired! Now move aside," said the elephant, shoving Judy aside and barging into the office. He took three steps in and stepped right back out again. "Holy shit. That's a dead body!"

"Easy there, big fella," said Nick, gesturing toward the trash can. "You might want to use this if you're going to lose your lunch."

Once the belligerent elephant bull had recovered, Judy began to question him about the furson inside.

"Well, I couldn't tell from the face... but I'd recognize that watch anywhere. That's J. T. McRichbeak, my CFO." Nick's eyes widened in recognition of the name.

"And do you know anyone who would want him dead?"

"Yeah," said Mr. Tusk, narrowing his eyes and making a fist. "The competition."

"Competition?"

"They're sending a message. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to call my lawyer. It's time I send them a message of my own."

"You're not excused, sir! Sir? I said you're not..."

"Let him go," said Nick, putting a hand on Judy's shoulder as they watched the angry elephant stomp off.

"What do you mean, let him go? He's acting very suspicious..."

Judy stopped as she looked at what Nick held in his hand.

"Is that his wallet?"

"And his phone. And keys." Nick said, as he watched Judy's jaw drop. "Surprised? Didn't you know I was top in my class for picking pockets?"

"You know this is illegal," said Judy, looking around to see if anyone was nearby. "You should give those back right away."

"I know," said Nick, smirking and stepping away from the door while thumbing through the latest messages on his phone. Well, would you look at this?" he said. "A new message from J.T. McRichbeak..."

"What, what?" asked Judy. "Let me see that!"

"Are you sure? I know how much of a stickler you are for breaking the rules..."

"Shut up and let me see it, already..."

Meanwhile, back at the daycare, Finnick had his hands full. Far from blending in and fading into the background like he had planned, he was the most popular kid there.

"You gotta play with us next!"

"No, *us*!"

Finnick had no opportunity to sneak off to the bathroom or look for any incriminating evidence of malfeasance because he was too busy trying to keep up with all the tots.

'Oh, geez," he panted, "these kids are gonna kill me..."

He wanted to tell them to buzz off but he couldn't blow his cover. He had to play it cool. By the time story time rolled around, Finnick had tired himself out, but playtime wasn't over.

"Hey, buddy," why aren't you doing the hokey pokey?" asked Ms. Claire. "Do you need help?"

They had just finished story time, and they were all getting their energy out before lunch.

"N-no, I can do it just fine," said Finnick, but it was too late. He sighed as Claire grabbed his leg and showed him how. She put his foot in. *CRINKLE*. She took his foot

out. *CRINKLE*. She put his foot in. *CRINKLE*. And she shook it all about.
CRINKLECRINKLECRINKLE

It sent the other rugrats into fits of giggles, and Finnick found himself blushing deeply under his fur. To make things worse, he had to pee, and with no way to get to the bathroom, things were only about to get more humiliating. It was in the nick of time that lunch was served.

Finnick thought he might finally sneak away while everyone was eating, but the big hippo girl from earlier had decided he was her dolly and it was her job to look after him.

"Get offa me, kid," said Finnick, pushing her away, but she was too strong. Finnick was easily forced into her lap at the low lunch table.

"Aww, isn't that sweet?" asked Claire. "Would you like to help feed the baby? Here's his bottle."

"B-bottle?! I don't need a -mmph!" Finnick's words were cut off as the huge nipple was forced into his mouth.

"That's a good baby! Drink up," said the girl, and he was forced to gulp down the liquid, which he hoped would not all be fed to him. Finnick was already crossing and uncrossing his legs to avoid peeing himself, but he knew he wouldn't last til the bottle was empty. Sure enough, the fuller his belly got, the worse his urge to pee became.

"That's it! Drink it alllll up and grow big and strong like your big sister!" she said.

Finnick whined, feeling completely full already. Milk dribbled down his chin, and onto his bib, making him look every bit the baby that he was pretending to be. Unfortunately for him, that wasn't the only thing that dribbled. He grunted and winced as the first drops of pee forced themselves into the front of his diaper, wetting it.

Maybe no one will notice if I just let a little go, he thought, however, he thought wrong. Almost immediately, Hippo-girl's eyes went wide, and she exclaimed, "Oh! Is the baby wet?"

Finnick's tail bristled and he let out more pee as his heart crawled into his throat. No amount of shushing would shut her up.

"Miss Daily! Miss Daily! The baby is wet!" she declared.

"Uh oh!" said another caretaker, a big cow named Moolissa who bent down to pick up the poor soggy fox. "We know how to take care of a soggy little one, don't we?"

Finnick whined as he was held up for all to see. With the woman holding him under the armpits like that, he was completely exposed, his sagging diaper there for all to see, and he was totally unable to reach down and cover it up. He was afraid everyone would be laughing and making fun of him, but that wasn't quite the case.

"Can I help?" said the hippo girl.

"I want to help take care of the baby too!"

"Me too!"

Finnick's guts churned and he realized with horror that he wasn't going to be laughed at. The truth was far worse. They saw him as a total baby compared to themselves. He was totally expected to be in diapers, and not only that, they wanted to help. He shook his head no, hoping against hope that Moolissa the caretaker would say no.

"Of course!" said Moolissa. "I think it will be a learning experience. Oh, but the changing table will be a bit high for everyone to see, won't it? Would one of you kindly lay out a nap mat for the little one? We can use that."

Finnick was completely screwed. He was laid down on his back and the more he fussed, the cuter everyone found it.

"He can borrow my pacifier! I don't need it anymore," declared a bear, in a proud voice. He then shoved the pacifier into Finnick's mouth, silencing any protests.

"Thank you Beartrand. That's very mature of you," said Moolissa, as she began untaping the fussy Finnick's diaper.

