

Finn spent some time slowly and carefully coloring in the wailord he'd been instructed to by the croconaw next to him, making sure to keep everything neat and tidy within the lines, as it seemed like Nox was a very careful... colorer? Colorist? His internal monologue stopped for a moment as he blanked on a word for it, before shaking his head to clear the fog. After just a few more moments, he saw Nox finally decide on the exact right crayons to use for themselves, pulling them carefully out of the massive crayon box. They started slowly coloring in the outline of the mantine nearby with slow, thick lines. Finn stopped his own coloring for a moment to watch how they did it, finishing the outline with a darker color before quickly shading in the inner areas with a lighter shade. Considering the two colors that were given to him by the croconaw when he started, he tried to emulate what they were doing.

The coloring continued in silence for some time, the mumbling of the two littles' caretakers in the background and the occasional crinkle of a diaper making up the room's soundscape, with the voices mostly being tuned out by the buizel as he focused on his play. Time seemed to fly by as the two of them colored together happily, before Finn was startled by Apollo calling for Nox, both of their heads shooting up and turning to look at the two bigger pokémon. The ampharos was reclining on the armrest of the recliner that Vulcan sat on and was holding the creased piece of paper that was meant to hold his and Nox's "rules". With a gesture from both the ampharos and typhlosion, the two littles waddled over.

"Just finishing up the rules and then everything can get started," Vulcan said, patting his lap invitingly. Both Finn and Nox quickly hopped up, each taking a leg, somewhat taking him by surprise before he adjusted. Apollo held out the paper for the two of them to read over, the safeword of Emperor being present on this one too. Scanning over the list of things they were and weren't comfortable, not much in total was listed, checking out with how Vulcan had described their relationship before, with the two of them being up for most things. Everything else seemed pretty rote and matched a lot of what was on the rules paper for Finn and Vulcan as well. Finn saw Nox finish reading and give a nod to Apollo, who smiled down at them, petting their head a few times before quickly hopping off of the armrest with a grunt, scooping up the croconaw into his arms.

"Now that that's settled, where's that grub you promised me, Vulcan? I'm *starving*." The ampharos gave a wink to the typhlosion, who chuckled, standing up and lifting Finn with him. The group of four made their way into the kitchen, intent on getting something to eat.

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Finn gently swung his legs back and forth in an alternating pattern as he sat in his high chair, blue bib strapped around his neck. Next to him, Nox sat in their own high chair, which had been pulled out of an under-the-stairs closet and dusted off for the croconaw to use. The two of them had been strapped into their respective chairs and given bibs before the "adults" began cooking together, falling into a rhythm that they had seemingly done plenty of times. Vulcan was wearing his normal apron while Apollo didn't seem to care to protect his clothes all too much. The two littles watched as they roasted some berries,

occasionally giggling as Apollo messed with Vulcan, gently patting his padded ass through his sweatpants, or elbowing him as he made various remarks.

“Keeping your clothes on as you cook this time? Can’t believe you’d deny your favorite fuckbuddy a show,” he said, eliciting a quick exasperated sigh from the smiling typhlosion.

“Not like you’d see anything down there, you know what I’m wearing underneath,” he replied, as the ampharos set a few dirty utensils into the sink, before gently coming up behind him and wrapping his arms around the typhlosion’s neck, looking over his shoulder.

“I can work with that, ~” he said, rubbing a hand along the front of Vulcan’s apron before getting shaken off by him. Finn started to blush as Apollo flirted with his boyfriend, enjoying the show.

“Someone’s feeling horny today, aren’t they?” Vulcan responded, starting to plate their food, getting out two normal plates and two plates that were clearly for the littles, as well as some utensils. “Did you not get your morning fuck with Nox?” Vulcan chuckled a bit as he shot back at the ampharos, who already seemed ready to retort.

“Nah, I planned on saving that for you today. I’ve been looking forward to it.” Vulcan rolled his eyes as Apollo gave him the best bedroom eyes he could, and Finn noticed the croconaw next to him was crossing their legs and clearly seemed turned on by everything that was happening in front of them.

With the food finished, the two caretakers made their way over to the table, each taking a chair near the two highchairs their respective littles were seated in, and set down all of the food, also giving each of the littles a sippy cup. Vulcan reached out and popped the pacifier out of Finn’s mouth and gave him a quick smooch, eliciting a giggle from the buizel as he started to pick up some berries on a kid’s fork and slowly feed him. He could hear Apollo occasionally making airplane noises from next to him as Nox was fed, clearly trying to embarrass the little croconaw, and likely succeeding from how they mumbled complaints with a full mouth.

Though those weren’t necessarily the only complaints the croconaw was making, as their mumbled whining was given a quick “shush” by the ampharos, who then gently gave some soothing and encouraging words. The croconaw took a few deep breaths before their pacifier was picked up by Apollo and placed back in their mouth, and after a few suckles, Finn heard the gentle trickling sound of their diaper being used.

“There you go princess, I told you it’d be okay,” the ampharos said to a very embarrassed and flustered croconaw, whose renewed mumbled complaints were silenced by another forkful of food being put into their mouth while the ampharos feeding them continued to make buzzing noises with his lips.

Dinner continued as normal, the two caretakers eating their own plates of food while gradually feeding their littles as well, though Apollo only seemed to grow more flirtatious as time went on, clearly getting impatient. As everyone was starting to get full, he’d occasionally reach over to Vulcan while feeding Nox another bite and squeeze his thigh, or reach down to “*check*” Nox’s diaper, not-so-innocuously giving the warm front of it a few gentle squeezes and rubs while the croconaw whimpered from the stimulation.

Thanks to him, Finn started to get a bit horny himself, with everything the ampharos was doing slowly giving him a tent in his diaper, somewhat concealed by the onesie he was wearing. Eventually, dinner was finished, and Vulcan started to take off the tray of Finn’s highchair, taking all of the dishes to the sink to be dealt with later. He grabbed a rag from the sink to wipe off his little’s maw, before popping the pacifier back into it.

“Now, I would suggest we head back into the living room and spend some time together there,” Vulcan started, before looking over to Nox, who was getting the same treatment by Apollo, “but I think if your daddy doesn’t get his “*playtime*”, he’ll be whining more than either of you.”

Apollo scoffed at that before picking up Nox into one arm, Vulcan doing the same for Finn. “That sounds absolutely *lovely*, cutie,” patting Vulcan’s ass a few times before the typhlosion started to lead the way to the staircase. Looking over his shoulder with how he was being held, Finn could see Apollo following behind, who gave him a wink as they made their way toward the bedroom.