

Finn slowly stirred awake, feeling the comfortable weight of a large blanket pressing down on them, with the plush of a giant mattress beneath them. They felt a bit confused for a moment as they stirred around with their eyes closed, before realizing from feeling alone that they'd woken up in Vulcan's bed, where they'd fallen asleep last night. Slowly letting their eyes flutter open, they were greeted with the room they'd become more acquainted with over the past few months, lit gently by the light filtering through two curtains.

His bed was so comfortable.

And for plenty of reasons. It was so much bigger than the buizel's bed back at their apartment, and the mattress was way softer. The sheets were so much comfier too, and they had the added benefit of...

Finn gathered up as much of the covers in their two arms as they could, bringing it up to their muzzle and breathing in deep, exhaling slowly in ecstasy as they smelled the typhlosion's scent permeating the blankets where he slept every night. Gentle and just a bit smoky, like a cozy campfire. They rolled around in the bed for a bit longer, grabbing armfuls of blankets and feeling the soft texture running over their fur, breathing in the smell of the person they loved the most.

They looked up as the large door to the room slowly swung open, seeing the upper body of their typhlosion boyfriend peeking in the doorway. His eyes looked curious as he peeked in, quietly checking if the buizel was awake, before they lit up with joy at seeing them laying on the bed. Finn couldn't help but let out a small chuckle at how cute his expression shift was, slightly muffled from where their muzzle was still buried in the blankets.

"Looks like someone's awake!" Vulcan said, his gentle, barrel-y voice instantly putting Finn into an even happier state of mind. They disentangled them from the mess of blankets they'd created, sitting close to the center of the bed with a smile, watching the door swing open, revealing the typhlosion's entire body as he started to walk over. He wore an apron with a few stains on it, and through the open doorway, the smell of cooking wafted in, delicious as always. Under the apron, the typhlosion had on only a poofy, white diaper – his unused, unlike the much smaller one around the waist of the buizel on the bed, which was a bit yellowed. Aside from the apron, this was their casual attire around the house any time Finn was over, having gotten to wear much more often over the past months, and being even more comfortable with using them, much to their boyfriend's delight.

As he reached the bed, Vulcan reached an arm down and slowly stroked it over Finn's head, the buizel leaning into the gentle touch, loving contact with the warm fire type. They quickly leaned forward and pushed aside the apron, burying their muzzle into the belly fur of the typhlosion, wrapping their arms

around him in a big hug. After only a moment, the larger, stronger arms of their boyfriend were wrapped around them as well, pulling them in a tight hug.

The scent was even nicer from the source, and the warmth emanating from him only made the feeling of love even stronger. They always felt so safe with him, safe like they'd never felt before meeting him.

And in the many months they'd been together, that feeling of love had only grown and grown. It was nearing a year now since they'd started dating, and it made the buizel so happy to think about. They loved him, and he really did love them back...

"Now, let's get you up and to the dining room, hm? Gotta be hungry after just waking up..." Vulcan said, bending down a bit and picking the much smaller buizel up in his arms, who adjusted to just nuzzle into his shoulder instead. The warmth of love, of physical touch from someone who truly cares about you, such a strong feeling, and they could never truly get enough.

They'd been staying with Vulcan a lot recently – just about every weekend, and recently some weekdays too. The typhlosion had joked a few times about them just moving in at this point, but they hoped that it would become more than just a joke sometime soon. Maybe he had really meant it one of those times... but that's something that they'd need to talk about. Something that they wanted so desperately.

"Did you sleep well, kiddo?" Vulcan asked, getting a satisfied and happy yawn from the buizel, who nodded at him, not opening their eyes. He chuckled back as he carried them down the stairs and towards the kitchen, before sitting down at the chair where he'd already set both of their plates and drinks, turning Finn so that they were just sitting on his lap, looking forward at the plates stacked with pancakes.

The buizel's eyes drifted open once more, the dim light of the kitchen illuminated by the sun filtering through the blinds showing the sight of a delicious looking stack of pancakes on the table. They watched as Vulcan picked up the fork and cut a small piece, bringing it up to their mouth for them to eat. Obliging the typhlosion, they opened their mouth and let him feed them a bite, leaning against his warm fur as he took a bite himself.

"Does it taste good?" the typhlosion asked inquisitively, Finn nodding in reply as they opened their mouth for another bite.

“Yeah... your cooking is always good, silly...” they said, earning a chuckle from the typhlosion, happy to hear praise from them. “Thank you... for cooking for me...” they said a bit sheepishly, Vulcan petting the fur along their three-spotted back as the two of them ate together.

“It’s no problem! You know I love to cook, and it’s even better when I get to see your smile as you eat it with me.” He replied, giving the buizel a forehead kiss and nuzzling them.