Finnick was still trying to hold everything back, but just as Moolissa undid the last tape, he lost all control and flooded. It was just in the nick of time that she lifted the diaper backup to block the stream.

"Happens every time with boys," said Moolissa, chuckling. Finnick was mortified. He was only too grateful when someone handed him a plushie to help calm him down. He buried his face in the cute stuffed lamb so he wouldn't have to see everyone looking at him or watch his diaper being changed.

"You can keep Lamby if you want. I think she needs a good home."

Finnick just nodded, and buried his face deeper into the fluff, causing a lot of 'awws' at how adorable he was being. Like it or not, he was the class baby, even in the baby class.

Finnick was relieved when his change was finally over and naptime was officially started. He could still hear the giggles and exclamations that everyone had made when he was first diapered in front of them.

"Aww he's so tiny!"

"How old is he?"

But while he saw that everyone was laying down on their comfy floor mats, he realized that he was being carried past all that."

"Hey, where are we going?" he wanted to ask, but with the pacifier in his mouth, it came out considerably more muffled.

Either Moolissa didn't understand him, or she didn't care to answer because she just kept carrying him and humming, but pretty soon his questions were answered. The caretaking cow was carrying him to a full-sized crib!

"Stop squirming and fussing, little one. You'll get a nap soon enough," chided Moolissa. Finnicked had broken into and out of plenty of places, and he figured the crib wouldn't be too complicated. Unfortunately, the moment he saw his caretaker slide up the bars and pinch something on the outside, he knew he was screwed. A *tamper* proof crib!

"Sleep tight, sweetie!" said Moolissa, giving the little bugger a kiss on the head. She waited expectantly until Finnick got the hint and began to go under the covers, wincing at the crinkles coming from both the mattress and his own diapered bum.

"There's a good boy," she said as he hugged the only thing close to him for comfort - Lamby, his new stuffed toy ironically given to him by one of the actual tots in this daycare. "You make such a good example for the little ones. We'll have to keep you around for a long long time. And it helps that you'll never get any bigger than this, eh?"

She winked at him, and his heart stopped. His eyes went wide. She knew. That only made things more embarrassing, and potentially more dangerous. Maybe this whole operation was more sophisticated than he thought. Maybe they had intelligence on him *and* Daddy. He had no idea what kind of organization they had going here, who was in charge. Who did they work for and what was their racket? His mind was racing, but the moment Moolissa turned on the mobile he was out like a light.

"A little music always does the trick," she said, smiling and walking off. "At any age."

When Nick finally arrived to pick up his little boy, Finnick was still rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"Your little one was a perfect *angel*, " said Moolissa, who handed the small Fennec over to his Daddy with a little Wink that made Finnick's tail frizz up.

"Aww, and who's *this*?" asked Nick, smiling softly as he spotted the new stuffed lamb Finnick was holding.

"A little present from one of the kiddo's new friends," said Moolissa, looking over to a little goat girl named Goatilda who was waving at him, along with Beartrand, who had given Finnick the paci he was still unconsciously sucking.

"Well, aren't you just mister popular," asked Nick, booping Finnick's paci button.

"You have no idea," said Moolissa with a giggle. "You *have* to bring him back tomorrow. He's already helping our little ones learn to be more mature because they all want to be good helpers when I take care of him."

"Well, then I guess I *have* to bring him back, then, don't I?" asked Nick, looking down fondly at the fuzzy little bundle of joy in his arms.

Finnick didn't like being talked about like this by the two grownups above him. Actually, he *did* like it and that was the problem. He didn't *like* that he liked it as much as he did. It made his diaper region feel funny, and he got all blushy about it.

"Uh oh, looks like we got ourselves a squirmer," said Nick. "I'd better take the little guy home already. Thanks for everything!"

The moment they were out of the building, Finnick began to speak rapidfire. It wasn't until Nick removed his pacifier that Finnick realized he was totally unintelligible.

"What's up, little guy? Something's got you excited. Did you find any good intel?" Finnick blushed as he had to start his explanation all over again.

"Oh my gosh, Nick, you were right! These guys are no joke! I thought you were full of it until they revealed that they knew all about us."

"Knew all about us? What do you mean?" asked Nick, tilting his head. "And why are you calling me Nick?"

"S-sorry, Daddy," said Finnick, blushing and folding his ears back. "W-what I mean is that... they *knew* I was a grown-up, and that I wouldn't ever get any bigger. In

fact, Moolissa said she liked that about me. That I'd be great to teach the little ones how to be more mature."

"Oh my," said Nick, grinning down at the adorable little fennec as he walked them toward the metro station. "That *does* sound serious."

"Yes, I don't know how they figured it out but they must have some pretty sophisticated infrastructure to figure that out."

"Oh, yes," said Nick, nodding sagely. "No way they'd be able to figure that out on their own. You'd better go back there tomorrow and do some more digging, little one."

"You bet your ass I will, Daddy. I'm getting to the bottom of this."

"Aww, go you!" said Nick. "But watch your language, okay?"

"Okay, okay, hey wait a sec. Why are you talking to me like that, Daddy?"

"Like what?"

"You know what. You're talking to me like a little kid or something. Are you even taking me serious?"

"Of *course*, sweetie. It sounds like you had a big adventure. Daddy just finds it hard not to smile because you're just so adorable and cute!"

"Awwwhh, geez, Daddy. Not in front of the ticket lady!"

"Yes, little one. Daddy will show everywhere and anywhere how much he loves his adorable little baby boy! Uh, babies get in free, right?" he asked, turning to the guard by the turnstile. She just rolled her eyes and went back to checking her text messages as Nick jumped the turnstile, baby in arm.

"By the way, Nick, what are you wearing?" asked Finnick, eyeing the uniform that Judy had made Nick wear.

"Don't worry about it, kiddo," said Nick. "We have a train to catch!"