The two ate their pancakes until they were satisfied, the much larger typhlosion needing to eat a bit more to fill up than the buizel, who just enjoyed sitting on his lap in the meantime. As they finished up, Vulcan lifted Finn up once more, bracing them against his shoulder as he used his other paw to carry the dishes over to be washed, leaving that to be dealt with later, and pulling their apron off, tossing it in a laundry hamper as he walked past. For now, the soggy little in his arms needed a bit of attention.

Finn watched over Vulcan’s shoulder as they were carried down the halls and back upstairs, still feeling the gentle haze of sleepiness, but now mixed with the comfort of both a full belly and a warm embrace. As they were carried into the nursery room, the brighter colors of the walls and furniture compared to the rest of the house settled into their vision, their position shifting as Vulcan set them down on the changing table and reaching under it for supplies.

“Alright, let’s get you out of that soggy padding and into something more comfortable, hm?” Vulcan said, gently petting along the buizel’s belly fur, causing them to squirm a bit. They watched as he pulled a large blue diaper into view, setting it down on the table as he reached for the tapes of their diaper, undoing them and pulling the front down.

He took out some warm wipes and got to work, cleaning all across the buizel’s diaper area. They couldn’t help but get a bit flustered and aroused as they were cleaned, the typhlosion’s expert paws wiping every inch of their fur down there clean, leaving them very embarrassed in front of their caretaker, just as they were during every diaper change. Vulcan only chuckled at the bashful buizel, who moved to cover their face with their paws as he continued working.

With his work finished, Vulcan slid the new, poofy diaper under their little buizel’s bottom, taking out a bottle of baby powder and sprinkling it across their crotch, rubbing it in and making Finn even more flustered about their situation, prolonging it just enough to hear a cute whine from the buizel on the table. He pulled the diaper front up over the source of their embarrassment, carefully taping it on with the experience of someone who’d done it plenty of times before.

“That feel better, kiddo?” he asked with a chuckle, patting the front of the buizel’s diaper, earning another embarrassed whine from them, with a nod as well.

“Yeah... thank you...” they responded, sitting up and raising their arms for uppies, which Vulcan happily obliged, followed by a kiss on the head.

“So, what shall we do today?” he asked, bouncing the buizel a bit in his arms. “Feeling up to anything in particular, or just want a lazy day to relax after the last week?”

Finn let out a long, relaxed sigh at the thought of a lazy day after the stress of the previous week. Nearly every system that could shut down or have an error did, leaving them constantly pulled in different directions trying to get everything working again, and then...-

“Lazy day...” they said, nuzzling back into Vulcan, putting the thought of the last week out of their mind, and letting themselves enjoy the moment they were in. “Maybe... play some games together...?”

“That sounds great, kiddo!” Vulcan said, carrying Finn out of the nursery and down to the living room, placing them down gently on the recliner as he set up the TV and console, returning with two controllers. As the colorful kart racer started up, Finn was returned to their place on the typhlosion’s lap, the two of them getting ready to play together, a determined look coming to Finn’s face.

Finn leaned into Vulcan’s embrace as they cuddled together, the music of the results screen playing in the background. After a few rounds, the very competitive buizel had won most of the races, with only a few that they lost due to some bad luck at the end. Meanwhile, Vulcan wasn’t all that good at video games, leaving him towards the middle of the pack most of the time. He didn’t mind, though. It was just nice to do something together with his love.

“I wanted to ask...” Vulcan started, seeming a bit bashful, something that didn’t often happen. Finn looked up inquisitively with a smile as he started talking, putting him a bit more at ease. “Um... what did you want to do for... our anniversary? Since it’s about a week away...” he said, a bit blushy as he stammered through the question. “I’ve... never had an anniversary before...”

Finn smiled at their boyfriend's demeanor, running a hand along his belly fur as they listened. "You don't need to be so embarrassed about it," they said, only causing Vulcan to blush more. "Did you have anything in mind?" they asked, getting a sheepish look back.

"Not really.... I'm, er, not really sure what people normally do for anniversaries." Vulcan nervously ran a paw across the spots on Finn's back as he talked. "It's just a big thing, and I don't wanna, you know... make it not special for you..." he said, getting a kind chuckle from the buizel on his lap.

"Anything we do is special, Vulcan. What matters is that we're doing it together." They said, reaching up to give the typhlosion a quick kiss, who then returned it on the top of their head as they settled back down.

"I know, I just want to do something that'll be good! And memorable. You know...?"

"Well... How about another walk through the park? It's been a while since we've been... and that was our first date. We could go again! Get some tea, and just enjoy the nature around us." Finn smiled up at the typhlosion, who beamed back down at them, liking the idea and nodding.

"That sounds great! I'd love to..." he said with a smile. "So... next Saturday?" he asked, Finn nodding in reply before nuzzling into his chest fur, the two of them sharing a warm hug.

"Sounds like a plan.~"